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# THE CENTURY

## ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

# MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII
NEW SERIES: VOL. XLVI
MAY, 1904, TO OCTOBER, 1904



THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

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VOL. LXVIII, No. 1 1904 PRICE, 35 CENTS

# THE MAY CENTURY MAGAZINE

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

*From a Photograph taken at the*

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII MAY, 1904 NO. 1

# THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

## GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WHEN the essayist or the historian considers the marvelous record of the House of Commons from Edward I to Edward VII, the mine from which so much of the legislation of the world has been digged, the quarry whence so much of the constitutional law of the nation has been hewn, the archetype of the public assemblies of civilized mankind, he calls it the Mother of Parliaments. The superior British citizen, accustomed to ponder his opinions long and silently, and to express them finally with terseness and in faultless diction, is pleased to allude to it as the Talking Shop of Westminster; and even the wise Matthew Arnold was once flippant enough to call it a "Thyestean banquet of claptrap." The rubicund country member, inspired rather by complacency than by comparative knowledge, still believes it to be the best club in London. It is, indeed, an institution with many differing aspects, but perhaps the most interesting is that with which I am concerned here: some of the characteristics it presents to a private member who has been there long enough to know it fairly well, and not so long as to have lost the freshness of his first impressions—one to whom the daily and nightly life of the House of Commons is still an experience and not yet a habit.

### HOW MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT ARE CHOSEN

To understand the House of Commons it is necessary to know something of how men are chosen to fill it. There are six hundred and seventy members altogether, of whom eighty-two are Irish Nationalists. These latter, with the exception of a small minority of leaders and brilliant speakers, to whom a Parliamentary seat comes by natural right, are not subject to any particular method of selection. In fact, it does not much matter who they are, whether somebodies or nobodies. No individual action or initiative is expected of them; they are pawns in the game of Ireland versus England, where Home Rule

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

is the goal; they are paid, being mostly poor men, about fifteen shillings a day and traveling expenses during the time they are summoned to be in attendance; they are required to vote on either side of any question, to speak, to be silent, to cheer, to obstruct, to be suspended, exactly as may (in the opinion of those who direct the counsels of the party) be most likely to advance the great aim of Home Rule, and, *en attendant*, various subsidiary aims like Land Purchase and Roman Catholic University Education. Under these circumstances it would not be expected that the rank and file of the Nationalist party should be distinguished men. They are not; and when a parliament for Irish affairs sits at Dublin, as beyond all question it will, they will not be among its members, who will be drawn from a different social stratum and for more marked personal qualities.

Men are chosen to contest English and Scotch constituencies in various ways. Men of great personal distinction, like John Morley, for example, are obviously welcomed as candidates by constituencies with majorities in favor of their political views, whenever they wish to stand. Sons of prominent county families, or younger sons of great territorial houses, are also naturally indicated as Parliamentary candidates when a local vacancy occurs. These are nearly always Conservatives. The ordinary member, with no conspicuous territorial prominence or claim, is chosen either locally or centrally. (Any British subject may sit for any constituency.) If he is a man of position or public reputation,—in law, in business, in authorship, in travel,—the committee of the local three hundred (or whatever the number may be) which is the organized Liberalism or Conservatism of the district finds out privately if he is desirous of Parliamentary honors, and if so, learns whether his views in detail coincide sufficiently with those locally in the ascendant,

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and what portion, if not all, of the necessary election and permanent expenses of the organization he is prepared to bear. If all is satisfactory, a meeting of the three hundred is called, at which he delivers an address upon the political situation, and if this is well received, he is formally accepted as candidate to contest the seat at the next election, and he enters upon a campaign of speeches, visits, and organization.

When the local authorities know nobody in their own district and cannot find any prominent outsider, they apply to the headquarters of their own party in London, where a list of men willing to stand is kept. Of course constituencies where there has hitherto been a considerable majority of voters on one side have a much wider choice of candidates to represent that side than those where a stiff fight is necessary to win or hold the seat. Men of influence and position naturally do not take on contests when the result is doubtful.

The question of finance enters largely into all these decisions. Members of Parliament are not only not paid, but they are also called upon to subscribe, more or less largely in different constituencies, to the support of the local organization, to local charities, local sports, and local religious organizations. Besides this, they have in a majority of cases to pay out of their own pockets the whole of the expenses of the election. These may not exceed a certain maximum, fixed by law according to the number of voters, and vary from about £600 ($3000) to £1500 ($7500). Sometimes a part of this is subscribed locally, and, where necessary, the central organiza-



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THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—A COLONIAL QUESTION

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tion of the party makes a contribution from funds subscribed by its wealthy members. But most candidates pay their own expenses and also contribute annually a sum, from £100 to £500, to pay an agent and keep up the organization, besides subscribing to the various local objects I have already mentioned. Therefore, to a man of considerable private means a Parliamentary seat is a costly luxury, while to a man of comparatively small means it is a very serious curtailment of his income. A grateful country gives him no salary, no traveling expenses, no free postage (except for copies of bills before Parliament, of each of which he is allowed to send twenty-five)—nothing whatever, in fact, except free stationery in the House of Commons itself.

There is a strong feeling in England against the payment of members, on the ground that it would tend to create the class of professional politicians seen in foreign countries and our colonies. Its absence obviously tends to restrict membership of Parliament to the well-to-do classes, and, as a matter of fact, these enjoy an overwhelming representation in the House of Commons, the labor members, whose expenses and a modest salary are provided from some organization of the classes they represent, being at present a small but happily an increasing group. To compel a candidate to pay the cost of counting the votes which send him to serve the nation in Parliament is preposterous, and, after taking safeguard against a superfluity of candidates, the system will probably soon be abolished.

### FIRST EXPERIENCES IN PARLIAMENT

THE elected candidate becomes a member by the threefold ceremony of taking the oath, signing the roll, and shaking hands with the Speaker. After endless vicissitudes the oath now runs:

> I, —— ——, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty King Edward, his heirs and successors, according to law. So help me God.

An agnostic or a Quaker may affirm, and a Jew is sworn on the Old Testament, with his hat on. The whole proceeding is meaningless and needless, for the duty of allegiance to the sovereign is laid upon every citizen by the common law of the land, and no oath can make the existing obligation more binding. But the new member finds that Parliament is full of these fictions.

He has, for example, no sooner taken his seat than the Speaker returns from the House of Lords with the "King's Speech," which he proceeds to read to the Commons, previously assuring them that it is in "his Majesty's own words," the fact being that it is the announcement of the party policy of the ministry. Another polite fiction quickly follows. On the bench behind the ministers—the Government sit to the Speaker's right, the Opposition to his left—two members are sitting, conspicuous for their attire among all the black coats. If they have any title to wear a military uniform, whether as volunteers or regular officers, they do so, and if not, they are in the black velvet and knee-breeches of court dress. They are hot and nervous, and each of them has a bundle of notes which he surreptitiously consults at short intervals. They are the mover and seconder of the address of thanks to the King in reply to his Majesty's gracious Speech, and the honorable but embarrassing task has been assigned to them as a compliment—usually, it is understood, as to men who would be unlikely to find any other occasion of distinguishing themselves. The House is crowded, in view of the notables who will follow them. Their speeches are mechanical, because prepared with great care, and dull, partly because they have to go over the King's Speech paragraph by paragraph and declare it to be very good, and partly because the convention-worshiping Englishmen would consider it "bad form" for a speaker to show any marked originality on such an occasion; and when they have finished, the House is as much relieved as they are.

Then rises the leader of the Opposition, and solemnly remarks that though he has been a member of that House for, say, forty years, never does he remember to have heard an address moved and seconded with greater felicity of expression, more genuine political knowledge, and in better taste, and that he is sure the House will agree with him in recognizing in both speeches the unmistakable promise of a distinguished Parliamentary career. This duly said amid loud cheers, he proceeds

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THE READING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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to add, as regards the King's Speech itself, that a more pitiable program, a more grotesque bill of fare to set before a nation hungry for genuine reform, it has never been his unhappy fate to listen to. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said of this year's King's Speech that it was a "mere hors-d'œuvre of legislation, as trumpery as it is indigestible." And these denunciations the leader of the Opposition proceeds to make good for an hour and a half, amid the vehement plaudits of his followers.

As the leader of the Opposition sits down, the Prime Minister rises, to a roar of Government cheers, and begins by saying that he desires to associate himself with all that was so well said by the right honorable gentleman opposite concerning the speeches of his two honorable friends behind him. He also augurs without hesitation a brilliant career from two such remarkable utterances. But as for the rest of the right honorable gentleman's remarks, the vehemence of his language could not conceal the poverty of his thought, for of all the attacks upon a government he had ever heard, that to which they had just listened was the most jejune, the most threadbare, and, he would venture to say, the most ineffective. And so on, for another hour and a half. Then the battle really begins, and in turn both sides continue the fray, until the new member recognizes, with a sudden catch in the breath, that the time is approaching when he must make his maiden speech.

### MAIDEN SPEECHES

In the case of most new members this maiden speech is the terror which walketh by day. Now and then a man is lucky to get a chance to say a few words upon a subject which he knows well; then, if he has sense enough to speak modestly, he is safe. If not, his best chance is to try to get hold of some fact which has escaped general attention, and to call attention to it with a few brief and simple comments.

The most dismal and irretrievable catastrophe awaits the member who, remembering how often he has held forth upon great principles in resounding periods to his devoted constituents, adopts the same method in addressing the House.

Macaulay called the House of Commons the most peculiar and the most terrible audience in the world. It may be these, but it is also the kindest and the most generous audience. To the prig, the bore, the sententious, the pompous, the would-be orator, the expert who poses as such, it is pitiless. It regards him for a few minutes with amusement or annoyance, then it simply melts away. There are several men whose first word is the signal for virtually the whole House to rise and walk out. For such men their political career is over; they can exercise no influence in debate; no prime minister would include them in a government, because their presence would bring weakness rather than strength.

But a man may be so nervous that he can scarcely speak; he may begin a sentence and be unable to finish it; he may mix his figures and forget his point. If he is simple and sincere, and really at bottom has something to say, the House will hear him with extraordinary patience, and cover his lapses with a kindly cheer. Many a man, too, upon whom some conspicuous private sorrow has fallen has been almost overwhelmed for a moment when, the next time he rose to speak, he was greeted with a gentle hum of cheers from colleagues and opponents alike, all dropping politics for the instant to express personal good will and sympathy. Such a man never afterward feels anything but respectful regard for the House of Commons as an audience.

His maiden speech is made easier to the new member by the fact that he can deliver it almost whenever he likes. He enjoys the traditional right to be called upon by the Speaker when he rises for the first time, no matter how many other members (except privy councilors, and these often voluntarily give way) rise with him. If the Speaker does not immediately realize that it is a maiden appearance, other members will often remind him by calling out, "New member!" Naturally such an introduction directs general attention to the newcomer, and adds to his already sufficient terror. In solemn tones the Speaker pronounces his name, "Mr. Blank"; then there is total silence, and every eye is fixed upon him. He has risen from a back bench, he is probably wedged between two colleagues, the row of heads of his friends on the bench below is on a level with his

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THE PUBLIC LOBBY—A MEMBER TAKING IN A VISITOR

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THE SPEAKER ENTERING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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knees—he feels, as somebody once said, as if he were standing in his bath-tub.

The most brilliant men have quailed and failed before this ordeal: John Bright said he never rose to address the House of Commons without his knees knocking together. It must be remembered, too, that at Westminster members have no desks before them, and that to read a newspaper or book is a grave breach of order. Therefore those in the chamber have nothing to do but to listen to the speaker (who, for his part, has no desk to thump), unless he bores them, when they either chat in a low voice or walk out. And, as members take their hats with them into the House, and place them in their seats while speaking, there is the imminent danger of sitting down upon them. This has happened many a time, and the effect upon other members may be imagined. I shall feel lifelong gratitude to my colleague, Mr. Allen, who dexterously removed my hat from beneath me just as I was sitting down in profound relief after finishing a maiden speech upon the deficiency of ammunition during the South African War.

The maiden speech, in fact, is so trying an ordeal that I believe there are in the House of Commons to-day men elected in 1900 who have never yet screwed up their courage to address it.

### PRAYERS AND SEATS

The House is a place of quaint ceremonial and queer habits. It is large enough to hold only about half the members, the rest having to sit in the side galleries above on great occasions. To get a seat on the famous green benches themselves when there is to be a big debate, many preliminaries must be observed. In the first place, the member must go to the House before sufficient other members have been there to prëempt all the available seats. The front benches above the gangway on each side are sacred to members of the Government and the previous Government—now "his Majesty's Opposition." Then the seats below the gangway on the Opposition side are nearly all allotted by tradition to the Irish party. Further, most of the corner seats are left by courtesy to members who have occupied them for many years. Any other member could take one of these, but nobody does. So the private member's choice is already somewhat restricted when he enters the dark, empty chamber at, say, one minute past midnight on the first day of a new session.

On the table before the Speaker's chair he finds a number of cards with the word "Prayers" printed on them, and larger cards with a blank line for his signature. He writes his name on both these, and then lays them upon the green leather bench at the place he wishes to occupy. Theoretically he then remains "within the precincts of the House," but virtually he goes about his business. At a few minutes before 2 P.M., however, he must be in that place again, awaiting the advent of the Speaker and the chaplain. A religious sanction is necessary to his undisturbed possession of that seat.

The Speaker's procession is one of the most curious and impressive little spectacles to be seen in modern London. Time has done nothing to impair its pristine dignity. Just before two o'clock, in the members' lobby (into which open the main corridor of the House, the members' private entrance, and the corridor from the central or public lobby), all the attendants of the House, who wear evening dress and gilt chains and badges (with a flying figure of Mercury hanging below them—symbol of speed!), and the police on duty, take up their position in two rows; and the inspector of police, in charge of the Parliamentary force, stands facing the corridor leading to the members' quarters and the Speaker's rooms. As soon as he sees the head of the procession come round the distant corner he shouts in a stentorian voice, "Hats off! Speaker!"—a command instantly obeyed by all present, who are ranged in two rows at right angles, from the entrance to the corridor to the entrance to the House.

First comes a policeman, then one of the attendants, then the sergeant-at-arms, in court dress and sword, carrying the great gold mace upon his shoulder. Behind him walks the Speaker, in black laced coat, black knee-breeches and stockings, full-bottomed wig, and with a full robe of heavy black silk, its train borne behind him by his train-bearer. Next, walking side by side, come the Speaker's chaplain and secretary, the former in ecclesiastical robe, with white gloves, and the latter (at the present time, his son) in morning dress,



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Slowly, all stepping together, looking neither to the right nor to the left, in silence broken only by their simultaneous footfall, the procession emerges into the lobby, paces to the exact center, turns at a precise right angle, everybody bowing low as the Speaker passes, and enters the House, the doors being closed at once behind it.

origin of which nobody seems to know. Then the Speaker mounts to his great carved chair, the chaplain retires backward, bowing three times, and the sergeant-at-arms comes up the floor and lays the mace in its place upon the table.

The House of Commons is in session, and at the word "Amen" every member



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A DIVISION-LOBBY — MEMBERS GIVING THEIR NAMES AT THE DESK AS THEY PASS THROUGH THE DOOR

Then the sergeant-at-arms steps aside; the Speaker takes charge of his own robe and proceeds up the floor of the House between the two rows of benches filled with standing members. Thrice he stops and bows, and the members bow to him. Then he goes to the left of the clerks' table, and the chaplain to the right; they pause a moment, and bow to each other (the sergeant-at-arms meanwhile placing the mace below the table); then they step up to the table, and the chaplain reads prayers—a ceremony lasting precisely five minutes, at which no stranger can be present, and one kept impressive, even after countless repetition, by the exceeding beauty and solemnity of the Elizabethan words, the present has lifted the little "Prayers" card from the cushion before him (members turn during prayers) and slips it into a brass clip on the back of the bench. A rigid etiquette forbids the placing of the card in the clip except by the member himself present during prayers. So he has secured his seat for the day, and for the day only. If he wishes a reserved seat next day, the process must be repeated, except that on ordinary occasions he need not come to the House more than half an hour before the opening of the sitting.

### CATCHING THE SPEAKER'S EYE

THE opportunity to speak comes to a member of Parliament otherwise than to

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From photographs: Mr. Chamberlain by Gunn & Stuart; the others by G. C. Beresford

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| H. H. ASQUITH | SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN | JOHN MORLEY |
| HERBERT GLADSTONE | JOHN REDMOND | JOHN BURNS |
| JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN | ARTHUR J. BALFOUR | GEORGE WYNDHAM |

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a member of Congress. At Westminster there is no allotting of time beforehand by the leaders, no giving a fixed list of members to the Speaker, no reminder from the chair when a member has taken up the time assigned to him, no possibility of reducing a member to silence when he has once begun, unless the whole debate is closured or unless he is guilty of repeated and flagrant irrelevancy. A dozen or even a score of members rise together to "catch the Speaker's eye." If among them there is a "front-bench man," i.e., a member either of the Government or the official Opposition, the Speaker calls upon him. If all are private members, he is guided by many considerations. As a rule, he recognizes speakers from each party in turn; a man of admitted position and influence in the party, or an acknowledged expert upon the question under discussion, will be recognized before an unknown man; a man who rises seldom will stand a better chance than a man who jumps up on every possible occasion.

In a "full-dress debate" the party whips often give the Speaker a list of men on their own side who desire to speak, but the Speaker is not under the slightest obligation, actual or conventional, to recognize these men. His choice is absolutely free and unquestionable. A member is called upon by name, and this is the only time his name is ever heard in the House, unless he incurs the penalty of being "named" by the Speaker. Sometimes it happens that a man will sit for hours, rising at every opportunity, without being called. When this happens, he is naturally apt to think more of his own grievance than of the great difficulties and delicacies of the Speaker's task.

### "MR. SPEAKER"

It is doubtless because the position of Speaker is so onerous that the rewards attached to it are so great. He is originally a member of Parliament, like the rest, and is selected by the leader of the House, who is not necessarily the Prime Minister, from among his own followers for his personal character and dignity and his knowledge of Parliamentary procedure. He is usually elected unanimously by vote of the House, and from that moment he ceases to be a party man, and his constituency is divided in its feelings between the honor of returning the Speaker and the disadvantage of being, for all practical purposes, unrepresented in Parliament.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is a personage enjoying the greatest official dignity and social consideration. He is the first commoner in the realm; his invitations to dinner are almost equivalent to a royal command; court dress is worn by members who dine with him officially; in the House he is treated with extreme deference, and he receives a salary of £5000 and the use of a magnificent house, which forms part of the Palace of Westminster. He retains office, though the politics of the ministry may change, through successive administrations until his health fails or he deems himself to have earned retirement. Then the sovereign bestows a peerage upon him, and the country a munificent pension.

The House of Commons has been singularly fortunate in its Speakers. The present incumbent is the Right Hon. William Court Gully, member for Leamington, a Liberal before he was raised above all party ties. It is a splendid position, and though its intellectual demands are unceasing and its merely physical demands exhausting, it is splendidly rewarded.

The position is as exhausting as it is distinguished. During a large part of the session the Speaker must be in the chair from 2 P.M. till after midnight, except during the dinner-hour, from half-past seven to nine; and even when the House is in committee, and the chairman of committees is presiding, he must be in official dress in his house, which communicates directly with the lobby behind his chair, ready to appear at a moment's notice if summoned.

He must, of course, know every member by sight and be able to recall his name instantly. It is astounding sometimes when from a back bench there rises some member who is utterly unknown by sight to his fellow-members, who seldom attends and hardly ever speaks, and has nothing whatever distinctive in his manner or appearance, to hear the Speaker say "Mr. Blank," as readily as if he were accustomed to address him every day.

Moreover, although the House of Commons is the most decorous representative

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SCENE IN THE MEMBERS' LOBBY AFTER A LIVELY DEBATE

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assembly in the world, neither bell nor gavel existing to quell tumult, there is not a little suppressed passion near the surface, which in a moment may place the Speaker face to face with a position of the greatest delicacy. I shall never forget how suddenly one explosion occurred. In a quiet but crowded House Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, was explaining the relations of the government with some individual in South Africa. "He is a traitor," interjected Mr. John Dillon. "The honorable gentleman," retorted Mr. Chamberlain, "is a good judge of traitors." An angry cheer from the Government benches emphasized the offensive implication. Mr. Dillon at once appealed to the Speaker to say whether such an expression was in order. The Speaker ruled that the remark was not unparliamentary. "Then, Mr. Speaker," continued John Dillon, "I desire to say that the right honorable gentleman is a damned liar." [1]

Of course uproar followed, and Mr. Dillon was at once suspended. The method of this is peculiar, and is known as "naming" a member. When a member refuses to withdraw an offensive epithet or to obey the ruling of the chair, the Speaker, after one or two appeals to him, says, "Then I name you, Mr. John Blank." Whereupon the leader of the House, or, in his absence, the senior minister present, instantly rises and says, "I beg to move, sir, that Mr. John Blank be suspended from the service of the House." No discussion of the motion is permitted, and when the Speaker puts it, if there are any "noes," a division takes place in the usual way.

### HOW THE HOUSE VOTES

When a vote is to be taken, the Speaker begins by saying, "Strangers must withdraw." A clerk at the table then turns over a sand-glass which runs for two minutes, a button is pressed which sets electric bells ringing in all parts of the building, the few privileged visitors who have seats "under the gallery" are ushered out, and members come trooping in from terrace and tea-room, from dining-room and smoking-rooms, from library and lobbies. Then the doors of the chamber are locked by the sergeant-at-arms, the Speaker again puts the question, and if the "noes" persist—or, indeed, a solitary "no"—he says: "Ayes to the right and noes to the left. Tellers for the ayes, Mr. A and Mr. B; tellers for the noes, Mr. C and Mr. D." Then slowly the members pass into the two broad corridors on each side of the chamber, at the end of each of which is a narrow double wicket, where two division-clerks tick off their names from a printed list. As they pass through a door back to the chamber, they are counted aloud—"One, two, three"—by two tellers, one each from the two differing parties represented in the roll. On private members' motions, private members "tell"; on Government motions the official whips on each side act as tellers.

When the division-lobbies are empty, the senior teller on each side informs the clerk at the table of the number in his lobby, and the figures are written on a slip of paper and handed to the senior teller of the side which has a majority. The four tellers then advance abreast up the floor of the House, bowing three times to the Speaker, who awaits them standing, the teller on the right having the figures in his hand, which he reads and hands to the Speaker, who reads them again and formally announces that "the ayes (or noes) have it." The House thus sees, from the position of the tellers, before the figures are read, which side has won, and when an unexpected victory has been gained, long cheers from the victorious party often delay the reading of the figures.

On the rare and great occasions when a government is defeated,—this involving their resignation, a change of ministry, and a general election,—the appearance of the Opposition whips on the right of the four tellers would mean an outburst of cheering lasting perhaps five minutes. Without any enthusiasm, however, a vote as thus taken in the House of Commons occupies about fifteen minutes, and as it frequently happens that there are from four to eight divisions in a single sitting, and toward the end of the session sometimes from a dozen to twenty, a vast amount of time is consumed during the Parliamentary year by the somewhat cumbrous method of "ayes to the right, noes to the left."

Every morning, with the proceedings and new bills and Order of the Day which every member receives, is a list of the voters

[1] Taken verbatim from the official Parliamentary report, "Hansard," Vol. CV, p. 592, March 20, 1902.

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AFTERNOON TEA ON THE TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE THAMES

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A NIGHT WATCH IN ST. STEPHEN'S HALL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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in each division. Every vote cast by a member is thus on permanent record, and appears in "Hansard," the official Parliamentary report.

### THE "WHIPS"

THE whips of whom I have spoken are an institution without exact parallel, so far as I know, in any other representative body. They are of two kinds, written and human. The former is a written statement, mechanically reproduced, of the business during the day, delivered by messenger at the residence of every member every morning, containing a request, more or less urgent, that he will be present. The urgency of the request is indicated by the number of times it is underlined. Thus a "four-line whip" must not be lightly disregarded, while a "five-line whip" means that a member disobeying it will find himself in serious trouble with the officials of his own party, and possibly even with his constituents. The written whip is thus a purely partizan document, sent out by party messengers, at party expense. It emanates from the human whip, whose function is that of the whipper-in of a pack of hounds, —from whom his name is obviously taken, —namely, to see that all his forces are on hand and at work.

On the Government side the whips are officials, with regular offices and salaries. The chief is called Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and draws a salary of £2000; the others are Junior Lords of the Treasury, and draw salaries of £1000 each. Their duties at the Treasury are of the most formal description, all their energies being given to party organization and attendance at the House of Commons. The Opposition whips are the same, with the important exception that they hold, of course, no offices and draw no salaries.

The chief whip of the party in office is a very hard-worked and much-harassed man. He is in closest touch with his chief, the Prime Minister; he must keep him informed of currents of feeling in the party; he must assist him in planning the details of business in Parliament; to him go all members on his own side with "views," or grievances, or requests, or ambitions regarding knighthoods and baronetcies and peerages; he has charge of the party funds; to the constituencies he is the official head of the party organization; most important of all, he must take care that there is at all times in the House of Commons a majority of members of Government views, that the ministry may never be defeated by a division unexpectedly taken. Upon this, of course, the very life of the whole Government depends, for a ministry holds office only so long as it enjoys the confidence of the House of Commons, and an adverse vote on a serious issue, when the whips are "telling," involves the immediate placing in the King's hands of the resignations of the entire ministry.

The Government whips can account at any moment for every member of their side: they have always a complete list of those present in the House, and the numbers of the Opposition present; they know not only where every one of these men is living in town, but during critical times they are even kept informed of where he is spending the evening. When, as at present, the normal Government majority is well over a hundred, the task of the chief whip is comparatively easy; but when, as during the last Liberal Government, under Lord Rosebery, the majority at best is only about a dozen, it is a herculean task to insure that there shall be at all times in the House more supporters of the Government than of the Opposition. As will be remembered, Lord Rosebery's ministry was defeated, and went out of office in 1895, on a scratch vote (only 257 members being present out of 670) about the amount of cordite in reserve—amounting, at a time of profound peace, to 135,000,000 rounds, which the House of Commons, by a majority of seven, decided was not enough.

Sometimes it happens that a debate shows signs of concluding earlier in the evening than had been expected, that the Government whips had not pledged their men to be back till a later hour, and that therefore they have not a majority present. Then there is a fine hurrying and scurrying, and anxious hasty colloquies between ministers and the chief whip; some handy member is put up to continue the debate indefinitely till the position is safe, which he does to the irrepressible annoyance of the Opposition, who soon realize the situation, and address derisive observations to him; telegrams are despatched, the telephones are set hard at work, and messengers are hurried off in cabs in all directions to bring back members from



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clubs and theaters and dinner-parties. When enough have arrived, a sign conveys the fact to the member who is prosing on; he obediently and thankfully subsides, and the division is safely taken.

The whips must be in almost constant attendance when the House is sitting, and their work is thus very hard and wearisome, and often extends over many years. But reward comes at last, in the shape of some honorable and well-paid post in the gift of the Government. The chief Unionist whip is Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, and the chief Liberal whip Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

"KEEPING THE DOOR"

It may occur to some critical reader to ask how the whips can be sure that all their men who have been ticked off on the list as entering the House are still there at any particular time. The answer turns on one of the many curious conventions in the etiquette of Parliamentary life. There are several exits from the House, but a member of the party in office—for which, as I have said, a majority at any moment is a matter of life and death—is bound by an unwritten code not to leave the House except by the members' private corridor. To do this, he must pass the swinging glass doors of the members' lobby, beside which sit always two whips,—"keeping the door," as it is called,—who permit none of their own men to leave (of course they have no authority except that conferred by tradition) unless they have each "paired" with some member of the Opposition also present, both agreeing not to vote until after a certain hour. These "pairs" are entered on a paper in the "no" lobby, and constitute a binding engagement of honor. If by accident an Opposition member who is paired with a supporter of the Government finds himself shut in the House when a division is called, he must vote with the Government. Thus, as members always enter by these doors, and cannot leave when votes are expected unless they pair and take away an Opposition member with them, the number present is always known by the Government whips, and the majority certain.

As a large majority of members of Parliament may be described, for want of a better term, as being "in society,"—political life, with us, being deemed a career which confers honor even upon the most highly placed,—a large number dine out every night, and therefore "dinner pairs," lasting till half-past ten, are greatly in demand. As a rule, at least half the members present after dinner are in evening dress, for every night, too, during the season a number of dinner-parties are given in the private dining-rooms of the House. The dinner is not very good, but people find the surroundings interesting and like to have well-known parliamentarians pointed out to them.

"TEA ON THE TERRACE"

THE most attractive hospitality of the House, however, is the famous "tea on the terrace." The terrace runs along the river front of the House of Commons, with an entrance to the Speaker's house at one end and to the House of Lords at the other. Here, at small tables, and served by neat waitresses, during the season, members regale their women acquaintances with tea and strawberries, and the sight is certainly one of the prettiest of social London. The exquisite Gothic background of the Palace of Westminster, the stately river crowded with traffic before, a glimpse of St. Paul's down-stream, the fine buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital opposite, up-stream a little way the historic Lollards' Tower and Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a score of the best-known men in England to look at, the latest political gossip to pick up, and a couple of hundred ladies in their smartest frocks to admire, the scene enlivened now and then by the scurry of members when the division-bells ring—no wonder that invitations to "come and have tea on the terrace" are always welcomed.

Old-fashioned members, and perhaps a few unduly serious younger ones, deplore this frivolous invasion of the sacred precincts, and passengers on the penny steamers passing the terrace have even been known to shout "Go and work!" to the members at tea; but the reasons why the House of Commons does not get through more work must be sought elsewhere than in the seductive presence of the fair tea-drinkers. Moreover, as ladies can hear debates only from behind a brass grille which hides them from view, just as the ladies of the Sultan's harem look down

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upon the Selamlik, it seems the least of compensations that we are able to offer them strawberries and tea in the open.

"ORDER, ORDER!"

MR. PARNELL is said to have replied to a new member who asked him how he might best learn the rules of the House of Commons, "By breaking them." The advice was excellent, but there is no difficulty in learning the minor rules, for every member is a guardian of them, and twenty simultaneous cries of "Order, order!" warn an unconscious offender.

It is out of order to read a book or a newspaper; to stand while another member is on his feet addressing the chair; to address a member personally in a speech, all observations being addressed to the Speaker; to pass between the Speaker and the member addressing him; to wear the hat while standing. As long as you are seated you may wear your hat at any angle you like; if you rise but for a moment, passing along the bench, you must uncover. On the other hand, it is quite in order, if you are a front-bench man, to lie back flat on the bench, with your feet on the table in front of the Speaker. The spectacle of a young under-secretary thus presenting the soles of his boots, within a few feet, to the face of a statesman old enough to be his grandfather and addressing an eloquent speech to a hushed House, is, to say the least, a curious one. Some young front-bench men do this; others do not.

"Order, order," from the Speaker's lips, corresponds to the violent ringing of the bell of the President of the French Chamber, or the knocking of the Speaker's gavel in the House of Representatives, and is in practice more effective than either of these. It is, as I have said, grossly out of order to refer to a member by name. Ministers are called by their official titles—"the Chancellor of the Exchequer," "the Colonial Secretary"; and private members by the name of their constituency—"the honorable member for the St. Austell division of Cornwall." A lawyer is "the honorable and learned member," a soldier "the honorable and gallant member." A member on your own side is "my honorable friend."

A member may not be addressed personally by another member. I recollect an amusing reproof of a trifling breach of this order by the lightning-witted Mr. Healy. A member on the other side of the House quoted another member sitting above him. "I never said anything of the kind," interrupted the latter. "Yes, you did," replied the former. "You're quite mistaken," retorted his friend. "Tim" Healy was on his feet in an instant. "Mr. Speaker," he remarked gravely, "may we hear a little of this dialogue?"

The use of expressions on the border-line of the permissible gives frequent occasion for the intervention of the Speaker. It is out of order to cry "Shame!" but you may characterize an opponent's statement as "calumnious." There is, by the way, no clapping of hands in the House of Commons, all applause taking the form of a cry of "Hear, hear!" This is much more effective than hand-clapping, which seems very cold and feeble beside the vast varieties and gradations of feeling, from mild assent to thundering cheers or angry sarcasm, which can be thrown into these two monosyllables.

The ferocious "Yaw, yaw!" of one of the most kindly of men, Sir Howard Vincent, is something that strangers are taken to Westminster to hear. The sarcastic cheer is very common, and I recall one fatal example of its use. Mr. Gladstone was once drawing very remarkable conclusions from some figures—an art in which he was an unapproached master. A member on the other side laughed out a "Hear, hear," ironically. Gladstone stopped instantly, and turned and looked with interest at the interrupter, who assuredly would at that moment have given a good deal to recall his words. Then he turned back to the Speaker. "Sir," he said, "the honorable gentleman laughs." For a minute or two he quoted from memory a long string of figures proving the accuracy of what he had previously said. "The next time the honorable member laughs," he continued in honeyed tones, "I would advise him—I would venture to counsel him—to ornament his laugh—to decorate it—with an idea."

There is a long distance from that exquisite rebuke to the retort of the Irish member who said, "Sir, it 's no use the right honorable gentleman shaking his head in the teeth of his own words."

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### THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS

ONE of the most curious things about the House of Commons is the only way you can get out of it, short of committing a felony or becoming a bankrupt or a lunatic. You cannot resign your seat; no such action exists in Parliamentary procedure. But in the dim past, to prevent corruption, it was enacted that any member accepting an office of profit from the crown must be reëlected by his constituents. Therefore a private member who is given office vacates his seat and must submit himself to reëlection. And the only way to get out of Parliament when you are once in is to do the same. So an office is kept always ready for members wishing to resign. It is the stewardship of the three Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham, a district in the Buckinghamshire hills once infested with robbers, from whom the steward was supposed to protect the inhabitants. It is in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who bestows it immediately upon any member applying for it, whose seat is thereby vacated. It is kept for one day, and then resigned. "It is Mr. Blank's intention to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds," is the way in which a member's intended resignation is announced in the press. I have often wondered whether the one-day steward draws any salary; and if so, how much; and what would happen if he declined to resign his stewardship, and announced his intention of devoting the rest of his life to the pursuit of those Buckinghamshire bandits.

### "WHO GOES HOME?"

AS a fitting conclusion to this account of some aspects of the life of the House of Commons I may point out one striking difference between Parliament and Congress. When a member of the House of Representatives dies, his desk, if I remember aright, is hung with crape, the House adjourns for a day out of respect to his memory, on a later day personal tributes are paid him, these are printed in a brochure with his portrait executed by the Bureau of Engraving, and, indeed, I believe a deputation of his fellow-members escorts his body home to his native State.

When a member of Parliament dies, nothing whatever is done, not a word is said, not a resolution passed; the incident is simply ignored, until after a week the chief whip makes a motion that "Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant to the Clerk of the Crown to make out a new writ for the electing of a member to serve in this present Parliament for the borough of Blank, in the place of Mr. A—— B——, deceased."

A man may have been a faithful member of the House of Commons for half a century, giving the best of his life and a considerable part of his means to the service of his country without pay, honor, or reward, yet his death receives no more official notice than would that of the kitchen cat. It seems rather barbarous. But otherwise the going home of members is marked nightly by a curious and touching survival. In the old days of linkmen and footpads, members did not care to adventure alone into the wilds of London at night, so they went home in little bands for mutual protection. And still, when the House rises, from policeman to policeman, down winding stairs and along echoing corridors, till it reaches Palace Yard outside and tells the nodding cab-horses that the last task of their long day has come, sounds the stentorian cry that has marked the nightly close of Parliament for innumerable generations—"Who goes home?"



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THEY were beginning to feel quite at home in their little studio of the Rue de Seine in Paris. It was under the Mansard roof of one of those old gray buildings the façade of which leans slightly back from the street, giving them an air of cold aristocracy. The location was convenient for them, being in the center of the *quartier* where American art students congregate; the atelier Julien was near, and so were the Louvre and the Luxembourg.

The nooks and corners of their room were already filled with knick-knacks and mementos and such trifles that lend human interest to a place and make it dear and homelike. Sketches were pinned in profusion over the walls, and the cold glare of newly bought plaster casts had mellowed and toned down. In fact, things had toned down so well that the bust of Socrates had come to be used for a hat-rack and had an old pipe stuck in the corner of the mouth. In a certain slanting light he even seemed to smile at Barye's little bear, which danced on as happily as ever, although his head lay on the shelf at his feet.

The happy-go-lucky Bohemianism of the Latin Quarter was just what their artistic temperament had longed for, but the "greasy," long-haired variety had no charm for them. They had exchanged their derbies for soft Rembrandtesque hats, but at the wearing of baggy corduroy trousers and everlasting black cotton shirts they drew the line.

Oh, happy days sacred to art, without a care for the morrow, with all Paris wide open to their admiring gaze, like an antique casket overflowing with the resplendent gems of ages! The delightful climate, the felicitous mode of life, and, I dare say, the tall glasses of absinthe that they sipped in the jolly company of French fellow-students around the quaint three-legged tables in front of the cafés along the "Boul' Miche," all tended to put our future artists in the best of spirits.



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Consequently, great was the sound of singing and hallooing at times in the peaceful and sonorous house. At dusk, when it grew too dark to paint, Harvey would thrum on his banjo, an instrument most unpleasant to French ears, and his buoyant friend Norton would lay down his cigarette and clap his hands or do a little step when they struck a Southern melody. Now and then he ended a jolly tune with a whoop and a yell.

But loud also were the remonstrances of the paunchy little concierge, who, on one memorable afternoon, cap in hand, and avoiding Norton's domineering glance, mumbled to our friends the oft-recurring refrain:

"Monsieur de Crocabiche—le monsieur next door—has complained again this morning, has threatened to—to—to—if the young—savages—"

Norton was ready to bellow forth one of his stentorian phrases of discontent, when the more diplomatic Harvey pressed a two-franc piece in the old man's hand. The sparkle of the coin had hardly disappeared into his roomy pocket when it shone again in his eye.

"It would be with *grand plaisir* that the concierge would do any little job to repay messieurs—wax the floor, fetch up water, or—"

"No, thanks," ejaculated Norton; "but tell your rattle-pated, bottle-shouldered Monsieur 'Croaky' that he makes me tired with his continual complaints. Tell him that his *furor scribendi*—yes, tell him in Latin; he loves it—is complicated by a severe attack of *cacoëthes carpendi; vulgo*, a mania for finding fault, which has now reached the acute stage. According to the learned exponents of psychiatry, sometimes called for short neuro-psycho-physio-medico-physicists, both these horrible diseases are chronic and incurable; they will play him and us a mean trick some day unless he is forcefully removed to the lunatics at Charenton. As an artist I like odd characters, but if this keeps up I am afraid I shall have to transmogrify the freak into a little ball of hash."

The simple concierge, awed by Norton's threat and his display of medical knowledge, asked timidly:

"Monsieur Norton, is that—er—that 'caco—' catching? Any fear of—"

But suddenly the door was slammed in his face, and he found himself alone on the landing.

He had just reëntered his *loge* and was looking up something in a medical almanac when two persons came up the six flights of creaky stairs. The first was a sweet, slender, and sprightly girl. She knocked lightly at the studio door, and was admitted with a warm "Hello!" of welcome.

Miss Lee was a vocalist and had come to Paris to perfect herself in her art at the Conservatory. She was a cousin of Norton's, and being deeply interested in his work, helped him by posing for him in costume. His first picture of her had been admired at the Salon, and he had begun a larger canvas with all the feverish ambition born of first success.

Oftentimes while the trio were silently working under the soft radiance of the skylight, Harvey would suddenly whistle a few bars of the latest Parisian chansonnette to conceal a smile that came to his lips: he had caught a lingering glance of Norton's, or a blush on the maiden's cheek, or some other trifling telltale as airy as a butterfly's wing, but significant to the interested observer. He had never whistled so much as during the last few days. But this is wandering too far.

Close on the girl's heels, up came a dark, long, lean, lank scarecrow of a man. His eyes sparkled in deep caverns above a great hooked nose, and his mouth was half hidden under a long, stringy mustache. His chin, not unlike the prow of a canal-boat, offered a roomy field for a little stubby growth dignified in French by the name of *mouche*. His hair was long; his *chapeau* was a wide-brimmed beaver for the possession of which a musketeer of Louis XIII would readily have fought a duel.

He wore a close-fitting frock-coat; loose trousers, very narrow at the ankles, flapped sadly about his spindle-shanks; a huge black tie was wound around his neck and ended in a complex knot, the intricate secret of which must have been handed down from father to son for many a generation.

Under one arm he carried, or rather hugged, a ponderous book. In his right hand he held a stout cane which he fingered as one would a fencing-foil. In short, a physiognomist would have classified him as a nondescript between a bookworm and a knight errant.

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Even in Paris, where eccentric masks abound, people stared at him. He walked as in a dream, with his chin low on his breast. If, perchance, any one spoke to him, he would adroitly turn the subject and grandiloquently preach that everything modern is all wrong. Then tossing back his head, he would declaim:

"*Cornebleu!* give me the *bon vieux temps*, when every *gentilhomme* carried a sword to defend his honor and property. *Oui, monsieur*, I am Herculonidas de Crocabiche, the last of the name. I trace my lineage back to the crusades; all of my ancestors performed valorous deeds in redressing grievances, righting wrongs, and protecting ladies by force of arms. Oh for the ring of spurs, the clash of steel against steel! *Morbleu!* you scoundrels, have at you! Take this! and this! and again!"

And the poor wretch would pierce and cleave the air with his stick; then he would fall again into a sad reverie.

Our artists had made a poster, a caricature of the worthy man. By simply adding to his usual make-up a pair of spurs and sticking a goose-quill through the brim of his hat, they had made of him a character fit for the stage of Bobino. By design or chance this sketch was displayed on the wall facing the door, and Crocabiche, for the first time in his life, had seen himself as he appeared to others. He hated the boys for that reason, and called them "*les sauvages*." They had condensed his name into "Croaky" and had him known throughout the house under the sobriquet of "le chevalier sans bourse et sans cervelle."

He caught sight of the young woman as she entered the studio, and, with the appreciative eye of a Frenchman, did not fail to notice her charming appearance. Out of the depths of a pocket crammed with papers he drew a large brass key and vanished into the room adjoining that of our friends.

It was a strange place. The dust of years had accumulated on *bouquins* and *paperasses* that littered table and floor. Every space not occupied by books was taken up by weapons of all periods. Lances, pikes, halberds, voulges, guisarmes bristled in one corner; another was occupied by match-, wheel-, and flint-locks, while on a shelf thronged queer-shaped tilting-helmets, casques, sallets, heaumes, corselets, and greaves. The walls were hung with battle-axes, morning-stars, and swords of all kinds, from the long Toledo blade down to the short left-handed dagger.

Amid all this mortiferous paraphernalia shone some highly colored heraldic devices. Haughtiest of them all was the escutcheon of the Crocabiches. It was all he inherited, it was all that was left of the patrimony of his forefathers, but the proud heir thought resignedly, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur," as the most noble king François, the first of the name, exclaimed after losing the battle of Pavia.

That priceless legacy was a moldy scroll of parchment, and thereupon was painted, with all the naïveté of a Gothic illuminator of manuscripts, the allusive blazon of the Crocabiches: in a field or, a hind rampant gules, five wolf's teeth sable, moving from the dexter side. (*Croc* and *biche* mean respectively tusk and hind.) The whole was crowned with a fantastic helmet wherefrom depended a wealth of trapping, mantling, supporters, arabesques, and what not.

Oh, that language heraldic, that tongue archaic, unintelligible to the Philistine bourgeois, how he loved it! He had compiled an important work on armorial bearings, the fruit of years of patient researches. On the cover he would have imprinted in letters of gold the motto, "That which is old has for me a special charm." Not in French, not in the tongue of the concierge,—no, that would be too commonplace,—but in the tongue of the Cæsars, thus: "Quod antiquus id mihi est gratius."

He was about to put the finishing touches to his work, thanks to the information secreted for ages in his newly acquired treasure. This was a voluminous old tome bound in sheepskin and brazen clasps, "La Héroïque Histoire du Duché de Normandie," which he had ferreted out of the trash of a third-hand book-stall along the quays of the Seine.

He sat down at his table in an antique arm-chair and read for hours the heavy Gothic type. He had written all through the previous night; he was exceedingly feverish, and his mind was all awhirl. He read on:

The carnage ceased only at sundown, and upward of two thousand knights and squires were slain on the battlefield. Among them were:

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Farfouillon de Patatrac, nephew of the Lord d'Escrabioulles and grand master of the crossbows, who bore for arms: per bend sinister, bendy of six, sable and argent, counterchanged.

Castelbœuf de Montancloppe, Baron de Pastimouche—

His eyelids were getting heavier; the lines were all in a jumble; they seemed far away; his face was getting nearer and nearer the book:

—de Pastimouche, was found hard by the enemy's camp, his head cleft in twain. His escutcheon: on a field vert, a serpent gules—two thousand knights—slain—battlefield—two thousand red serpents—two thousand cloven heads—in—in a fff—in a field—

Crocabiche was asleep, his nose wedged in the open book, his long arms hanging limp by his sides.

Suddenly he was awakened by a crash. He straightened up, rubbing his eyes. He was in complete darkness.

"What, is it night? Am I dreaming? Hark! Another crash!"

He could distinctly hear the shuffle of feet next door; now a chair was upset. He rose and placed his ear to the wall. Subdued attempts at screaming were audible.

"Don't pull her by the hair!" said a man's voice.

Crocabiche's heart beat faster.

"Tonnerre! Quels sauvages, ces Américains!" grumbled he.

Again a noise of wrestling, then a body violently thrown against the partition fell to the floor with a dull thump.

The Frenchman leaped like a cat, then all was still for a while. He wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

"You 'll break her back!" exclaimed the voice.

"Sit on her feet and keep them down!" vociferated a deeper bass, which he recognized as Norton's.

Crocabiche's vivid imagination could easily picture the weird drama being enacted in the adjoining room. He remembered the young woman who entered it. Oh, it was too monstrous to believe!

His chivalric blood was boiling; he threw back his head.

"Cornebleu! How can I, Herculonidas de Crocabiche, suffer a beautiful damsel to be murdered without assisting her with my manly arm? Oh, those foolish maidens who go about unchaperoned in this modern Babylon! *Oui,* one man against two,—perhaps more,—but what of such paltry odds? 'T will be a *glorieuse bataille!*"

He already imagined himself in the vortex of a pandemonium of raging monsters, supporting the fair lady with one arm, and with his trusty blade holding the furies aloof and finally overcoming them all, while far above, in the azure of bygone ages, the ghosts of his ancestors nodded their cicatrized heads in approval and murmured: "'T was nobly done; thou art a Crocabiche indeed, and the most intrepid hero of these degenerate days."

Through the darkness of his armory he reached out a trembling hand along the wall and snatched down an old sword. He stumbled over a helmet, picked it up, and clapped it on his head.

"Oh, where is that *pistolet* that always hung near the door? Ah, I have it! Now, forward!"

He rushed out like a madman. In two strides he was at the studio door; it was unlocked; he threw it wide open.

There he stood, framed in the doorway, a fuming grotesque, Cervantes's Don Quixote resurrected.

His face was convulsed, his eyes were flashing. A battered morion crested his brow. In his right hand he flourished a long rapier, and in the other quivered an enormous flint-lock.

He caught sight of a lifeless form on the floor and two men on their knees, startled by his bellicose apparition.

"*Par Lucifer!* surrender, you cutthroats! Yield, or I 'll slash and hack your *sacrées carcasses! Mille cornebleu!* let go that woman, or—or—or—"

The words stuck in his throat. He leveled the pistol at Norton and pulled the trigger. Click! The flint hit the steel with a spark, but the charge failed to go off.

With one leap Norton pounced on the Frenchman. Harvey came to his feet with a bound, but in doing so struck the table and upset the taper. Then came total darkness.

In less time than it takes to relate it Crocabiche was disarmed, thrown, and rolled in the rug on which he fell, although he struggled, as the French say, "like a devil dipped in holy water." His last "Cornebleu!" had been suddenly cut in twain by Harvey's handkerchief being tied

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill



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over his mouth, and the unuttered half fairly choked him.

After our friends regained their breath, they held a consultation in the dark while sitting comfortably on their prisoner. His doom was being decided.

They soon had a rope tightly knotted around the mummy-like form, leaving only the head uncovered. After fumbling in a closet for a moment, both left the studio without another word, carefully locking the door with a double turn of the key.

The bundle of misery heard the noise of their footsteps gradually die away down the silent stairs. Poor "Croaky"! He summoned all his feeble strength, strained every flabby muscle to extricate himself from his casing, but all in vain. His anger grew to a frenzy.

At last, by bracing his long body on head and heels, he almost managed to turn over, but suddenly slipped and came down with a bang against the nearest piece of furniture. It happened to be the easel that held Norton's unfinished picture. The easel rolled back on its rusted casters with a chirping noise of shifting scenery.

Again he tried to move; again he struck the easel. The easel chirped once more, but lost its temper, and hurled at him an arm-palette generously loaded with paint. Of course it landed with the buttered side down and square on the poor man's jaw. He tried to squirm away from under it, and in doing so striped and checkered and quartered his face with colors like the shield of his beloved knights.

After this feat of blazonry he calmed down a little; he listened for a while to the wind sighing around the chimney-pots,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"HE WAS ABOUT TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS WORK"

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and thought over the strange happenings of the last hours. It seemed like an age to him.

Far away, over the house-tops, the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the very same which three centuries since gave the signal for the massacre of Protestants on the eve of St. Bartholomew, tolled midnight, the hour of ghosts.

A deathly silence reigned in the room.

Poor Crocabiche, a gagged prisoner in a strange place, in complete darkness, all alone—

Why, no! His heart stopped at the thought. The dead woman was there, right here, almost touching him. Oh, the corpse *was* touching him!

An icy hand brushed against his face. He heard it lugubriously rake the floor close to his ear. He was dying of fright. The dead hand reached out again and again, and the long finger-nails became entangled in his hair.

Crocabiche lost consciousness.

THE dim bluish light of early morn glimmered through the skylight when our hero regained his senses.

His first thought was of the corpse. Yes, there it was, vaguely outlined in the mysterious shadows of a table. Oh, horror! Not for the whole of Normandy could he bear the ghastly sight.

He turned his head away. Here loomed the ghost of the easel, keeping watch over him. There his own caricature grinned sarcastically at him from the wall. Some distance off—it seemed far away—he discerned the stove. If he could only reach it and rub against its sharp edges, he would cut his fetters and free himself.

Herculonidas squirmed and wiggled, Herculonidas stretched and shrank like a caterpillar. He made microscopical headway. How the rope cut him! But at last he reached his liberator.

With the indefatigable motion of a piston-rod he rubbed and rubbed his shoulder against a foot of the stove. The perspiration flowed freely from all his pores. He was nearly exhausted, but still rubbed on.

With all his weight he leaned against the stove. Crash! Down came the stove-pipe on his head in a storm of soot, and added sable to the reds and blues already there. He rubbed on.

The stove receded inch by inch until it reached the wall. Now he could rub harder. At last the rope parted, the carpet unrolled, he took the handkerchief from his mouth.

"Mille cornebleu!" He was free.

He rushed to the door. It was locked, but with the aid of a broken palette-knife and a lubricating flow of "Sacrebleu!" "Morbleu!" and "Cornebleu!" which had accumulated under his gag during the night, he succeeded in unscrewing the lock. He strode wildly across the studio and tore his caricature from the wall.

Without a look at the corpse, he flew out of the room, down the slippery stairs, into the street, knocking over the harmless little concierge, who stood in his path, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

Force of habit, even in his excitement, impelled him in the direction of the quays. Near the Pont des Arts stood two *sergents de ville*, quietly talking about the weather or some such highly absorbing topic. Perchance they were wondering whether the forty Immortals in the Institute of France, just across the way, had gotten beyond the letter c in the making of the long-expected dictionary of the Academy.

As soon as he spied them he began to shout:

"À la police! Aux assassins!"

The officers, seeing this black whirlwind capped with a rainbow of paint coming their way, believed that a dangerous lunatic had made his escape, and seized him.

Crocabiche was fairly exploding; the words crowded in his throat, became entangled there, and burst out in incongruous snatches.

"No, I am not crazy," yelled he, waving his crumpled caricature over his head; "I am Herculonabiche de Croc— I mean Herculonidas de Crocabiche. Everybody in the Rue de Seine knows me—knows that I am in my right senses. Believe me, messieurs, an atrocious crime has been committed. A beautiful woman—oh, the ugly monsters! I myself suffered at their hands. After a brave struggle to free their victim, I—I—Herculonidas, overpowered, bound, and gagged— *Malédiction sur les misérables!*"

His excitement became contagious. The sergents and the numerous passers-by that had assembled, all gesticulating in the most approved French manner, and with

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HIS FACE WAS CONVULSED, HIS EYES WERE FLASHING"

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Crocabiche leading in full war-paint, ran toward the scene of the crime.

This strange band, growing as it went, charged noisily up the winding stairs, carrying along bodily the frightened concierge, broom and all, who again stood in the way. Out of breath, they halted before the open studio door. Herculonidas now formed the rear-guard, and pointed a long trembling finger in the direction of the table.

Not being able to tell from his disconnected account whether the ruffians had decamped, the sergents drew their bayonets and not overboldly entered the room. They carefully stepped over a pistol, a sword, a ruffled carpet, several lengths of stovepipe; for nothing that could furnish a clue in tracking the murderers should be disturbed.

They reached the female form sprawling in the shadow of the table. The arms were twisted into impossible positions, as if they had been broken in the struggle for life. It must have been a fierce struggle indeed, for one shoe was off and the garments were half torn from the body.

The crowd outside had hushed and craned their necks. A religious silence reigned.

One of the sergents got down on his knees and gravely placed his ear against the woman's heart, hoping to detect a fleeting sign of life, when suddenly he exclaimed:

"What 's that? A wooden breast?"

He rose and rudely pulled the figure into the light.

"Mais c'est un mannequin!" howled he, giving it a vicious kick, the hollow noise of which luckily drowned a too picturesque exclamation.

A mere puppet had been the cause of all this imbroglio. The victim was Norton's wooden manikin, a lay figure that he used for studies of draperies, an old padded and sexless dummy with rebellious joints and moth-eaten hair, which caused no end of fun for the boys whenever they propped it up in position to draw from.

The sergent, greatly hurt in his official dignity, could not see anything at all comical in the situation, and, angrily biting his mustache, went among the mirthful onlookers in search of Crocabiche.

"Où est ce sacré imbécile, ce triple idiot?"

But he was not to be found; he had quietly slipped unobserved from the rear-guard into his dusty armory and barricaded the door.

Amid all this hubbub the little concierge could be seen trying to pacify the officers with much volubility and repeatedly tapping his forehead with his fat index-finger and then pointing it at the door next to the studio:

"Il est fou, il est détraqué! Mon Dieu, quel charivari! And look at those stairs now!"

After the cackling crowd had dispersed and peace prevailed again in the old house, our artists came home from a jolly night spent at a Bohemian gathering in one of the famous windmills on the heights of Montmartre. On the first landing they found the concierge sweeping, and had to listen to his wondrous tale.

While they were straightening things up in the atelier, Harvey's pet tortoise crawled from under a hanging and laboriously worked its way across the slippery parquet, quite unaware of the mortal anguish it had caused Crocabiche during the night by rubbing its cold shell against his face and getting its claws entangled in his long hair.

In the afternoon Miss Lee came up, more winsome than ever, and listened with great interest to the story of the tragedy as related by the boys.

Norton sat down near her on the couch and showed her Crocabiche's huge flintlock. She held the clumsy old weapon with both her dainty hands, showing much concern.

"Just imagine," said she, "if that fool had not seized the wrong pistol!"

"Well?"

Their eyes met, she hid a blushing cheek against her cousin's arm, and just then Harvey remembered that most important business called him away. He precipitately left the room, but, strange to say, the moment he passed the threshold his hurry was over, and he went whistling leisurely all the way down the stairs a little mongrel tune of his own with which he had often teased his friend:

*Chantons, amis, tous à la ronde;*
Merrily join this roundelay:
Heigh-ho, hallali!
Tra la, la li ho!

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*Ah! qu'il l'adore, la belle blonde.*
Fair Elsie Lee, could you say nay?
Why, no, Elsie Lee!
Tra la, Elsie, no!

He went out, bought "Le Petit Journal," and read it, sitting on the pump in the courtyard. When he hesitatingly peeped into the studio again, he was greeted by Norton's cheerful voice:

"Say, old boy, it 's too fine out to work to-day; let us all stroll to the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. There is a certain ring there that I have promised Elsie; and won't you dine with us and drink to our future happiness?"

Half an hour later, our friends, arm in arm, were tripping merrily over the Pont des Arts, and with them a tall, dark man, flourishing a stout cane as if to clear the road. It was our hero Crocabiche—yes, "Croaky" himself, renovated from head to foot, "Croaky" tamed, and reconciled to our artists, and showing the gentle side of his nature.

All this had been brought about by Harvey, the diplomat, who had wedged his way into the stronghold waving aloft a flag of truce made of his handkerchief fastened at the end of a mahlstick. With extended hand he had greeted the enemy within, and in his quiet, winning manner soon had made an ally of him.

It would have won the most unfriendly heart to see, during the dinner, the worthy man draw himself up to his full height, toss back his mane, and, with an inborn air of *grand seigneur*, drink to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

"Henceforth," said the good soul, "may we all live in peace and harmony like unto four fleurs-de-lis argent on a field azure, with the motto, 'Tout est bien qui finit bien.'"

# LITTLE DOG

## BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

HE came ostensibly out of an East of mystery and elephants, but his voice and bearing betokened a well-established origin in that other East of tall buildings and high finance. He may have been twenty-two, and the name which he gave to the real-estate agent from whom he rented the little house without the gate was Allan. Some thought that he elected to stay in California because of a weak lung; others because of some young and disgraceful act the consequences of which he was afraid to go home and face. Nothing definite was known about him. He had, when he came, trunks of clothes, some fishing-rods and guns, and a somewhat elderly manner, which he was never to forsake. Soon after his arrival he annexed a Chinese cook, a Japanese servant, a Swedish gardener, an Irish coachman, a buckskin pony, a brown field-spaniel puppy, and new paper for all the rooms in the little house without the gate.

One day it was noised abroad that the little daughter belonging to the big house from the gate of which the little house took its name was lost, strayed, or stolen. This did not interest Allan, because he was passing on the question whether the spaniel puppy should grow up to be a house-dog or a garden-dog, and patently leaning toward the latter alternative. In the garden was a live-oak tree that was too old and heavy to stand up straight; it rested its huge elbows on the ground, and seemed to doze in the three-hundredth year of the perfect weather it had always enjoyed. A bay-tree, also old and staggering, grew a few yards from the oak, and in the shade between the two stood a dog-house. The dog-house was built like a real house. It had a gabled end, a shingled roof, and an open-and-shut window on each side. It was big enough to house a calf, and some-

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thing in the incongruity of this ability led to Allan's decision of housing the tiny spaniel therein.

"Little dog," said Allan, when they had finished their luncheon, "a splendid mansion awaits you. Come with me."

They arose and went into the garden. The little dog rushed between and about Allan's feet; sometimes his fore paws gave way, and he pitched on his nose and rolled over, displaying a tiny gray stomach as round and firm as a billiard-ball; sometimes great squeakings intimated that leathern toes had descended upon toes of fluff.

No sooner did the little dog perceive the great dog-house than he rushed toward it, stopped, planted his paws, waggled his tail, and barked. Then he bounded forward again, turned in an ecstasy of fear, rushed in a semicircle, became a kaleidoscope of brown back and gray stomach, regained his paws, and barked menacingly.

At the window of the dog-house was a face. If it had not been for two white strings that met in a big bow under the chin, the face might have been that of a little boy, for the brown hair was cut page fashion, and in the bright blue eyes (they were shaped precisely like half-moons), and in the roguish parting of the lips, there was far more of mischief than is commonly to be found in the eyes and mouth of a little girl.

"Little Dog," said Allan, gravely, "what are you doing in my dog-house?"

The face at the window puckered with dimples, and the mouth emitted a distinct bark:

"Woof!"

Then the face disappeared.

The puppy had another paroxysm of fear and courage: he rushed and he rolled and he barked. Allan stepped forward, stooped, closed the door of the dog-house, and slid the bolt. Furious barkings arose within.

"What are you going to do now, Little Dog?"

Little Dog's face appeared at the window, puckered, wrinkled, frowning and smiling.

"Woof!"

"Can't you say anything but *woof*, Little Dog?"

Little Dog's face became enigmatical.

"Whose little dog are you?"

The roguish lips, pouting, became round. They seemed to form the possessive of the personal adjective pronoun. Allan was not sure whether Little Dog was saying that she was his little dog or making a face at him. Whichever it may have been, a delicious wave of tenderness swept over him, and he began to wish that she *was* his little dog.

He seated himself cross-legged before the window.

"You must belong to some one," he said, "and I 'm going to advertise you in the papers."

Little Dog looked alarmed.

"But I 'm not going to ask your owner to give me a reward for giving you up," he said; "I 'm going to offer him a reward —a great big reward—to let me keep you. Will you stay and be my little dog, Little Dog?"

"I 'll come out now, please," said Little Dog.

He let her out.

"Will you sit down on my lawn and have a talk, Little Dog?"

Little Dog sat down beside him, and at once placed her hand in his; the spaniel snuggled against her, and presently slept. Little Dog's dress was of brown, ornamented with immense white polka-dots; her stockings were brown and plump. Allan found conversation difficult. He had fallen in love.

"How old are you, Little Dog?"

Little Dog admitted to seven and averred that she was going on eight. Allan intimated that seven was a great age. Little Dog told him the ages of all the little children in the neighborhood, and what she herself would be and do when she came to man's estate. She was not daunted by the fact that she had begun life as a girl, and confidently expected to turn into a policeman. Little Dog's flow of eloquence presently ceased.

"I must go home now," she said.

"Don't do that, Little Dog."

"I must, because I 've run away," she said.

For the first time Allan recalled the disappearance of the little daughter of the big house.

"Then I 'll take you on my pony."

They shut the door of his grand mansion upon the spaniel puppy, and were followed by his sleepy howls.

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Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEIR FAVORITE POEM WAS 'THE LADY OF SHALOTT'"

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Allan, mounted upon the buckskin pony with Little Dog in his arms, rode slowly up the gracious avenue to the big house. His much-buffeted soul swam at last in a great sea of tenderness, for out of that inimical world of which he was no longer a part a little child had come and put her trust in him.

II

THEY became great friends, and the puppy became a dog. On his collar the curious might have read in block letters: "I 'm Little Dog's Little Dog; whose Little Dog are you?" and regretted their curiosity.

California, with her eternal summer, brings the buds to an early blooming: at seventeen Little Dog was a woman. Also in that bright climate the weeds thrive long, and at thirty-two Allan was not in the least aged. If it had not been for Allan, Little Dog would have grown up in woeful ignorance of many important things. He taught her to ride straight, to shoot straight (for a girl), to dive and swim under water (with her eyes open), not to alarm the rainbow-trout waiting to be caught in the bright pool, and even more important things. He taught her to be square (a quality that does not come natural to young girls), to believe in people, to read poetry like a poet, and to know him for her best friend.

If I made a list of all the good times they had together, it would be longer than all the redwood in California laid end to end. When she was in California they were seldom far apart; but when she was away, being put through school, and bought coming-out dresses in Paris, Allan would whistle to his dog, and disappear into the Sierra for weeks running into months. But presently Little Dog would return, and there would be a great reading of books, long rides on the crisp hills in the blowing of the wind, shooting and fishing, and all good things. Their favorite poem was "The Lady of Shalott" (sometimes Little Dog, her face all a-pucker with smiles and dimples, would say that she was "half sick of shadows"), and their favorite book was "Treasure Island."

One day Little Dog's mama asked Allan to go up to San Francisco and hear a famous prima donna sing in "Faust." They went early, because there was shopping to be done, and when the shopping was over, Little Dog and Allan strolled about the city. Passing through a certain square, they saw, sunning upon a bench and smoking a cigarette, a long, emaciated, fantastic man. His forehead was smooth and large, and his eyes were big and brown. Allan thrilled as if he had heard a bugle.

"Look, Little Dog!" he said excitedly. "Look—even if you stare—only look! Look and remember!"

"What 's up?" said Little Dog, phlegmatically.

"Stevenson!"

"Let 's wait until he goes," said Little Dog, "and perhaps we can get the butt of his cigarette."

But they did not wait. Looking backward, they passed out of the square in silence. Then Allan spoke in Little Dog's ear, and said:

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea."

A light that he was forever trying to repress shone for one moment in his eyes, and Little Dog, seeing, felt her pulses quicken and her own eyes dim.

By a mighty effort of will he forced the bright spirit of light back into its dark prison.

III

ALLAN walked in the cool of his garden and fought with the demon of jealousy. In the heavens swam the full moon, and the stars dimmed before her face.

"Woof!" But it was a sad little *woof*.

He turned like one shot. Little Dog, all in white, stood in the path before him. Her neck and arms were snowy and shiny in the light of the moon.

"Man," she said, "you have n't been near me, and I 've had to come to you."

"You 're crying, dear."

"No, I 'm not, but I 'm going to."

"Don't cry, Little Dog."

"I want to be with my very best friend this last night—won't you understand, please?"

"You 're trembling, Kid."

"It 's because I 'm afraid."



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He put his arm about her as a brother might, and they walked up and down the path—up and down.

"It 's too cold for you, Little Dog."

"Don't send me away."

He went into his house and brought her out a soft old steamer rug. He wrapped it about her. And they walked as before, up and down—up and down.

"I know you so well; I 'm not afraid of anything with you."

"But you love him, don't you?"

"Yes—I love him—but—but I don't know him, do I? It 's all been so quick—and—now at the last I—where will I go—what will my life be with him? Will he always love me? Do you think he 'll be good to me? I 'm leaving mama, and you, and old times—and—"

"If he is not good to you, Little Dog," said Allan, in a thick voice, "I will kill him." And after a time: "But he will be good to you, and his father and mother will love you and be good to you. I know."

"You?"

"I know about him."

"Tell me what will everything be like—what will they be like?"

"Well," said Allan, "he belongs to a good family, and he has never done anything dishonorable. Those are the best things about him. He is a clean and upright young man. He is rich, besides, Little Dog; but so are you."

"I want to love his mother," said Little Dog.

"She is all tenderness and grace," said Allan, and his voice became strong with tenderness. "She is a woman who loves children and animals and flowers and music. She is gentle and exquisite—slender and tall and beautiful. I think I see her walking among the lilacs at ho-ome."

His voice broke.

"At ho-ome?"

"It will be your home, Little Dog—and may God bless you all."

"But—"

"Little sister—*my* little sister!"

"It—I—"

"Now you must go back to your young man; he will be wondering where you are."

"Are n't you coming to—to shake his hand?"

"No, Little Dog. In the places where you are going my name is not said any more."

It may be that a man in such an outlandish costume had never before sat upon the steps of the little house without the gate. His coat was long and black, his waistcoat was white, his tie was white, his shoes were of patent leather, in his buttonhole was a gardenia, pearl-gray gloves lay on the steps beside him, and on his head was a tall black silk hat. The wedding guest sat in silence and gazed upon the gravel path.

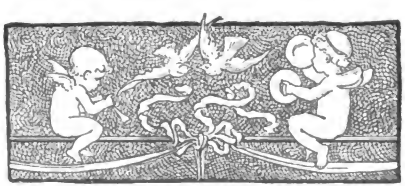
The world was bright with sunshine, and there was no wind. Many a flower shone in the garden.

The wedding guest was aware of a cold wet nose against his hand. He drew the old brown spaniel close to his side, and looked into the faithful brown eyes. The eyes of the wedding guest were dim.

From afar came the whistle of the down train.

Bending, the wedding guest touched his lips to the top of the old dog's head.

"What shall we do now, little dog?" he said.



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# A BELATED RECOGNITION

## INCLUDING AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

EVERYTHING comes to him who can wait, says the proverb. Recognition, though long delayed, came to Peter Kelly.

In 1883 Kelly was a young lawyer struggling to build up a practice in Brooklyn. He was a Democrat in politics, and Boss McLaughlin's machine was on the lookout for such men as he, with the vigor and the fearlessness of youth, abundant mental resources and a quick command of them, and the gift of speech that goes with the Irish blood. It took him out of his obscure chambers near the city hall and sent him to the legislature.

There he found a man, also young, also vigorous, also fearless and resourceful, also eloquent; a Republican in name, but an independent by instinct, with the background of an ancestry and social antecedents that insured him the support of the silk-stockings, but a hearty good-fellowship which bound to him quite as firmly the men of the byways and hedges, if their hearts were right. Theodore Roosevelt had just assumed the leadership for which nature had singled him out, and his colleagues were discovering that they must either fall in behind him or go over to the other side.

Peter Kelly fell in. Nature had stamped him with the seal of an honest man as surely as it had marked Roosevelt for a leader of honest men. On matters which involved partizan interests, but no moral issue, Kelly acted with his party; on all questions of right and wrong, and all measures affecting civic reform, he acted with his conscience, and became one of Mr. Roosevelt's most trusted lieutenants.

Of course, in the condition of politics in his home city, this settled Kelly's fate. The machine had no use for a man at Albany who could not be handled from Brooklyn; so when Kelly came before his district for another term, the mandate went forth from Willoughby street that he was to be beaten, and beaten he was.

When a partizan machine sets out to crush a man, it does not content itself with throwing him off a height; it goes down into the valley and tries to grind his maimed body into bits. This serves a double purpose: it effectually prevents his rising again to repeat his audacities, and it is also a warning to other men who may be tempted to revolt against boss rule. So when Peter Kelly went back to his home and attempted to resume his practice, never large and splendid, he found it dissipated, and other lawyers taking care of his clients. New business did not come in, thanks to the energy with which the local machine worked to keep him down. Meanwhile his family cares and expenses were increasing. He fell ill, partly through the physical strain of overwork, and partly because anxiety for the future was sapping his power of resistance.

The last extremity came when his family was threatened with eviction from its home. Some one brought the news to Mr. Roosevelt, who, without solicitation, drew his check for several hundred dollars, and sent it to the sick man with a pleasant mes-



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sage, to the effect that, if he were in need of ready money, he must make use of this and take his own time for repaying it. Kelly was grateful, but even this evidence of the kind thought of his former leader did not bring back his health. He was a broken man, and though he was too proud to utter such a thought, it was plain that he wondered at a system of popular government under which the men who served only an oligarchy of bosses were the ones who thrived, while those who really tried to serve the people were so often left to starve.

By degrees he dropped out of sight. His few old and faithful friends had difficulty in finding out where he was. Then his health, which had been badly shaken by repeated attacks of illness, seemed to give way utterly, and he took to his bed.

Suddenly a great reform wave swept over Brooklyn. The decent citizens arose in rebellion against the McLaughlin machine, and concentrated their support upon one man, Alfred C. Chapin, who, though a Democrat, had consented to take the lead in a new movement for self-government. The night of November 8, 1887, when the ballots were counted, showed that the revolution was complete, and the odious machine routed and demoralized.

One evening, soon after the election, Mr. Roosevelt was invited to Brooklyn to address a gathering in celebration of the victory for good government. He mounted the platform with no very definite plan of his speech in mind.

"You wish me to talk to you about civic reform and good citizenship, I suppose?" he suggested, as he faced his audience.

There was a general affirmative response.

"Then I will tell you about one of your own neighbors, my friend Peter Kelly. He is a Democrat, while I am a Republican, but honesty in public service knows no party lines. The first duty of decent citizenship is to stand by a good man when you have found him: that is the only way you can keep popular government respectable; and the people of Brooklyn have not stood by Peter Kelly."

He went on to tell the story of Kelly's unselfish service in the legislature; of his habit of ignoring all questions except those of right and wrong when it came to judging a public measure that had a job concealed in it; of his defiance of the political ringsters when a reform program needed support; of his indomitable instinct of loyalty to his adopted leadership in a moral cause; of his warmth of sentiment, and the fine Irish eloquence which he brought to its expression.

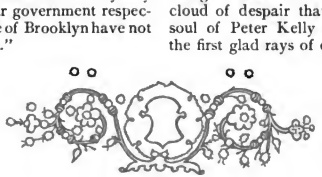
As he spoke he watched his audience kindle with enthusiasm. At the close of the speech it was evident that a turn had come in the tide of poor Kelly's fortunes. A hundred clients were there, waiting for a chance to send him professional retainers. Mayor-elect Chapin was deeply moved. He came forward with hand outstretched as the orator was leaving the stage.

"I thank you heartily for telling us about Kelly," said he, "and giving us a chance to retrieve our long neglect of so good a man. He is made of the sort of stuff we need in the administration of this city's affairs. I have in mind a position which I know he can fill creditably, and I myself will go to him this very night and ask him to accept it."

The mail delivered at Mr. Roosevelt's breakfast-table the next day included this brief note from Mr. Chapin:

> At nine o'clock last night I told you I had a place for Peter Kelly. He died at eleven.

Later particulars showed that the sufferer had fallen into a peaceful slumber early in the evening, and that the change had come without his waking. Probably at the moment that Theodore Roosevelt was sounding his praises in the ears of the neighbors who had profited by his service and so promptly forgotten it, he was composing himself for sleep; and while the sympathetic impulses of that large audience were rising to a new resolve in his behalf, the cloud of despair that had oppressed the soul of Peter Kelly was lifting to let in the first glad rays of eternity's morning.



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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

IN the early chapters of "The Sea-Wolf" the narrator of the tale, Humphrey Van Weyden, a literary critic and man of leisure, in crossing San Francisco Bay in a ferry-boat, is wrecked in the fog. He is carried out to sea, and picked up by the sealing-schooner *Ghost*, outward bound. The captain, "Wolf" Larsen, refuses to put him ashore or to permit him to be taken off by a pilot-boat, and, being short-handed by the death of his mate, forces upon Van Weyden the duties of cabin-boy. Van Weyden is robbed and ill used by Mugridge, the cook, but obtains no redress from the captain, who is a curious compound of brutality and self-culture. The captain varies the monotony of life at sea by acts of cruelty to his men, and at times entertains Van Weyden with his singular views of life. Meanwhile he plays cards with his cook, and wins from him the money that has been stolen from Van Weyden. For days he keeps the latter by him, discussing life and literature; but after tormenting him physically, sends him back to the galley, where the cook threatens his life and stabs one of the crew. For three days a blinding headache confines the Sea-Wolf to his room; after it has passed he resumes his discussions with Van Weyden, illustrating his theory of the love of life by choking his companion into insensibility. Various outbreaks of brutality occur, in which a seaman is cruelly beaten by the captain and the mate, the cook is disabled by a seaman, two of the hunters are shot in a quarrel, the mate mysteriously disappears from the schooner, and the captain is nearly killed in a fight with the crew. Van Weyden is then chosen to take the place of the lost mate.—EDITOR.

### XVI

I CANNOT say that the position of mate carried with it anything more joyful than that there were no more dishes to wash. I was ignorant of the simplest duties of mate, and would have fared badly indeed had not the sailors sympathized with me. I knew nothing of the minutiæ of ropes and rigging, of the trimming and setting of sails; but the sailors took pains to put me to rights, Louis proving a specially good teacher, and I had little trouble with those under me.

With the hunters it was otherwise. Familiar in varying degree with the sea, they took me as a sort of joke. In truth, it was a joke to me that I, the veriest landsman, should be filling the office of mate; but to be taken as a joke by others was a different matter. I made no complaint, but Wolf Larsen demanded the most punctilious sea-etiquette in my case,—far more than poor Johansen had ever received,—and at the expense of several rows, threats, and much grumbling, he brought the hunters to time. I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and only Wolf Larsen himself ever addressed me as "Hump."

It was amusing. Perhaps the wind would haul a few points while we were at dinner, and as I left the table he would say, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you kindly put about on the port tack?" And I would go on deck, beckon Louis to me, and learn from him what was to be done. Then, a few minutes later, having digested his instructions and thoroughly mastered the manœuver, I would proceed to issue my orders. I remember an early instance of this kind, when Wolf Larsen appeared on the scene just as I had begun to give orders. He smoked his cigar and looked on quietly till the thing was done, and then paced aft by my side along the weather poop.

"Hump," he said,—"I beg pardon, Mr.



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Van Weyden,—I congratulate you. I think you can now fire your father's legs back into the grave to him. You 've discovered your own, and learned to stand on them. A little rope-work, sail-making, and experience with storms and such things, and by the end of the voyage you could ship on any coasting-schooner."

It was during this period, between the death of Johansen and the arrival on the sealing-grounds, that I passed my pleasantest hours on the *Ghost*. Wolf Larsen was considerate, the sailors helped me, and I was no longer in irritating contact with Thomas Mugridge. And I make free to say, as the days went by, that I found I was taking a certain secret pride in myself. Fantastic as the situation was,—a landlubber second in command,—I was nevertheless carrying it off well; and during that brief time I was proud of myself, and I grew to love the heave and roll of the *Ghost* under my feet as she wallowed north and west through the tropic sea to the islet where we filled our water-casks.

But my happiness was not unalloyed. It was comparative, a period of less misery slipped in between a past of great miseries and a future of great miseries. For the *Ghost*, so far as the seamen were concerned, was a hell-ship of the worst description. They never had a moment's rest or peace. Wolf Larsen treasured against them the attempt on his life and the drubbing he had received in the forecastle, and morning, noon, and night, and all night as well, he devoted himself to making life unlivable for them.

He knew well the psychology of the little thing, and it was the little things by which he kept the crew worked up to the verge of madness. I have seen Harrison called from his bunk to put properly away a misplaced paint-brush, and the two watches below haled from their tired sleep to accompany him and see him do it. A little thing, truly, but when multiplied by the thousand ingenious devices of such a mind, the mental state of the men in the forecastle may be slightly comprehended.

Of course much grumbling went on, and little outbursts were continually occurring. Blows were struck, and there were always two or three men nursing injuries at the hands of the human beast who was their master. Concerted action was impossible in face of the heavy arsenal of weapons carried in the steerage and cabin. Leach and Johnson were the two particular victims of Wolf Larsen's diabolic temper, and the look of profound melancholy which had settled on Johnson's face and in his eyes made my heart bleed.

With Leach it was different. There was too much of the fighting beast in him. He seemed possessed by an insatiable fury which gave no time for grief. His lips had become distorted into a permanent snarl, which, at mere sight of Wolf Larsen, broke out in sound, horrible and menacing, and, I do believe, unconsciously. I have seen him follow Wolf Larsen about with his eyes, like an animal its keeper, the while the animal-like snarl sounded deep in his throat and vibrated forth between his teeth.

I remember once, on deck, in bright day, touching him on the shoulder as preliminary to giving an order. His back was toward me, and at the first feel of my hand he leaped upright in the air and away from me, snarling and turning his head as he leaped. He had for the moment mistaken me for the man he hated.

Both he and Johnson would have killed Wolf Larsen at the slightest opportunity, but the opportunity never came. Wolf Larsen was too wise for that, and, besides, they had no adequate weapons. With their fists alone they had no chance whatever. Time and again he fought it out with Leach, who fought back always, like a wildcat, tooth and nail and fist, until stretched exhausted or unconscious on the deck. And he was never averse to another encounter. All the devil that was in him challenged the devil in Wolf Larsen. They had but to appear on deck at the same time, when they would be at it, cursing, snarling, striking; and I have seen Leach fling himself upon Wolf Larsen without warning or provocation. Once he threw his heavy sheath-knife, missing Wolf Larsen's throat by an inch. Another time he dropped a steel marlinespike from the main-crosstree. It was a difficult cast to make on a rolling ship, but the sharp point of the spike, whistling seventy-five feet through the air, barely missed Wolf Larsen's head as he emerged from the cabin companionway, and drove its length two inches and over into the solid deck-planking. Still another time he stole into the steerage, possessed himself of a loaded shot-gun, and was making a rush for the

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deck with it when caught by Kerfoot and disarmed.

I often wondered why Wolf Larsen did not kill him and make an end of it. But he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. There seemed a certain spice about it, such as men must feel who take delight in making pets of ferocious animals.

"It gives a thrill to life," he explained to me, "when life is carried in one's hand. Man is a natural gambler, and life is the biggest stake he can lay. The greater the odds, the greater the thrill. Why should I deny myself the joy of exciting Leach's soul to fever-pitch? For that matter, I do him a kindness. The greatness of sensation is mutual. He is living more royally than any man for'ard, though he does not know it. For he has what they have not —purpose, something to do and be done, an all-absorbing end to strive to attain, the desire to kill me, the hope that he may kill me. Really, Hump, he is living deep and high. I doubt that he has ever lived so swiftly and keenly before, and I honestly envy him, sometimes, when I see him raging at the summit of passion and sensibility."

"Ah, but it is cowardly, cowardly," I cried. "You have all the advantage."

"Of the two of us, you and I, who is the greater coward?" he asked seriously. "If the situation is unpleasing, you compromise with your conscience when you make yourself a party to it. If you were really great, really true to yourself, you would join forces with Leach and Johnson. But you are afraid, you are afraid. You want to live. The life that is in you cries out that it must live, no matter what the cost; so you live ignominiously, untrue to the best you dream of, sinning against your whole pitiful little code, and, if there were a hell, heading your soul straight for it. Bah! I play the braver part. I do no sin, for I am true to the promptings of the life that is in me. I am sincere with my soul at least, and that is what you are not."

There was a sting in what he said. Perhaps, after all, I was playing a cowardly part. And the more I thought about it the more it appeared that my duty to myself lay in doing what he had advised, lay in joining forces with Johnson and Leach and working for his death. Right here, I think, entered the austere conscience of my Puritan ancestry, impelling me toward lurid deeds and sanctioning even murder as right conduct. I dwelt upon the idea. It would be a most moral act to rid the world of such a monster. Humanity would be better and happier for it, life fairer and sweeter.

I pondered it long, lying sleepless in my bunk and reviewing in endless procession the facts of the situation. I talked with Johnson and Leach during the night watches when Wolf Larsen was below. But both men had lost hope, Johnson because of temperamental despondency, Leach because he had beaten himself out in the vain struggle and was exhausted. But he caught my hand in a passionate grip one night, saying:

"I think ye 're square, Mr. Van Weyden. But stay where you are an' keep yer mouth shut. Say nothin', but saw wood. We 're dead men, I know it; but, all the same, you might be able to do us a favor sometime when we need it damn bad."

It was only next day, when Wainwright Island loomed to windward, close abeam, that Wolf Larsen opened his mouth in prophecy. He had attacked Johnson, been attacked by Leach, and had just finished whipping the pair of them.

"Leach," he said, "you know I 'm going to kill you sometime or other, don't you?"

A snarl was the answer.

"And as for you, Johnson, you 'll get so tired of life before I 'm through with you that you 'll fling yourself over the side. See if you don't."

"That 's suggestion," he added, in an aside to me. "I 'll bet you a month's pay he acts upon it."

I had cherished a hope that his victims would find an opportunity to escape while filling our water-barrels, but Wolf Larsen had selected his spot well. The *Ghost* lay half a mile beyond the surf-line of a lonely beach. Here debouched a deep gorge, with precipitous, volcanic walls which no man could scale. And here, under his direct supervision,—for he went ashore himself,—Leach and Johnson filled the small casks and rolled them down to the beach. They had no chance to make a break for liberty in one of the boats.

Harrison and Kelly, however, made such an attempt. They composed the crew of one of the boats, and their task was to ply between the schooner and the shore, carrying a single cask each trip. Just before

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dinner, starting for the beach with an empty barrel, they altered their course and bore away to the left to round the promontory which jutted into the sea between them and liberty. Beyond its foaming base lay the pretty villages of the Japanese colonists and smiling valleys which penetrated deep into the interior. Once in the fastnesses they promised, and the two men could defy Wolf Larsen.

I had observed Henderson and Smoke loitering about the deck all morning, and I now learned why they were there. Procuring their rifles, they opened fire in a leisurely manner upon the deserters. It was a most cold-blooded exhibition of marksmanship. At first their bullets zipped harmlessly along the surface of the water on each side the boat; but, as the men continued to pull lustily, they struck closer and closer.

"Now watch me take Kelly's right oar," Smoke said, drawing a more careful aim.

I was looking through the glasses, and I saw the oar-blade shattered as he shot. Henderson duplicated his feat, selecting Harrison's right oar. The boat slued around. The two remaining oars were quickly broken. The men tried to row with the splinters, and had them shot out of their hands. Kelly ripped up a bottom-board and began paddling, but dropped it with a cry of pain as its splinters drove into his hands. Then they gave up, letting the boat drift till a second boat, sent from the shore by Wolf Larsen, took them in tow and brought them aboard.

Late that afternoon we hove up anchor and got away. Nothing was before us but the three or four months' hunting on the sealing-grounds. The outlook was black indeed, and I went about my work with a heavy heart. An almost funereal gloom seemed to have descended upon the *Ghost*. Wolf Larsen had taken to his bunk with one of his strange splitting headaches. Harrison stood listlessly at the wheel, half supporting himself by it, as though wearied by the weight of his flesh. The rest of the men were morose and silent. I came upon Kelly crouching in the lee of the forecastle scuttle, his head on his knees, his arms about his head, in an attitude of unutterable despondency.

Johnson I found lying full-length on the forecastle head, staring at the troubled churn of the forefoot, and I remembered with horror the suggestion Wolf Larsen had made. It seemed likely to bear fruit. I tried to break in on the man's morbid thoughts by calling him away; but he smiled sadly at me, and refused to obey.

Leach approached me as I returned aft.

"I want to ask a favor, Mr. Van Weyden," he said. "If it 's yer luck to ever make 'Frisco once more, will you hunt up Matt McCarthy? He 's my old man. He lives on the Hill, back of the Mayfair bakery, runnin' a cobbler's shop that everybody knows, an' you 'll have no trouble. Tell him I lived to be sorry for the trouble I brought him an' the things I done, an' —an' just tell him 'God bless him,' for me."

I nodded my head, but said:

"We 'll all win back to San Francisco, Leach, and you 'll be with me when I go to see Matt McCarthy."

"I 'd like to believe you," he answered, shaking my hand, "but I can't. Wolf Larsen 'll do for me, I know it, and all I can hope is he 'll do it quick."

And as he left me I was aware of the same desire at my heart. Since it was to be done, let it be done with despatch. The general gloom had gathered me into its folds. The worst appeared inevitable; and as I paced the deck hour after hour, I found myself afflicted with Wolf Larsen's repulsive ideas. What was it all about? Where was the grandeur of life that it should permit such wanton destruction of human souls? It was a cheap and sordid thing, after all, this life, and the sooner over the better. Over and done with! Over and done with! I, too, leaned upon the rail and gazed longingly into the sea, with the certitude that sooner or later I should be sinking down, down, through the cool green depths of its oblivion.

## XVII

STRANGE to say, in spite of the general foreboding, nothing of especial moment happened on the *Ghost*. We ran on to the north and west till we raised the coast of Japan and picked up with the great seal herd. Coming from no man knew where in the illimitable Pacific, it was traveling north on its annual migration to the rookeries of Bering Sea. And north we traveled with it, ravaging and destroying, flinging the naked carcasses to the shark, and salt-

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ing down the skins, so that they might later adorn the fair shoulders of the women of the cities.

It was wanton slaughter, and all for woman's sake. No man ate of the seal-meat or the oil. After a good day's killing I have seen our decks covered with hides and bodies, slippery with fat and blood, the scuppers running red; masts, ropes, and rails splattered high with the sanguinary color; and the men, like butchers plying their trade, naked and red of arm and hand, hard at work with ripping- and flensing-knives, removing the skins from the pretty sea-creatures they had killed.

It was my task to tally the pelts as they came aboard from the boats, to oversee the skinning, and afterward the cleansing of the decks and bringing things shipshape again. It was not pleasant work,—my soul and my stomach revolted at it,—and yet, in a way, this handling and directing of many men was good for me. It developed what little executive ability I possessed, and I was aware of a toughening or hardening which I was undergoing and which could not be anything but wholesome for "Sissy" Van Weyden.

One thing I was beginning to feel, and that was that I could never again be quite the same man I had been. While my hope and faith in human life still survived Wolf Larsen's destructive criticism, he had nevertheless been a cause of change in minor matters. He had opened up for me the world of the real, of which I had known virtually nothing, and from which I had always shrunk. I had learned to look more closely at life as it is lived, to recognize that there were such things as facts in the world; to emerge from the realm of mind and idea, and to place certain values on the concrete and objective phases of existence.

I saw more of Wolf Larsen than ever when we had gained the grounds; for when the weather was fair and we were in the midst of the herd, all hands were away in the boats, and left on board were only he and I, and Thomas Mugridge, who did not count. But there was no play about it. The six boats, spreading out fanwise from the schooner until the first weather boat and the last lee boat were anywhere from ten to twenty miles apart, cruised along a straight course over the sea till nightfall or bad weather drove them in. It was our duty to sail the *Ghost* well to leeward of the last lee boat, so that all the boats would have fair wind to run for us in case of squalls or threatening weather.

It is no slight matter for two men, particularly when a stiff wind has sprung up, to handle a vessel like the *Ghost*, steering, keeping lookout for the boats, and setting or taking in sail, so it devolved upon me to learn, and learn quickly. Steering I picked up easily, but running aloft to the crosstrees, and swinging my whole weight by my arms when I left the ratlines and climbed still higher, was more difficult. This, too, I learned, and quickly, for I felt somehow a wild desire to vindicate myself in Wolf Larsen's eyes, to prove my right to live in ways other than of the mind. Nay, the time came when I took joy in the run to the masthead, and in the clinging on by my legs at that precarious height while I swept the sea with the glasses in search of the boats.

I remember one beautiful day, when the boats left early and the reports of the hunters' guns grew dim and distant and died away as they scattered far and wide over the sea. There was just the faintest wind from the westward; but it breathed its last by the time we managed to get to leeward of the last lee boat. One by one —I was at the masthead and saw—the six boats disappeared over the bulge of the earth as they followed the seal into the west. We lay, scarcely rolling on the placid sea, unable to follow. Wolf Larsen was apprehensive. The barometer was down, and the sky to the east did not please him. He studied it with unceasing vigilance.

"If she comes out of there," he said, "hard and snappy, putting us to windward of the boats, it 's likely there 'll be empty bunks in steerage and fo'c's'le."

By eleven o'clock the sea had become glass. By midday, though we were well up in the northerly latitudes, the heat was sickening. There was no freshness in the air. It was sultry and oppressive, reminding me of what the old Californians term "earthquake weather." There was something ominous about it, and in intangible ways one was made to feel that the worst was about to come. Slowly the whole eastern sky filled with clouds that overtowered us like some black sierra of the infernal regions. So clearly could one



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see cañon, gorge, and precipice, and the shadows that lay therein, that one looked unconsciously for the white surf-line and bellowing caverns where the sea charges forever on the land. And still we rocked gently, and there was no wind.

"It 's no squall," Wolf Larsen said. "Old Mother Nature 's going to get up on her hind legs and howl for all that 's in her, and it 'll keep us jumping, Hump, to pull through with half our boats. You 'd better run up and loosen the topsails."

"But if it is going to howl, and there are only two of us?" I asked, a note of protest in my voice.

"Why, we 've got to make the best of the first of it and run down to our boats before our canvas is ripped out of us. After that I don't give a rap what happens. The sticks 'll stand it, and you and I will have to, though we 've plenty cut out for us."

Still the calm continued. We ate dinner, a hurried and anxious meal for me, with eighteen men abroad on the sea and beyond the bulge of the earth, and with that heaven-rolling mountain range of clouds moving slowly down upon us. Wolf Larsen did not seem affected, however, though I noticed, when we returned to the deck, a slight twitching of the nostrils, a perceptible quickness of movement. His face was stern, the lines of it had grown hard, and yet in his eyes—blue, clear blue this day—there was a strange brilliancy, a bright, scintillating light. It struck me that he was joyous in a ferocious sort of way; that he was glad there was an impending struggle; that he was thrilled and upborne with knowledge that one of the great moments of living, when the tide of life surges up in flood, was upon him.

Once, and unwitting that he did so or that I saw, he laughed aloud mockingly and defiantly at the advancing storm. I see him yet, standing there like a pygmy out of the "Arabian Nights" before the huge front of some malignant jinnee. He was daring destiny, and he was unafraid.

He walked to the galley.

"Cooky," I heard him say, "by the time you 've finished pots and pans you 'll be wanted on deck. Stand ready for a call."

"Hump," he said, becoming cognizant of the fascinated gaze I bent upon him, "this beats whisky, and is where your Omar misses. I think he only half lived, after all."

The western half of the sky had by now grown murky. The sun had dimmed and faded out of sight. It was two in the afternoon, and a ghostly twilight, shot through by wandering purplish lights, had descended upon us, and Wolf Larsen's face glowed in the purplish light. We lay in the midst of an unearthly quiet, while all about us were signs and omens of oncoming sound and movement. The sultry heat had become unendurable. The sweat was standing on my forehead, and I could feel it trickling down my nose. I felt as though I should faint, and reached out to the rail for support.

And then, just then, the faintest possible whisper of air passed by. It was from the east, and like a whisper it came and went. The drooping canvas was not stirred, and yet my face had felt the air and been cooled.

"Cooky," Wolf Larsen called in a low voice (Thomas Mugridge turned a pitiable, scared face), "let go that fore-boom-tackle and pass it across, and when she 's willing, let go the sheet and come in snug with the tackle. And if you make a mess of it, it will be the last you ever make. Understand?"

"Mr. Van Weyden, stand by to pass the head-sails over. Then jump for the topsails and spread them quick as God 'll let you—the quicker you do it, the easier you 'll find it. As for Cooky, if he is n't lively, bat him between the eyes."

I was aware of the compliment and pleased in that no threat had accompanied my instructions. We were lying head to northwest, and it was his intention to jibe over with the first puff.

"We 'll have the breeze on our quarter," he explained to me. "By the last guns the boats were bearing away slightly to the south'ard."

He turned and walked aft to the wheel. I went forward and took my station at the jibs. Another whisper of wind, and another, passed by. The canvas flapped lazily.

"Thank Gawd she 's not comin' all of a bunch, Mr. Van Weyden!" was the Cockney's fervent ejaculation.

And I was indeed thankful, for I had by this time learned enough to know, with all our canvas spread, what disaster in such

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event awaited us. The whispers of wind became puffs, the sails filled, the *Ghost* moved. Wolf Larsen put the wheel hard up to port, and we began to pay off. The wind was now dead astern, muttering and puffing stronger and stronger, and my head-sails were pounding lustily. I did not see what went on elsewhere, though I felt the sudden surge and heel of the schooner as the wind-pressures changed to the jibing of the fore- and main-sails. My hands were full with the flying jib, jib, and staysail, and by the time this part of my task was accomplished the *Ghost* was leaping into the southwest, the wind on her quarter and all her sheets to starboard. Without pausing for breath, though my heart was beating like a trip-hammer from my exertions, I sprang to the topsails, and before the wind had become too strong we had them fairly set and were coiling down. Then I went aft for orders.

Wolf Larsen nodded approval and relinquished the wheel to me. The wind strengthening steadily and the sea rising, for an hour I steered, each moment becoming more difficult. I had not the experience to steer at the gait we were going on a quartering course.

"Now take a run up with the glasses and raise some of the boats. We 've made at least ten knots, and we 're going twelve or thirteen now. The old girl knows how to walk. Might as well get some of that head-sail off of her," Larsen added, and turned to Mugridge: "Cooky, run down that flying jib and staysail, and make the downhauls good and fast."

I contented myself with the fore-crosstrees, some seventy feet above the deck. As I searched the vacant stretch of water before me, I comprehended thoroughly the need for haste if we were to recover any of our men. Indeed, as I gazed at the heavy sea through which we were running, I doubted that there was a boat afloat. It did not seem possible that so frail craft could survive such stress of wind and water.

I could not feel the full force of the wind, for we were running with it, but from my lofty perch I looked down as though outside the *Ghost* and apart from her, and saw the shape of her outlined sharply against the foaming sea as she tore along instinct with life. Sometimes she would lift and send across some great wave, burying her starboard rail from view and covering her deck to the hatches with the boiling ocean. At such moments, starting from a windward roll, I would go flying through the air with dizzying swiftness, as though I clung to the end of a huge, inverted pendulum, the arc of which, between the greater rolls, must have been seventy feet or more. Once the terror of this giddy sweep overpowered me, and for a while I clung on, hand and foot, weak and trembling, unable to search the sea for the missing boats or to behold aught of the sea but that which roared beneath and strove to overwhelm the *Ghost*.

But the thought of the men in the midst of it steadied me, and in my quest for them I forgot myself. For an hour I saw nothing but the naked, desolate sea. And then, where a vagrant shaft of sunlight struck the ocean and turned its surface to wrathful silver, I caught a small black speck thrust skyward for an instant and swallowed up. I waited patiently. Again the tiny point of black projected itself through the wrathful blaze, a couple of points off our port bow. I did not attempt to shout, but communicated the news to Wolf Larsen by waving my arm. He changed the course, and I signaled affirmation when the speck showed dead ahead.

It grew larger, and so swiftly that for the first time I fully appreciated the speed of our flight. Wolf Larsen motioned for me to come down, and when I stood beside him at the wheel he gave me instructions for heaving to.

"Expect all hell to break loose," he cautioned me, "but don't mind it. Yours is to do your own work and to have Cooky stand by the fore-sheet."

I managed to make my way forward, but there was little choice of sides, for the weather rail seemed buried as often as the lee. Having instructed Thomas Mugridge as to what he was to do, I clambered into the fore rigging a few feet. The boat was now very close, and I could make out plainly that it was lying head to wind and sea and dragging on its mast and sail, which had been thrown overboard and made to serve as a sea-anchor. The three men were bailing. Each rolling mountain whelmed them from view, and I would wait with sickening anxiety, fearing that they would never appear again. Then, and with black suddenness, the boat would shoot clear through the foaming crest, bow

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pointed to the sky and the whole length of her bottom showing, wet and dark, till she seemed on end. There would be a fleeting glimpse of the three men flinging water in frantic haste, when she would topple over and fall into the yawning valley, bow down and showing her full inside length to the stern upreared almost directly above the bow. Each time that she reappeared was a recurrent miracle.

The *Ghost* suddenly changed her course, keeping away, and it came to me with a shock that Wolf Larsen was giving up the rescue as impossible. Then I realized that he was preparing to heave to, and dropped to the deck to be in readiness. We were now dead before the wind, the boat far away and abreast of us. I felt an abrupt easing of the schooner, a loss for the moment of all strain and pressure coupled with a swift acceleration of speed. She was rushing around on her heel into the wind.

As she arrived at right angles to the sea, the full force of the wind, from which we had hitherto run away, caught us. I was unfortunately and ignorantly facing it. It stood up against me like a wall, filling my lungs with air which I could not expel. And as I choked and strangled, and as the *Ghost* wallowed for an instant, broadside on and rolling straight over and far into the wind, I beheld a huge sea rise far above my head. I turned aside, caught my breath, and looked again. The wave overtopped the *Ghost*, and I gazed sheer up and into it. A shaft of sunlight smote the over-curl, and I caught a glimpse of translucent, rushing green, backed by a milky smother of foam.

Then it descended, pandemonium broke loose, everything happened at once. I was struck a crushing, stunning blow, nowhere in particular and yet everywhere. My hold had been broken loose, I was under water, and the thought passed through my mind that this was the terrible thing of which I had heard, the being swept in the trough of the sea. My body struck and pounded as it was dashed helplessly along and turned over and over, and when I could hold my breath no longer I breathed the stinging salt water into my lungs. But through it all I clung to the one idea—I must get the jib backed over to windward. I had no fear of death. I had no doubt but that I should come through somehow. And as this idea of fulfilling Wolf Larsen's order persisted in my dazed consciousness, I seemed to see him standing at the wheel in the midst of the wild welter, pitting his will against the will of the storm and defying it.

I brought up violently against what I took to be the rail, breathed, and breathed the sweet air again. I tried to rise, but struck my head, and was knocked back on hands and knees. By some freak of the waters I had been swept clear under the forecastle head and into the eyes. As I scrambled out on all fours, I passed over the body of Thomas Mugridge, who lay in a groaning heap. There was no time to investigate. I must get the jib backed over.

When I emerged on deck it seemed that the end of everything had come. On all sides there was a rending and crashing of wood and steel and canvas. The *Ghost* was being wrenched and torn to fragments. The foresail and foretopsail, emptied of the wind by the manœuver, and with no one to bring in the sheet in time, were thundering into ribbons, the heavy boom thrashing and splintering from rail to rail. The air was thick with flying wreckage, detached ropes and stays were hissing and coiling like snakes, and down through it all crashed the gaff of the foresail.

The spar could not have missed me by many inches, while it spurred me to action. Perhaps the situation was not hopeless. I remembered Wolf Larsen's caution. He had expected "all hell to break loose," and here it was. And where was he? I caught sight of him toiling at the mainsheet, heaving it in and flat with his tremendous muscles, the stern of the schooner lifted high in the air, and his body outlined against a white surge of sea sweeping past. All this and more—a whole world of chaos and wreck—in possibly fifteen seconds I had seen and heard and grasped.

I did not stop to see what had become of the small boat, but sprang to the jib-sheet. The jib itself was beginning to slap, partly filling and emptying with sharp reports; but with a turn of the sheet, and the application of my whole strength each time it slapped, I slowly backed it. This I know; I did my best. Either the downhauls had been carelessly made fast by Mugridge, or else the pins carried away, for, while I pulled till I burst open the ends of all my fingers, the flying jib and staysail

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filled and fluttered with the wind, split their cloths apart, and thundered into nothingness.

Still I pulled, holding what I gained each time with a double turn until the next slap gave me more. Then the sheet gave with greater ease, and Wolf Larsen was beside me, heaving in alone while I was busied taking up the slack.

"Make fast," he shouted, "and come on!"

As I followed him, I noted that, in spite of wrack and ruin, a rough order obtained. The *Ghost* was hove to. She was still in working order, and she was still working. Though the rest of her sails were gone, the jib, backed to windward, and the mainsail, hauled down flat, were themselves holding, and holding her bow to the furious sea as well.

I looked for the boat, and, while Wolf Larsen cleared the boat-tackles, saw it lift to leeward on a big sea and not a score of feet away. And, so nicely had he made his calculation, we drifted fairly down upon it, so that nothing remained to do but hook the tackles to each end and hoist it aboard. But this was not done so easily as it is written.

In the bow was Kerfoot, Oofty-Oofty in the stern, and Kelly amidships. As we drifted closer, the boat would rise on a wave while we sank in the trough, till, almost straight above me, I could see the heads of the three men craned overside and looking down. Then, the next moment, we would lift and soar upward while they sank far down beneath us. It seemed incredible that the next surge should not crush the *Ghost* down upon the tiny eggshell.

But, at the right moment, I passed the tackle to the Kanaka, while Wolf Larsen did the same thing forward to Kerfoot. Both tackles were hooked in a trice, and the three men, deftly timing the roll, made a simultaneous leap aboard the schooner. As the *Ghost* rolled her side out of water, the boat was lifted snugly against her, and before the return roll came we had heaved it in over the side and turned it bottom up on the deck. I noticed blood spouting from Kerfoot's left hand. In some way the third finger had been crushed to a pulp. But he gave no sign of pain, and with his single right hand helped us lash the boat in its place.

"Stand by to let that jib over, you Oofty," Wolf Larsen commanded, the very second we had finished with the boat. "Kelly, come aft and slack off the mainsheet. You, Kerfoot, go for'ard and see what's become of Cooky. Mr. Van Weyden, run aloft again, and cut away any stray stuff in your way."

And having commanded, he went aft, with his peculiar tigerish leaps, to the wheel. While I toiled up the fore-shrouds the *Ghost* slowly paid off. This time, as we went into the trough of the sea and were swept, there were no sails to carry away. And half-way to the crosstrees, and flattened against the rigging by the full force of the wind, so that it would have been impossible for me to have fallen, with the *Ghost* almost on her beam-ends and the masts parallel with the water, I looked, not down, but at right angles from the perpendicular, to the deck of the *Ghost*. But I saw not the deck, but where the deck should have been, for it was buried beneath a wild tumbling of water. Out of this water I could see the two masts rising, and that was all. The *Ghost*, for the moment, was buried beneath the sea. As she squared off more and more, escaping from the side pressure, she righted herself and broke her deck, like a whale's back, through the ocean surface.

Then we raced, and wildly, across the wild sea, the while I hung like a fly in the crosstrees and searched for the other boats. In half an hour I sighted the second one, swamped and bottom up, to which were desperately clinging Jock Horner, fat Louis, and Johnson. This time I remained aloft, and Wolf Larsen succeeded in heaving to without being swept. As before, we drifted down upon the boat. Tackles were made fast and lines flung to the men, who scrambled aboard like monkeys. The boat itself was crushed and splintered against the schooner's side as it came inboard; but the wreck was securely lashed, for it could be patched and made whole again.

Once more the *Ghost* bore away before the storm, this time so submerging herself that for some seconds I thought she would never reappear. Even the wheel, quite a deal higher than the waist, was covered and swept again and again. At such moments I felt strangely alone with God, and watching the chaos of his wrath. And then the wheel would reappear, and

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Wolf Larsen's broad shoulders, his hands gripping the spokes and holding the schooner to the course of his will, himself an earth-god, dominating the storm, flinging its descending waters from him, and riding it to his own ends. And oh, the marvel of it, the marvel of it, that tiny men should live and breathe and work, and drive so frail a contrivance of wood and cloth through so tremendous an elemental strife!

As before, the *Ghost* swung out of the trough, lifting her deck again out of the sea, and dashed before the howling blast. It was now half-past five, and half an hour later, when the last of the day lost itself in a dim and furious twilight, I sighted a third boat. It was bottom up, and there was no sign of its crew. Wolf Larsen repeated his manœuver, holding off and then rounding up to windward and drifting down upon it. But this time he missed by forty feet, the boat passing astern.

"No. 4 boat!" Oofty-Oofty cried, his keen eyes reading its number in the one second when it lifted clear of the foam and upside down.

It was Henderson's boat, and with him had been lost Holyoak and Williams, another of the deep-water crowd. Lost they indubitably were; but the boat remained, and Wolf Larsen made one more reckless effort to recover it. I had come down to the deck, and I saw Horner and Kerfoot vainly protest against the attempt.

"By God, I 'll not be robbed of my boat by any storm that ever blew out of hell!" he shouted, and though we four stood with our heads together that we might hear, his voice seemed faint and far, as though removed from us an immense distance.

"Mr. Van Weyden," he cried, and I heard through the tumult as one might hear a whisper, "stand by that jib with Johnson and Oofty! The rest of you tail aft to the main-sheet! Lively now, or I 'll sail you all into kingdom come! Understand?"

And when he put the wheel hard over and the *Ghost's* bow swung off, there was nothing for the hunters to do but obey and make the best of a risky chance. How great the risk I realized when I was once more buried beneath the pounding seas and clinging for life to the pin-rail at the foot of the foremast. My fingers were torn loose, and I was swept across to the side and over the side into the sea. I could not swim, but before I could sink I was swept back again. A strong hand gripped me, and when the *Ghost* finally emerged I found that I owed my life to Johnson. I saw him looking anxiously about him, and noted that Kelly, who had come forward at the last moment, was missing.

This time, having missed the boat, and not being in the same position as in the previous instances, Wolf Larsen was compelled to resort to a different manœuver. Running off before the wind with everything to starboard, he came about and returned close-hauled on the port tack.

"Grand!" Johnson shouted in my ear, as we successfully came through the attendant deluge; and I knew he referred, not to Wolf Larsen's seamanship, but to the performance of the *Ghost* herself.

It was now so dark that there was no sign of the boat; but Wolf Larsen held back through the frightful turmoil as if guided by unerring instinct. This time, though we were continually half-buried, there was no trough in which to be swept, and we drifted squarely down upon the upturned boat, badly smashing it as it was heaved inboard.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen, and I—reefed, first one and then the other, the jib and mainsail. Hove to under this short canvas, our decks were comparatively free of water, while the *Ghost* bobbed and ducked among the combers like a cork.

I had burst open the ends of my fingers at the very first, and during the reefing I had worked with tears of pain running down my cheeks. And when all was done, I gave up like a woman and rolled upon the deck in the agony of exhaustion.

In the meantime, Thomas Mugridge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the forecastle head, where he had cravenly ensconced himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin, and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whisky and crunched hardtack. Never in my life had food been so welcome, and

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never had hot coffee tasted so good. So violently did the *Ghost* pitch and toss and tumble that it was impossible for even the sailors to move about without holding on, and several times, after a cry of "Now she takes it!" we were heaped upon the wall of the port cabin as though it had been the deck.

"To —— with a lookout," I heard Wolf Larsen say when we had eaten and drunk our fill. "There 's nothing can be done on deck. If anything 's going to run us down, we could n't get out of its way. Turn in, all hands, and get some sleep."

The sailors slipped forward, setting the side-lights as they went, while the two hunters remained to sleep in the cabin, it not being deemed advisable to open the slide to the steerage companionway. Wolf Larsen and I, between us, cut off Kerfoot's crushed finger and sewed up the stump. Mugridge, who, during all the time he had been compelled to cook and serve coffee and keep the fire going, had complained of internal pains, now swore that he had a broken rib or two. On examination we found that he had three. But his case was deferred to next day, principally for the reason that I did not know anything about broken ribs, and would first have to read it up.

"I don't think it was worth it," I said to Wolf Larsen, "a broken boat for Kelly's life."

"But Kelly did n't amount to much," was the reply. "Good night."

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger-ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the *Ghost* was cutting, I would have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, the while the *Ghost*, lonely and undirected, fought her way through the storm.

## XVIII

THE next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I "crammed" anatomy and surgery and set Mugridge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where we had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being repaired and new sails made and bent. Also, a new galley was being constructed out of odds and ends of lumber from the hold. Sealing-schooner after sealing-schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats, and most of which were carrying boats and crews that they had picked up and that did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been to the westward of us, and the boats, scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the *Cisco*, and, to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, with Nilson and Leach, from the *San Diego*. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men, Henderson, Holyoak, Williams, and Kelly, and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

As we followed north, we began to encounter the dreaded sea-fogs. Day after day the boats were lowered and swallowed up almost before they touched the water, while we on board pumped the horn at regular intervals, and every fifteen minutes fired the bomb-gun. Boats were continually being lost and found, it being the custom for a boat to hunt, on lay, with whatever schooner picked it up, until such time as it was recovered by its own schooner. But Wolf Larsen, as was to be expected, being a boat short, took possession of the first stray one and compelled its men to hunt with the *Ghost*, not permitting them to return to their own schooner when we sighted it. I remember how he forced the hunter and his two men below, a rifle at their breasts, when their captain passed by at biscuit-toss and hailed us for information.

Thomas Mugridge, so strangely and pertinaciously clinging to life, was soon limping about again and performing his double duties of cook and cabin-boy. Johnson and Leach were bullied and beaten as much as ever, and they looked for their lives to end with the end of the hunting season; while the rest of the crew lived the lives of dogs and were worked like dogs by their pitiless master. As for Wolf Larsen and me, we got along fairly well, though I could not quite rid myself of the idea that right conduct for me lay in killing him. He fascinated me immeasurably, and I feared him immeasurably;

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and yet I could not imagine him lying prone in death. There was an endurance, as of perpetual youth, about him, which rose up and forbade the picture. I could see him only as living always and dominating always, fighting and destroying, himself surviving.

One diversion of his, when we were in the midst of the herd and the sea was too rough to lower the boats, was to lower with two boat-pullers and a steerer and go out himself. He was a good shot, too, and brought many a skin aboard under what the hunters termed "impossible hunting conditions." It seemed the breath of his nostrils, this carrying his life in his hands and struggling for it against tremendous odds.

I was learning more and more seamanship, and one clear day, a thing we rarely encountered now, I had the satisfaction of running and handling the *Ghost* and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat, and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region, and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me, and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future. We must have been caught nearly at the center of this circular storm, and Wolf Larsen ran out of it and to the southward, first under a double-reefed jib, and finally under bare poles. Never had I imagined so great a sea. The seas previously encountered were as ripples compared with these, which ran a half-mile from crest to crest and which upreared, I am confident, above our masthead. So great was it that Wolf Larsen himself did not dare heave to, though he was being driven far to the southward and out of the seal herd.

We must have been well in the path of the transpacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of seals—a second herd, or sort of rear-guard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the *boom, boom* of guns, and pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach. I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-northwest and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. The water-breakers and grub-boxes from all the other boats were likewise missing, as were the beds and sea-bags of the two men. Wolf Larsen was furious. He set sail and bore away into the west-northwest, two hunters constantly at the mastheads and sweeping the sea with glasses, himself pacing the deck like an angry lion. He knew too well my sympathy for the runaways to send me aloft as lookout.

The wind was fair but fitful, and it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to raise that tiny boat out of the blue immensity. But he put the *Ghost* through her best paces, so as to get between the deserters and the land. This accomplished, he cruised back and forth across what he knew must be their course.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail. A snappy breeze was blowing from the west, with the promise of more wind behind it; and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck.

We squared away and ran for it. My heart was as lead. I felt myself turning sick in anticipation; and as I looked at the gleam of triumph in Wolf Larsen's eyes, his form swam before me, and I felt almost irresistibly impelled to fling myself upon him. So unnerved was I by the thought of impending violence to Leach and Johnson that my reason must have left me. I know that I slipped down into the steerage, in a daze, and that I was just beginning the ascent to the deck, a loaded shot-gun in my hands, when I heard the startled cry:

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE DESERTERS UNDER FIRE



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"There 's five men in that boat!"

I supported myself in the companion-way, weak and trembling, while the observation was being verified by the remarks of the rest of the men. Then my knees gave from under me, and I sank down, myself again, but overcome by shock at knowledge of what I had so nearly done. Also, I was very thankful as I put the gun away and slipped back on deck.

No one had remarked my absence. The boat was near enough for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing-boat and built on different lines. As we drew closer, the sail was taken in and the mast unstepped. Oars were shipped, and its occupants waited for us to heave to and take them aboard.

Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled. "It 's a pretty one we 've got now."

"What 's wrong?" I demanded.

Again he chuckled. "Don't you see there, in the stern-sheets, on the bottom? May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman.

We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was too evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the main-sheet flat, and came up into the wind. The oars struck the water, and with a few strokes the boat was alongside. I now caught my first fair glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw, and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light-brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burned the face scarlet.

She seemed to me like a being from another world. I was aware of a hungry outreaching for her, as of a starving man for bread. But then I had not seen a woman for a very long time. I know that I was lost in a great wonder, almost a stupor,—this, then, was a woman?—so that I forgot myself and my mate's duties, and took no part in helping the newcomers aboard. For when one of the sailors lifted her into Wolf Larsen's down-stretched arms, she looked up into our curious faces and smiled amusedly and sweetly, as only a woman can smile, and as I had seen no one smile for so long that I had forgotten such smiles existed.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It 's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men. The boat was cast adrift, though one of them called it a "bloody shame," with Yokohama so near.

I found myself strangely afraid of this woman I was escorting aft. Also, I was awkward. It seemed to me that I was realizing for the first time what a delicate, fragile creature a woman is, and as I caught her arm to help her down the companion-stairs, I was startled by its smallness and softness. Indeed, she was a slender, delicate woman, as women go, but to me she was so ethereally slender and delicate that I was quite prepared for her arm to crumble in my grasp. All this in frankness, to show my first impression, after long deprivation, of women in general and of Maud Brewster in particular.

"No need to go to any great trouble for me," she protested, when I had seated her in Wolf Larsen's arm-chair, which I had dragged hastily from his cabin. "The men were looking for land at any moment this morning, and the vessel should be in by night, don't you think so?"

Her simple faith in the immediate future took me aback. How could I explain to her the situation, the strange man who stalked the sea like Destiny, all that it had taken me months to learn? But I answered honestly:

"If it were any other captain except ours, I should say you would be ashore in Yokohama to-morrow. But our captain is a strange man, and I beg of you to be

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prepared for anything—understand?—for anything."

"I—I confess I hardly do understand," she hesitated, a perturbed but not frightened expression in her eyes. "Or is it a misconception of mine that shipwrecked people are always shown every consideration? This is such a little thing, you know. We are so close to the land."

"Candidly, I do not know," I strove to reassure her. "I wished merely to prepare you for the worst, if the worst is to come. This man, this captain, is a brute, a demon, and one can never tell what will be his next fantastic act."

I was growing excited, but she interrupted me with an "Oh, I see," and her voice sounded weary. To think was patently an effort. She was clearly on the verge of physical collapse.

She asked no further questions, and I vouchsafed no remarks, devoting myself to Wolf Larsen's command, which was to make her comfortable. I bustled about in quite housewifely fashion, procuring soothing lotions for her sunburn, raiding Wolf Larsen's private stores for a bottle of port I knew to be there, and directing Thomas Mugridge in the preparation of the spare state-room.

The wind was freshening rapidly, the *Ghost* heeling over more and more, and by the time the state-room was ready she was dashing through the water at a lively clip. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunder-clap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead. I shot a glance at the woman, but she was leaning back in the arm-chair, her eyes closed, unutterably tired. I doubted that she had heard, and I resolved to prevent her seeing the brutality I knew would follow the capture of the deserters. She was tired. Very good. She should sleep.

There were swift commands on deck, a stamping of feet and a slapping of reef-points, as the *Ghost* shot into the wind and about on the other tack. As she filled away and heeled, the arm-chair began to slide across the cabin floor, and I sprang for it just in time to prevent the rescued woman from being spilled out.

Her eyes were too heavy to suggest more than a hint of the sleepy surprise that perplexed her as she looked up at me, and she half stumbled, half tottered as I led her to her cabin. Mugridge grinned insinuatingly in my face as I shoved him out and ordered him back to his galley work, and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "lydy's-myde" I was proving myself to be.

She leaned heavily against me, and I do believe that she had fallen asleep again between the arm-chair and the state-room. This I discovered when she nearly fell into the bunk during a sudden lurch of the schooner. She aroused, smiled drowsily, and was off to sleep again; and asleep I left her, under a heavy pair of sailor's blankets, her head resting on a pillow I had appropriated from Wolf Larsen's bunk.

(To be continued)



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Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

# SPRING

FROM GOETHE'S PROSE

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

SO then the World 's repeating its old Story?
Once more, thank God, its fairest page we turn!
The violets and May-flowers, like the glory
Of gold and color in old missals, burn
With fadeless shimmering;
These are its headings and vignettes. The heart
Beats quicker when the Book of Life apart
Falls at the page of Spring!

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# HIDE-and-SEEK with the CUSTOMS

By
O. K DAVIS

With pictures by
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



AS one of the big ocean liners was warping into her dock not long ago, a lady stepped up to a friend on deck and said:

"Do you see anything queer about me?"

"No," replied her friend. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only I have a silver tea-set hanging under my skirts."

That woman had no intention of smuggling. That is a vile infraction of the law which only the distinctly criminal commit. She was merely intending to "evade the customs." She was in much the same frame of mind about it as the civilian who went with the allied troops on their famous and profitable march through the Forbidden City of Peking. As he drew near the guard on his way out, he said to his companion:

"I wish I did n't have to go so near that sentry."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because, unless I move with such caution as to give me away, I positively clank."

This is the attitude which most of the thousands of men and women who go abroad every year maintain toward the law which levies duties on their foreign purchases and toward the customs inspection which tries to enforce that law. They would be grieved and shocked at being called smugglers. They merely play an amusing game of hide-and-seek, in which they laugh if they win, and pay the duties only if they are caught. There is no moral turpitude in that, they argue. It is right enough to beat Uncle Sam, a thing to be proud of, an exploit to be bragged about, as it not infrequently is, in church sociables and at sewing-bees. Everybody whose friends have been abroad has heard that sort of talk.

Most persons hate and despise the Customs. It is a relic of barbarism, a creature of the Inquisition, a blood-boiling iniquity, and all that. The inspectors and other officials are personal emissaries of the old original devil, seeking merely to humiliate and insult and degrade their fellow-citizens through the exercise of their brief authority. They will not accept the sworn declaration of an honest American, but after it is made they search every nook and corner of his luggage, and sometimes even make examination of his person to prove that he has sworn falsely. The wide range of anathema and vituperation is all-insufficient to fit the case, and only a man who has voted for protection all his life, and finally finds out by this experience one of its ways of working, can rise to proper heights in its description.

There is another factor in the cause of such smuggling. The chief of the Law Division of the New York customs staff



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attributes a good part of the attempts of men to avoid paying duties to a contempt of the law arising from their knowledge, or what they take to be such, of the character of the average lawmaker, State and national. They compare themselves, perhaps subconsciously, with the congressmen and assemblymen they know or have heard about, to the disparagement of the legislators, and reach the conclusion that laws made by such men must be bad, and therefore it is right to evade them.

But the women are the worst, most persistent, and most numerous offenders, and they cause the officials the most trouble. The women who try to smuggle are not only those whose financial condition makes the amount of duty they should pay an object to them; but the richest women are as bad as their poorer fellow-travelers, even worse. The customs officials say that nine tenths of all the women who travel try to avoid paying duty. They are of all conditions of life, old and young, white and black, ladies by birth, cultivation, and profession, as well as those whose pretension is only that they are women. With some of them it is only to be expected, but to even the most hardened inspector it is a never-ending source of amazement that refined, educated, Christian women, who in their homes and their ordinary walks of life would be scandalized at the thought of stealing a pin, will scheme and contrive to defraud the government out of hundreds of dollars, and when it is done, laugh over it as a joke or speak of it as a proper cause of pride.

There was a case directly in point only a short time ago. The lady is of distinguished appearance, a woman of cultivation and refinement, prominent in the society of the Western city where she lives. She is more than fifty years old. She arrived from Europe with a trunk in which there was a false bottom. The merest tyro of an inspector could not have failed to find it. Under the false bottom were goods worth over three hundred dollars. When the woman saw that she was caught she made no protest or trouble. Her mind was busy then with preventing any scene that might lead to public exposure. The inspector told her that he should have to hold her trunk, and advised her to go at once to the Law Division. Protest and fight she knew would only send the matter into court, with its consequent certain publicity.

The Law Division is used to the sort of thing which followed. Hardly a day passes in the season of heavy travel without the appearance of teary-eyed women seeking to avoid the consequences of their attempts to smuggle. The officials have learned by long experience just how to handle such cases, and the woman who is willing to pay for her folly rarely has any trouble. This woman was more than willing, she was eager. The only desire or hope she had left was to keep out of the newspapers. The chief of the Law Division met her half-way. He figured up what she would have to pay,—the full foreign value of the goods, the duty, and fifty per cent. fine,—and she paid it gladly. When it was over he said:

"Now would you mind telling me why you did that?"

The woman hesitated between tears and laughter. Finally she said:

"Because I am an old fool." Then, after a moment, the real reason came out. "I have always paid duty before," she went on, "and it never crossed my mind to try to avoid it. But of all the women I know who go abroad I am the only one who admits having done so. I am the laughing-stock of them all. They never paid duty, they say, and they are always making fun of me because I do. So this time I made up my mind I would not. That 's all."

It is not at all unlikely, however, that some of the women who made fun of her had had their own unpleasant experiences, and kept as still about them as she certainly will about hers. "No man knoweth the mind of a king," or of a woman who tries to smuggle.

Concealment in the baggage or on the person is the commonest method of attempting to evade the inspectors, but there are other ways, some of which are known to the officials, and some not. The dressmakers are always at it, and one of them has worked a scheme which the inspectors frankly own they do not understand. She does not live in New York. For several years she has been going abroad regularly, and on her return has traveled about the country exhibiting "imported" gowns which thus far have not paid duty. They are never in her baggage, nor do they fol-

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MAKING THE DECLARATIONS IN THE STEAMER'S CABIN

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE TRAGEDY OF THE OPENED TRUNK

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low the channels of goods regularly brought in. Not long ago she came in with only one trunk and nothing dutiable in that. But soon afterward the authorities heard of her in an inland city with "imported" gowns on show. The inspector who went to look at them got there too late. She had moved on without leaving her address. He tracked her from place to place clear beyond the Mississippi, but she got away.

In the enforcement of the extremely unpopular law the authorities constantly meet with attempts at interference by persons who for one reason or another think they have a "pull." It is an especially tempting field for politicians, and incoming passengers frequently walk confidently down the gang-plank armed with a note from this or that State or national placeholder which they expect will cause the inspectors straightway to bow down and pass their baggage unopened.

"There was a case just the other day," said a customs official to the writer. "As soon as the plank was run out, a man came bounding down and told me he was a friend of So-and-so, giving me a letter from the politician he named, a man very prominent in this State. He said he was in a great hurry to get up-town to keep an engagement, and would like to have his trunks passed at once. The inspector who examined them found things on which the duties were about five hundred dollars. The man paid, but of course he was angry, and now I suppose he 'll join the general howl."

Social interference is quite as pestiferous to the inspectors, but much more needless. The higher the social standing of the would-be smuggler, the greater her opportunity. One frank official said:

"We would n't dare search one of those society swells as we do less prominent women."

Yet this official is convinced, as are many of the inspectors who have to deal with them, that the customs dodging among women of this class is constant and extensive. One of them came in recently and passed the examination successfully. Afterward she said to a friend:

"If a customs officer had put his hand on me, I should have fainted right there on the dock, I was so loaded down."

Of course there is no telling how much gets by the inspectors. If they knew who were smuggling and how it was done, nobody would succeed at it. Those who are in position to know best think that one tenth of one per cent. of the total annual collections at New York, say $180,000 a year, would be a very liberal estimate.

Among the men, cigars and cigarettes cause much trouble. The regulations permit a person to bring in for his own consumption fifty cigars or three hundred cigarettes, the ruling of the department being that for customs purposes fifty cigars equal that many cigarettes. Travelers are always arriving who do not know the regulations or who try to evade them. Nine times out of ten the traveler at once wants to make it a personal matter with the inspector, and acts as if he thought thrashing the official would get his cigars in free. Then he cools down a little and offers to pay the duty on all over fifty and take them all. There he strikes a new cause of rage. The smallest number of cigars that can be imported is three thousand. All under that and over fifty are seized. The inspector endeavors to explain that he did not make the law, and is responsible only for its execution as he finds it; but that seldom works, and the traveler goes away breathing fire, and mad with desire for vengeance.

A man came in from Havana recently with a box of cigars out of which he had smoked fifteen. There were eighty-five left. The inspector who examined his baggage told him he could have only fifty. The man declared that it was an outrage, and intimated that he believed it to be perpetrated for the inspector's personal amusement.

"Who gets the rest?" he demanded.

"They are seized for the government," was the reply.

Thereupon it was evident to the man that the outrage was for the benefit as well as the amusement of the inspector.

"I don't suppose you smoke?" he sneered.

"Not on duty," suavely replied the inspector.

"Well, you won't smoke these off duty," cried the man, and began to break them up.

"Hold on," said the inspector; "you must n't do that."

"Why not?" demanded the man. "They are my cigars."



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"No, they are not," replied the inspector; "they belong to the government."

No words would fit that situation, and the man went away. A little later he

"Well, I 'll take my fifty, and you can have the rest."

"You have n't got fifty now," said the official.



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

AN AUGUST IMPORTATION OF FURS

charged into the office of the Law Division, prepared to tear down the Custom House. He wanted to know, and he wanted his information quickly.

"Not my cigars, heh? Well, they had n't been brought in yet."

"Oh, yes, they had. They were considerably inside the three-mile limit when you had them on the pier."

A little argument cooled him off, and he finally said:

"Have n't got fifty?" he screamed. "I 'd like to know why I have n't. You 've said all along I could have fifty."

"Yes, but you broke them up."

"I did n't do any such thing. I broke up the extra thirty-five!"

"Oh, no; those are Uncle Sam's. You were breaking up your own. But I don't think you destroyed them all. There are about fifteen still left for you."

And he had to do the best he could to

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seem content with fifteen. All of which shows again how foolish it is to kick against the pricks. Most men do it, however, and sometimes they beat Uncle Sam out of his cigars. There have been instances where men so situated pitched the whole supply overboard in their rage.

Attempts to bribe the inspectors are constant. They are made sometimes by persons in whom such action is greatly surprising. Not long ago a man very prominent in national affairs offered an inspector ten dollars. Wealthy people are continually doing that. With them it is perhaps only a part of the custom of tipping all who perform any service; at least, that is the charitable view held by the authorities. There is constant effort on the part of the higher officials to prevent this petty bribery, and it is their belief that the custom is not so extensive now as it was a few years ago. Several inspectors have been dismissed for taking bribes.

It is a curious fact that the attempts at such smuggling are largely confined to persons who travel by certain lines of steamers. There are lines the passengers of which rarely give the inspectors any trouble. Of one line a high official said:

"It 's hardly worth while to make any examination on their piers."

This official divides the travelers into three classes: the honest middle class, who bring in comparatively little that is dutiable, and who declare that and pay the duty without fuss or complaint; the dishonest lower class, who constantly try to smuggle cheap jewelry and finery in small amounts; and the shirking upper class, who are the worst of the lot and the most difficult to catch. He might have added the professional smugglers, but they are not many.

There is a genius in this sort of smuggling, and a genius in detecting it. The great majority of the detections are due to the actions of the smugglers themselves. There are so many things that make a trained inspector suspicious. A person comes in with ten or fifteen trunks, all comparatively new, and declares nothing dutiable. There is a plain case. The inspector makes a careful search, and the traveler pays duty or gives up his goods. But most persons who are trying to smuggle betray themselves by their nervous manner, their haste, their self-consciousness, their unnatural sang-froid, or some s They overdo in some way. The i have seen so many thousands o persons go through that they kı manner of innocence perfectly, anc manner exceedingly difficult to coun Not less well do they know the man guilt. Of course some catches are luck, such as that of the inspector brushed against an apparently one-arı man in the crowd on the pier. The sleeı that should have swung loose, if empty seemed stiff, and the inspector took hold of it. It was stuffed with a bolt of silk, and the man's arm was inside his shirt.

Information of all sorts comes to the inspectors and special agents, but most of the captures are the work of their own shrewdness. Large purchases of diamonds, jewelry, lace, furs, or things of that sort, by travelers abroad are usually reported to the special agents by the foreign agents or consuls. In cases of seizure on such information the informer gets a part of the fine. This makes the special agents particularly active. One of them recently got seven thousand dollars for catching a diamond-smuggler.

It no doubt happens that the love of the spectacular, or the hope of reward, leads an officer now and then to conceal the source of his information and to proceed as if acting only on his own initiative. But by far the greater part of the captures on the piers are really the result of the exercise of that sort of sixth sense for such smugglers developed by the inspectors. When things look queer, they make a personal examination. It was just that and nothing more which caught two girls, one of whom had a Russian sable muff on her leg and the other a sable boa. It was that which caught a woman who had eight hundred ostrich feathers sewed to her petticoat, and her husband who had ninety-six watches fastened to his undervest. It was that which detected a woman who had twenty yards of lace, worth twenty-five dollars a yard or more, concealed under her dress. It was that which caught a man just the other day who had nearly ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his pockets. It was that which found the eight hundred dollars' worth of lace which a woman had concealed in a pillow.

Information sometimes comes in queer ways. Occasionally there is an anonymous

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"No, ;ives genuine information. Some-spector ;mmon gossip does the work. No ; a banker in a Western city who the m 1 for a long time that he had kept ily from bragging about his skill in is dodging. He had been doing it ars with great success. One day last ;er several ladies who were about to ;road were in a manicure-shop in New k. They were talking of customs victories, 1 one of them told about this banker's owess, giving not his name, but the city where he lived. It happened that a woman was in the shop at the time who is a friend of one of the higher customs officials. She reported to him what she had heard. He immediately had a list made of all the bankers in that city, and sent a copy to each inspector with instructions to watch closely any man who gave any of those names.

It seems that the bankers of that city enjoy foreign travel. Four of them came through, one after another, and were examined most carefully. They probably did not appreciate the attention any more than they understood its cause. All were innocent. Then one day the culprit was caught.




Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A SMUGGLER OF WATCHES

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

OVERHEARD IN A MANICURE-SHOP

He came by a line which gives the inspectors very little trouble, and they are wondering now if he knew it and thought it would help his chance. He paid more than two thousand dollars in duties. If he reads this article, he will learn how he was caught, and incidentally recognize a new proof that silence is golden.

The great customs machinery of the port of New York makes little commotion and runs very smoothly. It is the auxiliary engine for collecting the duties on baggage which attracts the attention of the public. Less than one half of one per cent. of the duties collected every year at New York is paid on the baggage of travelers; but there is more fuss over that one million dollars than there is about all the other one hundred and eighty millions paid on regular importations.

A man came in nearly a year ago with a gold bar in which were three diamonds. He tried to conceal it, was detected, and the bar was seized. He went away, and nothing was heard from him for eight months. Then he wrote from a Western town asking for his bar. He had bought it, he said, in the United States, and had



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taken it abroad with him. He was looking for a wife and hoped that with that for a gift he might succeed. But he failed and brought the bar back. Now he wanted it again.

"Perhaps he has another chance," said the man who received the letter.

To recur to the public sentiment on the subject of smuggling, it may be said that the extenuation generally urged is the conviction of the offender that the law is unequally executed. People with but a small amount of dutiable goods see rich or influential travelers passing the customs barrier in safety though they are known to have large amounts in contraband articles. But all travelers are not lacking in scruple at the custom-house, as this anecdote will show:

Two gentlemen on an ocean liner coming into New York harbor after a winter abroad, after having made their declarations, met on deck.

"Well, did you make a clean breast of it?" said one.

"Oh, yes," was the response. "I can't smuggle; you know, I 'm a protectionist. But how about you? Did you declare everything?"

"To be sure," said the other. "It won't do for me to smuggle; I 'm a free-trader."




Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE LAST TRUNK

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# A MISSION IN MACEDONIA

BY STEPHEN BONSAL

ILKA was tall and willowy, with the deep, lustrous eyes of her race, and in honor of the stranger from the far country, the patrons of the St. Sava Society for carrying on the Panslav propaganda in Macedonia had arranged that she should dance the king's *ryllo* that night with Joshua Parsons, the American correspondent. The committeemen—besashed and beribboned until they looked like circus clowns—had a keen appreciation of the advantages of a good press, and they were but little pleased with Panya Ilka's listless bearing and the utter indifference that she manifested toward the agent of publicity. They watched his experiences with the Belgrad belle from afar, with ever-increasing indignation at Ilka's disregard of the duties of hospitality, not to say of patriotism.

Certainly Parsons was having a dull time. Ilka, the belle of so many balls, would not engage with him to-night in the mazes of that most graceful dance the king's ryllo. She never danced when the wind blew from the south, Shevitz, who was none too fine-fibered, overheard her say. If, however, it pleased him, the Americanitz might stand with her on the north balcony and watch the great river as it flowed below, carrying its burden of fertility to the Black Sea and the heathen lands beyond.

"He sends His rain upon the just and the unjust alike," Ilka added, with the air of a tragedy queen.

"Don't let 's talk shop, please, or politics," pleaded Parsons, and so they were standing in an atmosphere of eloquent silence, when Shevitz, the political press-agent of the propaganda, left off eavesdropping, seeing that something more active was required, and coming out of the shadow into the block of light from the ball-room window, exclaimed with effusion:

"Ah, Parsons, dear boy, have you heard the incredible newses by the Agence Volcanique? They say that the berats, the blessed passports so long refused, without which the military authorities will not permit the bishops of Skopia and Okrida to visit their flocks, have at last been signed by the Sultan and publicly proclaimed. We are only waiting for the confirming despatch from Volcouvitch before ordering fireworks."

"Yes, I have heard; but I think you are wise to wait about the fireworks," said Joshua. "Of course they send along a true word now and then, by accident. At all events, I shall take the fast train for Nisch in the morning, try to get across the border by hook or by crook, and have a prowl around in Macedonia, because—well, because there is nothing else going on in my territory."

"Forgive her, dear colleague," murmured Shevitz, aside. "She is greatly troubled. For two years now her betrothed has carried the message from village to village on the Macedonian highlands, with a price upon his head and the soldiers ever at his heels. But come, and I will take you to where there are eyes undimmed by tears, and—"

They had spoken softly, but Ilka heard. She raised her head quickly, and an expression came over her face that was without a touch of the boredom and indifference that had been seated there all the evening. Parsons saw it, and, curious as always, said:

"Thanks, Gospadin Shevitz, thanks; but I shall remain with the little lady, the daughter of the Petrovitch."

Shevitz bowed, and disappeared through

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Drawn by S. Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'PROMISE ME YOU WILL PROTECT HIM'"

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the window into the brightly lighted ball-room, and Ilka turned to Parsons with shining eyes.

"Forgive me," she said. "I thought that you too were an idle tourist—one of those who look and see, but never understand or care to. Such as I thought you to be never venture into Macedonia, where death is always near to those who lean upon the cross. There, Shevitz told you, is Dragan Illitch, my beloved, my Dragan—" She caught her breath sharply and went on more quickly: "He is hunted like a wild animal from cave to cave, with the wolf-dogs and the Turkish zaptiehs continually on his track, and there are twelve months yet before he may return, for that is the law of the service. Ah, you from the happy land, should you meet my Dragan, promise me you will protect him."

"Little lady, daughter of the Petrovitch, I cannot refuse you your only request," said Joshua, seriously. "Right gladly will I do all in my power should I fall in with the fortunate Dragan."

"Tell him," went on Ilka—"tell him that to-night I wore his faded rose and danced the king's ryllo with him."

"Certainly it was not with me," answered Parsons, with a smile.

An hour later he was packing his kit and trying to find out when the next train would run on that uncertain line which extends over the Turkish frontier at Zebeftche to Salonica and the sea.

It was an uneventful journey until, when coming out of the Karadjik tunnel, in the land of the free Albanians, a sudden rattling volley of firearms rang out, the car windows were shivered to atoms, and the passengers, a Greek merchant and two Jew peddlers, struggled with Parsons, whom they evidently regarded as an interloper, as to who should lie nearest the floor.

"The bullets were intended for his Beatitude the Bishop Theodosius," explained the conductor when quiet was restored; "but he is on the up train."

Three days later Parsons rubbed his eyes and pinched his arms to assure himself that he was fully awake and not merely dreaming of the curious world in which he found himself. Crouching behind the boulders of the foot-hills or squatting in the cemeteries which surround the shrunken town that was once the imperial city of Justinian, in the places where their fathers had faced martyrdom, were gathered by hundreds the children that had survived the generations of persecution. They had been waiting day after day in the shadows which the tall tombs of bygone pashas cast like dark arrows over the arid plain, clad in the dust-colored garments they have worn since the day of the destruction of the churches, when the Holy Empire of Stefan Dushan died—"while the good Lord was sleeping," as the Slav peasants say. In the town the streets were thronged, but the Turkish garrison was conspicuous by its absence. It had been sent, Parsons learned, on an expedition to the Montenegrin frontier, and of this step two explanations were current. Some said it was feared the offended fanaticism of the men in the ranks could not be restrained; others, on the contrary, averred they had been sent out of the way so that there should be no possible force to restrain the Albanian Arnauts, who had also gathered in Usküb, and who strutted to and fro, threatening resistance even to the decree of the great Padishah should the city once again be defiled by the presence of a Christian bishop.

The long-awaited cortège appeared at last, however (coming from the railway-station), and the good bishop, riding upon an ass and preceded by his cross-bearer, took his way to the defiled shrine of St. Dimitri, where his predecessor, in the darkness of well-nigh forgotten ages, had been stoned to death. The surging multitude opened up a narrow path before them, and through it the bishop, with his almoner, his chaplains and theologians, passed, blessing the people, raising up the sick, and laying hands upon the crooked in his almost hysterical flock. All about the people praised God and wept. Darkness came, and still the multitude filled the long-desecrated church and thronged about it. All defilement had been washed away by the bishop's blessing, and they clung to the roofless pile, caressed the foundation-walls, and pressed their cheeks tenderly against the great stones which the insolent fury of the Moslem had thrown down, as though the ruin were to them as the ark of the covenant, which, after so many weary years of probation, they had been again found worthy to possess.

"And what do you think of all this,



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Mustapha?" asked Parsons, when the ceremony of consecration was over.

"I think it is a great misfortune for me," answered Mustapha, the town barber, "that a man has come to town having a clear income of forty pounds Turkish, and that he should wear a beard."

On the following day the thousands of Macedonian Christians camping about the blessed shrine of St. Dimitri awakened with an indefinable feeling of disappointment. To begin with, the advent of the good bishop had not been signalized by the miraculous signs and wonders that had been predicted and devoutly expected. For five centuries every blight that had come upon their lives or their crops had been dismissed by these people of the Macedonian highlands and valleys with the confident prophecy, "Ah, when we have a bishop again among us, then our misfortunes and our slavery will be ended, and all the Moslem wizardry of no avail." Mad Ivan, the crier of Prishtina, strode through the camps, and it was no cheerful tidings that he croaked out in his raven voice:

"Myriads of blackbirds are alighting on the field of Kosovo!" he cried. "Not so many have been seen there since the dark day when King Lazar and the champions of Christendom went down before the horde. Woe is me! The curse survives unto the fortieth generation."

The recollection of the hostile bearing of both the Turks and the Albanians on the preceding day came back still further to depress and disturb the Christians. However, both the vali and the mudir had been polite and self-contained. The good Theodosius had called upon them and drunk with much ceremony the three obligatory cups of coffee, and his welcome had been formal and dignified, though not a word was spoken that remotely suggested that the officials regarded his presence among his sheep, so long bereaved of a shepherd, as anything but a fortuitous incident of the travel season.

An hour after sunrise the apprehensions of the people were intensified by the appearance, before the hovel in which their bishop had spent the night, of a messenger from the mudir, accompanied by a horsed troop of irregulars.

"His Grace sends his salaams; your Beatitude is bidden to the Divan."

Swifter than the flight of birds the news was conveyed through all the wretched camps that clustered round the shrunken city. A low wail arose from the waiting people. Some hastened to depart, to secrete themselves in the mountain recesses, whence the first ray of hope that had fallen upon their race for five centuries had lured them; others sat about, pitiful pictures of helpless woe and dejection. "Mad Ivan has again spoken truly to our blight, and not to our blessing," they moaned to each other; "the blackbirds have indeed appeared again on the dark field."

In the meantime Theodosius, followed by his yellow-haired cross-bearer, by Parsons, and by a few score of the Slavs who were too brave, too cowardly, or too curious to fly, entered the courtyard of the *konak*, where they were met by the vali and the other officials with the unctuous politeness of men experienced in the government of unruly peoples and in receiving commands from a source that was ever seeking new inspiration. Behind the vali sat glowering a great mass of flesh incased in a uniform strung with many orders, the outward form of him who had proved himself a fiend incarnate during his reign in Macedonia, Akmet Ayoub, the last marshal of the Turkish Empire. His huge red face was blank, but in his eyes shone the reflection of the green banners which the Prophet of Mecca unfurled. The marshal overlooked the scene, but ignored the presence of the bishop and the Christians who came with him, and the vali spoke for him:

"Men learned in the law, your Beatitude, have throughout the night studied the berat and the papers which you brought, and this study has confirmed in our minds the suspicion of a misunderstanding which was apparent to us yesterday, but of which, in all hospitality, in the moment of welcome, we could not speak. Even now the conclusive confirmation of our suspicions has come from the capital by wire, and we must inform you, I need not say with what regret, that the hours of your stay here among us, until a more opportune time, are numbered." A shrill warning whistle interrupted the vali, who bowed with increased politeness and added: "I have the honor to announce that his Beatitude's train awaits him at the station."

Parsons followed the proceedings with

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zeal but not with understanding. He was innocent of a word of Turkish, but he knew the language of the human heart, and when the mournful wail from the inner courtyard that greeted this announcement was caught up and echoed a thousandfold by the waiting crowds without, he recognized the voice as that of a people beaten down upon its knees and in despair.

For all answer the bishop, however, made a low obeisance, and, followed by his supporters, withdrew from the courtyard. His features expressed the humility of a saint, but in his upright and sturdy walk there was something militant, which suggested that the thought of resistance was not entirely absent from his mind. In the thronged street outside the konak the reserve which had been imposed upon the Turks and Albanians by orders from the highest places had vanished, and with the tacit consent, if not at the express order, of the vali, they now gave full vent to their malevolence.

"Ah, ey! His Beatitude is not staying long with us. Yet can it be that he has shriven clean all his flock in so short a time?" "Dog-brothers!" shouted the Albanians, and the slovenly, rag-clad Slavs, bowed under the weight of their years of servitude, cringed before the conquerors.

"Ey!" they moaned, "it is true, the plains of Kosovo are black with the birds of ill omen." "There must have been grievous sin in the beginning," they opined with shaking heads, "for now even in the fortieth generation God turns his face from us. How long, O Lord, how long?"

As one in a dream the good bishop walked. He seemed oblivious of those who reviled him, and careless as well of those who cringed at his feet, seeking for the last time to kiss the hem of his garment. He scarcely seemed to have a realizing sense of the misfortune that had overtaken him and frustrated his mission until he came to the ruins of the Church of St. Dimitri, the church for the preservation of which so many thousands had died in vain, which only yesterday he had consecrated anew. There, as his eyes fell upon the dismantled shrine which he had vowed to upbuild, a tremor ran through his frame. He turned and looked quickly and searchingly over his abject flock. Then suddenly, as though in obedience to a command which as yet had not been spoken, a tall and stalwart young man, clothed in the shaggy fleece which the shepherds wear, strode out from the midst of the bowed and wailing multitude.

"Your Beatitude," he cried, "in God's name, raise here the standard of the cross! Bid us die for you and for our faith rather than that the shrine of St. Dimitri shall again become the kennel of the dog-brothers."

The yellow-haired cross-bearer caught the enthusiasm, and stepping to the bishop's side, raised his cross on high; but the other Christians were too apathetic and the Turks too quick. "Seize him, the speaker of treason! Seize him, in the name of the Lord Abdul!" they shouted, and in a moment the zaptiehs were upon their man. No helping hand was raised, and in a trice they had him pinioned and hustled away through the hooting, cursing crowd of his enemies.

An hour later the good bishop, the vicar of Christ on earth, the messenger from Heaven, was gone with but a silent blessing, all he was allowed to give, to his unhappy flock.

When it was all over and his message on the wire, Parsons went to the *han* to talk over the events of the day with Schilka, the Austrian vice-consul, and Spadoni, the Maltese telegraph-agent. He found that the magnificent Albanian Arnaut, a picturesque, silent figure who had adorned their table for some days, was gone, but not without booty. He had availed himself of the excitement of the bishop's reception to carry off to the mountains the most beautiful girl of the many born to the Christians of the town. Mustapha had all the details, and on his way to the Turkish bath to attend a noble patron he stopped in at the han. The last seen of Scander Beg, for such was the illustrious name the Arnaut bore, was his dignified retreat up the mountain-side with the girl across his shoulder, while his fighting slave covered the retreat with glistening silver pistols in his hands and a crooked knife in his mouth. The girl, the "rose," as Mustapha called her, screamed and sobbed, "but not overmuch," averred the barber. "I have no doubt but that she will live to be consoled. And now," concluded Mustapha, triumphantly, for in politics this barber was not a trimmer, "she will wear the yashmak, and none but the eyes of her lord will feast

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upon the rare beauties of her face and form."

There had been reported to Mustapha some commotion among the Christians, based entirely upon a misunderstanding, as he explained; for when it was noised abroad that Scander Beg had sent back to the bereaved father the wedding gift, a ransom of five pounds Turkish, it was admitted by every one that the kidnapper had behaved with perfect gallantry, like the Albanian gentleman he was.

This little social incident, quite typical of the relations that exist between the peoples of conflicting nationality and religion so numerously represented in Macedonia, was soon forgotten in the discussion of the greater and more far-reaching events which the day had witnessed. For obvious reasons Parsons was the most outspoken of the party.

"The Christians behaved—well, not like men," he began. "I am disappointed in them both on account of my faith and of my calling."

Indeed, for him the disappointment had been intense. Early in the day he had mapped out the mad ride he was to make over the mountains and through the passes to Servia or Rumania, to some cable station beyond the reach of censorship, from where he might wire the great news to western Europe and the world.

"If they had only resisted," he complained bitterly, "merely by force of numbers they could have maintained the bishop here and saved the shrine for a few days, for a week at least, and that would have been time to arouse public opinion, time for the Christian powers to exercise pressure upon the Porte."

"European public opinion!" repeated Schilka. "Oh, innocent abroad, do you not see that there is a break in the concert of the Christian powers, or else the Bishop Theodosius would have remained with his flock? How? When? Where? I do not know, of course, but I surmise that the Sultan has in the usual way placated one of the powers and bought up one of the plenipotentiaries. In the old days the devil's work was done by rich presents, beautiful slaves, precious stones, and horses from Yemen. To-day it is done by concessions and a promise of preference in opening up forbidden markets. That is the gospel truth, Parsons, my friend; but if you tell it, you will bring a hornets' nest about your ears."

"There was one man in the crowd; thank God for that!" said Parsons. "That shepherd chap who stood up before the vali and called upon his fellows, in the name of the saints, to be men too."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Schilka. "That was Dragan Illitch, the Servian agitator. The blood of the mighty Milosh, the 'alone-standing, stalwart fighter,' as they call him in their histories, flows in his veins; but there are not many like him, and it must be conceded that his sacrifice was perfectly useless."

"Dragan Illitch!" repeated Parsons, in amazement. "The man I promised to help and to save if I could."

"Peace be unto you!" said Schilka, who had a trick of translating Turkish idioms into any tongue he might happen to be speaking at the moment. "Dragan is past your help and mine, or the help of any man, now. They are taking him over the mountains toward Salonica; within a week he will have passed the Mediterranean, and once on the African shore, he begins the journey across the Sahara to Insalah or some other prison station in southern Tripoli. Every Bulgarian or Servian propagandist who is caught is sent that journey bareheaded under the broiling sun. He is not allowed to drink from the waterholes until after the camels and the asses have quenched their thirst. It is a journey that few live to complete, from which none returns."

BEFORE Parsons's long-delayed despatch had reached Paris, where, owing to the omissions of the censor, it reduced all the cryptogramists and riddle-solvers of the office to despair, orders were on the wire urging him to go as quickly as possible to Constantinople. There something was going on below the surface, and the injunction which Argus, surveying the scene from his station near the Tower of St. Jacques, sent was for Parsons to put himself on a diplomatic footing and find out what. When these messages reached him, Parsons had the exceedingly dangerous satisfaction of knowing that he had anticipated his orders, for he was already installed in his old lodgings near the sweet waters of Europe. To all appearances perfect peace reigned, even in the Therapia

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Tennis Club, that thermometer of near Eastern politics.

The only news of undoubted substance that Parsons found awaiting him was inscribed on the bulletins of Jahni, placarded prominently in the lobbies of the hotels and the consular post-offices, in which that most obsequious of innkeepers and most puzzling of ethnological problems permitted himself to announce to his patrons of many titles and of many tongues the glad tidings of the good things he was ready to place before them. Jahni's announcements were always important, and they could not fail to attract a man fresh from the Balkans; and while Parsons's maxim was that if you would survive in southeastern Europe you must starve, it did not apply to Stamboul. Jahni announced, to begin with, that the new importation of spring beer from Munich had just come in upon a specially refrigerated car. A new line of Giubek cigarettes had been opened up; they had been specially rolled for King Milan, but had gotten on the market. There were oysters fresh from Ostend, and luscious Choush grapes from Philippopolis. And to capture any who could hesitate at reading the foregoing, Jahni announced that his restaurant had been entirely renovated, and that in the future his patrons would sit at Lucullan banquets in an atmosphere fragrant with the essence of rose, which, through the intercession of the Sublime Porte with his Serene Highness the Prince of Bulgaria, he had recently procured from the Vale of Kazanlik, the very fountain of rose-water.

Parsons did not hesitate, and was soon seated at the diplomatic table, eating like a man who for the last month had eaten only to subsist, inspired by a stern sense of duty to his paper. The table was surrounded by familiar faces. They were all there, the usual band, and a few newcomers. There was Lawton, the secretary of the American legation, far from a favorite at Bible House, where he was thought to preach and practise too ardently in his private life the gospel of our national beverage. There was the Count Gaspard, the counselor of the Argentine embassy, still awaiting with sullen determination his long-delayed promotion to the head of a mission. There was Saragossa, the Spaniard; Bela Lonyay, son of the Hungarian *magnat*, famous for his wine-cellars and his horses; and the three secretaries of the French embassy, all very rich, and very insignificant in the matter of personal appearance and intellectual attainment.

Besides these, there was little Gontran Valrée, the newest and most verdant of honorary attachés, only six months away from the School of Political Sciences, and already disgusted with the drudgery of copying despatches and leaving about the ambassador's cards. "Ah! la bassesse de la carrière!" was the sonorous phrase with which he dignified his indignation.

"Ah, you come back," he now exclaimed to Parsons. "You did not wish to assist at the massacres. For, *mon cher*, it is all arranged."

Count Gaspard coughed and spluttered, and the senior trio of the French embassy raised their faint eyebrows in unison, for it is an understood thing that no subject of conversation more nearly affecting the Eastern question than the Baden-Baden steeplechase shall be discussed at the diplomatic table; but, undeterred, the little Valrée drew his fish-knife significantly across his throat, and went on:

"It is astonishing how those poor beggars, in spite of everything, cling to that Christianity which to us men of the West has become merely an interesting saga. One could pity them and perhaps admire them a little if, after all, the Turks were not the only gentlemen in southeastern Europe."

Parsons made no comment,—he was planning in his own mind the campaign which had been enjoined by his most recent instructions,—but there was no little wonderment in his heart that the affairs of Christendom, when confided almost without restraint or surveillance to such empty-headed jackanapes, should fare no worse. He finished his dinner before the others, and, withdrawing to a corner of the room, was soon happily engrossed in the mail that had accumulated for him during his absence in the Balkans.

When he rose to go, the diplomatic table was empty, more than half the lights were extinguished, and Jahni himself, with an impatience which his politeness did not at all conceal, was waiting to speed the reluctant departure of his last client. But when Parsons gathered up his letters and started toward the door, Jahni came trotting after him, a large envelop in his outstretched hand.

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"Your Excellency has forgotten something," he exclaimed between puffs, and Parsons added the proffered papers to his bundle and was gone.

Two hours later the correspondent, who had slept soundly with only the starry heaven for canopy upon the bleak highlands of the Balkans, in many a Macedonian sheepfold and atrocious Bulgarian han, struck a light and fumbled about for his reading-lamp and cigars.

"I 'm afraid this is to be a white night," he grumbled. "I was probably born a barbarian; a Christian bed is a taste I have to acquire over again after each relapse into my native condition. However, I will at least profit by my sleeplessness."

He drew the table close to his bedside and spread out again the mass of mail so long in coming, which he had for the most part only skimmed over. The letters that reached him from that quiet, happy corner of the globe whence he came, an Arcadia without a history, were soon read, and while the voices of those who wrote them still fell softly with their familiar accent and expression upon his ear, he stretched out his hand and drew a large envelop to him.

He was about to break the seal when something unfamiliar in its form stayed his hand. Drawing it nearer to the light, he saw that there was no address upon it; on closer view, in one corner he read, faintly traced in pencil:

Memoranda of interviews which have taken place during the months of June, July, between his Exalted Highness the Grand Vizir and his Excellency the Argentine Ambassador. Subjects: the state of Macedonia; the Bagdad and Mesopotamia concessions; the policy of Argentina in the circumstances outlined.

For a moment Parsons was stupefied with amazement, and the envelop, with its heavy contents, dropped from his hand; then with the eagerness of a hawk he pounced upon it, and with a lamp in one hand and the papers in the other, he stumbled through the half-darkness to his writing-table.

There for at least a minute his long fingers fumbled with the heavy seal without breaking it. The thing was less simple than it had seemed in the first moment of discovery. At last he drew a quick breath between his teeth. "I will wait until the morning," he said half aloud. "The day brings better counsel than the night. But I don't hesitate—only postpone. In the morning I will surely open it. Who would n't? It 's a divine providence. Through what wondrous courses are the mercies of the Lord vouchsafed to us—Gaspard's carelessness, my remaining behind, Jahni's polite haste to have me go! If I do my duty now, all Christendom shall ring with indignation over the shameful transaction, and a whole people may be saved from almost certain destruction." The blood rushed to his face and beat in his temples. To save a people was all very well, but underneath his crusading fervor was the consciousness that his chance had come and that upon what he made of it his future depended.

"I can read the minutes of these famous conferences with half an eye, without breaking the seal, even in the dark," he thought. "The Argentines have sold out Christianity for a mess of pottage—a considerable mess, to be sure, if it contains all the Bagdad concessions and exclusive access to the Mesopotamian markets." He pushed the unopened documents away from him, and leaning back in his chair, lighted a fresh cigar and began to read the secret minutes with his mind's eye:

"'If Argentina will but stay her preparations and delay the rumored interference of her allies for three months, the Sublime Porte solemnly promises that at the end of this time there will be no disturbances or even talk of them within the frontiers of her Christian provinces.' That 's the way it will start out.

"'You may cancel the berats, but you must permit the holy men to withdraw in peace from their sees and their flocks,' suggests the ambassador, who tries to be a good fellow, though selling his soul and delivering over thousands to slaughter.

"'Not a hair of their blessed beards shall be harmed, answers his Mightiness.

"'And you must not employ bashi-bazouks or any irregulars in the campaign admittedly necessary to establish peace, law, and order.'

"'Only regulars and lambs—perfect lambs, your Excellency,' speaks the voice from behind the Bab Ali."

Strange whim! All through the night, with only a fragile seal of wax between him and the authentic minutes of what had

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passed during the important conferences, Parsons gave rein to his fancy and drew upon his imagination for fantastic protocols between the Great Assassin and the Judas of the Nations.

"Scruples? Why, I have n't one," he assured himself; and yet the seal remained unbroken, and he put the envelop away from him in the farthest corner of the room, as though he feared to be near it.

"And Count Gaspard's career? Certainly nothing, not even Hecuba, could be more indifferent to me than Gaspard's downfall. What a sensation it will make! How the world will wonder! What an ignominious departure that will be of his Grace the Duke of Mandos, the Ambassador of Argentina!" Finally he took down the time-table and saw that the Orient Express left the next afternoon at three. "I shall be on that train," he said with decision, and lighted another cigar.

Night faded before the rosy dawn, the sun sprang out of the east, and floods of light rolled across the Bosporus from Asia, first child of the morning, and still the unavowed struggle went on with Parsons. He was miserably sleepy and cross, but he felt bound to take immediate action in the matter.

"It is only selfishness on my part," he grumbled at last. "Can't I do this little thing to save a whole people from destruction? I am certainly a very narrow-gage man." But the hours sped on, his morning tea and fruit remained untouched, and the seal of the Argentine legation on the envelop before him was still unbroken.

Suddenly Silvano, most noiseless and velvet-shod of Italian servants, appeared in the doorway. He opened his lips as if to speak, but before the words came, a tall young woman in black brushed him aside. It was Ilka, the almost forgotten belle of the Belgrad ball, still beautiful, but looking years older, so worn and white was her face.

"You are my only hope," she cried. "Last night I heard of your arrival, and here I am. Tell me what news you have of Dragan."

"Dear lady, calm yourself!" began Parsons; but then recognizing that he might as well admonish a whirlwind to blow as the gentle winds of Samos, he went on:

"Dragan has been transported—has been sent to Tripoli in Barbary; but he still lives. So take courage; we shall do what we can."

He drew forward a chair, but Ilka did not look at it. She was trembling with excitement and fatigue, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, I know—'we shall do what we can.' That is what they said at all the legations," she exclaimed passionately. "That is what they tell me everywhere. But what *can* you do? Even the Servian minister, my own protector, tells me he can take no action for fear of compromising the propaganda."

"You must interest the Argentine embassy," suggested Parsons. "The Duke of Mandos is all-powerful in the palace at present; at least, so they tell me."

"And they tell you truly," interrupted Ilka. "It is the Argentines who are supplying the Sultan's soldiers with arms and with officers to teach and train and lead them. If St. Sophia is not a Christian church to-day, it is all because of the Duke of Mandos and his emperor. And how can I approach this mighty one and tell him of the plight of a Christian, of my beloved? Would he not answer, if he answered at all before he had his servants lead me out, that Christianity has nothing whatever to do with international politics, and that trade and concessions have?"

And then Parsons, though a wiser man than Gaspard, committed his indiscretion.

"The Argentine ambassador," he said, "is great and mighty for the moment, but to-day I hold him in the palm of my hand. I have the power to crush him when and how I will."

With a cry of joy Ilka seized his hand in both hers and pressed it to her breast.

"Then, Parsons, help me, as you promised. Menace him, the mighty one, and let Dragan's liberty be the price of his renewed security!"

In a flash she had divined more than Parsons had told her, and with the insight of a loving woman had seen the chance of salvation.

Parsons clenched his fists. He was conscious of a fellow-feeling for Gaspard, but his admission could not be recalled. Ilka was not a child, but a woman fighting for the life of her beloved. So, facing the situation, he told her in a few words how the compromising papers came into his possession, and what he guessed them to be. "Be a man, or rather a woman," he said. "I shall lay bare the shameful truck-

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ling game of Argentina, and a wave of righteous indignation will sweep through the Western world—a wave that no diplomatic breakwater can subdue, a wave that will secure berats, consuls, bishops, autonomy, even liberty itself, for the Slavs."

"Ah, Parsons, innocent son of the West," said Ilka, with a bitter little smile, "don't talk to me, a daughter of the East, about the power of Christianity expressed in righteous indignation. It never hung one bashi-bazouk, red-handed murderer and ravisher of women though he might be. And do you know what I have been thinking of these last days? Of how Dragan risked all, his dear life even, for those lost mountain men, and how did they act in his hour of peril? The four zaptiehs who captured him led him through a multitude of thousands, and not a hand was raised to save him."

"Ilka, Ilka, be unselfish! Act as though Dragan were by your side. This afternoon I leave by the express; in twenty-four hours I am over the border. In Tsaribrod or in Belgrad I put the story of Argentina's infamy on the wire," said Parsons, both aghast and elated with the magnitude of his project. Not so Ilka.

"And what if you do?" she asked scornfully. "The Duke of Mandos would be disgraced; but what then? Why, his disgraced Grace will be withdrawn and disavowed. Gaspard will get a consulship in some unhealthy climate, and the threads of the intrigue which threaten us and disgrace Christianity will be intrusted to other and more expert hands. But I will not argue," she went on, with a change of tone. "I will not doubt you. That night of the king's ryllo God gave me the inspiration, for how could I have dreamed that a day soon coming would place my fate in your hands? You promised then to protect Dragan, and now you cannot hesitate to save him. You alone can do it. Listen. I will tell you what you are to do. You must go to the embassy and see the duke, or rather the duchess, and tell her that Dragan's liberty is the price that must be paid for the papers, which—don't forget that, Parsons—are already safe over the border."

"Good God, girl! The embassy people would have me kicked out as a blackmailer, and quite right too."

"They will welcome you as a messenger from Heaven if they have not completely lost their senses," said Ilka, with a smile.

The following morning dawned upon many conspirators in the secretive city of Stamboul, which Constantine laid out with such apparently uncertain fingers; but under the shadow of St. Sophia there were no plotters more perplexed by the threads of their own weaving than the man and woman who met betimes in Parsons's lodgings, far from the modern abomination of Pera and lost in the mazes of the labyrinthine old city. Parsons was ill at ease. It had been a very bad quarter of an hour that he had spent at the embassy on the previous day, and he was in no good humor with himself or the rest of the world. The somewhat formal courtesy with which he received his early guest would have apprised the daughter of the Petrovitch of this fact had she known, or cared to learn, his idiosyncrasies; but her every thought was centered upon the salvation of the distant Dragan.

Something of the spirit of uneasiness that filled the lodging as with volts of electricity waiting discharge also possessed the usually tranquil soul of Silvano. To dispel the clouds that to his eye were gathering, and conjure away the impending fate with kindness, the poor boy fed the sidewalk dogs with titbits of offal which the Armenian butcher across the way sold so reasonably in view of the purchaser's being a Christian and a protector of the down-trodden among both dogs and men. But when the hunger of the sidewalk guardians was appeased and the dancing bears of the passing Kurd had performed their tricks, all the incidental divertisement the neighborhood could afford had been exhausted, and Parsons was forced back upon conversation in very self-defense.

"I take it I have acted like an ass, little daughter of the Petrovitch," he said discontentedly. "We might have saved Macedonia, or I might have made a stab at it with a strong cablegram, followed up by a Sunday story. Now I have blighted my own prospects and done no good to any one else, I fear. It was quite apparent when I left the embassy that Madame la Duchesse proposed to cancel both my great and my little entrées. I could stand the social blight, but I could not stand another look like the one she gave me—she who had been so kind because she was my

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mother's friend. When she gathered what I had been blundering about for half an hour trying to say, 'Well, sir,' she said, 'at last I understand. Since it is that, name your price.'"

Then seeing that the shadow was falling again upon Ilka's face, which had been so beautifully brightened by the halo of the new hope that had come to her the day before, he went on more in jest than in earnest:

"Dragan Illitch is all right. I wish I were in his boots, or even on his bare feet. But let me tell you, Panya Ilka, what will happen to us. I have n't the slightest doubt that even now the exits and the entrances of our quarter are closely guarded by the white-horsed Anatolian cavalry. When night falls, muffled miscreants will come with silken bags and cords. What a gorgeous yarn it will make! But I shall not be there to write it. Perhaps no one will ever write it, worse luck, and we shall be submerged anonymously, as it were, in the sweet waters of Europe. Ah, that comes from letting women mix up in politics! I wonder how many more of the great world-moving causes have been ruined or retarded by the too quick beating of a woman's heart. I might have done for Macedonia what Schuyler and MacGahan did for the Bulgarians—"

"Pan Parsons, you have not read history aright," said Ilka, trying to follow his lead, "if you do not know that none of those great causes would have even been conceived of if it had not been for some woman's high-beating heart."

"Oh, if you want to go back to Eve, I grant you." And then most opportunely Silvano appeared upon the scene.

"Silvano, have the bear dance in the courtyard again, and a valse step this time."

"Pan Parsons!" reproachfully from Ilka.

"There is the best authority for our frivolity, Panya Ilka."

But Silvano, out of breath, reappeared.

"The Kurd bids me say the ponderous beast has a boil on the ball of his foot, and would not dance more to-day, if the signor permits."

"There, Ilka, consult the entrails and the oracular books. How do you interpret this? The bear will dance no more to-day. It is as clear as writing—to my mind clearer: we are to be bagged before morning."

"Peace, Parsons, he comes!" And Ilka, kissing the image of the blessed Panagia, in whose keeping was her passionate heart, disappeared into the inner room. A moment later Silvano ushered in Mahmoud, the Duchess of Mandos's mute—not Mahmoud as he appeared on official occasions, clothed all in flowing white, but Mahmoud on a secret mission, an unobtrusive bearer of confidential words.

Nervously and clumsily Parsons tore open the note which the black presented, noticing as he did so that Mahmoud held back in his left hand another envelop, also addressed to him and in the same handwriting.

DEAR BOY [he read]: Kneel and pray before your mother's picture to-night. But for her dear face, which has been so constantly before me in the last few hours, your little adventure might well have had another ending. *Enfin*, 't is arranged. The Count Gaspard starts to-night; the ambassador secures for him a long leave, which he most certainly has deserved. Now for the little matter which —may I say it?—you seem to have so near your heart. Well, that is arranged also. Mahmoud brings with him the pardon duly signed and vouched for. The ambassador himself, at my bidding, went for it this morning to the High Gate. Illitch may be back in a week, so have a care: your Servian may not understand your interest. And now, saddest of all, I must beg you not to appear at the embassy, perhaps even in Therapia, for a season. I shall certainly miss you and our boating-parties, but all day long the ambassador has been grumbling about a certain newspaper monsieur who, to his shame, holds with the schismatic Greeks and the heretical Bulgars to the confusion of the true church. In time he will forget; *c'est son métier*.

P.S. Mahmoud has most precise instructions. You must meet him half-way. When he presents the pardon, return the papers, and I shall love you if the seal is not broken. Forgive me, but, as you say in your adorable country, "business is business," is n't it?

YEARS have passed since the day when Parsons, being, as he said, a narrow-gage man, secured the freedom of Dragan Illitch and let the greater opportunity go. He has now reached the age when even those born with hot blood in their veins begin to take long views of life, and one of his most comfortable thoughts is the knowledge that, thanks indirectly to him, many strong sons have been born to Illitch, sturdy men, children of the strain of Milosh, the "alone-standing, stalwart fighter."



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"'WE GOT EACH OTHER DOWN'"

# IN THE ARENA

## BY EDWIN L. SABIN

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

WHEN a boy retorted with the direct challenge, "An' you da's n't back it!" it was a case, if you did not wish to lose caste, of your either taking the aggressive or effecting some honorable compromise.

It was difficult to explain to an outsider, to one not in sympathy with the duello, the deep significance of "da's n't back it." You felt the term, but you could not elucidate it, save, to some extent, by example; you yourself, with a red spot on your forehead, a scratch on your nose, a torn collar to your waist, a rent in your knickerbockers, and a proud spirit in your bosom, being the example.

"Now, I *should* like to know what you were fighting about," declared your mother, holding you prisoner at her knee while she stitched your collar so as to make you presentable for supper.

You squirmed, realizing the task before you.

"Well, we were playin', an' Ted he tripped me, an' I said he did it on purpose (an' he did, too), an' he said he did n't, an' I said he did, an' he said I was a liar an' da's n't back it, an' I went to back it, an' he hit me, an'—"

"But what *is* to 'back it'?" interrupted your mother.

"Why, to back it—to back it, you know. He said I da's n't *back it*, an' I had to or else I 'd be a coward, an' he hit me, an' I hit him, an'—"

"But how could you back being a liar? I don't understand."

She was a darling mother, yet at times surprisingly dense.

"I *did* back it, though, just the same." That ought to be exposition enough, and you galloped on with your narrative: "An' I hit him, an' he hit me right on the forehead,—but it did n't hurt,—an' I—an' then we got each other down, an' I was gettin' on top, an' then the kids pulled him off, an' a man came by an' would n't let us fight any more. Ted 's ten, an' I 'm only nine."



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Thus, with a little valorous touch, you finished your story. This much you accomplished, even though you evidently had failed in bringing your mother to a clear perception of "backing it."

"John had a fight this afternoon; have you heard about it?" asked your mother, gravely, of your father at supper.

Father looked at you inquiringly.

"What 's that, John? Fighting! With whom?"

It was a portentous moment.

"Ted Watson. He tripped me on purpose an' nearly made me fall when I was runnin', an' then he told me I da's n't back it. But we did n't fight long, 'cause a man came by an' stopped us."

"You can see he scratched his nose, and his collar was torn almost off his shirt," supplemented your mother.

"I tore his collar, too—an' I bet he 's goin' to have a black eye," you hastened to state, in palliation.



"'SAY, SPECK SAYS HE CAN LICK YOU'"

"W-w-well, I 'm astonished, John!" asserted your father, very solemnly.

You fastened your eyes upon your plate, and could think of nothing to say in rebuttal. You had stalked homeward a hero, fondly expecting that your parents would be proud of you, who, only nine, had combated a boy of ten, and were "getting on top"; but witness how they had wet-blanketed you!

"I told him that he ought to have refused to fight, and it would have made the other little boy ashamed," informed your mother.

"By all means," approved your father.

Coming from your mother, the advice, while of course absurd, had not seemed so strange; after all, she never had been a boy, and girls did n't fight; but your father's traitorous acquiescence goaded you to desperation.

"Did *you* ever da's n't back it when you were a boy like me, papa?" you appealed; and although you were not fully cognizant of the fact, you had him hip and thigh.

He glanced at your mother, and had you been looking at him instead of still eying your plate, you would have seen his mouth twitch in a funny way.

"You do as mama says. She 's always right," he answered, and you had a dim suspicion that he was begging the question.

The little encounter between Ted and you was described much more quickly than it had occurred. The duello as practised in your corps did not admit of undue precipitancy in falling to blows. A certain amount of palaver was obligatory first—an exchange of witticism and defiance, beyond which, as often as not, one did not proceed.

When Ted had tripped you, and you had angrily accused him of having done it on purpose, he had denied it just as angrily:

"Did n't, neither!"

"Did 't, either!" said you.

"Did n't, neither!" said he.

"Did 't, either!" said you.

"Did n't, neither. You 're a liar!" said he.

"Did 't, either. You 're another!" said you.

"You 're another 'nother!" said he.

"You 're twice as big as anything you can call me!" said you—a crusher, and quite unanswerable.

"You 're twice as big as that, an' you da's n't back it!" said he, also scoring a point.

"He says you da's n't back it! Ya-a-a-a-ah! he says you da's n't back it!" gibed the boys about you, glorying in the crisis.

Ted and you were now uncomfortably in the center of a circle which was ever being increased by the jubilant cries of:

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"Fight! Fight!" which summoned spectators from all quarters.

"G' wan an' back it! You can lick him!" urged your supporters.

"Aw, he 's 'fraid to! He's 'fraid to!" scoffed your rivals.

Ted and you, grimy fists doubled, not knowing exactly what to do, faced each other. Neither of you wanted to fight. Fighting was being forced upon you. You were to amuse the pitiless crowd.

"I ain't, either, afraid," you asserted sullenly.



"YOU LET YOUR FOLLOWING FEEL YOUR MUSCLE"

"I would n't let him trip *me* up that way, you bet," inspired a friend on your right, boldly.

"An' call me a liar an' everything!" added a friend on your left.

Oh, how solicitous of your honor were they who were not to do the fighting!

"He *is* a liar if he says I tripped him on purpose," stoutly reiterated Ted, slightly qualifying his former blunt statement.

"You 're another!" you returned. "Anyhow, it *looked* as if you tripped me on purpose."

You, likewise, were hedging a mite.

"There! He called *you* a liar, too!" admonished the circle to Ted.

"Then he 's another, an' he da's n't back it," responded Ted, grimly performing his duty.

This harmless verbal fencing might have been continued up to the very present, and the ethics of the duello not have been violated, had not some over-zealous enthusiast pushed Ted and you together, with the result that, in fending each other off, you, according to the eager verdict of the highly observant critics, "backed it," and he hit you, simultaneously; whereupon, not seeing anything else left to do, at each other you went like a couple of jumping-jacks, until (fortunately, you held, for Ted) the approach of the man caused him to be removed from on top of you.

Flushed, excited, and disheveled, you went your way; and flushed, excited, and disheveled, Ted went his way. Throughout your route, you and your babbling escorts, with many a "Gee!" and "Darn!" discoursed upon what you had done, and what Ted had not done, and what would have happened had the fight lasted only a minute longer.

Loudly you wrangled with them as to which got the worst of it, quite blind to the fact, which now you are free to acknowledge, that the one who got the worst of it was your mother, for she had to mend your clothes.

She was always getting the worst of it. She was the unlucky non-combatant.



"YOU . . . ARE THE INVENTOR OF A PECULIAR, IRRESISTIBLE BLOW"

The duello produced the best of feeling between Ted and you. Fights were for mutual benefit. Swelling dignity and biceps so demanded expression that they could not forever be gratified by merely playfully poking chums in the ribs.

Therefore it is plain why, when a friend mischievously reported to you, "Say, Speck says he can lick you," it was all that was required. Like to a strutting cockerel who hears a distant crow, you bristled in answer.

"He can't, either. I can lick him with one hand tied behind my back."

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Fast flew the news to Speck, and Speck promptly resented the slur, as he should. The boys of the neighborhood were pleased.

Now you, and likewise Speck, are the objects of much flattering attention. You let your following feel your muscle, and they let you feel theirs, and you are firmly convinced that yours is the hardest. Also, you are convinced that you have a great knack at fisticuffs, and are the inventor of a peculiar, irresistible blow which you deliver, the knuckle of the middle finger carefully protruded, under your warding left arm. More or less secretly you have demonstrated it while "fooling" with your companions.

You can chin yourself six times, and you are, in valor and strength, a boy wonder.

Your companions favor you with adulation to a degree compatible with their own self-respect; for most of them, too, are boy wonders.

Well as Speck and you are satisfied with bravado and careful avoidance of each other, it is inevitable that you meet.

"There 's Speck—see? Come on; *you* ain't afraid of *him!*"

You have committed yourself too far for graceful retreat, and in the midst of your crowd you advance boldly to join Speck and his crowd.

The rival clans come together and mingle, but Speck and you pretend not to see each other.

"John says he can lick you, Speck!"

Yes, you have said so, but it was under provocation of, presumably, a direct challenge from him. However, the duello does not thrive on explanations, and Speck and you are in the hands of your friends.

The all-engaging topic has been broached. Speck apparently does not hear. Maybe the matter will be dropped. But no.



"'KNOCK THAT OFF, IF YOU DARE'"

"He says he can lick you with one hand —aw, Speck!"

"He can't, though," defends Speck.

"Speck says he can't, either," obligingly announce his backers.

"Well, he can, I bet you."

"Bet you he can't."

"He 'll show him whether he can or not."

"Huh! I 'd just like to see him once!"

You find yourself hustled forward and set against Speck, who in like manner has been pressed to the front. Your hands hang limply by your side; so do Speck's. You feel very tame and pale and artificial; not a whit mad; not a whit like fighting. The pugnacity is your seconds'.

Somebody laboriously balances a small block on Speck's shoulder.

"Knock that off, if you dare," bids a Speck chorus.

"I will if I want to," you assert.

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"Well, do it, then!" invites Speck.

"I will if I want to."

"Well, do it, then!"

"I will if I want to."

You strive to work up steam by biting your lips, and raising your voice, and spitting ferociously into the dust; you are assisted by the irritating shoves bestowed upon you from behind.

"Well, do it, then!"

"I will if I want to."

Impatient fingers supply you also with a gage of defiance, an impertinent sliver laid athwart your collar-bone.



"TWO PAIRS OF ARMS BEGIN TO WHIRL"

"Now let 's see Speck knock *that* off!"

Speck disdainfully lifts his hand and brushes the offending chip to the ground.

"Hit him, John!"

"Don't you stand that!"

"There!" you say, tapping him gently on the breast.

"There!" he answers, tapping you a little harder.

"There!" you return, tapping him harder still.

"There!" he retaliates, tapping you yet harder.

Then with a final "There!" that breaks through all restraint, and amid shrill, rapturous cheers, two pairs of arms begin to whirl with wild rapidity, the sole thought of their owners being a blind offense according to hit-who-hit-can rules.

The engagement did not last long. A horrified and meddlesome old lady interfered, and after informing you both many times that "little boys should n't fight," your temperature down again to normal, she sent you off with your disappointed encouragers, while she conscientiously watched you out of sight.

Up to date the question whether you can lick Speck or Speck can lick you is no further settled. Henceforth the spirit of amity prevailed between you. Mettle had been proved, the fight had been fought, and now somebody else must furnish entertainment.

Although victory, actual or prospective, of course never was doubtful (either you were winning, or the other fellow was winning, according as to which did the telling), at some times it appeared to a spectator more decisive than at others.

You were feeling very spunky that noon when amid your preserves you descried a stranger boy; but civilly you challenged him. One may witness two bluff but wary fox-terriers thus approach each other, accost, and investigate.

"Hello!" you wagged; that is, said.

"Hello, yourself!" wagged he.

"Say—what 's your name?" you inquired, as you had every right to do.

"Puddin' tame; ask me again, an' I 'll tell you the same," he replied insolently.

At the unmerited rebuff you stiffened.

"Better not give *me* any of your sass!" you growled.

"Pooh! What 'll *you* do!" he growled back.

"I 'll show you what I 'll do."

"You could n't hurt a flea."

"I could n't, could n't I?"

"Naw, you could n't, 'could n't I.'"

Walking circles around each other, after this fashion you and he sowed crimination and recrimination, while larger and larger waxed an audience hopeful of seeing them spring up as blows.

Only when the flurry came did you discover too late how much taller and stronger and older than you he was. Your bleeding nose showed this to you; and cowed and weeping, you retreated in bad order.

"I 'll tell my big brother, an' *he* 'll fix you!" you yowled threateningly.

"Aw, he ain't got any big brother," jeered the heartless crowd, who saw no pathos in your abused organ.

That was true; you had none.

"I 'll tell my father, then," you wailed angrily—another empty boast; and still

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sniffling, and fearsomely gory, with the handkerchiefs of yourself and your one faithful companion quite exhausted, you reached the haven of a friendly pump.

Yet you had not been whipped—not exactly.

"Got licked, did n't you?" unkindly commented various friends and enemies.

"I did n't, either!" you asserted, indignant. "I had to quit 'cause my nose was bleedin'. It takes more 'n him to lick me."

"He gave you a bloody nose just the samee."

You would not admit so much as that.

"He did n't, either; he never touched my nose. It bleeds awful easy. It bleeds sometimes when you just *look* at it—don't it, Hen?"



# THE CHARMING DAGUERREOTYPE

## BY PAULINE KING

SHORT of an artist's fine handiwork, there has never been any means of reproducing the human face which has had the charm of the daguerreotype. The term "photographic," which is commonly used to designate the limitations of a too hard manner of drawing or painting, cannot be applied to it; for the soft, luminous shadows, the melting flesh-tones, the reality of life, are such that they may well excite the admiration and envy of skilful portrait-painters. This has been fully realized by connoisseurs, who have included large collections of daguerreotypes among their *objets d'art*, and the appreciation has extended until now there is a general searching for good examples of the art.

The collector concerns himself first of all with artistic qualities. He soon finds that there are not so many available portraits of celebrities as would be supposed, and often as specimens of work these are poor, and valuable only for the likeness. Though it might be thought that a number of pictures of quite unknown persons would be dull and monotonous, yet this is not at all the effect that a collection makes, even upon the minds of those who are unbiased by a special enthusiasm. For not only has the daguerreotype in itself elements that are sufficiently strong to make it entirely desirable for its own sake, but

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there is also an astonishing variety in the subjects: there is no sameness of physiognomies, such as is inevitable with retouched plates; and the individual charm or character of the sitter is presented in so unspoiled and unmodified a manner that one seems to be looking at reflections made permanent on tiny looking-glasses.

The practice was in its greatest popularity in the middle of the last century. This was the period of the crinoline and the poke-bonnet, of the picturesque high stock and quaint long coat. Though the fashion of clothes was then strangely ugly, yet this very oddity has an interest for us now. The worst modes of a tasteless era cannot disguise the strong, manly faces that appear above the awkward, ill-fitting garments. And how often, when a well-worn case is opened, it discloses a vision of sweet femininity, her parted hair smoothly arranged and drawn down over her ears, and in her soft, dove-like eyes a modest, demure expression which adds the last charm to her distinguished beauty! What a subtle fragrance of delicate sentiment lingers about her! It seems scarcely possible, so natural does she appear in all the grace of her youth, thrilling with hope and life, that the sitter may have been dead for half a century, or, if still living, is now a wrinkled dame, grandmother or great-aunt, as her fate has held.

Although the presentations of these fair and charming women are naturally the most pleasing of the daguerreotypes, yet the fidelity of reproduction seems equally fortunate and admirable when the rounded contours of early life have changed to the sterner outlines of middle years and the wrinkles of age. The characteristic faces of men in their prime, stout elderly matrons, and old gentlemen and gentlewomen who reflect the tastes of a still earlier date, sustain the interest of a collection.

They did their work well, those modest portraitists who lived when New York was so small a place that it was not found to be inconvenient to patronize Gurney, whose gallery was on Broadway facing John street; Lawrence, who was on the same street below Fulton; Brady, at the southwest corner of these two thoroughfares; and the still surviving veteran Abraham Bogardus, on the corner of Greenwich and Barclay streets. Southworth & Hawes were then most prominent in Boston, and Van Name & Richards in Philadelphia.

Any one who possesses a daguerreotype with one of these names stamped upon the case may assure himself that he has an interesting specimen of this bygone art; and as the profession had a numerous following, until almost every city and town boasted its gallery, there are many other daguerreotypists whose fame is equally honorable.

Who shall rediscover for us this lost and charming art?



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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

# THE LOST ART OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE

BY ABRAHAM BOGARDUS

THE writer remembers reading in the newspapers of 1839 a short notice that a Frenchman by the name of Daguerre had discovered a process by which he could catch and hold the figures of his camera obscura. Some time elapsed before much was known about the discovery, as the ocean reindeer and the telegraph had not then become the means of communication between the Old and the New World.

The announcement of the discovery created a wide interest. If it was true that "nature could picture itself," then an entirely new and perfect means had been found for portraying immovable objects. Daguerre's earliest success was in securing the picture of a tree standing in the sun, the plate requiring an exposure of half an hour or more to produce an impression.

The earliest practical information as to the process came to America through Professor S. F. B. Morse. The professor wrote to a friend of mine as follows:

In 1838 I visited Europe with my telegraphic invention, and early in the spring of 1839, in Paris, I formed the acquaintance of M. Daguerre, whose discovery of fixing the image of the camera obscura was creating a great sensation in the scientific world. A proposition at this time was before the French Chamber of Deputies to grant to Daguerre and Niepce, his fellow-worker, a pension, on condition that their process was *given* to the public. Daguerre had freely shown his results to the officials, but, by the advice of Arago, he abstained from any publicity of his process until his pension should be secured. At this time my telegraph was exciting a similar sensation. I had made arrangements to leave Paris in March, 1839, and one morning, in conversa-



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From the daguerreotype (taken at his graduation) in the library of Harvard University. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

My first effort was on a small plate of silvered copper procured at a hardware-store, and, defective as the plate was, I obtained a good representation of the Church of the Messiah, then on Broadway, from a back window of the New York City University. This I believe to have been the first daguerreotype made in America.

In another paragraph Professor Morse continues:

Perceiving in its earliest stages that photography was an invaluable and incalculable aid to the arts of design, I practised it for many months. With my friend and colleague, Professor John W. Draper, we had constructed a building for the purpose on the top of the University. Here, I believe, was made, by Dr. Draper, the first successful attempt in taking portraits with the eyes open. I had succeeded in taking portraits with the eyes shut, for it was considered at that date that the clear sunlight upon the face was necessary for a result. In reply to a question I put to M. Daguerre in which he was with me his diorama and laboratory, with his results, were consumed by fire. In my interview with him I requested, so soon as his pension bill was passed and the publication was made, to send me a copy of his manner of working, and accordingly in the summer of 1839 I received from him probably the first copy that came to America. From this copy, in which were drawings of the necessary apparatus, I constructed the first daguerreotype apparatus made in the United States.

tion with our worthy consul, Robert Walsh, Esq., I lamented leaving Paris without seeing these photographic results. He at once entered into my feelings and said: "I think you may see them if you drop a note inviting Daguerre to see your telegraph."

The plan was successful. M. Daguerre invited me to see his laboratory, and, the day after, he came to witness the operation of my telegraph; and it is a noticeable incident that during the two hours in which



From a daguerreotype lent by Mrs. Austin K. Muzzy. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT (AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM")

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From a daguerreotype taken in Paris by Henry Meade of New York. Presented by G. Cramer to the Smithsonian Institution. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LOUIS JACQUES MANDÉ DAGUERRE

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guerre, "Cannot you apply this to portraiture?" he gave it as his opinion that it would be impracticable, because, in obtaining his results on still objects, the time necessary was from fifteen to thirty minutes, and he thought

and conditions of men" attempted to produce the wonderful pictures. Many home-made and very primitive kinds of apparatus were employed in the experiments, including the cigar-box with a spectacle



From a daguerreotype by Richards. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LACE SHAWL (SUPPOSED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF LOLA MONTEZ)

it impossible for any one to maintain an immovable position for that length of time.

As soon as Daguerre's process became well enough known in America for practice, scientific men and, in fact, "all sorts

lens. If the operator succeeded in producing an impression that could be seen, it was carried about and shown as a great success.

There were several claimants for making the first *portrait* by the process. A Mr.

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Walcott made the claim, and Mr. Joseph Dixon, by letters and other evidence, claimed that the first picture was his, for which, it was said, Mrs. Dixon sat with and announcing their readiness to execute portraits from life, solicited patronage. This was the first daguerreotype gallery in the world. Other places were soon opened.



From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A BELLE IN THE DAYS OF DAGUERRE.

powdered face in full sunshine fifteen minutes. Professor Morse's statement is given above.

In March, 1840, Messrs. Walcott and Johnson opened a gallery in New York, The daguerreotype, although considered desirable as a curiosity, was not popular, on account of the length of time required for a sitting, which varied according to the time of day and the strength of the light.

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It was seldom attempted on a cloudy day. The sitter must have full command of his expression and remain perfectly still for from one to three minutes to be successful in getting a likeness distinct enough to be recognized.

The daguerreotype was made on a pure

added to the iodine was an accelerator. This was a great advance, as well as a relief for the sitter, as pictures could now be made in from twenty to thirty seconds. Continued improvements reduced the time to ten seconds and, with favorable light, to five.



From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE

metallic silver surface. After being perfectly cleaned, and made sensitive with a rouge buff, it was coated in a darkened room with the vapor of iodine, then placed in the camera, and exposed before the sitter through the lens. It was still kept from the light, and placed over the fumes of hot mercury, where the image developed.

Every effort was made by chemists and others to shorten the time of sitting. Soon it was found that the vapor of bromine

The daguerreotype now became popular, and well-equipped galleries were crowded during the hours of sunshine. Family center-tables held scores of examples, and an evening visit brought them all to one's notice for entertainment and criticism. There was no disputing the likeness, as the well-executed picture was a perfect transfer of the face. With the shortening of the time of sitting, and with better apparatus, came great improvements in the picture.

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The dim, evanescent impression became a distinct, clear, and permanent picture.

Many skilful men were engaged in the art. The American operators soon "beat the world." American daguerreotypes received the highest premium at the great World's Fair held in London, 1851. The tures, and the number made was fabulous; in large galleries on clear days sittings for sixty, eighty, and one hundred dozens were not infrequent.

Although the photograph on paper has superseded the silver plate, yet, with many others, I consider the latter the best picture



From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

gold medal came to New York. The highest premium meant a great deal at that time, as gold medals were not so plentiful as they have since become. The daguerreotype was popular until about 1860, when the ambrotype, a collodion picture on glass, came in. Never popular, it must hav_ been bought for its cheapness, as it was a poor black-and-white affair. The best galleries seldom made it.

Next came the little carte-de-visite pic- yet made with the camera. The daguerreotype is perfectly durable when it has been finished with a coating of chlorid of gold, as all good operators finished it. It may and does become tarnished by the atmosphere, but a person understanding the manner of removing the tarnish can restore it to its original perfection, and it will then remain good for future generations to enjoy.

In its early days the general public

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From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JAMES W. WALLACK, JR., AND J. LESTER WALLACK

The former was the son of Henry Wallack, the brother of James W. Wallack, the elder, who was Lester's father

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looked upon the daguerreotype as a wonder. Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of galleries. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made: "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look long enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it; the sun burns it in, if you keep still." Another made it all very plain by stating: "The plate is a looking-glass, and when you sit in front of it your shadow sticks on the plate."

How it came about was never known, but the impression became general that the sitter must not wink. No operator of intelligence ever told the sitter not to wink, for the effort to refrain would have given the eye an unnatural expression. We found it a duty to tell the sitter to wink as usual; that natural winking did not affect the picture. Even then it was not always understood. One old lady jumped out of the chair before a sitting was half over, raising both hands, and exclaiming: "Stop it! stop it! I winked!"

Another remarkable fact was that sitters seldom acknowledged their own likenesses. "All good but mine," was the common decision. An aged couple, after examining their pictures, came to this conclusion: "Maria, yours is perfect, but this does not look like me." But the old lady answered: "Jeems, yours is as natural as life, but mine is a failure." After a longer consultation, the old gentleman said: "We must know each other better than we know ourselves." At one time when Daniel Webster sat for a daguerreotype, the finished picture was held before him. Turning away, he said: "I am not to judge of my own looks; it is for you to judge, and you must decide whether the work is worthy of your reputation."

Monday was usually the best day for business. We attributed this to the Sunday-night courtship, when the young couples would agree to exchange daguerreotypes; Monday was sure to bring them. We thought matters were progressing favorably when we put the gentleman's picture in a gold locket for somebody to wear. We always had sticking-wax by us to keep wing-shaped ears from standing out from the head, and we often placed a wad of cotton in hollow cheeks to fill them out. The ladies called them "plumpers." The regulation dress for a gentleman was a black suit and white waistcoat. A favorite position was with one arm on a table holding an open book, the other with the thumb in the armhole of the waistcoat. The book was supposed to show the literary bent of the sitter. The mustache was then seldom seen. A man wearing one on the street was the subject of remark, and the boys were always ready to "guy" him. We occasionally had a gentleman of the old school for a sitter, wearing his high coat-collar. It seemed to be made as high as possible, and allowed only the top of the head to be seen above it.

The rapid advances and wonderful achievements of "photogenic" drawing are astonishing to one who has followed and participated in most of them. Instead of the half-hour exposure required by Daguerre to take his tree, the instantaneous plate now catches the lightning-flash, the cannon-ball as it flies, and even the spokes in the wheel of a rushing locomotive. A photographic outfit is essential in astronomical observations. Negatives can now be made and printed by artificial light, without the aid of the sun. The noteworthy event of to-day, as seen by the camera, is sent to the press, and to-morrow's paper gives it to the world. Photography will continue to be a necessity in the world as long as light continues, and will be used for purposes not now supposed possible.





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# POEMS

## BY MARGARET FULLER

### BESTOWAL

KNOCK at my heart, and I will ope
To Unforgetfulness;
Breathe on my brows, and from your own
Will fail my hands' caress;

Ask of my eyes, and mine shall veil,
Too faint to seek or chide;
Kiss—and within your will I lie
Like seaweed in the tide.

### TEMPE

MY lover's eyes my mirror are
Wherein I love to look.
Oh, who would sprite or dryad be
And only have a brook!

### VALEDICTION

"BE tranquil, love, and face the truth:
The parting hour is here;
I cannot stay, you may not come,—
Death hath an heavy ear."

Her head from off his shoulder slipped,
And dropped down like a tear.

### "EARTH'S FLOWERS MOST RARE"

UP troop the children to the hills,
While still the slopes are hoar,
To seek the first bud of the spring
Where it was found before;

And I, in whom remembrance is
The comforter of pain,
Come to you blindly, knowing this,
I never come in vain.

### THE PASSION-FLOWER

MY love gave me a passion-flower.
I nursed it well—so brief its hour!
My eyelids ache, my throat is dry:
He told me not that it would die.

My love and I are one, and yet
Full oft my cheeks with tears are wet—
So sweet the night is, and the bower!
My love gave me a passion-flower.

So sweet! Hold fast my hands. Can God
Make all this joy revert to sod,
And leave to me but this for dower—
My love gave me a passion-flower.

### LINES ON THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH SONG

THEY first who saw the day grow wan and die,
Guessed they at all that night in turn would go,
Or felt they aught but wonderment and woe,
Our rude foreparents, waiting in the shy,
Strange dusk? What then, when Song drops out the sky,
Song, and the singer who the last shall know
The greatness of the chosen, and the glow—
Will then the past have slipped forever by?
Shall spangled gloom melt in the rush of morn,
Light follow night, unlessened for the dark,
One sun eclipse all stars and the borrowing moon;
And yet shall not the hedge-row hush and swoon,
And earth and heaven in ecstasy be torn
While 'twixt their hearts once more upsoars the lark?



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(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER)

# FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

## BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

### XVIII

### WHAT THE BISHOP SAID

"Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

MRS. BLYTHE and Fleming had returned from their ride, but had not yet changed their costumes. Anne sat in a lounging-chair, and Fleming sat on the coping of the balustrade, tapping the toe of his boot nervously with his riding-whip and looking at Anne Blythe as he had never dared to look at her before, with his heart in his eyes.

"Have you always been as beautiful as you are to-day?" he asked at length.

"Always," Anne replied, with pleasing confidence; "only you had not the wit to see it."

"I think," said Fleming, "it was because I was afraid to look at you long enough to form a lasting impression that I never could bring you up before me when I was away from you. I could hear your voice—I have every tone of it by heart; but when I tried to recall your face it was blurred, a mere catalogue of chestnut hair, hazel eyes, and little pointed chin. But if I imagined you speaking, then I could see the smile ripple along your lips and the half closing of your eyelids, as if they were trying to keep the fun in your eyes all to themselves. You should smile always, Anne."

"It will be your business in life to see that I have cause to," Mrs. Blythe answered, flicking at the dust on her skirt with her riding-crop. "Ah, here comes my uncle up the little path. He must have dismissed the carriage below there somewhere. Shall we say anything to him this afternoon?"

"By all means."

"Perhaps it would be better to wait."

"Not an hour. Suspense is worse than certainty. Do you know, Anne, that scene at Vincigliata begins already to seem like the one beautiful dream of my life, and now—now I am waking and the dream is over."

Tinkle, tinkle, went the Bishop's ring at the gate.

"Now, remember," said Fleming, "whatever his decision may be, we both agree to be bound by it."

"Yes."

"And I am to lay the case before him fairly and squarely?"

"Yes."

"And you will not interfere or interrupt until he has spoken?"

"No."

"Don't you think you 'd better go away and let me have it out with him alone?"

"Decidedly, I do not. The matter concerns me as much as it does you, and I should think I might at least be permitted to hear—do you know, it begins to occur to me that you are quite likely to develop a dictatorial turn of mind when we are married?"

"Don't say 'when'; say 'if.' *When* makes it sound so distractingly possible, and it will be all the harder to give it up in the end. But if you will stay, at least let me move your chair."

"No, thank you; I am very comfortable here, where I can see the Duomo and the Bargello—and you."

"Yes; but I can see you, too."

"Do I offend your esthetic sense?"

"Anne, you are not so much in love as I—you don't know anything about it. When I look at you I wish to give myself up to the full luxury of the occasion.



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When I have business on hand, and somewhat nervous business at that, it distracts me."

"I 'll keep my veil down if you like."

"That will be of no use. I shall imagine the face behind it, and I shall become hopelessly confused and inconsecutive—begin a sentence sensibly and end with a foolishness."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I shall—I shall say: 'My dear Bishop, why do you wear those bewildering little curls in front of your ears, and where did you get that curve to your cheekline?' Then your Right Reverend uncle will take me for a lunatic, and very properly refuse to allow his niece to bestow a second thought upon me. For pity's sake, go! Here comes the Bishop."

Fleming's arguments had been singularly ill adapted to produce the effect which he professed to desire. Had he suggested that Anne's hair was coming down or that the light was trying, he might have accomplished something. As it was, Mrs. Blythe only—well, she did not move any farther away.

"Did you enjoy Santa Croce, Uncle Lawrence?" she said as the Bishop entered, looking rather winded, and dropping heavily into a rush chair near the balustrade.

"Not at all," was the Bishop's answer. Clearly his mood was not propitious.

"I am so sorry you were disappointed!"

(She *was* uncommonly sorry.)

"Thank you, my dear."

"What was the trouble—was the light poor?"

"The light was good enough; but I did not stay long. The fact is, I met Mr. Walford, and he and I talked for some time. After that I found myself not in the humor for sight-seeing; so I only looked at one or two of the frescos, and came home. I shall try again some other day—in the morning, perhaps."

"So you saw Mr. Walford. Did he inquire for me?"

"No; that is, yes. He sent his compliments and the message that he was leaving for Geneva in a day or two, but should hope to see you when he came back, as he expects to sail from Naples. I had begun to think, Anne, that he was an admirer of yours."

Fleming saw his chance.

"I am entirely of your opinion, Bishop," he said. "I think that Mr. Walford not only was, but *is*, an admirer of Mrs. Blythe's. Indeed, she and I have been talking about him this afternoon."

"Have you?" said the Bishop. "Anne, my dear, you might order the tea. I dismissed the carriage and took the short cut up the hill, and I find myself rather tired by the climb. I am not so young as I once was."

"Very well, Uncle," Anne responded; but she did not move to give the order. Her eyes were fixed anxiously on Fleming, who went on: "Yes, we were talking of Walford, and in that connection of marriage. The truth is that, although our conversation was personal and confidential, I obtained Mrs. Blythe's consent to lay it before you, and she, on her part, agreed to consider herself bound by your decision."

"Ah!"—The Bishop turned sharply that he might face Fleming. He crossed his knees and thrust one hand between them, as was his habit when listening intently.

"As our talk turned somewhat on legal and business matters," Fleming said, "I asked Mrs. Blythe to let me state the case without interruption from her, she being, as you know, not wholly free from impulsiveness."

"I should say not!" the Bishop observed with emphasis.

"Precisely. I see you understand your niece's character perfectly, and realize how possible it would be for her to be led under impulse into doing something which she might greatly regret afterward."

"I can imagine such a possibility."

"Very well; then let me put to you a hypothetical case. Let us suppose a man situated somewhat as Mr. Walford is, in love with a woman whose situation is like that of Mrs. Blythe, and suppose her to reciprocate his sentiments."

The Bishop glanced swiftly at Anne.

She was blushing, and blushing was rare with her. It meant a great deal. Her uncle felt his heart sink. "And I was so fond of her!" was the thought that flashed through his mind.

"Go on, Mr. Fleming; I am listening," was what he said aloud.

"Pardon me if I find it hard, after all, to put my question all at once. It involves so many things that we have been

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discussing. The first is this: Is it your opinion that Mrs. Blythe could be happy on the modest competence which would remain to her, by the terms of Mr. Blythe's will, if she entered into this alliance? Could she, that is, give up millions for thousands without a reaction of regret in the years to come?"

The Bishop saw breakers ahead, and he feared that they were heart-breakers. He rose and took a turn up and down the terrace. When he came back to where the other two were sitting, he wore a troubled look.

"I must answer you candidly, Fleming; and Anne, my dear, I am speaking to you, too: I never saw a woman so dependent on money as you. I cannot imagine you happy living in a small way."

"But, Uncle—"

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Blythe," Fleming's voice broke in, "but you must not forget that you agreed to be represented by counsel, and under the circumstances you cannot be heard by the court in person. The Bishop has delivered his first decision, and no matter against whom it scores, no exceptions must be taken. Now let us go on. Would you say, Bishop, —of course you understand that this talk is wholly confidential, and frankness is essential,—would you say that for a man in Mr. Walford's circumstances financially to offer himself to Mrs. Blythe, placed as she is, was honorable or even honest?"

The Bishop paused a long while. At length he said:

"I look upon honesty as a high dilution of honor. I could not conscientiously say that I should regard it as any breach of honesty for a man like Walford to ask my niece to marry him; but for a man of sensitive honor, a man like you, Fleming, I should say it would be difficult to bring himself to do it. It must necessarily lay him open to a great deal of unpleasant criticism, and, to say the least, he must have an excellent opinion of himself to regard his society as an offset to all that he asks her to relinquish."

"I have the honor to agree with you entirely, Bishop. Mrs. Blythe, I think your uncle has answered all the points submitted."

Fleming's lips wore a smile, but his face was ashen gray. The look of youth was gone out of it. He quietly unpinned the rose from the buttonhole of his coat and let it slip to the pavement. Then he sat looking down at it.

Anne Blythe dropped her riding-crop. With two strides she reached the Bishop's chair. She sank down on the low stool beside it, and leaning her head against the arm, she began to cry; not with the artistic, crystalline tears of Eunice Yates, but with genuine sobs which burst the pinning of her white stock and shook her hat awry.

"Oh, don't you see how you 've mixed up everything!" she said at last, between her sobs. "I said I would agree to be bound by your decision, because I thought I could trust you. I never believed for a moment you 'd take *that* view of it, and you 've always liked him so much!"

"No, Anne; there you are grievously mistaken. From the first moment I saw Stuart Walford here in Florence I distrusted him."

"But it was n't Mr. Walford he was talking about. It was *himself—Blair Fleming*. And he did n't ask me to marry him —I asked him to marry *me;* and at first he would n't hear of it at all, and at last he agreed to leave it to you; but he said you 'd say just this sort of thing about it. I agreed to it, too, because I thought I knew you; but now you 're so different I take back my promise. You can do that, Mr. Fleming, even in law; you can, if nothing has been done about it. Now I do not agree to abide by my uncle's decision. It was absurd to think of leaving such a thing to him to decide, anyway, after you and I had decided it once for all over there on the hillside at Vincigliata."

Bishop Alston was slowly recovering from his bewilderment while Anne Blythe's tirade was in progress. He laid a calming hand on her trembling ones; but he turned to Fleming with grave and disapproving eyes.

"This is not what I should have looked for from you, Mr. Fleming," he said. "It is not—not ingenuous."

Fleming crossed the terrace and seized the Bishop's hand with a grip which made him wince.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, with a stress of compelling emotion in his voice. "I meant no disrespect, and I had no intention of trapping you in an ambush. I wished only to get your unbiased opinion, given so clearly that there was no mis-

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taking it—as it has been. I knew that you were a good friend of mine, and that dragging my personality into the situation would embarrass and pain you, while it would not affect the question at issue."

"But it does affect the question at issue. In fact, it changes the question altogether." The Bishop spoke with an amount of irritation quite foreign to his character; but in Anne Blythe's eyes he had never appeared so altogether lovely. She gave an affectionate squeeze to the hand laid on hers.

"If you please, my dear!" said her uncle, withdrawing it hastily. "Mr. Fleming has just disabled one of my hands, and I prefer to keep one, at least, with which to write an essay on 'The Inscrutable Folly of Lovers.' As for you, Fleming, up to this time I had mistaken you for a sensible man,—you have all the earmarks of one,—but to-day you are behaving like a fool."

"Very likely," said Fleming, with dreary acquiescence in his tone; "but it does n't matter much, does it, to any one but myself?"

"I should say it mattered a good deal to Anne whether her husband were a fool or not."

"Then let us hope that she may meet with one of those rare beings on whom the gods have bestowed both brains and money."

"I don't know that rich fools are any more common than poor ones," said the Bishop, more blandly, as he felt his grasp strengthen on the situation. "However, it was not of fools in general, but of one in particular, that we were talking—to be exact, of you, Mr. Fleming. You wish to marry my niece, and you very properly lay the matter before me as her guardian—*in loco parentis*, as it were. Now, for Heaven's sake, why could n't you do it like a man, over your own name, instead of hiding behind the back of another?"

"All this talk is idle, Bishop," Fleming answered wearily. "I admit I was a fool in dreaming of marrying Mrs. Blythe; not in loving her,—I shall always be proud of that,—but in not being content to love her without return. To ask for that return was, as you said just now, unworthy of 'a man of sensitive honor.'"

The Bishop did not answer at once. He rose and paced the terrace, his hands locked behind him, and his head bent as if he were studying the crevices between the bricks. At last he came up behind Anne, and taking her head between his hands, he turned it up and kissed her forehead.

"It occurs to me, Fleming," he said, "that in all our discussion we are making very little account of one thing, the will of a wilful woman, which is strong enough to dominate all the logic of man. I scorn to take refuge behind the fact that it was my niece who made the proposal of marriage, for I know her well enough to be sure that she would never have spoken with her lips if you had not first spoken with your eyes and your manner. Is n't that so?"

"Of course it is: I plead guilty; but Heaven knows I tried my best not to betray myself. I believe, except for these last few days, I could have carried it through."

"That would have been a fine manly thing to do!" Anne exclaimed scornfully. "I 've known a good many men who would n't risk a refusal from the woman they were in love with; but you 're the only one I ever saw who was afraid of an acceptance."

"Anne," expostulated her uncle, "*will* you let me finish?"

"Yes, yes; go on! I apologize."

"Very well, then; I wish both you and Mr. Fleming to follow my state of mind, to listen to my retraction. I came away from Santa Croce this afternoon thoroughly out of tune with Stuart Walford. There was a time when I had high hopes of him; but I put him to a test, and he failed to meet it. He may be—probably is—as good as other men still, but the canker is eating his soul. Well, I had been pondering on all this on my way up the hill, and thinking how, of all the men I had ever known, he was the last whom I should choose to be Anne's husband, when you sprang your trap on me, and I fell into it thoroughly, completely, without a crack or a crevice to escape by. As you sat there I felt a sense of impotent wrath at your superiority, and at Anne for not recognizing it. My feeling colored every word I said.

"I cannot take back all of it even now. I do think Anne will have a hard time to accustom herself, not so much to economies,

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as to the withdrawal of that distinction which great wealth gives. She is a vain creature, is Anne. With a man like Walford her vanity would have grown daily by contact with his; but with you her vanity will be swallowed up in your pride."

"Yes," interrupted Anne, "and pride is a much worse vice than vanity; for when you 're vain, like me, you wish every one to love and admire you, and so you try to be pleasant; but when you 're proud, like you, Mr. Fleming, you just don't care what any one else thinks or how any one else feels, so long as you preserve that precious self-respect of yours."

"Anne, my dear, this is another digression," said the Bishop, with authority in his voice. "Let me finish what I was saying to Mr. Fleming. I wish to apologize for the haste and the unworthy motives with which I spoke. I wish him to understand fully that I withdraw from the position that I then took, and I make no effort to preserve my consistency."

"Uncle, you are a saint. You belong over the altar in one of the cathedrals. It is for us to go down on our knees before you. But let us begin all over again. I was wrong myself, first of all, in promising not to interrupt; secondly, I was wrong in keeping my promise; finally, I was wrong not to put a stop to the whole argument by announcing that I was determined to marry Blair Fleming whether he consented or not, and no matter what any one else thought about it. *There!* That 's my confession!"

"And mine is this," said Fleming, tracing a name on the pavement with his stick: "I am in love, fathoms deep in love, and I have no strength to resist. Only I know that I was right to fight against it, and I know that the Bishop's first decision was just, and I ought to abide by it."

"Now that is a paltry assertion of your pride," Anne broke in, "and not a confession at all. Besides, you agreed to be bound by my uncle's final decision, and a man cannot take back his word. That is a woman's privilege."

"Yes, Fleming," said the Bishop, smiling and holding out his hand, having taken the precaution to turn his ring, "you must accept the inevitable, and the inevitable in this case is Anne. God bless you both! And now, for pity's sake, give me some tea."

## XIX

### HIS HEART'S DESIRE

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity."

"WHY do you invite Tom Yates to-night?" the Bishop asked, looking up from his Procopius, and added: "He does not belong with this set of people at all."

"I have two reasons for asking him," Mrs. Blythe answered. "I can't insult any one else with so late an invitation, and, besides, I want Eunice to know that he was here. She is so patronizing and superior."

"But she is really superior to her brother."

"All the more intolerable in her to make it so oppressive. Tom is much better than she, except on the surface. Besides, the note has gone."

"Then how easy for you to have assented to my opinion!" the Bishop commented.

Anne laughed. They understood each other, these two—in spite of blood-relationship.

Mr. Thomas Yates had an excellent opinion of himself, and as it was founded on thirty-five years of intimate acquaintance, it was certainly entitled to some consideration; yet there were intervals when his confidence waned and he found that a familiar environment was needed to support his judgment.

On 'Change he was easily a leader, and experienced the exhilaration of his position; but here, in this quiet corner of the Old World, he felt bewildered and depressed by a sense of inadequacy to things which he looked down upon, and yet could not comprehend. The "Girlandagoes" and "Jottos" and things that people over here pretended to find so interesting irritated and piqued him in spite of himself, like a blind pool which he had not been invited to enter, and where all sorts of interesting things might be going on, if he could only discover the secret.

The Bishop and Fleming also added unconsciously to Yates's irritation. It was not that they underestimated him, but that he saw them measuring him by unaccustomed standards, and ignoring the field where his superiority lay. He longed to

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let them know what men thought of him in Broad street, and what his powers were relatively to theirs in the real things of life. To Yates the real things of life were those which could be brought to the practical test of the open market. There was no reality, for instance, in the bars of moonlight which lay athwart the road leading up the Fiesole slope, on this evening when he was driving to Mrs. Blythe's dinner. There was no reality in the Campanile rising above Florence like the stamen of a lily; still less in the associations which clung about every foot of this upward way, delicate as the springtime scent of the grape-vine. For him they simply did not exist. His mind was not empty; but it had room for only two thoughts, two emotions —the love of money and the love of Anne Blythe.

As these did not conflict, neither crowded out the other. Rather, they seemed to intensify each other. Anne's refusal of the other day had depressed him at the time; but, as he thought it over, he concluded that it need not be considered final. He was used to bluffs, and he took it to mean simply that she was not ready to show her hand. He admired her the more for it.

He also regretted the precipitancy with which he had declined her offer of a loan. Yesterday he had received a letter from his partner in New York, stating that the firm had an opportunity of joining a syndicate composed of the chief financiers of the city in an underwriting scheme, which, if they could engineer it, would put them in the front rank of the Street. This would involve an investment of four or five hundred thousand more than they had at their command. Could Yates make any arrangements on the other side? If so, profits were a sure thing, and the opening for the future might lead almost anywhere.

The letter called for an answer by cable, and Yates had made up his mind to reopen the subject with Anne when he received a note asking him to come to dinner that evening with the Hawtree Campbells, who were leaving Florence suddenly. He was not deceived by the "suddenly," and realized that he was probably an eleventh-hour substitute. Moreover, it did not suit his plans; but he was a man accustomed to grasping the skirts of unhappy as well as happy chance, and not letting go even if the gathers ripped. He was determined to make, if he could not find, an opportunity for speaking alone with Mrs. Blythe. With this in mind, he had intended to be the earliest guest, and he was dismayed, as he crossed the marble hall, to see Fleming's tall figure passing through the velvet curtains of the salon.

Luck was certainly against him, for though Mrs. Blythe greeted him graciously, she at once turned him over to the Bishop, and the Bishop was in a talkative mood. Having filled his urn with erudition, he found it heavy and wished to pour it out on the first comer.

"I have been reading Procopius lately," he began before they were fairly seated. "A chance reference of his to Fiesole set me to studying its history with some assiduity, and every day shows me more and more how many secrets are held in the hand of this old nurse of Florence."

"No doubt," echoed Yates, indifferently, watching meanwhile the turn of Anne's shoulder against the velvet curtains.

"Yes," the Bishop went on. "Her secrets run back beyond the dawn of European civilization. I should think for a scholar there would be an immense fascination in the effort to decipher the Etruscan language."

"I 'd a deal rather know Spanish," Yates announced. "What with South America and Cuba and Manila and Porto Rico, every American business man has got to have some acquaintance with Spanish; and why should he want to give up his life to learning a dialect that 's only spoken in a little place like this?"

"Etruscan," said the Bishop, leniently, "is not spoken anywhere. It is not even read or understood. It is the deadest kind of a dead language."

"Then none of it for me," Yates responded, with some defiance in his tone. "I hate a dead language. I like things that are alive and up to date. No, sir; for my part, I 'd rather do something big to-day, and let the thirtieth-century boy read about it, and astonish the school by quoting the things I used to say."

The Bishop blandly repressed a smile, and observed that it certainly would be interesting to be a great man in any age.

"Surely," said Yates. "I 'd like to have been a David or Solomon, or some of those old kings of Israel." Then with a sudden recollection of the frailties of these heroes,

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he added: "Of course I should not wish to bow the knee to Balaam as they did."

This struck Yates as a happy quotation, especially in view of his company.

The Bishop's eye twinkled, but his voice was grave as he answered:

"Perhaps if you did, Balaam would get on better. But I must not monopolize you. There is one of Lady Campbell's daughters in the corner. Let us go to her."

Before he could shake himself free, Yates was literally cornered by the plain young lady in yellow, and could console himself only by the excellent view of Anne which his position gave him. "She is not really handsome," he declared; "it is only the way she carries her head and her general air of owning the room and the company."

Yates was right. Anne's manner was labeled *hors concours*, like the pictures in the exhibitions, and signified that it was his own merits rather than hers which were being decided by her neighbor's estimate.

Manners are acquired, and therefore are much the same in the same grade of society the world over. Manner, on the contrary, is individual, the unconscious expression of the personality. One learns much from it if one observes carefully.

When dinner was announced, Yates saw his star brightening as he took his place on one side of his hostess. To be sure, it had not fallen to him to take her in; but that he could not expect when there were two English lords and an Italian Personage present. He could not know by intuition that Anne would not trust him too far away from her controlling hand.

Yates was a true republican and valued self-made money above inherited rank; yet he realized that *noblesse* must be obliged, and, to tell the truth, felt somewhat honored by sitting next but one to a Personage. He would have liked to join in the conversation, but being quite at sea as to how an Italian dignitary of that altitude should be addressed, he was obliged to turn his attention to the young lady on his other side.

Now and then Mrs. Blythe had a word or a smile for him; but they always seemed to make a closure rather than an opening of conversation. The Personage, on the other side, undoubtedly received more than his share of his hostess's attention, and repaid it with a marked devotion.



Yates's courage sank, and he found himself compelled to admit that Anne would fit well in a palace.

In his discouragement he turned with a misleading air of interest to his neighbor, a little American girl in pink.

"You have just come from Rome?"

"Yes; we have been there all winter. I love Rome, there 's so much going on. It 's like a three-ring circus. You want to watch everything at once, and you can't."

"Lots of malaria there this spring, is n't there?"

"No, I think not; that is, not in the high parts of the city; and if one is prudent—but we knew of a sad case, a man who sat next to me—I always talk to people at table d'hôte; do you?"

"Yes, except to English people: they are so patronizing; and the French and Germans and Italians I can't understand."

"Well, my friend was an American. All his life he 'd been crazy to see Rome; but he never could go because he was so prosperous."

"How American!" exclaimed Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, was n't it? But last winter his health broke down, and the doctor ordered him abroad. His wife could n't leave the baby, so he came alone."

The little pink lady was growing as flushed as her gown in the excitement of her narrative, when, to her mortification, she discovered that Yates's eyes were fixed on the bread he was crumbling and that his attention was wandering. Anne perceived it at the same moment, and having a gift for keeping all the threads of conversation in her hands, she now leaned forward with a quick look of interest which should have abashed Yates.

"Do go on!" she exclaimed. "I should love to hear how Europe looks to a middle-aged American who sees it for the first time. Was your friend in raptures?"

"Not he!" the pink lady responded with renewed animation. "He was the most homesick man you ever saw. He shut himself up and looked at his family photographs all day, and at night he could n't sleep, so he used to get up and go to the Colosseum—"

"*Ch' era pazzo!*" murmured the Personage.

"And what came of it?" inquired Mrs. Blythe, as if her life hung on knowing.

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"Oh, it ended as you would suppose. He took the fever, and the doctor had given up hope when we left."

Mrs. Blythe sighed, and moved her salt-cellar.

"Poor man! He should have consulted Mr. Yates before he left home. He would have been told that there is nothing outside of America worth seeing."

Before Yates could protest, Anne's head was turned, and her conversation with the Personage was in full career.

"It always seemed to me," she said, "that sacrifices—little sacrifices, I mean—would be easier in Rome than anywhere else. Where people have been crucified head-downward, it seems to make less difference, don't you know, what clothes we wear or whether people call on us."

"I trust," said the Personage, bending forward and dropping his voice, "that you will not think of sacrifices in connection with my city. To me it might be the most beautiful spot in the world if—"

Here his voice dropped still lower, so that Yates lost the connection. Meanwhile his other neighbor, vexed by his indifference, had turned away, and Yates had only the coldest of cold shoulders. He was not put out by that. On the contrary, he contented himself with worrying his bread with one hand and wringing the neck of his wine-glass with the other, while he looked up and down the length of the table.

Fleming was talking with Lady Campbell, and scraps of their talk floated across to Yates. They had evidently been discussing national types of beauty, and Fleming, with praiseworthy tact, had been enlarging on the charming repose of the English.

"Repose," echoed Lady Campbell. "Yes, I grant you that, but repose may be carried too far. Our looks may win in a siege, but they do not carry by storm, as your American type does. Now there is Mrs. Blythe."

"Oh, Mrs. Blythe—"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say—that she is not a beauty at all. Perhaps not; but you should have seen her at the court ball in Rome last January. The Romans were off their heads about her."

"I am not surprised; her type is so unlike anything to which they are accustomed."

"Yes; she will make a sensation if she ever goes to Rome to live, and it begins to look as if it were quite on the cards of fate." As she spoke Lady Campbell glanced meaningly toward the end of the table, where the Personage was leaning forward with eyes intent on Mrs. Blythe. Then she looked quickly at Fleming, and said with a little laugh: "Why don't you prevent it?"

"I never play against fate," Fleming replied calmly. "The dice are loaded, you know."

"Still—" mused Lady Campbell.

"Yes, still—" assented Fleming.

"A man may throw away his chance by being too distrustful of himself."

"Small danger of that for most of us," Fleming responded. "It has often struck me as curious that there never was a man who wished the woman whom he loved to marry a man unworthy of her: there never was a man who thought himself worthy, and yet there never was one who did not wish to marry her. Is n't it inconsistent of us?"

Lady Campbell looked rather bewildered. She never knew how to take Mr. Fleming, much as she liked him.

A few moments later Mrs. Blythe gave the rising signal.

Yates moved toward the portière and held it back for the ladies. As Mrs. Blythe passed him he leaned forward and said in a low tone:

"May I see you alone for a few moments?"

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes."

"Can't it wait?"

"I 'm afraid not. The cable office closes—"

"Then go to the white-and-gold room at the end of the hall, and I will come when I have settled these people in the drawing-room."

Yates followed her and strode along the hall to the reception-room, where he stood nervously turning over photographs on the onyx table and wondering if Anne would never come. At last he heard three or four heavy chords on the piano, then a light, quick step on the marble floor, and Anne stood in the doorway.

"I can give you just five minutes," she said, with a glance at the clock on the mantel.

"I must be quick, then," said Yates, trying to force a smile. "It 's about—

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about that loan that you offered me the other day, Anne."

"Yes, yes; and you have thought better of your refusal, like a sensible man. Tell me for what amount I shall draw a check, and you shall get it to-morrow morning, and then you will promise me not to go to Monte Carlo again, won't you?"

"It 's no question of Monte Carlo, Anne, and it 's no gambling debt, as you seem determined to believe. It is not a loan so much as an investment. If I had an hour, instead of five minutes, I could explain it all; but as it is, I must ask you to take my word for it that it 's all right and that you shall be secured. All I ask to-night is your consent, and the money need n't be deposited until I 've had time to explain; but it 's a thundering big sum."

"How much?"

"Half a million dollars."

Anne walked to the window and stood looking out into the night.

"I was afraid you 'd take it that way," said Yates, following her. "I knew it was too much to ask."

"No, Tom, it is n't that. You don't understand. I can't pretend to lend you the money, for it 's all going to be yours when—when I marry. It will atone, won't it?"

"Good God, Anne, you don't mean it!"

Anne bowed her head. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"It 's the Italian, of course."

"It is Mr. Blair Fleming. You 'll wish me good luck, won't you, Tom, and we 'll be cousins and good friends still?"

Yates stood staring at her blankly.

Mrs. Blythe grew impatient.

"Come, Tom," she exclaimed, "the music has stopped, and I must go back; but before I go, I insist on your shaking hands with me."

She came forward with a sweet impetuousness, holding out both hands. He took them, and stooping, kissed them again and again and again. Then he dropped them and looked stonily after her as she passed out at the door.

After Anne had left him, Yates stood for a time silent and stunned, his face pale, his lips twitching. Then he made his way down the hall with no attempt at a farewell to the party in the drawing-room, took his hat from the hands of a servant at the door, and flung himself into the waiting carriage. The plunge into the silence and darkness without was grateful to his senses. He wished vaguely that the drive could last forever. He folded his arms and stared into the dim distance, yet do what he would, he could see nothing but Anne Blythe's face radiant and appealing.

He was aware of a swelling of the veins in his neck, of a dull throbbing in his head, of a load on his chest; then like a drowning man he saw the panorama of his life stretched out before him; but instead of the past, it was the future which rose and mocked him. With such a start and his financial ability, his career was assured: his name would travel wherever the wires flashed the news of stocks and bonds; but Anne would not care. He would have a yacht; but she would not walk its decks. He would give fine dinners; but she would never sit at the head of his table. He would reckon his fortune in seven figures; but what of it? He felt that he would give it all for one kiss. Never! From now on Anne was dead to him! He began to think of her as one thinks of the dead, calling up each attitude, each trick of gesture and speech.

She had been by no means the only woman in his life; but it must be counted to him for righteousness that he saw the difference, that he had given his coarse, blundering heart to the best he had ever known.

Anne's face still haunted him. If it were to follow him like this wherever he went, he should go mad. How should he get rid of this load at his heart, with that face before him? He resolved to think of other things—the fortune. Ah, there was something solid and tangible! He would think of that. The Blythe millions his—money, power, everything he used to dream of within reach, in his very grasp. He should be a fool to let a woman spoil his life. If only he could forget the smile playing round Anne's lips that day of their walk together when she stretched out both hands to him and said: "Now we *are* friends!"

There was a band of iron about his head, and red globules danced before his eyes. He resolved that he would have absinthe when he reached the hotel. Absinthe could make a man forget such things; and then there were the Blythe millions. But Anne—

"To hell with the Blythe millions!"

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## XX

### THE MOVING FINGER

"The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

As the first rays of sunrise touched the gilding on the iron gate of the Villa Piacevole, a swiftly driven carriage stopped before the gate, and a messenger pulled at the bell with a haste and vigor which brought heads to all the windows.

"What 's wanted?" Fleming's voice called out, while Giulio was still fumbling with locks and bolts.

"Some one is ill at the Grand Hotel," answered a voice from without. "We found a card in his pocket. Is Bishop Alston here?"

"Wait; I 'll come down in a moment," the Bishop responded, and lights began to glimmer along the hallway and on the staircase. All the household gathered at the door, the Bishop and Fleming hastily buttoning their coats, and Anne in her wrapper of soft white wool.

The messenger's story was soon told. Yates, on his return to the hotel, had sat drinking absinthe in the smoking-room till he had suddenly fallen on the floor in what they thought at first was a drunken stupor; but the cut on his head had made them think of summoning a physician. The doctor, after feeling the pulse and looking at the pupils of the eyes, had shaken his head and asked if the man had friends in Florence. They had carried Yates to his room and searched his clothing, with the result of finding the Bishop's card, and at the glimmer of dawn they had sent the messenger. He had orders to bring back in the carriage any one who wished it.

"I will come, of course," the Bishop said, stepping back into the hall and reappearing with his hat and overcoat.

"I will be with you in a minute," Fleming added.

"And I shall go, too," said Anne.

"On the contrary," Fleming said, "you will go into the house, put on warmer clothing, and let Giulio bring you hot coffee at once."

"I said, I think, that I should go with you," Anne protested, with heightened color.

"But you will not."

"Why not?"

"Because your common sense won't let you. It tells you that you could do no possible good and might do a great deal of harm, to say nothing of the risk to yourself in this chilly morning air. Remember," he said lower:

"'If I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.'

You will stay here?"

"Yes, I will stay."

"Thank you, and pardon me if I spoke peremptorily. We 're apt to when we care so much. I shall come back at once, and if there is any need of you—if Yates asks for you or wishes to speak with you—I will take you down."

Fleming sprang into the carriage, where the Bishop was already seated, and Anne stood looking after them as they rolled away, leaving eddies of white dust in the track of their wheels. When they were out of sight she turned slowly and entered the house. She went up-stairs and permitted her maid to dress her hair and lace her gown. Then she came down and paced up and down the hall; but the house air stifled her. She seized a long cloak, and throwing it over her shoulders, stepped out once more on the terrace to meet the glory of the sunrise, which seemed an insult to the grief in her heart. It was the old story:

"How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, full of care!"

For the first time Anne Blythe was profoundly moved by a sorrow not her own, and it marked an epoch in her life. But, as with most epochs, there had been a period of unconscious preparation going on in her mind. It was as Fleming fancied long ago in his walk through the rain, when he had analyzed Mrs. Blythe's character and hazarded a guess as to the influences to which she might owe its development. "A great affection," he had said, "would do it." A great affection *had* done it. Already she was learning to see life through the magnifying-lens of Fleming's larger nature: she was learning that desire of discipline which had been so alien to her a year ago, and she was ready to accept her share of those mutual responsibilities which bind society together.

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But her interests were still profoundly personal and intensely individual. It was the thought of Tom and his suffering on her account which now knocked importunately at her heart and would not be put aside. She gave herself up freely to the reproaches of her conscience as she recalled the scene of the night before in the white-and-gold room. She realized now with what a shock her announcement must have come upon Tom Yates. Things which vitally affect our own lives come quickly to seem part of history, and in Anne's mind her engagement to Fleming was already old, part of the calm order of things, when she confided it so lightly to Yates. Now for the first time she put herself in his place and fancied Fleming telling her in such a way of his love for another woman. "Oh, did it hurt Tom like that?" she wondered.

If Tom died now, could she ever forgive herself? She would be to blame, not for wilful cruelty, perhaps, but for a self-absorption which would not let her enter into the sufferings of another, and she had promised such a little while ago to stand by him in any trouble! She had boasted that she had it in her to be as good a friend as a man, and when it was put to the proof she had failed him like this.

She flung her trouble into the smiling face of the dawn, and with aching eyes watched the coming of day. There is a solemnity in sunrise far beyond that of sunset. The savage did well to fear the dark whence his foe might leap out to bury the hatchet in his sleeping brain; but for us, whose perils spring from within, the danger begins with waking, and it would be fitting for us to offer up petitions to the rising sun, that while his beams shone we might be kept from folly and gluttony, from falsehood and treachery, from lust of the eye and pride of life; that we might be wise to guard against the enemy who comes in guise of friendship, and to bare our hearts to the friend who wounds us in the name of truth; that we might go forth to meet our lives with a tender heart and a tough courage, and lay us down at night feeling that the world is no worse off for the day that we have spent in it.

How long Anne sat communing alone with her conscience in the chilly morning she could not have told. Giulio brought her coffee, and she swallowed it eagerly. Then she wheeled her chair about that she might catch the first glimpse of Fleming on his return. With the thought of him light began to dawn on her mood. She strove loyally to cling to her melancholy, but it was like a night trying to be dark when the moon had risen. His image would break through the gloom. She longed for him. She deeply desired to lay her head against his shoulder and be comforted; yet when he came at last she did not advance to meet him, but held herself away. It was her little reparation.

As usual, however, self-sacrifice demanded its revenges, virtue, with most of us, being like a rubber ball which if pressed upward too hard in one place is bound to sink down in another. There was a distinctly petulant note in Anne's tone as she exclaimed, questioning Fleming's face with eager eyes:

"Tell me all about him quickly, and don't look so calm! He is not going to die—say he is not!"

"No; he is in no immediate danger."

"Oh, how glad I am!" sighed Anne, with a gasp of relief; but Fleming continued:

"Perhaps, poor fellow, death would be the best thing."

Anne's face paled. The hope of atonement which had risen joyous in her heart fell back before the sadness of Fleming's tone.

"What does the doctor say?" she asked.

"He talks of 'acute primary dementia.'"

Anne tapped her slippered foot impatiently on the brick pavement.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What do I know or care about a lot of technical words like that? Oh, why can't a man tell you the story of what happened as a woman would, so you feel as if you 'd been there?"

"Perhaps," suggested Fleming, lightly, not suspecting the underlying causes of Anne's irritation—"perhaps because he is more hampered by the facts."

"Facts!" exclaimed Anne, scornfully. "Facts are just bones. If you wanted to see a flesh-and-blood human being, would you thank any one to show you a skeleton?"

"More than I should thank him to show me a creature of his imagination when I wished to know about the real thing."

"Well, well, never mind about that.

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Just begin and tell as clearly as you can from the beginning when you started in the carriage."

"I don't remember much, dear, I really don't, except that we drove very fast and that the Bishop talked most of the time about Yates."

"I am sure he said something unkind. He never liked Tom, never appreciated him, never was even fair to him."

Anne spoke resentfully, eager, as we all are at times, to turn into any other channel the stream of reproach which is setting too insistently inward upon ourselves.

"No," Fleming answered; "the Bishop spoke kindly enough. He said Yates was what some one called Pepys, 'a pollard man'; that is, that the higher aspirations had been lopped off, but that the lower faculties flourished all the more abundantly."

"I don't call that very kind. I should n't like it said of me. But never mind any more about the drive. Did you see Tom?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Did he recognize you? Did he ask for me?"

"No; he was speechless and utterly unaffected by everything going on around him."

"How did he look?"

"The impression was too painful. I would rather not dwell upon it—least of all with you," he added to himself, as he noted Anne's twitching fingers and strained voice.

"What did the doctor say of the future?"

"Nothing definite. In fact, he said he did n't know, which really gave me some confidence in him."

"Oh, yes; he was looking after his reputation, and what was our peace of mind compared with that!"

"I am afraid," Fleming answered gravely, "that there would have been very little peace of mind for Yates's friends to be had from the doctor's opinion of probabilities. He asked many questions of the Bishop and me. Some of them we could not answer; but when he heard that there was insanity in the family, that Yates's father and grandfather had died in an asylum, he shook his head discouragingly."

"But it came so suddenly."

"It seems so to us," Fleming answered, "but the doctor thinks the tendency may have lurked in his system for a long while."

"But he was quite himself last night, was n't he?"

"That was one of the questions that the doctor asked. He thought the excitement of Yates's stock-exchange life, combined with his drinking habits, must have laid the foundation for this—that it would have come ultimately, anyway; but he asked if we knew of any shock which would have precipitated it. Any sudden grief or terror, he said, might have accounted for it."

Anne bowed her head upon her hands, and the long-restrained tears burst out.

"Blair," she cried, "it was my fault—all mine! If he dies, I have killed him."

Fleming looked at her anxiously and moved a step nearer her; but she motioned him away.

"I told him last night that I was going to marry you—told him lightly, with no warning and with no explanation. Just because a few people were waiting for me in the drawing-room I went away and left him. Oh," she sobbed, "I was selfish and cruel, and now I can never tell him how sorry I am."

Fleming crossed the terrace with a determined gentleness which would not be repelled.

"My darling," he said, putting his arm close about her, "we will be sorry together."

## XXI

### IL PARADISINO

"One only entered in peace."

THEY were sitting, he and she, on the steps of "Il Paradisino," the little hermitage above Vallombrosa and the white convent overlooking a wide stretch of Tuscan landscape. They had been married for a month, and still they found it absorbingly interesting to be alone together, from which we must infer that they were both very happy and very foolish; for if two people are really one, why should they be less dull together than when alone?

Fleming broke the silence which had fallen between them.

"Anne," he said, "are you sure that you never regret giving up that money?"

"On the contrary, I regret it frequently."

"Much?"

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"Very much indeed!"

Fleming's face clouded.

"I was afraid of it," he said.

"Now you are silly, and it pleases me to see that you can be as silly as any man when you start. I said that I regretted the money. I never said I regretted the choice between the money and you. That you know I don't. But if you expected virtuous sentiments about the joys of poverty—"

"Poverty, Anne? I don't call it quite that; do you?"

"Say respectable mediocrity, then, which is worse. If you wished creditable phrases turned out to order on the subject, you should have married Eunice Yates."

"Eunice Yates!"

"Yes; there was a time when I think she would have taken you, I truly do; but that was before Stuart Walford began to make love to her."

"When do you think that sentiment of his began?"

"Oh, more or less the first time he saw her there at the villa."

"Then! Why, it was after that that he spoke to me about you in a way that was to be pardoned only on the ground of desperate jealousy."

There was a touch of cynicism in Anne's smile as she answered:

"'He consoled himself with rhetoric.'"

"But he told me—"

"Yes, I dare say he did; but men sometimes change their minds suddenly, and, when they choose, they can stop a love-affair in its own length, like a train of cars."

"Walford is a—well, never mind what he is. He has gone over to the world of shams for good."

"Or for bad," interpolated Anne; "but if he had married me I should have taken the rhetoric out of him, and there might have been something worth while left. He was real once."

"I am afraid," said Fleming, reaching out and taking Anne's hand in his—"I am afraid that I am not enough of an altruist to wish him saved at that price; but, on the whole, he is well matched with Eunice Yates, for she, too, is a sham, a shadow, with no tactile value. It consoles me, at any rate, for the poor marriage you are making that you might have done worse. Walford would really have been about the worst you could do. Upon my soul, I 'd rather have seen you married to Yates—yes, drinking and all."

"Poor Tom! I might have saved him, perhaps. I shall never forgive myself—never."

"My dear, when a man starts for the devil with a bottle of absinthe in his hand, he is likely to arrive in spite of all the female influence and that sort of thing which could be set to work tugging at his coat-tails. I don't like the last news I had of him in Newton's letter a few days ago."

"A letter from Dr. Newton? Why did n't you show it to me?"

"I could not bear to. It was so sad, and we were so happy, I could not make it fit into our mood."

"Then George is worse?"

"He does n't say that. In fact, he says we should see little change in him, that he can sit up, and plays with the dog; but you can read between the lines that he has no hope. A man like Newton knows too much of disease ever to shut his eyes when they once have been fully opened. I never read so melancholy a letter as he writes."

"What did he say of Tom?"

"He speaks of seeing Yates and says he was looking badly. I 'm sorry for the poor fellow, but I think you idealize him a good deal. All that has come to him would have come in the end anyway. 'A man cannot escape that which is written on his forehead.'"

"I don't suppose," said Anne, "that I could make you understand the tenderness which I feel for Tom. It 's partly vanity, but it 's partly gratitude, too. I do think he really cared for me, though he got me sadly mixed up with the dollars and cents, and if he had married me I should very soon have subsided into a mere episode. Money was the master passion of his life."

Anne leaned back and clasped her hands behind her head.

"Blair," she said at length, musingly, "have you any philosophy of life?"

Fleming turned and looked at her.

"You are very lovely so, with those filmy white muslin sleeves falling from your arms. They make such a good background for your face."

"Now you are trying to put me off with a compliment; but I really want to know."

"Don't you think it seems a little absurd to undertake to formulate a system of philosophy in ten minutes, and here of all

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places, where nature is saying, 'Stop thinking! It 's poor sport. Stop and enjoy'?"

"But I don't ask you to make up a philosophy on the spot. I want to know if you 've had one all these years."

"'Philosophy of life'? What do you mean by that?" Fleming asked more seriously, leaning his elbow on his knee and resting his chin on the palm of his hand.

"Satisfactory way of accounting for everything."

"Why, no. I have no theory of how we came into this world, nor what governs our passage through it, nor what is to become of us when we are done with it. I long ago closed the book of the Unknowable and ceased to bother with it."

"But you must have some practical working creed."

"Oh, if you mean that—"

"Yes, that 's just what I do mean."

"Well, then, I believe that, finding ourselves here, it is our clear duty to add something to the sum of human happiness."

"Go on," Anne said, withdrawing her hands from her head and leaning forward. "What else do you believe in?"

"I believe (this is a confession of faith, mind you, and not of practice)—I believe in hating cant and sham in our neighbors and ourselves, especially in ourselves, and in not permitting ourselves to cherish any fine sentiments which we do not work out in action. I believe in cultivating a sense of proportion, seeing large things large and small things small, doing our work squarely for the work's sake, and merging what pride we have in the achievements of the race, which are really most creditable to us pygmies."

"And how about heaven?"

"There again you have me. If you mean a literal New Jerusalem, I have no views at all. If you mean heaven as another name for happiness, that 's a different matter."

"Well, take it so."

"If I were to sum up my idea of heaven in that sense, it would be a harmony of the inner and outer worlds, combined with a cheerful acceptance of our limitations."

"Oh, dear," protested Anne, "I don't believe in acceptance of our limitations at all. I approve of kicking against them as hard as we can, and climbing as well as kicking."

Fleming laughed.

"I should have said our *insurmountable* limitations," he explained; "but I remembered your accusation against the legal mind of always qualifying a truth into a truism."

Anne looked up at him sidewise out of smiling eyes.

"I don't see," she said, "that there is any need of me in your heaven."

"No need of you? You 're the whole thing. You are the harmony. 'Du bist die Ruh'—du bist der Frieden.' In the dull old times before I knew you I accepted my own limitations cheerfully enough—in fact, with a resignation which no one but myself could distinguish from complacency; but I was highly impatient with the limitations of the rest of the world, out of tune with the universe, locked up in Doubting Castle, with the feeling that Giant Despair might make a meal of me any day. Then you came along and turned the key of my donjon on that blessed day at Vincigliata, and ever since I have been a free man, walking the Delectable Mountains, with Paradise in full view."

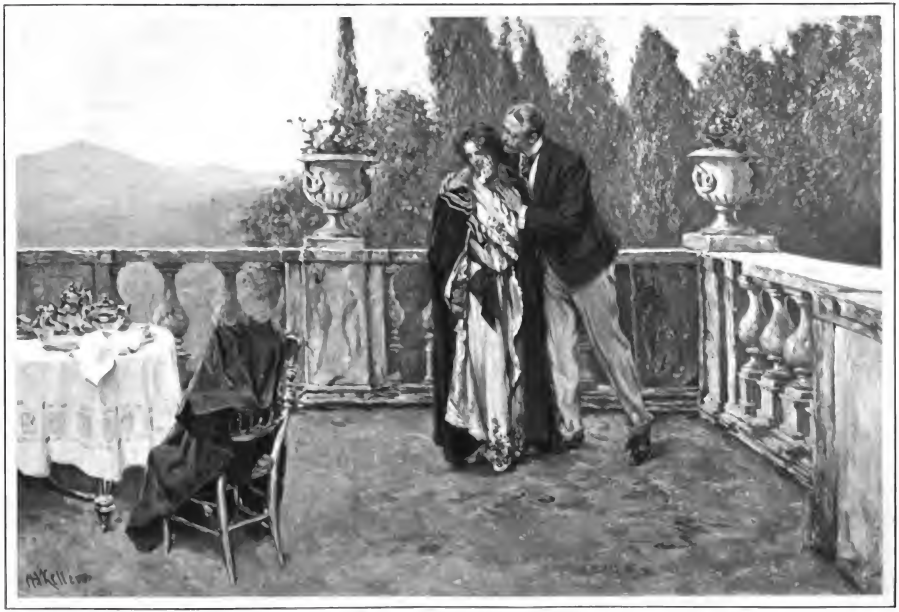
Again Fleming fell into silence. Anne opened her purse and laid a soldo on his knee.

"So that is all you think my thoughts are worth, is it?" asked her husband, with his deep-chested laugh. "Well, perhaps even so you 'll get the worst of the bargain. I was thinking of a talk which we had at the club a year or more ago. Newton was there, and Yates, and then Walford came in. How it happened I don't remember, but we fell to talking of our individual ideal of Paradise. It is curious, in looking back, to see how the after success and failure of each man was foreshadowed in his words that day—as if the germ of it all was in himself. It is a terrible thing, Anne, this modern idea of destiny, which makes it not some malign outside power doing spiteful things to us, but the slow inevitable working out of our own natures. It seems to be of so little consequence what we say or do, when what we *are* looms above us, driving us on to our fate."

"What were their ideals?" Anne asked, ignoring Fleming's speculations.

"I don't know that I could restate them exactly. Newton had some vague idea of doing great things in science and winning recognition from men whose approval

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'OH,' SHE SOBBED, 'I WAS SELFISH AND CRUEL, AND NOW I CAN NEVER TELL HIM HOW SORRY I AM'"



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meant something. Yates wanted money—nothing vague about him."

"And Mr. Walford?"

"Influence was what he wanted—'influence for good,' as he put it."

"Dear me! so I was n't in his Paradise, either?"

"I ignore the 'either,' having already refuted its implication. As for Mr. Walford, he did n't know you then. It was just before Mr. Blythe's funeral. Probably a month later he would have said: 'Better Eve without Paradise than Paradise without Eve!' I confess *I* have less sympathy with Adam than I used to have."

"It is strange, is n't it," Anne mused, "that a single year should have brought each of those men the wish of his heart?"

"And yet now he has it, he is not satisfied."

"Who is?"

"Thackeray asks the same question somewhere. I wish I had him here to show him his man. *I* am utterly, blissfully contented; and thou, belovedest?"

Anne drew a quick, short breath.

"I am so happy," she said, "that I don't dare to think about it. I know how a great singer must feel when his voice is in the very height of its power and he trembles when he goes on the stage lest the first sound may show a tiny flaw in its perfectness. I wish," she added slowly, looking off over the green blur of the tree-tops—"I wish we could stay here always and need never go down into the world below."

As Anne spoke, a sudden sharp little wind sprang up and lifted the ruffles of her muslin sleeves. She shivered, and the shiver roused Fleming to the sphere of practical things.

"On the contrary," he said, "we must go down at once. The tramontana is rising, and your gown is thin. Besides, the Bishop is waiting patiently at the Croce di Savoia in the valley with that inevitable tea-basket. I confess I don't share his taste. Does n't it strike you, Anne, that tea is a rather mild beverage for a man six feet high by two feet wide? When I think how far that gentle liquid must travel before it can reach the nerves which it aims to stimulate, I wonder at its courage in starting."

"You have n't the temperament for tea, Blair. What 's the use of offering you 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates' if you will insist on being inebriated before you consent to be cheered? Well, let us go, since we must. It grows harder and harder to leave the longer we stay in this enchanted spot."

But Anne did not rise, and Fleming leaned against the doorway for some moments, looking down at her with delight in his eyes. At last he put his hand in his pocket and dropped a lira into her lap.

"You see," he said, "that my estimates are more civil than yours. Is it the Adriatic you are thinking of? Your eyes look at least as far away as that."

"I was thinking," Anne replied softly, "of the old yellow sun-dial there in our garden at the villa, and of the inscription round it:

'L' amor che muove il sol e l' altre stelle.'

I wonder if that is not the legend over the gates of Paradise."

THE END

# THE MYSTIC POLE

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

AH! shall we find at Death's dark Pole
A halcyon Passage of the Soul?
From Arctic awe and mystery free
Shall we behold Life's Open Sea,
Where sunlit billows laugh and leap,
And not one heart is numbed with sleep?

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# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AUREOLA

## BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Author of "Gates Ajar," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS



HER phenomenal name had been imposed by a mother who read novels, and opposed by a father who manufactured golf-shoes and mountain-climbers—the kinds that have nails in the soles. Sentiment and sense struggled in the child of one of those difficult unions which may acquire more consciousness of happiness than they give evidence of achieving. All her life she vibrated between the instinct of ideals and the conviction of realities; as she grew older she read more poetry, and wore an extra row of nails in her walking-boots.

She kept her father's factory, as she had kept her mother's name. Long before they departed for a state of being where, whatever may be the custom as regards novel-reading, it seems apparent that shoe-factories will have become an anachronism, her parents had reconciled their personal divergence in her behalf in so far as to agree, with a content worthy of a happier marriage, upon their daughter's name. They called her Aura.

All the village knew her by her Christian name, for all the village honored, and most of it loved, the solitary and sane old maid who had managed her father's business and sustained her mother's charities with the strong, dual nature which gave her something of brilliance and eminence among her less composite neighbors—the people of monochrome or monologue.

These called her "Miss Aura," when they did not call her "Miss Orry." The Miss-Aura citizens, on the whole, lived in one part of the town, and the Miss-Orry citizens lived in another; the Miss-Aura persons went to school and college, and the Miss-Orry persons went into the factory; but these were trifling differences. There was no visible difference in the rather remarkable feeling offered to the clear-thinking, warm-loving woman by the community in which she had spent her life, now rounding to fifty-six happy, self-forgetting years.

She came as near to being universally beloved as it is possible for a person of any force of character to become and remain. As she was beyond question the foremost citizen of the town of Glynn, she was, in point of fact, its dearest.

When it began to be suspected that Miss Aura was ailing, that she was seriously ill, that she was not likely to be better, the whole town was uneasy.

When it trickled out somehow that the vigorous, vivacious, generous woman in the large white house by the factory—she who watched with other people's sick, and comforted their mourning, and carried their poor; she who knew the love-stories of all the girls, and to whom the wildest boys gave confidences that parents and teachers never heard; she who was dear in houses where there was trouble, and powerful in hearts where there was temptation; she who, having no children of her own, had mothered the whole town—when it became known that Miss Aura was capable of dying like anybody else, half of Glynn was skeptical; but the other half was miserable.

In fact, every person in the village knew that Miss Aura could not get well before



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Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE HAD ONE OF THOSE EXALTED HOURS KNOWN ONLY TO THE STRONG AND THE SELF-SUBDUING"

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she had thought of such a thing. For the truth was that nobody was willing to tell her.

"I WON'T. I tell you, I won't do it! Go get somebody else. You sha'n't put it off on me."

Thus said the old, the very old doctor who had conducted her into the world and her parents out of it, who had looked after Aureola herself since at nineteen and in war-time she fell ill of her first and only romance. He had a little of the same feeling for her that everybody had, added to the other feeling experienced by a faithful physician toward a trustful patient.

"Get the young doctor to do it. Ask the minister. Tell her yourself. Don't ask *me*. I 'll go on a vacation first," added the old doctor, with a blaze in his eyes, but a tremor on his long white beard. "Have n't I done this thing for enough of you—when nobody else could be got to do the job? Who told old Sam Dobson—Lord! how he cursed! Who told young Amy Grieve—five children and a whole houseful of relatives, but nobody dared open his lips. Who told Annie McDonald when her man went through the ice? And Robert Dawson when his wife slipped under the car? I tell you, there has n't been a case of fibroid, or Bright's, or hypertrophy—no, nor a drowning, nor a trolley accident, nor a railway smash—that has n't been put off on me—my own death-certificates and the Almighty's too. Don't you know a doctor 's the last man on earth you should pile this on to? I say I won't. I strike at *this*. I won't tell this woman. I 'll—I 'll go to Europe first."

In truth, the old doctor was so much disturbed that he took a train to New York that afternoon, and was gone some weeks, an unprecedented circumstance in his history.

The young doctor was left; but he evaded the responsibility on the ground of his youth and recent acquaintance with the patient. A pardonable professional pride in the fact that this public calamity had been his diagnosis filtered through his decorous reluctance to assume the burden of the consequences.

The minister was in town, but he was younger than the doctor, and a certain gentle reserve in spiritual matters on the part of his valuable parishioner had not encouraged him to open with Miss Aura a subject which everybody else preferred to keep closed.

"I will do my duty, of course," he said plaintively, "but I cannot at present see duty clearly in this direction. Has the lady no relatives who—could be induced? Her house seems always to be filled."

"Always was. Always will be," curtly said the next-door neighbor, one Mrs. Ranney, who had introduced the matter to the young minister. "She 's that kind. Always has somebody on hand 't needs motherin'. Just now it 's those boys—second cousins—nearest she 's got. If you think those smokin', slammin', singin', swaggerin' college boys fit to carry news like this—I 'd ask Emmyline first," snapped the next-door neighbor.

"Who is Emmyline?" inquired the young minister, wavering under the scorn of this attack.

"Why, she 's done for Miss Orry—she 's done for Miss Aura—this twenty years. She 's her hired girl. Would you recommend our leavin' it to *her?*" added the neighbor, scathingly.

"I would do my duty, of course," repeated the pastor, "but perhaps some person who has known the lady longer—some woman, for instance. Why not yourself, Mrs. Ranney?"

"Me!" cried the next-door neighbor—"*me!*" Her large lips quivered. She had a square, freckled face, and it worked. "Why, she 'n' me we 've swapped patterns and receipts these fifteen years! She 's rich 'n' I 'm poor, her house is big 'n' mine 's little, but she 's never let on to make me feel it, never once in all this time. And the things that woman 's *done* for me, nobody knowin' but us two! *Me!* Well, I guess you 'll have to find somebody 't don't feel to her the way I do—if you can," added Mrs. Ranney.

She was a big woman, and she began, at this, to weep in a slow, big kind of way, which so affected the young minister—who, if he had got to see a woman cry, cherished a preference for having her small—that he fled the scene and the subject precipitately. Not, however, before the next-door neighbor had recovered herself sufficiently to shoot after the retreating divine one poisoned arrow:

"I thought such things were what parsons were *for*."



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Miss Aura went slowly up-stairs to her own room. It was early, scarcely eight of a vivid June day—the most vivid of any day that she could remember having lived, since she was nineteen and it was war-time. It had been one of those days when the sky is a hymn and the earth a song, when the grass-blades blaze and the leaves tremble with delight, when every dandelion is a star and every dandelion ghost a spirit, when a robin's song sets your nerves athrill, and a rose in bud seems a thing good enough to explain the creation of the world. It had been one of those days when trouble skulks, and pain is ashamed, and death is impossible; when one is avid for life, and confident of having it always; when the sad are comforted, and the glad are ecstatic, and the content are joyous.

Miss Aura had waked that morning and found herself happy. Her soul overflowed. Her heart lifted. Her head was alert, and her hands laden. It seemed to her that she thought of every person she knew who needed her or loved her. Schemes and dreams of doing little kindnesses or giving overlooked comfort fled fast through her clear and active brain. She had one of those exalted hours known only to the strong and the self-subduing, when the possession of joy seems eternal because the power to bestow it is.

"I am glad I am alive," thought Miss Aura. "I shall live a long time. As long as you live you can help somebody. Life is a glorious thing."

She was on her piazza, tacking the woodbine, when one of her boy cousins came out—he was the only one in the house just then—and asked her to mend a glove. He did it something awkwardly, and Miss Aura noticed that he looked sober—for a lad.

"Rob," she asked, with her mouth full of tacks, "anything wrong?"

"I 'm going home," the boy blurted out. "People tell me you 're not well. I 've been all sorts of a fool to stay so long. I 'm not quite such a beast. Say—Cousin Aura—I wish you 'd take care of yourself. I *wish* you would."

When Miss Aura looked at the college boy she saw that there were real tears in his eyes.

She started to say, "Who 's been talking nonsense to you?" but in fact she said nothing, for the lad backed away into the house, and when she had finished mending his glove, he was up-stairs packing.

She did not follow him,—she could hardly have said why,—but went into her sitting-room and sat down to draw some checks, and she was busy at her desk when Emmyline, without announcing him, admitted the young doctor.

He was a very young doctor, but he was not a stupid one, and he perceived, without saying so, that Miss Aura had changed since he saw her last. She was of a firm, fine presence; her head had the carriage which belongs to tall women who have been beautiful in youth. Miss Aura's eyes were dark and direct. She turned them upon the young doctor, and he wavered.

"Well?" she said.

"I came to see you—about—a case," parried the young doctor.

Her hand moved toward her checkbook.

"How much?" she asked, with the quick cordiality which made it so easy to beg of Miss Aura. "I know you would n't ask if it were not urgent, doctor."

The young doctor fumbled on about the case. She drew a generous check, and handed it to him, smiling. The young doctor rose to go, hesitated, returned, and stood with his hat in his hands.

"I think you ought to be told, Miss Aura—"

"Bad news?" interrupted Miss Aura. "Any of my boys gone wrong? It can't be one of my shop-girls. Scarlet fever at the Dawsons'? Diphtheria anywhere? Nan McDonald has n't—has she?"

The young doctor shook his head with a kind of vexed perplexity, or perplexed vexation.

"I did n't suppose that you were a dull woman," he said. He found himself in the belief that she was playing with him; he turned, put on his hat, took it off again. "I was not speaking of your fellow-citizens; I referred to yourself."

"Oh, well," replied Miss Aura, in a grieved tone, "out with it!"

She had risen from her desk, and stood at her commanding height, which looked down a trifle at the young man; her color was suddenly high, and out of her eyes a certain defiance blazed at the physician.

"You should take the greatest possible

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care of your health," ventured the young doctor.

"Can't," curtly said Miss Aura; "have n't got the time."

"You have a serious malady," persisted the physician, more stoutly. "I have been requested to tell you—"

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Aura.

The young doctor's color rose; he bowed, and left the room.

"Nothing ails me but these spells," insisted Miss Aura. She followed him into the hall; the woman's expression had changed, but the fire in her fine eyes had not gone down.

"I feel well; to-day I feel well enough to live forever."

"I have not the reputation of being an alarmist," observed the young physician, coldly.

He closed the front door, and his retreating footsteps struck with scientific precision on the long walk between the box borders that Miss Aura's mother had planted. Miss Aura listened to the curt sound with gentle perplexity.

"I have offended the young doctor," she thought. "I must find out why."

Then she went up-stairs to help Rob, and speedily forgot the young doctor. Half-way up she had to stop; then again before she reached the landing. The college boy heard a little stifled cry, and sprang in time to catch her. When she found herself, she was lying on her own bed, and Rob and Emmyline and Mrs. Ranney were in the room.

"I must have had one of those spells," said Miss Aura, guiltily. "And all Rob's packing to do!"

She put her feet to the floor.

"Emmyline will help me," said the college boy, winking violently. He and Emmyline went out of the room. Mrs. Ranney remained. She put her large hand on Miss Aura's small one, and mightily restrained her.

"You lie still, Miss Orry. I 've got something to say to you. Here, put your feet up; keep 'em on the hot-water bag. Don't you talk. I 've come to do that myself."

"Well," said Miss Aura, lying back on her pillows, "then why don't you?"

"I 'm *goin'* to," retorted Mrs. Ranney. "It 's a—it 's a pretty day, is n't it? A regular weather-breeder, though."

"I never knew you to talk about the weather, Mary Ranney."

"The Junior Endeavor 's goin' to have a basket picnic next week Friday."

"Did you come over here, in the middle of the morning, to tell me that, on baking day?"

"Well—no. I don't know 's I did," replied Mrs. Ranney, with a remote, esoteric air. "Fact is, I come to see you on a—it's very important—I'm a committee."

"Church fair?" ventured Miss Aura. "Chautauqua? Wednesday Club? Or is it that new plan for a Civic League? Oh, I see. It must be the Boys' Temperance, or the Girls' Friendly, or the Factory Library, perhaps. Or else the Mothers' Rest or the Mercy to Animals. How much, Mary?"

Miss Aura's weak hand stirred to her pocket.

"I must have left it down with my check-book," she said.

Across the big, freckled cheek of the next-door neighbor the color of oak-leaves in November burned slowly.

"I don't come beggin', Miss Orry—not of sick folks—not to-day."

"I 'm perfectly well," persisted Miss Aura. "Nothing ails me but spells."

"I 'm a committee of your friends," burst out the next-door neighbor; "I 'm a committee for an autobiography. You are invited to write one."

"Whose?" asked Miss Aura, with unexpected interest. She raised herself upon her elbow. "I should enjoy doing that. I like to write and read. But I never have had time. Whose biography is it?"

"Land sakes, Miss Orry!" cried Mrs. Ranney, with a groan. "It 's *yours* I 'm after!"

"Oh!" said Miss Aura, in a disappointed tone.

"You see," groped on Mrs. Ranney, "the ladies thought—they said—as you was n't very well—and you 'd lived such an inter*est*ing life—so long—amongst us—and so many folks loved you, Miss Aura—they said, Miss Orry, if you 'd write your autobiography this summer—it might—if anything should ever happen—not that anything ever will. But everybody sets so much by you, dear, and so I 'm a committee to request you—to tell you—Lord!" cried the committee, "I would n't do it again for no man!"

She sat back exhausted, rose, stooped,

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and kissed Miss Aura with a wet, resounding smack, and rolled out of the room. Miss Aura lay quite still when Mary Ranney had trundled away.

"I don't understand," she thought. "It is a very singular thing; but I 'll do it. I 'll write them their autobiography."

Miss Aura got up and finished Rob's packing and kissed him good-by; ate a little dinner, and tried to sew awhile for the next missionary barrel, but found herself more and more perplexed by the events of that extraordinary day.

For the fact was that the concerted conscience of her fellow-citizens, at last aroused to the necessity of somebody's telling Miss Aura that she could never get well, had broken out in an epidemic. Everybody had hit upon the same day for the performance of this unwelcome duty, and everybody, so far, had failed completely.

In the afternoon the young minister added himself to the unhappy list. His reluctant conscience, having flayed him to the task, well-nigh deserted him at the crisis. He made a pleasant, impersonal call, carefully selecting every topic in the scope of parish proprieties excepting that which had brought him to Miss Aura's house. He talked church politics, town charities, and the Civic League; the Junior Endeavor, the Girls' Friendly and the Boys' Temperance, the Factory Library, the morning's news, Kipling's last poem, and the Harvard and Yale game.

Miss Aura spoke and listened eagerly. She had what she called a beautiful time. She had never known that the young minister could be so entertaining. She was disappointed when his manner suddenly flagged, and he began in a remote professional way to introduce religious topics. When he inquired about her spiritual condition, Miss Aura politely changed the subject to house-plants, and branched from this illimitable theme to the pecuniary circumstances of the Dawsons and the Grieves. Miss Aura was a good parishioner and a good Christian, but she cherished a reluctance to turning her soul wrong side or even right side out for the inspection of ministers.

"The love of life," urged the young minister, "is a healthy instinct; but the imminence of death—and the necessity of preparation for it—"

"I can't stop to think about death," interrupted Miss Aura. "I 've got too much to do."

"Yet, as one advances in years—" blundered the inexperienced minister.

"Sir!" cried Miss Aura. "I am only fifty-six."

"I beg your pardon," interposed the young man. "You see, I am twenty-eight, and our standards are, I suppose, not synchronous. I only wished to remind you—I have been asked to tell you—"

"Tell me something jolly!" demanded Miss Aura, irreverently. "Death is n't in my line, you see."

"I see," replied the baffled clergyman, but without a smile.

He changed the subject to the Day Nursery, the Mothers' Rest, and the Mercy to Animals, and Miss Aura's spirits rose to their natural level. She entertained him so charmingly that he quite forgot what he had come to say to her, and left half an hour later, as happy and, to all appearances, as unspiritual as herself.

But she was tired when the young minister had gone, and Emmyline found her lying on the sofa in the dark. Emmyline lighted the gas, and the face of the old servant showed rigidly in the sharp illumination.

Emmyline was a small woman, and thin; she stooped a little, and her hair was grayer than Miss Aura's. She loved Miss Aura with the long-tried, unillusioned love that is possible only between mistress and maid—an old-fashioned love which has almost passed out of date in our domestic economy. For fifteen years the two solitary women had shared "the kingdom called home." Neither had nearer ties, and their affection was as mutual as their respect.

Emmyline came up and stood by the sofa; her face was in the shadow, she stood in profile, and that brought out her stoop.

"Emmyline," began her mistress, abruptly, "I 'm not a fool, am I?"

"I don't know 's I ever said you was," admitted Emmyline, cautiously.

"This house has been full of people all day trying to say something they have n't said, Emmyline."

"Think so?" asked Emmyline, but her work-worn hands began to tremble.

"I don't understand, Emmyline. I can't see what they 're all up to. But I 'm not a

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fool. There 's something. I want to know what it is."

"Lord!" groaned Emmyline. "I said all day 't would be left for me. I did n't hire out for it."

"Very well," said Miss Aura, with the patient sweetness that always brought Emmyline round. "You need n't unless you want to. I only thought—if it is n't *very* good news—I 'd rather hear it from you, Emmyline. I 'd rather than from anybody else in the world. We 've lived together—so long."

"That 's the worst on 't!" cried Emmyline. "We can't live together much longer!"

"What?" gasped Miss Aura. "Not live together! You and I, Emmyline! You going to leave me! *You!*"

"Oh, Miss Orry! Miss Orry!" wailed Emmyline. "It 's *you* that 's a-goin' to leave *me!*"

The old servant got upon her knees beside the sofa, and threw her arms about Miss Aura's neck.

"They 're ain't one of 'em had the pluck to darst to tell you," sobbed Emmyline. "Me that loves you more 'n the whole keboodle of 'em put together—I 've got to do it! I 've *got* to do it! Oh, my dear! my dear!"

So Emmyline told her—all there was to tell.

Now Miss Aura was going slowly up-stairs. Emmyline had gone back to wash the dishes. The house was very still. The street light shone on the box borders that Miss Aura's mother planted.

"Mother died at three in the morning. It was ebb-tide," thought Miss Aura. She had not remembered this before for some years. She went up and on, and into her own room. She locked the door and sat down on the edge of the bed, and her face sank into her hands. Suddenly raising her head, she perceived that the room was dark, and felt an uncontrollable and mysterious fright. She groped for matches, and lighted her candle with a shaking hand. As she did so, her eye fell upon a little book, old, and so much worn that the cover scarcely held to its place; the print was so small that Miss Aura had not been able to read it even with her Boston glasses for some years; but the book always stood upon the table by her bed.

She took the ragged little book now, and held it for a moment thoughtfully. Then she slid slowly to her knees, and the woman who would not talk about her spiritual condition to her minister laid her cheek upon the Bible that her mother gave her, and, without a word, for the first time admitted to her soul the consciousness of approaching death.

Inarticulate prayer like that expends the body, but sustains the spirit, and Miss Aura, when she rose from her knees, dropped panting upon her bed. But she found that her feeling of fright had quite left her, and presently she regained her strength and got up to go down-stairs.

"Emmyline will be worried," she thought. But she whose life had responded always to the claims of other people, and who denied herself in that supreme hour the sacred right of solitude for the sake of an old servant, suddenly found herself confronted by a power stronger than the habit of her life. This was the power of a memory.

Lingering to find her keys, Miss Aura unlocked the desk which stood beyond the screen, below the crayon picture of her mother, between the windows that gave the sun. She carried the candle and set it down; drew from the desk a small photograph, and held it to the fluttering light. It was an old photograph, dating back to the eighteen-sixties, and it had yellowed and faded so that the portrait seemed to retreat into a mist. The lad was like the wraith of a lad, and the soldier seemed to be the ghost of a soldier. Does young love become an apparition, appearing and disappearing through a long, preoccupied life, visiting the heart like a sweet and solemn mystery, cherished more by reverence than by passion, and becoming more a vision than a pain?

Sometimes Miss Aura may have thought so. That night she examined the picture of her soldier with an attention strangely energized and poignant. After she had laid the photograph back in the desk, she took it out again and lifted it to her lips, but most quietly, and without tears.

Then she went down-stairs to comfort Emmyline, and they both sewed the rest of the evening for the missionary barrel. Aureola went late to bed, and slept soundly.

At four o'clock in the morning she awoke from a dreamless night. Beyond

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the salt-marshes the distant tide was rising. The June morning was broadening to a hot day. The birds were singing; the woodbine stirred against the window in a gentle wind. Dew was on the box, and the scent of the yellow roses in the garden came up delicately. Suddenly Miss Aura remembered walking one day in the garden, but not alone, and the yellow roses brushed against her white dress and dashed it with gold. Then, too, beyond the marshes the distant tide was rising. That was thirty—no, that was almost forty years ago.

"Why, I suppose," she said aloud, "after all this while—I shall see Ralph."

She went down-stairs with a strange emotion upon her. Her heart was not heavy, yet it did not lift as it did yesterday morning. She had put on a white dress by some impulse which she could not have explained, and Emmyline glanced at it, but without remark. She and Emmyline avoided each other's eyes; they talked of the thermometer and strawberries.

"I guess you 'll take it easy to-day," ventured Emmyline at last; "it 's goin' to be a scorcher."

"Oh, I 've got nothing at all to do to-day," replied Miss Aura—"only those checks to finish, and we 'll pack the missionary barrel and get it off, and I promised the Dawsons I 'd run over,—the baby 's sick,—and I feel somehow as if I ought to see Nan McDonald a minute; and I 'm due on the library committee and the Day Nursery and the Mothers' Rest. Oh, I said I 'd serve on the Mercy to Animals. But I really have nothing much to do. I promise you I 'll take it easy, Emmyline."

"Think so!" sniffed Emmyline. "Looks like it! What 's Mis' McDonald gosgaddin' over this time o' day for, I 'd like to know? Folks says she has the second sight."

"It must be Nan," murmured Miss Aura, inaudibly. It usually was Nan. Nan was one of the too familiar products of our day—a girl who had got beyond her mother. Nobody could do much with Nan except Miss Aura. But when she saw the face of the Scotch mother that morning, Aureola's own blanched. She turned the key of the sitting-room, and the two women talked in low tones for an hour. Then, without consulting Emmyline, they went out together into the hot sun.

The sick woman had quite forgotten that she was not going to live a long time. Her beautiful face was absorbed and stern. She carried her head like St. Ursula, who protected eleven thousand virgins beneath her mantle.

Miss Aura had begun the first day of her "preparation for death" by a divine and delicate task which spent her, soul and body. She was trying to save a tempted girl from a married man.

It was full midsummer before any one said anything to Aureola about the autobiography. Then Mrs. Ranney asked abruptly one day:

"Is it done?"

Miss Aura looked gently perplexed.

"Do you mean the Factory Library? It will be finished by the last of next week. If it 's the fund for the Mercy to Animals, no. It goes slowly this year. But I think I can make it up—almost."

"I *meant* that autobiography," said Mrs. Ranney, reproachfully. "I am a committee of your friends. I feel responsible."

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Aura, unexpectedly, "I 've begun the autobiography. In fact," she added, "I believe it 's about done."

"Pretty long?" demanded Mary Ranney. "You 've known so many inter*est*ing things, and folks set so much by you."

"I 'll work some more on it to-night," said Miss Aura, guiltily.

That evening she locked herself into her room, drew from her desk a pile of manuscript, and slowly read it over several times. The manuscript ran thus:

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I am glad I am alive.

I was born in Christmas week in the year 1845. This event occurred in the town of Glynn, and in the house that I now occupy.

My father said I was a very homely baby.

My mother said I cried steadily the first six weeks of my life.

I think I must have done up most of my crying in those six weeks.

The first time that I remember myself I was not crying. I was quite happy.

When I was ten I had the measles.

When I was sixteen I joined the church.

When I was nineteen there was a war.

When I was thirty I took the management of my factory.

Thus I became acquainted with my dear girls who work upon the shoes.

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I have known many dear girls. I have known a great many lovely people.

I have had the best neighbors that any woman ever had in this or any other town.

I have had the dearest friends whom any person could have in this or any other world.

I have received more kindness than I can begin to remember, and more affection than I can possibly deserve.

Nobody living has ever done me a wrong.

I cannot remember that I ever hated any person. The nearest I ever came to it was once where a man tried to do a harm to a poor girl I knew. Then there was once when I saw a man beat a horse to death.

I thought I should enjoy writing this autobiography; but I find it very hard work.

It is the hardest work I ever did in my life. I did not know it was so hard to write.

Perhaps I could write better if I had some interesting subject.

I send my love to all my dear girls, and my neighbors, and my boy cousins, and to everybody in Glynn.

I think I am too busy to write an autobiography. I have a great deal to do.

I have always had a great deal to do. I have always been very busy.

I have always been very happy. Not counting a few exceptional instances of no interest to any person but myself, I have been happy all my life.

I am glad that I have been alive. I would rather not die if I could help it; but I am glad that I have lived.

ONE day in the last week of October the young minister sat in his study trying to write a doctrinal sermon, because an Important Parishioner had complained that the pulpit was destitute of doctrinal sermons.

It was a bleak day; November had bitten in upon the soft flesh of a rich and tender autumn; there was a flurry of unseasonable snow in the air; before it the dead leaves were fleeing like unholy ghosts, and the wind came straight from the saltmarshes.

The doctrinal sermon went hard. The minister thought that if the Important Parishioner had not been one of those rich people who rule affairs in factory towns, he would have written instead a short sermon about the tenderness of Christ to sick people, which of late had been much in his mind.

He was not sorry to be interrupted in his reluctant work by the most unexpected caller whom the parsonage had entertained since the young man had occupied it. This was a more important parishioner than the man who demanded doctrinal sermons. It was, in fact, Miss Aura. She had never called upon the minister before, and he received her with proportional interest. She delayed somewhat in making known her errand, and he confided to her—everybody confided something to Miss Aura—his discomfort about the doctrinal sermon.

"Doctrinal fiddlesticks!" cried the lady.

"I agree with you perfectly," interrupted the minister. "But the commercial nature—he is in cotton, I believe," pursued the young student, vaguely.

"Who is he?" demanded Miss Aura, with a sudden reduction of tone.

The minister gave the name of the Important Parishioner.

Miss Aura's brows darkened to a visible, almost a savage frown. Evidently struggling to withhold explanation of her displeasure, she said shortly:

"Put that sermon in the fire! Write one about Pharisees and hypocrites! I 've come," she added, with one of her swift and fascinating changes of manner, "to talk to you on a personal matter. I never did such a thing before. I never consulted a minister about myself in all my life."

"It must be a great exigency which has driven you to do so," answered the minister, quietly.

The tact and delicacy of this reply soothed Miss Aura so much that she felt ashamed of having expected to be met by anything else.

"Well, I suppose it is," she admitted, with strongly restrained emotion. "But I don't know how to begin, all the same."

"Don't try," urged the young pastor, gently. "Break into the middle of the subject; or the end, for that matter. It is possible that I understand without being told."

"Oh, I dare say," responded Miss Aura, wearily. "Everybody in town understood before I did. I can't get well. I suppose you know that. I 'm going to die. I am—going—to—die," she repeated. An expression of incredulous horror settled slowly upon every feature of her strong countenance; it was as if she threw off, rather than drew off, a mask which she had worn so long and so closely that it had clung to her flesh. Her face seemed to tear in the act. She did not look at the minister.

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"I have lost strength," she resumed. "I am not as I was last spring. I am weaker than I was in July. I may not live as long as I think I shall, as I thought I should. I understand it at last perfectly. I am going to die. I have got to a point where saying, 'I will live,' does n't amount to anything any more. I 've got to die, in spite of me. And I 'm not ready."

"Then I don't know who is," exclaimed the minister, warmly.

Miss Aura, who was expecting a homily on her spiritual condition, turned squarely around and presented fully to the young man an astonished and warring face on which the ravages of her malady were but lightly etched. Miss Aura was one of those people who look well till they are in their coffins.

"It is n't possible," she said in a very low voice, "that you really *understand*."

"No," he replied; "it is not possible for me—a young fellow out of the seminary only a few years—to understand the strength, the beauty, the sanctity of a character like yours."

"Sanctity!" interrupted Miss Aura. "I have n't got a bit of sanctity. It 's nothing but sense."

"But I can understand that I do not understand," proceeded the minister, "and that may be something."

"You are a remarkable boy!" cried Miss Aura, with her own mischief, and smiling merrily. "Perhaps I was n't such a fool to come here, after all. You see, the trouble is, I have n't got time to get ready to die. I 'm too busy. I have too much to do. I mean to, but I never can seem to catch up. I say: 'Now I will think about dying. I will pray a great deal more. I will read more chapters at night. I will sit down and make a business of getting ready for the next world.' I say: 'You 've *got* to go there. You 've *got* to make a decent appearance in that life you know no more about than that poor kitten we saved from the medical student at the Mercy to Animals last week knows how to write a doctrinal sermon. And yet you 've got to go there.' Oh!" with a break in her firm voice, "nobody knows. Nobody can. It 's only those that go through it that *can* understand. I would n't ask it of you. You could n't. You 're young and well, and a man and a minister. But don't you see I have taken it for granted that you know your business? Come! What did your professors teach you to say to a middle-aged woman who has n't got time to die?"

The clergyman slowly shook his head in silence.

"I understand the shoe business and factories," continued Miss Aura, "and shop-girls and sick neighbors; stray dogs—and all those things. I never was at a divinity school. You were. What will become of me if I never do catch up? There never was anybody, I do believe, who found so little time to think about her own soul. You see, there are so many other people—all my poor girls, and one in particular I am very anxious about. Her mother and I take turns going out evenings to watch and see her get safely home. And then there are always so many people sick. And when I get to bed at last, I must own I 'm pretty tired—tireder than I was. Oh, I don't want any sympathy! I can stand suffering. I can stand anything but seeing other persons suffer. You know for yourself how much harder that is. But come now! I should like to know if I go crash into eternity some day, and have not time to do a single thing to get ready—what then? I suppose I 'll be blamed for it. I suppose I sha'n't be fit to enter good society—up there. Not if I go on this way. And I presume I shall. Probably I shall die with my head full of *things*. It 's cram-jam full now. Last at night, first at daybreak—for I don't sleep as I used to—*things!* Not religious things, you understand, nothing sacred, or divine, or that. Fancy going to heaven while you 're planning out a club supper for shop-girls, or trimming a hat for your cook, or sending letters to college boys who have got into a scrape, or—or writing checks for somebody. Or perhaps you 're chloroforming a diseased dog that nobody would keep and nobody would touch. Come! Out with it! What will become of me if I never have time to think about what you called my spiritual condition?"

"Did I ever call it names?" interposed the minister. "At any rate, I never will again."

"Do you think they 'll send me to hell?" added Miss Aura, whimsically. She spoke right on, as if she had not been interrupted.

"If they do, then I don't know anybody who will get to heaven," said the inex-

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Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE HAD NEVER CALLED UPON THE MINISTER BEFORE"

perienced pastor. "I can't teach you, Miss Aura. I can't help you. You have taught me far too much. But it seems to me, if I were you, I would n't trouble. I would n't bother myself about these eschatological difficulties."

Miss Aura nodded comfortably.

"Yes, I know. Eschatology means last things. Why did n't you say so?" she added.

"I shall, next time," replied the young minister, humbly. He gave her his blessing, such as it was, and comforted her, as he could; and then the very young pastor had to send for the very young doctor suddenly, for the agitation of her first and last "spiritual" interview with a minister had been too much for Aureola. She slid quietly off the edge of her chair, and dropped upon the study floor.

She grew somewhat more amenable after this; followed advice, up to a point, and promised everybody with suspicious readiness that she would be careful.

When the old, the very old doctor said, "Aureola, you must put in a telephone," she put one in. When the young doctor (who afterward found occasion to wish he had not) said she must keep a horse, she bought a horse. This she did without objection, because it provided a situation for Nan McDonald's brother Ja, and rides for half the invalids in town. But she got very tired entertaining the invalids, so she used to stay at home and let Ja drive them out without her. In fact, Aureola, as everybody could see, was "losing," but nobody dared to tell her so. They were afraid she would take on some terrible spurt of self-denial, and waste herself. She moved through what remained to her of time, like the old Greek racer who ran and carried fire, holding her torch above her head. She worked as if she expected annihilation. The Christian doctrine of eternal life seemed to have gone out of her mind. One would have thought, who observed the woman, that the present moment was the last chance to exist, and that existence meant nothing whatever but the relief of



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other people's miseries. Of the enthusiasm of humanity Aureola had made an art, as another paints or writes or sings.

She spent herself with a divine fervor, behind which there was something of the deliberation and calm pertaining always to art. While she seemed most mad, she was most sane. Thus the autumn went with her, and winter found her weakened, radiant, and surcharged with loving activities. Then there happened that which is recalled in Glynn to this day with hushed voices and brimming eyes.

One night in late December Miss Aura was lying on the sofa down-stairs, pale and peaceful, her noble day's work done, and her hard night before her,—for she battled much for breath when she should have slept,—when voices were heard wrestling in the hall—that of Emmyline, strident, imperious, denying; that of another, pleading and claiming admission with a note of anguish which brought Aureola's feet to the floor in an instant. She called Emmyline peremptorily.

"It 's that everlastin', never-dyin' Mis' McDonald gosgaddin' over here in a snow-storm after you," cried Emmyline, with holy anger. "Talk about second sight! First sight of you would teach her to leave you be. You 're a-murderin' of Miss Orry!" blazed Emmyline, turning upon the Scotchwoman.

But Miss Aura, when her compassionate eyes had met the mother's, said: "Emmyline, bring my furs and sleighing-hood. Tell Ja to put Peter into the double sleigh. I am going out, Emmyline. Do you understand? *I am going.*"

By this time Annie McDonald had thrust out a hand from whose shaking grasp a bit of paper fluttered to the floor. Even then even she allowed Miss Aura to stoop and pick it up herself. It was a half-sheet of pink, perfumed note-paper, torn and stained, wet with snow and tears; it contained, in a few words, one of the most piteous outcries of this sad world—the farewell of a ruined girl to her mother.

"He took her in a sleigh," said the Scotchwoman, dully. "They 've driven yander to the meshes. I see them dashin' by. I called after the mon for the luve of heaven an' her mither—but he 's got her in the sleigh."

"I 'll get *him* in a sleigh!" said Miss Aura. Her voice was terrible, and so was her face. With this undramatic comment she passed the dramatic moment—flung on her furs, brushed the mother aside, pushed Emmyline off, ran out into the snow, herself helping Ja to get the heavy harness on, and whirled away with the lad into the storm. She took two whips; one she kept in her own hand.

"An' for what should we be goin' to the meshes?" complained Ja, stupid and rebellious, after the manner of his kind when the unexpected occurs. Although the storm was assuming the windpipe of a blizzard, Miss Aura put her lips to the boy's ear, and whispered what she had to say, so careful was she of long habit about the reputation of a girl. Of the worst in town no person had ever heard Miss Aura say a severe or slighting word.

Now, indeed, the lad set his teeth and laid the whip on the horse. The sleigh sped into the throat of the storm. Miss Aura said nothing more. She drew her sleighing-hood far over her face. Once or twice Ja heard her gasp. Only once she said:

"Turn around—quick—a minute!"

Ja turned and got her back to the wind till she could recall her breath. Her lips were purple, and her cheeks. She went so far as to say:

"Wait a *min*ute longer!"

Then they turned and dashed on. The snow, though it slew the breath and froze the blood, was light and accumulated slowly. Miss Aura's handsome sleigh flew down the long marsh road like an aëroplane. She crouched under the fox robe and tried to hold it up to her throat. But the inability to use her arms prevented; these dropped, and the robe with them; it slid to her knees. She had laid the whip upon the robe. The salt wind drove from the sea; it seemed to her as if it drove into her soul.

"Blank him to blank!" yelled the lad, suddenly. "I see him! I see 'em! I see 'em in a cutter yander down acrost the bridge!"

Ja stood up in the sleigh, lashing and swearing. Praying and crying, Miss Aura clutched her extra whip, and the president of the Mercy to Animals, she who would go twenty miles to find an abused kitten, she who treated her horse like a younger brother, who babied and spoiled him past the lot of any other horse in town, brought

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Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"BEFORE HE COULD COLLECT HIMSELF, SHE HAD HER HAND ON THE BRIDLE"

down the whip, the *second* whip, on Peter's quivering flank, and overtook the cutter just beyond the bridge.

It will never be known just how she did it, but somehow she rode the fellow down, hurled herself out, and barred his way, standing straight and tall across the road. Before he could collect himself, she had her hand on the bridle.

"Come, Nan," she said quietly.

There was a street lamp just there,—the rough town kept the lonely marsh road lighted in self-defense,—and the flickering kerosene gave a sight of the Scotch girl, pale and pretty, weak of mouth, warm of eyes, a poor creature, to be spoiled and flung away.

It gave, too, a swift and cowardly vision of the man, whose wife trusted him, whose children loved him, whose neighbors honored him, whose church deferred to him. He, indeed, was the Important Parishioner who demanded doctrinal sermons.

Miss Aura stood, as we say, very straight and tall. She had her St. Ursula look. She was divinely beautiful and divinely angry.

With her weakened arms she raised her extra whip and brought the lash down on the neck and cheek of the Important Parishioner, once, twice, and perhaps again. And the brother of the girl, without staying to ask permission, joined in from behind with the other whip.

"Come, Nan," said Miss Aura again. "Come home with me to your mother."

She held out her hand. Nan took it with hanging head, and followed the lady like a dog.

"I 'm sorry, Peter," panted Miss Aura. She laid her shaking hand on her sweating and astounded horse. "It was between you and the girl. We 'll drive home slowly, Peter."

Now, in fact, they drove home very slowly, for neither Nan nor Ja expected to get Miss Aura home at all. But her indomitable spirit served her, and Emmyline, crying silently and savagely, was there to meet them at the end of the path, where the snow lay on the box borders. Emmyline had telephoned for the young doctor, and he and Ja carried Miss Aura in and up to her own bed.



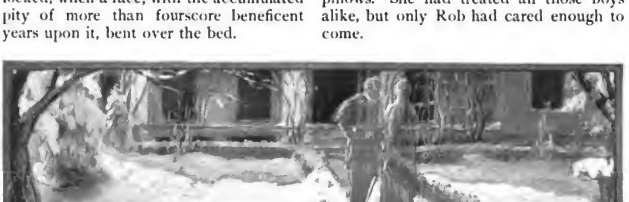
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There she lay quietly for a few days, disturbed at first when she found she could not get up and go to the fair for the Mercy to Animals; but she accepted this disappointment cheerily, as she had all the others of her life.

It was left for the very old doctor, after all, to tell her—he who had brought her into the world and helped her parents out of it. One evening she was looking at the crayon portrait of her mother above the desk where the misty photograph was locked, when a face, with the accumulated pity of more than fourscore beneficent years upon it, bent over the bed.

young minister. Emmyline was there. She sat on the other side of the bed, jealously holding one of Miss Aura's hands in her thin, hard fingers. Oddly it occurred to Aureola at the moment how pleased Emmyline had always been because she wore a size smaller glove than her mistress did. Emmyline sat in profile, and that brought out her stoop.

Rob was there, too. Miss Aura became aware that the boy was sitting out of sight and had his arm about her, behind the pillows. She had treated all those boys alike, but only Rob had cared enough to come.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"HIS FACE WAS THE FACE OF A SOLDIER LAD BENEATH AN ARMY CAP"

"Why, doctor!" said Aureola. "I thought you had a bad cold. You should n't have come out in the night air to see *me*. What did you do it for?"

But she perceived, as soon as she asked, what he did it for.

"Doctor," said Miss Aura, "is *this* it?"

The old doctor nodded without speaking, and turned his face away.

"Oh, very well," said Aureola, gently. She thought she heard some one crying, and looking about, was astonished to see how many people were in the room.

Mary Ranney was there (she stood looking over the screen). Her square face, with last summer's freckles still upon it, appeared strange to Miss Aura, like a big, bodiless cherub that was overgrown. The Scotchwoman was there, but she showed no face at all, having buried it in the bedclothes where she knelt at the foot of the bed. Somewhere, quite out of sight in the hall or on the stairs, a girl was sobbing.

The young doctor was there, and the

"Why, Rob," she said, "you 're spoiling your vacation—for me!"

But she was pleased that he was there, for the power of kin is strong, and the love of kin is precious at the end of life. "No debts this term, Rob?" she whispered. "That 's good, dear."

Miss Aura looked all around the room; her eyes, quite clear and strong, moved to the faces of her friends each in turn. Suddenly her lips twitched, and she laughed.

"It looks like the 'Death-bed of Calvin,'" she said, "or 'Last Hours of Daniel Webster.' Doctor, do give them—a better pose."

Then she beckoned to the minister.

"I told you so," she complained. "I said I should go crash into eternity, doing something I should n't. And here I am laughing! Besides," she added, "I did a dreadful thing. I got dreadfully angry. I horsewhipped—a—man."

"I honor you for it!" replied the young pastor.

"I hope I did n't hurt him—very much,"

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panted Miss Aura. "I did n't mean to. But I think he 'll keep away from her—now—don't you?"

Then her mind returned persistently to the thoughts that had been troubling her, touching her own unfitness for the life invisibly to be; and she detained the young minister to ask:

"What have you got to say to me? You ought to know your trade. You must see that I 've been too busy. I have never had time to make preparation for death. To-night I have n't even read my chapter. Where 's Nan?" she asked anxiously. "I thought Nan was in the house. She has n't gone out—sleigh-riding—has she?"

Somebody called Nan. She came in with hanging head, and knelt instinctively. The college boy made way for her, moving to the other side, where Emmyline was, and Miss Aura feebly put her arm around Nan's neck.

"The Lord bless them and keep them—my poor girls—for I can't. I can't do it any longer, Nan," said St. Ursula.

After this she spoke a little about her shop-girls, and the Mercy to Animals; tried to say what she wanted done for Emmyline, and the Factory Library, and for Peter, and for some of her poorest people.

But she soon ceased to try to talk much. She made it understood that she wished the desk drawer unlocked and the manuscript autobiography taken therefrom. This she put into Mrs. Ranney's hands.

"I 'm sorry it is n't longer, Mary Ranney," she apologized; "but I found it—very hard work."

THE night was long, and more air was needed in the room. The old doctor sent some of the neighbors away.

The night was long and the conflict strong. Miss Aura did not die like a weak person. Yet those who loved her best said afterward that it was the happiest passing they had ever seen. She treated death as she had treated life—like a great opportunity, and a glad one.

"Are you sure this is it?" she repeated to the old doctor. "I have often suffered more than this—a great deal more.

"You ought to tell people," she managed to add, "that dying is easier than living. Tell them I said how easy it is. It might be of use to—somebody," she urged, anxious to give comfort, anxious to save pain to the very end.

She did not say anything more about her religious views, or her personal feeling concerning the great event which was upon her. A certain reserve which was natural to her in such matters exhibited itself, as it always had. Once she asked for her mother's Bible, and Rob put it into her hand. She laid her cheek upon it and kept it there.

As the cold night moved solemnly toward daybreak, and the tide turned on the salt-marshes, she found that she did not see plainly. Only Emmyline's face remained visible to her. The old servant was the last person whom she saw—Emmyline sitting in profile, with her stoop.

At three in the morning, at the ebb of the tide, Miss Aura said suddenly and quite distinctly:

"Why, Ralph! Why, *Ralph!*"

But nobody knew what she meant, and the two doctors said she wandered.

WHEN the Scotchwoman, who had the second sight, came out of her own house to go back to the other in the freezing dawn (for she could not stay away), she stood still in the snow with a sudden stricture at the heart, half of awe and half of fright—for there, she said, she met Miss Orry walking down the path between the box borders that her mother planted. Beside her, the Scotchwoman always said, there walked a lad. His face was the face of a soldier lad beneath an army cap.

"An' the twa gaed doon the road thegither an' went their way beyand the een of me."

When the young doctor heard this he smiled; but the young minister pondered.

NOW, when Mary Ranney came to read over the autobiography of Aureola, she found it very short and all unfinished, as we have seen. It set forth the facts that Miss Aura was born, as she died, in Christmas week, that she had the measles, that she joined the church, that when she was nineteen there was a war, that she sent her love to all her dear girls, that she had been always quite busy and very happy, that no person had ever done her a wrong, nor had she hated any person, and that she was glad she was alive.

Like the sacred book of the Apocalypse,



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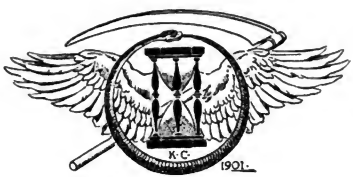
nothing had been added, nor could be, to this brief record of the dearest and noblest life that the people of Glynn had ever known.

Aureola might have read her beautiful biography written in their hearts; and heart biographies are the only true ones, as we know.

For they poured out on the day of Miss Aura's burial (it was a brilliant day and warm) like the tide overwhelming the marshes, a strong, impulsive force of human love and grief such as any other artist might have envied from his soul—they who write, or paint, or sing, and live and die, perhaps, starved for love and frozen for its evidence. She who had been this other kind of artist, she who had the passion of humanity and the genius for it, and the will to perfect herself in it, went to her grave right royally. A throng followed her, not weeping much,—because, if she had taught them anything, she had taught them cheerfulness and self-restraint,—but looking bereft and awed—the mill-people, the very poor, the overlooked, the cross-grained and the sick, the unpopular, the tempted, and the unhappy lonely people and poor girls whom no one else befriended.

Far behind them all one walked, veiled, with drooping head, but holding tight her mother's hand.

And Emmyline rode with Rob among the relatives. Emmyline felt fiercely that she was the only real mourner of them all. Who else knew how precious Miss Aura could be every day? For the shared life is the test of love and the measure of loss.



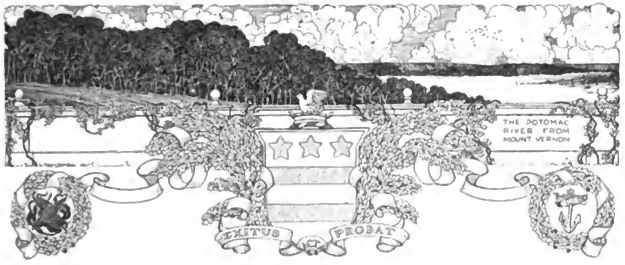

# LA SALLE

## EXPLORER OF THE MISSISSIPPI

BY R. W. G.

BATTLING through trackless lands, 'gainst savage foes;
Striving, enduring, knowing the bitterness
Of foul betrayal, still in front he goes;
Onward through swamp and forest see him press,
Proud, silent, suffering, misunderstood;
The weight he bore, it seemed that no man could;
Then at the last, when the infernal stroke
Fell, 't was as if the silent leader spoke:
"This river I first traced to the far sea—
If monument I need, this let it be;
Then shall I live with the chief sons of time.
This is the path of empire: onward to empire climb!"

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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne"

II



MY father died in April, 1743, and Lawrence was married to Miss Fairfax in June of that year. It was fortunate for me that my brother's wife, Anne Fairfax, soon shared the constant affection felt for me by her husband, Lawrence.

Austin, as we usually called Augustine, also embarked into the matrimonial state as the husband of Anne Aylett of Westmoreland, who brought him a large property.

The next three years of my young life were important. I learned very soon from my mother that, when of age, I would have a moderate estate and insufficient. It is a happy thing that children have no power to realize what money means to their elders, else I might have been set against Lawrence and thought my father unjust. As I did not understand my mother's complaints of poverty, they had no effect upon me. After my father's death, and in the absence of my elder brothers, the house and farm soon showed the want of a man's care, and we lads enjoyed at this time almost unlimited freedom. My older brothers saw it, and felt that I, at least, might suffer, being of an age and nature to need discipline and to be guided. In fact, I delighted to skip away from my man Peter, and find indulgence in roasting ears of Indian corn in the forbidden cabins of the field-slaves, or in coon-hunts at night, when all the house was asleep. When my pranks were discovered my mother was sometimes too severe in her punishments, or else only laughed.

Nothing was assured or certain in the house, now that the hand of wise and strong government was gone.

We were taught the catechism as a preparation for Sundays, and my mother read the Bishop of Exeter's sermons or Matthew Hale's "Commentaries, Moral and Divine." I still have this book. It belonged originally to my father's first wife, Jane Butler, and below her name my mother wrote her own, "Mary Ball." At this time she was much given to Puritanical views, which were beginning to be felt in Virginia, owing largely to the want of better clergymen in the Established Church. She would have the servants up late on Saturday to cook, that there might be no labour on Sunday. In consequence, the blacks fell asleep in church. My mother would then get up in mid-service, and go where they sat, and poke them awake with her fan.



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At this period my great personal strength and endurance were constant temptations to forbidden enterprises on land or water, and it was at this time of my life that I discovered a certain pleasure in danger. I find it difficult, not having the philosophical turn of mind, to describe what I mean; but of this I became aware as time went on, that, in battle or other risks, I was suddenly the master of larger competence of mind and body than I possessed at other times.

When, on one occasion, the learned Dr. Franklin desired to be excused if he asked whether in battle I had ever felt fear, I had to confess that in contemplating danger I was like most men, but that immediate peril had upon me the influence which liquor has upon some, making them feel able for anything. He said yes, but as to the influence of drink, that was a mere delusion; whereas he understood, and here he begged to apologize, that, in great danger in battle and when the ranks were breaking, I had seemed to possess powers of decision and swift judgment beyond those I could ordinarily command. I said it was true, that danger seemed to lift me in mind and body above my common level, and that it was the satisfaction this gave which made danger agreeable; not, be it said, the peril, but the results.

I apprehend him to have been correct, for in battle I have often felt this, as at Monmouth, at Princeton, and elsewhere. In general, my mind acts slowly, and I have been often painfully aware of it when in council with General Hamilton, Mr. Jefferson, or General Knox. General Wayne was fortunate in this quickening of the mind in danger. He once said to Colonel Humphreys of my staff that he disliked danger, but liked its effects upon himself when it came.

Certainly I had my share of risks at the time I now speak of. No one controlled my actions, and old Peter, in whom my father had greatly trusted, now allowed me, in general, to do as pleased me. The river and the forests afforded game, but the riding of half-broken horses was what most I liked. My joy in the horse and his ways was the mere satisfaction in conquest and in the training of a strong brute; but it made me a good horseman, and helped, though I knew it not then, to prepare me for the years when I was to be so much in the saddle.

We had at this time a slave named Sampson, who possessed great control over animals. He was old in our service, and very black. He was said to be a Mandingo negro, and to do very well if kindly treated. The blacks of this tribe incline to take their own lives if what they feel to be disgrace falls upon them, and this man, for whom my father had a great liking, never had been whipped. He had charge, under the overseer, of the stables, the brood-mares, and the training of horses for saddle or harness.

I was at this time more about the stables than was allowed under my father's rule, and did, in fact, much as I liked out of school hours. It so happened that once, on a Saturday, there being no school, I was very early at the stables, and, as there was no one to hinder, made the groom saddle a hunter we had. On this I made my appearance at a meet for fox-hunting, four miles from home, to the great amusement of the gentry. They asked me if I could stay on, and if the horse knew he had any one on his back. However, the big sorrel carried me well, and knew his business better than I did. I saw two foxes killed, and this was my first hunt; but as I rode home my horse went lame, and, to save him, I dismounted and led him. Towards noon, when we were come to the farm stable, I found the overseer, with a whip in his hand, swearing at Sampson, and making as if about to beat him. I ran up behind them and snatched away the whip. The overseer turned and, seeing me, said he meant to punish Sampson for letting me take a horse which was sold to go to Williamsburg. When he knew the horse was lame, he was still more angry; but I declared I was to blame, and no one else, and said he should first whip me. He said no more, except that my mother would say what was to be done. I think he made no report of me, and certainly my mother said nothing. When the overseer had walked away, the old servant thanked me, and said no one had ever struck him, and that it would be his death. This seemed strange to me, a boy, for the slaves were whipped like children, and thought as little of it. Sampson said to me that I was like my father, that when I was angry I became red and then pale, and that I must never get angry with a horse.

After this interference Sampson took

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great pains with me and taught me many useful things about horses. Although I became a good horseman, I never had his strange gift of managing dogs or other creatures. Indeed, he was the only black man I ever saw who could handle bees, for these industrious little insects have a great enmity to negroes.

All this happened in October, 1743, and was the means of making a useful change in my life and ways. At about this time my two brothers came together to visit us, in order to satisfy my mother's complaints that she was never so poor and, since my father died, was not ever considered. It seems that at this time she was, as she remained until death, a dissatisfied woman, although never without sufficient income. She was, I fear, born discontented, and could not help it; for happiness depends more on the internal frame of a person's mind than on the externals in this world.

While matters concerning the estate were being discussed, Lawrence soon discovered so much of my too great freedom that he and my half-brother Augustine insisted that I go to live for a time with the latter, near to whose abode was a good school. My mother wept and protested, but at last agreed, with impatience, that I might go if I wished to do so. Of this Lawrence felt secure, for he had promised me a horse for myself and clothes to come from London, especially a red coat. I have always had a fancy for being well clothed; and as I was less well dressed than other gentlemen's sons, the idea of a scarlet coat, and the promise of spurs when I had learned to ride better, settled my mind. I liked very well the great liberty I had, and to part with this and my playfellows I was not inclined; but I felt, as a boy does, that I was being made of importance, which pleases mankind at all times of life. I may say, also, that I was become more grave than most of my years, and was curious to see Williamsburg, where lived the king's governor, and something beyond our plantation.

I remember that George Fairfax insisted once that no action ever grew out of only one motive, and, as I see, there were several made me willing to leave my home. Thus when Lawrence talked to me of his wars, and of his friends the Fairfaxes, and of how I must also soon visit him at Mount Vernon, I readily agreed to his wishes. It was hard to part with Betty, who looked like me until I had the smallpox, and with my dear brother Jack; but I was eager, as the day came, to see the outside world, and I rode away very content, on a gray mare with one black fore foot, beside Augustine, and my man Peter after us.

It was a long ride across the neck and down to Pope's Creek on the Potomac, and I was a tired lad when we rode at evening up to the door of the house of Wakefield, where I was born eleven years before.

Here began a new life for me. Anne Aylett, Mrs. Augustine Washington, was a kind woman, very orderly in her ways, and handsome. After two days Peter was sent home, and I was allowed to ride alone to a Mr. Williams's school at Oak Grove, four miles away.

I took very easily to arithmetic, and, later, to mathematic studies. I remember with what pleasure and pride I accompanied Mr. Williams when he went to survey some meadows on Bridges' Creek. To discover that what could be learned at school might be turned to use in setting out the bounds of land, gave me the utmost satisfaction. I have always had this predilection for such knowledge as can be put to practical uses, and was never weary of tramping after my teacher, which much surprised my sister-in-law. I took less readily to geography and history. Some effort was made (but this was later) to instruct me in the rudiments of Latin, but it was not kept up, and a phrase or two I found wrote later in a copy-book is all that remains to me of that tongue.

I much regret that I never learned to spell very well or to write English with elegance. As the years went by, I improved as to both defects, through incessant care on my part and copying my letters over and over. Great skill in the use of language I have never possessed, but I have always been able to make my meaning so plain in what I wrote that no one could fail to understand what I desired to make known.

I have always been willing to confess my lack of early education, but notwithstanding have been better able to present my reasons on paper than by word of mouth. I am aware, as I have said, that, except in the chase or in battle, my mind moves slowly, but I am further satisfied that under peaceful circumstances my final

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capacity to judge and act is quite as good as that of men who, like General Hamilton, were my superiours in power to express themselves. I may add that I learned early to write a clear and very legible hand. As to spelling, my mother's was the worst I ever saw, and I believe King George was no better at it than I, his namesake. This just now reminds me that I may have been named after his grandfather, King George II, for George was not a family name, and, as we were very loyal people, it may have been so.

It was usual in those days to give to children names long in use in a family. John, Augustine, and Lawrence, for males, were repeated among us, and Mildred and Harriott; but I never heard of a George Washington before me, nor of any George in our descent, except my grandmother's grandfather, the Hon. George Reade of his Majesty's council in 1657. General Hamilton at one time interested himself in this matter, but I could make no satisfactory answer. I suppose my mother knew. I never thought to ask her. General Hamilton made merry over the idea of how much it would have gratified his present Majesty to have known of his grandfather being thus honoured.

Indeed, it pleased Mr. Duane, when maligning me, to call me Georgius Rex, but of this I apprehend that I have said enough. It is of no importance.

Outside of my school, the life at Wakefield was well suited to a lad of spirit. There were thirty horses in the stables, and some of them well bred and had won races at Williamsburg.

The waters of Pope's Creek, where the Potomac tides rush in at flood and out at ebb through a narrow outlet of the creek, were full of crabs, oysters, clams, and fish. One of the slaves, named Appleby after August's school, was engaged in the supply of fish, which the many negroes and the family needed. I think there were, at the least, seventy blacks. Being permitted to go on the water with Appleby, I found much satisfaction in sailing and rowing and the search for shell-fish. My brother August once surprised me by saying that some day the bottom of the Bay of Chesapeake would be a richer mine, on account of the oysters, than my brother Lawrence's iron-mines, by which we all set great store. This may some day come to pass. The quantities of shad took in April and May were enough to feed an army, and what we did not eat went to feed the land.

In the autumn I was sometimes allowed to sit with August in a wattled blind, behind brush, while at dawning of day he shot the ducks, geese, and swans which flew over the little islands of Pope's Creek in great flocks.

I prospered in this hardy life and grew strong and able to endure, nor was it less good for me in other ways; for, although I cared very little for August's fiddling, nor to hear Anne sing, nor for the books, of which there was a fair supply, I admired August so much that I began, as some lads will do, to imitate his ways of doing things. And this was of use to me, for August was very courteous and mild-spoken to people of all classes, and much beloved by his slaves, to whom he was a gentle and considerate master.

The country along the Potomac was well settled with families of gentry, and visits were made by rowboats, so that I found very soon boy companions, although Belvoir, where the Fairfaxes lived, and Mount Vernon, rebuilt in 1742, were less frequently visited, being remote.

The church at Oak Grove was the better attended, and few persons were presented or admonished for non-attendance, because on Sunday, as many drove long distances, provisions were brought, and in the oak grove near by, between services, there was a kind of picnic, very pleasant to the younger people.

Soon after going to live for a season at Wakefield with Augustine, I began to take myself more seriously than is common in boys of my age. I believe I have all my life been regarded as grave and reserved, although, in fact, a part of this was due to a certain shyness, which I never entirely overcame, and of which I have already written. My new schoolmaster, Mr. Williams, gave me a book which I still have, and which here, and later at Mount Vernon, was of use to me. It was called the "Youth's Companion." It contained receipts, directions for conduct and manners, how to write letters, and, what most pleased me, methods of surveying land by Gunter's rule, and all manner of problems in arithmetic and mathematics, as well as methods of writing deeds and conveyances. Young as I was, it suited well the practical

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side of my nature; for how to do things, and the doing of them so as to reach practical results, have never ceased to please me.

My mother's natural desire for my presence wore out the patience of Augustine, and I was at last, after some months (but I do not remember exactly how long), sent back to her and to a school kept by the Rev. James Marye, a gentleman of Huguenot descent, at Fredericksburg, and from whom I might have learned French. My father had been desirous, I know not why, that I should learn that language; but this I never did, to my regret. I should have been saved some calumny, as I shall mention, and later also inconvenience, when I had to deal with French officers during the great war. I had then to make use of Mr. Duponceau and of Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Wynne of my staff, but had been better served by G. W. had I known the French tongue.

I was at this time about fourteen, and was, as I said, a rather grave lad. I was industrious as to what I liked, but fond of horses and the chase, and was big of my years, masterful, and of more than common bodily strength.

I was not more unfortunate than most other young Virginians as to the matter of education. Governor Spottiswood, as I have heard, found no members of the majority in the House who could spell correctly or write so as to state clearly their grievances. There were persons, like the late Colonel Byrd, who were exceptions, but these were usually such as had been abroad. Patrick Henry, long after this time, observed to my sister that, even if we Virginians had little education, Mother Wit was better than Mother Country, for the gentlemen who came back brought home more vices than virtues. In fact, this may have been my father's opinion; for, although he sent Lawrence and Augustine to the Appleby School in England, he would not allow of any long residence in London, where, he said, "men's manners are finished, but so, too, are their virtues."

For a few months in the next year I spent about half of the time with my mother. While there I studied, as before, at the school kept by the Rev. Mr. Marye. The rest of the time was spent in the company of Lawrence and his lady at Mount Vernon.

Lawrence was a tall man, narrow-chested, and less vigorous than Augustine. He was, however, fond of the chase and fox-hunting, and had books in larger number than was usual among planters. I remember him as very pleasing in his ways, and possessed of a certain reserve and gravity of demeanour, which, as my sister Betty Lewis remarked, made his rare expressions of affection more valuable.

He seemed to me the finest gentleman I ever knew, and I took to imitating him as my model, as I had done August, which was at times matter for mirth to Anne, his wife. No doubt it seemed ridiculous, but it was, I do believe, of use to me.

As I write, I recall with unceasing gratitude the great debt I owe to my brother's care of me at this period of my life. I was encouraged when I was at Mount Vernon—as I was then for a time away from school—to keep up my studies, and I remember that I fell again with satisfaction upon the manual I just now spoke of. It is still in my possession, and my wife's children once made themselves uncommon merry over the ill-made pictures I drew on the blank pages; but it was of use to me as no other book ever was.

I was early made to understand that I must do something to support myself. The few acres on the river Rappahannock were not to be mine until I became of age, and until then were my mother's; indeed, I never took them from her. My brother disapproved of the easy, loose life of the younger sons of planters, and, of course, trade was not to be considered, nor to work as a clerk; and yet, without care, accuracy, and such business capacity as is needed by merchants, no man can hope to be successful, either as a planter or even in warfare.

Ever since I had been at Mr. Williams's school, I had a liking for the surveying of land, and had later been allowed to further inform myself by attending upon Mr. Genn, the official surveyor of Westmoreland, a man very honest and most accurate. Indeed, I had so well learned this business that I became, to my great joy, of use to Lawrence and some of his neighbours, especially to William Fairfax, who had at first much doubt as to how far my skill might be trusted.

Meanwhile various occupations for me

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were considered and discussed by my elders. The sea was less favoured in Virginia than at the North; but many captains of merchant ships were in those days, like my father, of the better class, and my brothers, who saw in me no great promise, believed that if I went to sea as a sailor I might be helped in time to a ship, and have my share in the prosperous London trade.

Like many boys, I inclined to this life. I remind myself of it here because it has been said that I was intended at this time to serve the king as a midshipman, which was never the case. Meanwhile,—for this was an affair long talked about,—my mother's brother, Joseph Ball, wrote to her from London, May 19, 1746, that the sea was a dog's life, and, unless a lad had great influence, was a poor affair, and the navy no better. Upon this my mother wrote, offering various trifling objections, and at last hurried to Mount Vernon, and so prevailed by her tears that my small chest was brought back to land from a ship in the river.

My brother Lawrence comforted me in my disappointment, saying there were many roads in life, and that only one had been barred. I remember that I burst into tears, when once I was alone, and rushed off to the stables and got a horse, and rode away at a great pace. This has always done me good, and, somehow, settled my mind; for I have never felt, as I believe a Latin writer said, that care sits behind a horseman. I jolted mine off, but for days would not have any one talk to me of the matter. Even as a lad, I had unwillingness to recur to a thing when once it was concluded, and that is so to this day.

The summer passed away in sport and in visits to William Fairfax, who lived below us on the river. Here I saw much good society, among others the Masons, Carys, and Lees, and formed an attachment to William Fairfax, the master of Belvoir, and his son George, which was never broken, although we came long after to differ in regard to our political views. But of this, and of his cousin, Lord Fairfax, more hereafter. In the fall of this year I returned to my mother, or rather, as before, I went to board across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, in the house of a widow of the name of Stevenson, which she pronounced Stinson. She had, by her two marriages, six sons, two of them Crawfords and four Stevensons. They were all well-grown fellows, and of great strength and bigness.

I am reminded, as I set down in a random way what interests me, that, as I expected, this act of attention brings to mind some things which I seemed to have altogether forgotten. Among them is this, that, just before returning to my school, I went with Lawrence to pay my respects to Lord Fairfax, who was come for a visit to his cousin at Belvoir. We found the family, however, in sudden distress at the news, just arrived, of the death in battle of Thomas, the second son, who was killed in the Indies, in an engagement on board his Majesty's ship *Harwich*. We made, on this account, but a short stay. I remember that, as we rode away, Lawrence said to me: "A great preacher called Jeremy Taylor wrote a sermon about death, and gave a long list of the many ways of dying. Which way, George, would you wish to die?" I said I did not wish to die at all.

Lawrence said: "But you will die some day. What way would you choose?" I said I thought to die in battle would be best, and I said this because I remembered with horror watching how my father died and how greatly he suffered.

Lawrence said: "The good preacher did not speak of that way to die." Now, as I write, being in years, it seems that not in that way shall I die, nor does it matter.

After this I went back to my mother, or rather to the town of Fredericksburg. I liked it the more because Colonel Harry Willis lived there. He married first my aunt Mildred, and second my cousin Mildred, so that I had about me many cousins, with also Warners and Thorntons of my kindred.

I was here fortunate in my teacher, of whom I have spoken before. This gentleman, the Rev. James Marye, was very different in his ways from some of the clergy put upon us by the Bishop of London, hard-drinking, ill-mannered men. Mr. Marye was got for St. George's parish, on a petition of the vestry to Governor Gooch. He was rector thirty years, and was succeeded by his son.

On Sunday, as was quite common in Virginia, the girls and boys were heard the catechism by the rector, and those who did well were rewarded from time to time

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—the girls with pincushions and the boys with trap-balls.

The sons of the widow in whose house I lodged during the week were, as I have said, rough, big fellows who damaged a great deal the pride I had in my strength, because among them, for the first time as concerned lads of near my years, I met my match in wrestling and jumping, and what we called the Indian hug. Almost all of them served under me in the war, and one, William Crawford, rose to be a colonel and perished miserably, being burned at Sandusky in the war with the Indians, after their cruel way.

The Rev. Mr. Marye concerned himself more than the ordinary schoolmaster with the manners of his scholars. I may have been inclined beyond most lads to value his rules of courtesy and decent behaviour, for I kept the book in which I was made to copy the one hundred and eighteen precepts he taught us. I conceive them to have been of service to me and to others. I find the mice have gnawed and eaten a part of these rules. When, of late, I showed them to my sister Betty, she said she hoped they would make the mice polite, for she was dreadfully afraid of those little vermin.

In this manner my next two years passed by. During this time I became still further attracted by the exactness and interest of the surveying of land, which I carried on without present thought of gain. I used to ride into the woods, and, leaving my horse tied, make use of Peter as a chain-bearer. Sometimes my cousins went with me, especially Lewis Willis, my schoolmate. But they soon grew tired and went to bird-nesting, or digging up of woodchucks, or to making the "praying-mantis" bugs fight one another. I never had much inclination towards games which had no distinct or lasting result. At any time I preferred for my play to fish or shoot, when allowed, or to measure lands and plot them.

Any work demanding strict method is good for a lad, and I found in surveys an education of value and one suited to my tastes, which never very much inclined to discover happiness in constant intercourse with my fellow-men, nor in much reading of books.

At the age of fifteen, in the fall of 1747, I went once more, for a time, to reside with Lawrence at Mount Vernon, where it was to be finally determined what I should do for a livelihood. As I look back on this period of my life, I perceive that it was the occasion of many changes. I saw much more of George William Fairfax and George Mason, ever since my friends, and was often with George's father, the master of Belvoir, only four miles from Mount Vernon.

There came often, for long visits, William's cousin, Lord Fairfax, over whose great estates in the valley William was the agent. I learned later that when first his lordship saw me he pronounced me to be a too sober little prig—and this, no doubt, I was; but after a time, when he came to overcome my shyness, he began to show such interest in me as flattered my pride and pleased my brother Lawrence. At this period Lord Fairfax was a tall man and gaunt, very ruddy and near-sighted.

It was natural that as a lad I should be pleased by the notice this gentleman, the only nobleman I had ever seen, began to take of me. My fondness for surveying he took more seriously than did my own people, and told me once it was a noble business, because it had to be truthful, and because it kept a man away from men and, especially, from women. I did not then understand what he meant, and did not think it proper to inquire.

I owed to this gentleman opportunities which led on to others, and to no one else have I been more indebted. I trust and believe that I let go no chance in after life to serve this admirable family.

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. In fact, much disaster has befallen these friends, from whom politics and distance have separated me without weakening my gratitude or affection.

It has often happened to me to learn that I am thought to be a cold man, but this I believe to be untrue; for though I am, as concerns social intercourse and freedom of speech, a man reserved by nature, I discover in myself a great freedom to express myself affectionately on paper—nor do I conceive that I am unlike others in feeling the loss of the many friends whom distance or death has separated from me. But I will not repine; I have had my day.

As my brother was aware of the advantage it might be to me to secure the good

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will of the Fairfaxes, I was encouraged to visit Belvoir often, and thus was given me the chance to be, when he chose, in the company of his lordship, who was at this time a frequent guest at Belvoir with his cousins, and now and then at Mount Vernon.

The company of these gentlemen was of much value to me, and in all ways useful. William Fairfax was a man of honour and great probity; also very courteous. He had seen service in both Indies, and had divers adventures in clearing the pirates out of New Providence, all of which I was delighted to hear of, and he to relate. He had lived as a collector of customs in the New England colonies, having taken a wife at Salem, and had a greater respect for them than was common in Virginia. Indeed, in those days our planters despised the men of the North as mere traders and Puritans, while they, in their turn, considered us godless, drunken, fox-hunting squires, out of which prejudices arose, during the great war, many jealousies and troubles, of which, God knows, there were enough without these.

At this time I was old enough to take an interest in what my elders said of the politics of the colonies. I was more and more surprised to hear how lightly they regarded the governor. I listened also to their complaints of the too frequent interference in affairs of which we knew much, and the advisers of the crown in England very little. They complained that enterprise was crippled on sea and land, and considered smuggling a just way to escape some of the grievous duties laid between the colonies. They felt it unjust that we must use none but British ships on the ocean, and be cut off from the natural channels of commerce, etc. I listened eagerly and wondered, as a boy would, why these great gentlemen, who seemed to me so powerful, should submit to such wrongs. They spoke also with anger of the way in which the colonies were being loaded with thieves and women of the worst class, sent out as convicts. Of the political convicts they spoke with pity, as indeed they might, for some of these were gentlemen of good families, and in later times, being freed, prospered in honourable conditions of life.

There were some singular matters combined with the condition of indentured servitude. Especially was I one day astonished to learn that at one time, but earlier than this, if the white master of an indentured man was fined and could not pay, the debt might be satisfied by the whipping of one of these bad or unfortunate servants.

Both Fairfaxes spoke with more freedom of the king than did my brothers. Perhaps they inherited some of the liberty of thought which made the famous earl of their name a rebel to the crown in the time of the Commonwealth; and yet, when, at a later day, we had even greater cause to rebel, they were, to my sorrow, loyal Tories.

I was not without younger friends, for to Belvoir came the Carlyles, cousins of the Fairfaxes from Alexandria, my own cousin Lawrence, with my dear cousin Robin Washington of Choptank, and many more, such as the Carys, Mrs. Fairfax's kindred, the Masons, and my sister Betty, a great favourite. But of all these people, the Lord Fairfax most affected my life, and indirectly prepared me for the career of a frontier officer. At this time he was fifty-nine years old. Although a heavy man, he was a fine horseman; and as I never was tired of the saddle, we were much engaged in the hunting of wild foxes, or, lacking these, of foxes bagged by the negroes and let loose for the sport. He was a man who disliked women, and avoided society, or was inclined to be silent in company; but with me he was a most lively companion, and would tell me of Oxford, and of having written papers in the "Spectator," which I had then begun to read. My sister Betty was inclined to be merry over his lordship's fancy to have me ride and hunt with him, saying that as I never talked except to answer questions, and his lordship talked only once a week, we were well matched. My brother Lawrence considered her wanting in respect, and that his lordship might be of much service to me. I could talk when occasion served, but I had been taught that it was for my elders to choose whether I should talk or not. There were times when his lordship was pleased to encourage me in the asking of questions, and at other times liked to puzzle me with matters beyond my years.

In this pleasant company of William Fairfax and his wife, and my friend George William, his son, I saw with profit some-

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thing of the ways and manners of persons of consideration, and, being by nature observant, profited accordingly. Indeed, the Lord Fairfax more than once commended the matter to my attention, saying that good and fitting manners to men of all classes would often obtain what could not be otherwise as easily had. I do not now recall the phrase he used, but, if I recollect, it was out of a letter written to Sir Philip Sidney by his father.

I find it curious to recall how at this time I appeared to others, and, concerning this, I have found a letter addressed by Lord Fairfax to my mother. In one of her sudden and often brief ambitions for me, she desired to know of his lordship whether it would not be well for me, like Mr. C—— and Colonel H——, to go to Oxford. When riding with the old gentleman the next day, he told me of her wish. I was surprised, but even then I knew she would, at the last minute, change her mind, and I said as much, with due respect. For a time he rode on in silence, and at last said: "Young man, this is your country; stay here. What do you want to do?" I said boldly I should like to be a surveyor and help in the settling and surveying of his lordship's lands in the valley. He said I was young to contend among hostile squatters, but he would talk with Lawrence of it. I heard no more of Oxford, and this is the answer he made my mother. It seems to me as I read this letter, after the lapse of forty-nine years, that what his lordship wrote was very near to the truth; nevertheless, it greatly displeased my mother. But she was always displeased with any one who did not agree with her, which, indeed, was hard to do, as sister Betty Lewis once said, because, whenever for peace you were on her side, you found that she had changed to the opposite opinion.

He wrote:

*Belvoir.*

HONOURED MADAM: You are so good as to ask what I think of a temporary residence for your son George in England. It is a country for which I myself have no inclination, and the gentlemen you mention are certainly renowned gamblers and rakes, which I should be sorry your son were exposed to, even if his means easily admitted of a residence in England. He is strong and hardy, and as good a master of a horse as any could desire. His education might have been bettered, but what he has is accurate and inclines him to much life out of doors. He is very grave for one of his age, and reserved in his intercourse; not a great talker at any time. His mind appears to me to act slowly, but, on the whole, to reach just conclusions, and he has an ardent wish to see the right of questions—what my friend Mr. Addison was pleased to call "the intellectual conscience." Method and exactness seem to be natural to George. He is, I suspect, beginning to feel the sap rising, being in the spring of life, and is getting ready to be the prey of your sex, wherefore may the Lord help him, and deliver him from the nets those spiders, called women, will cast for his ruin. I presume him to be truthful because he is exact. I wish I could say that he governs his temper. He is subject to attacks of anger on provocation, and sometimes without just cause; but as he is a reasonable person, time will cure him of this vice of nature, and in fact he is, in my judgment, a man who will go to school all his life and profit thereby.

I hope, madam, that you will find pleasure in what I have written, and will rest assured that I shall continue to interest myself in his fortunes.

Much honoured by your appeal to my judgment, I am, my dear madam, your obedient humble servant,

*Fairfax.*

To Mrs. Mary Washington.

My nephew Bushrod Washington, in arranging my papers, placed all my Fairfax letters in one packet, and thus it chances that lying next to this one is a letter from Bryan Fairfax, the brother of my older friend, written in 1778 from New York. I am pleased to find it here, and thus to be reminded of the vast changes through which time gives us opportunities. I had been able to stop the Whigs in New York from offensive attacks upon this gentleman, and on this he wrote:

There are times when favours conferred make a greater impression than at others; for, though I have received many, I hope I have not been unmindful of them; yet that, at a time your popularity was at the highest and mine at the lowest, and when it is so common for men's political resentments to run up so high against those who differ from them in opinion, you should act with your wonted kindness toward me, has affected me more than any favour I have received; and such conduct could not be believed by some in New York, it being above the run of common minds.

When Lord Fairfax died in his ninety-second year, my old comrade, this Bryan Fairfax, became the heir to his title, but

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I believe never allowed himself the use of it, and, becoming a clergyman of our church, is still thus engaged.

The finding of these two letters moved me more than common. Two matters are alluded to in his lordship's letter to my mother which, otherwise, I might not have reminded myself of, and yet one of them had an important influence on my life.

I had been told, of a Sunday morning, of a great flock of ducks, of the kind called canvasback, and much esteemed. It was against our habits to shoot on this day, but towards evening, the temptation being great, I went to the shore and was about to push off, when Peter, using the liberty of an old family servant, said I should make Mr. Fairfax and my brother, then like myself at Belvoir, angry if I went. When he held on to the prow to stay me, I suddenly lost my temper and struck him with an oar on the head. He fell down and lay in a sort of a shake. I thought he was killed, and had he been white I must surely have put an end to him; but the blacks have thick skulls, and presently he got up and staggered away, his head bleeding. I was both sorry and scared, for he would not wait when I called, but walked off to the quarters of the slaves.

I stood still a minute, and then went to the house and told Lawrence, and asked him to have the man looked after. Lawrence, being very angry, said: "This comes of your hot temper. Once our father nearly killed a man for a small matter, and that cured him; I hope this may cure you." I said nothing, and went to see if the man was badly hurt. Peter only laughed and said: "Master George, you hit mighty hard." I liked the man, and, although no one else spoke of the matter again, it had more effect on me than the many good resolutions I had written or made as to keeping my temper. I have rarely lost it completely since that time: once at Monmouth, once after Edmund Randolph's treachery, and once when General Knox, then of my cabinet, showed me a vile caricature of myself being guillotined.

Like other men, I have had my times of being irritable, but open anger is with me like to a tornado, and if I give way I am as is a ship in a storm when no anchors hold. General Hamilton, on one occasion, observed to me that there were some talents which it was good that men should know you to be possessed of, because once they were aware of this, you were not so apt to be called upon to use them, and this may be true of that rage of anger I now speak of. But I cannot think it a thing of value, nor of any real use; for if it follow another's actions, it can do no good, and there are better ways of showing disapprobation.

The other matter to which his lordship alludes is that I was, at this time, the victim of one of those attachments to a lady older than myself from which lads are apt to suffer. It was not the last, for in the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable matter. My fancy lasted for some months, but was cured at last by hard work and life in the saddle. It was full time that I got away from the easy hospitality of Belvoir and Mount Vernon. A masterful nature amid slaves is not so well situated as among scenes where he has to contend with those who can resist. Since I became a man I never approved of human slavery, and surely the worst thing ever done to the colonies was the act of England in forcing upon us an endurance of the trade in slaves. The evil results of this tyranny I do not propose to discuss fully, but sure I am that the continuance of this form of servitude will some day give rise to troubles. I find myself, however, inclined to believe that the habit of mastery, also the aristocratic turn which society acquired in Virginia, had a certain value in our war with the mother country. In Virginia the minor officers, such as captains, were of a higher class than their privates, and for this reason, and on account of being from youth upward accustomed to command obedience and exact discipline, were in this respect well fitted for warfare. In New England, especially, under more democratic circumstances, and also because there were few slaves, the officers, such as captains and lieutenants, were unused to control men who, being of their own class, acknowledged of late years no such differences of position as in Virginia, and were very insubordinate. I found in this state of things a serious obstacle to discipline when I first took command at Cambridge.

On the other hand, it is worthy of remark that no general officers of great distinction were of Southern birth. All of those on whom I learned to depend most largely

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were born in the North, or had lived long in the colonies north of Maryland. Of these were the generals Knox, Morgan, Wayne, Hamilton, Montgomery, Schuyler, Greene, and, alas! Arnold; and generally these were men who were not of the upper classes. This is a matter which I once had occasion to mention to Mr. Edmund Pendleton, who was of opinion that, as the first open warfare was at the North, and the first army there collected, it was natural that the early opportunities and high commissions should have fallen to men of the North. I was unable to deny this, but upon reflection it does not present to me a satisfactory explanation, since the actual war lasted seven years and afforded many chances to men of all sections. I find myself naturally drawn into these reflections by the events of my early life, but such interruptions are of no moment, because I am endeavouring, for my own satisfaction and with no thought of others, to consider rather how certain steps in life prepared me for larger tasks, than with a view to any connected narration.

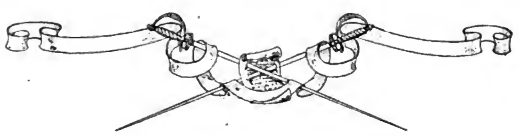
There lived near Mount Vernon at this time a man named Van Braam, a Dutchman, who, having served under my brother Lawrence at Cartagena, was used at times as a clerk. He was a slight, wiry little man, and dependent in those days on my brother's aid. He spoke French, but whether well or ill I was too ignorant to know; yet, because of his supposed knowledge, he came later to be the innocent means of getting himself and me into unpleasant difficulties. Like Lawrence, he was an accomplished swordsman; and I received from him lessons in the small sword, and became myself expert in this, as I have usually been in all exercise involving strength and accuracy, being more quick of body than of mind.

This talent of the sword was an accomplishment which I never had to use personally, nor have I ever been so unfortunate as to have needed it in the duel. Experience has proved that chance is often as much concerned in these encounters as bravery, and always more than the justice of the cause. I felt regret that my friend, General Cadwalader, should have exposed a valuable life to the pistol of a man like General Conway, especially since the real cause of the quarrel was, I am assured, language used by the latter which my friend knew I could not resent.

Indeed, in an affair like that of these two generals, it would have been reasonable to decide by lot which was wrong; for a farthing was tossed as to who should be first to fire, and both were good shots. Happily, my friend was fortunate, and the other, who had considered his honour wounded, was now in addition wounded in his tongue—the organ which made all the mischief.

This lamentable manner of settling disputes was the occasion, while we lay at the Valley Forge, of our losing valuable officers. I have always discouraged it. Many of the duels in the war might have been avoided by the help of judicious friends. When Captain Paul Jones desired to call out Mr. Arthur Lee, I dissuaded him from asking my friends, the two C——s, to be his advisers, on account of the too pugnacious tendencies of these gentlemen of Welsh blood.

(To be continued)



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# HISTORY BY CAMERA

## WITH EXAMPLES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS FROM THE EXHIBIT TO BE MADE IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION OF THE WORK OF SIR BENJAMIN STONE

BY GEORGE F. PARKER

Formerly United States Consul in Birmingham

DURING the coming summer and autumn there will be on view, in a room thirty-four feet square, assigned to them alone, in the Liberal Arts Building at St. Louis, a collection of three hundred beautifully executed photographs, the work of Sir John Benjamin Stone, M.P., of The Grange, Erdington, a town near Birmingham. They comprise, of themselves, one third of the British official exhibit in photography, and have been chosen from the most complete and varied collection ever made by any photographer not a professional.

They are not snap-shots, taken at random in the course of vague or idle tours, but careful, studied exposures which give a large and accurate knowledge of the history, politics, antiquities, social life, customs, and traditions of Great Britain.

In this, as in the almost numberless scientific researches in which, during all his mature years, Sir Benjamin has been engaged, the commercial side has been entirely absent. His studies have been pursued for pure love of knowledge, his own amusement, or the instruction of his friends and the public.

The bent of his mind was revealed when, at sixteen, he found a rare fossil. From that time geology became a pursuit never entirely satisfied either by the study of books or by delving in the earth. He became, also, a recognized expert in diamonds and other precious stones, and even as recently as 1895 he was asked, while on a visit to South Africa, to examine and report upon the celebrated diamond deposits at Kimberley. In 1891 he visited Japan and made exhaustive studies and elaborate reports of the great earthquakes at Bandai San and on the island of Oshima.

He has made himself an expert in botany, has kept up his microscopic research, knows the mysteries of spectrum analysis, and has done deep-sea dredging in the waters about Japan. In 1892 he went to Brazil, at his own cost, to observe and photograph the total eclipse of the sun, and later to Cape Town to acquaint himself with what Sir David Gill had done in the photographing of the invisible stars. In 1895 he entered Parliament as one of the members for Birmingham.

In the early seventies Sir Benjamin became interested in photography. As he proceeded, he began to collect photographs of the costumes, manners, and customs of the people in uncivilized or outlying countries or islands, then less well known than now, and in due time employed a professional photographer to carry out his projects. As early as 1889, however, he took his camera on his trips through England, and traveled through Norway and Sweden in 1890. In



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1891 he went to China, Japan, and the Malay Archipelago, a journey which was succeeded in the following year by one to Brazil, in the course of which he ascended the Amazon a thousand miles to the Rio Negro.

Finding himself in Parliament, it soon became evident that this was to be the open sesame to opportunity. Despite late sittings in Parliament, there were early morning visits to interesting and semi-public places where no photographer had ever before been admitted. Then one after another came the studies of customs, some of them reaching back in unbroken succession to pagan times.

No one man, whatever his energy or opportunity, could do all the necessary work. Upon his initiative and by his efforts, the Photographic Survey was first organized in Warwickshire, his own county, which was divided up and allotted to different persons. County and neighborhood exhibitions were held, and the coöperation of the great reference libraries was secured. Other counties imitated the example until the entire work was well under way. Then, as a finishing stroke, the National Survey was organized, and the British Museum undertook to house, arrange, and exhibit the photographs to be chosen for this purpose by the new organization, with Sir Benjamin as its president.

Sir Benjamin's entire collection now numbers between twenty-five and thirty thousand, of which from ten to twelve thousand are from negatives taken by himself.

Concerning photographic work Sir Benjamin has written:

> Of the vast number of photographs which are daily brought into existence, extremely few will be of any value even within the short limit of a single generation hence. All silver prints are fleeting, whilst bad workmanship and indifferent chemicals bring with them sure and early decay. Well-finished bromide prints have a longer life, and carbon and platinotype may be called permanent. The latter, in my opinion, is the best of all processes, for reasons which it would be too technical to enter into here. They may be held to last as long as the paper upon which they are printed, and, as this is selected by paper-makers from the best raw materials and is free from bleach and other chemicals, presumably its products will compete with any other paper documents for a time-existence.

In addition to the several processes mentioned or implied, there is another, and, it may be contended, the best form of permanently recording photographic results, that is, in printers' ink, by one or other of the many reproducing processes. There is, however, a great deal yet to be accomplished in this direction before perfection is reached. In order to obtain illustrations and to meet the demand, all kinds of tricks and devices are resorted to. Tenth-rate negatives are doctored, better ones are altered, and two or more are used for "double" printing; absent friends are suitably introduced in a picture, and when, by good fortune, faithful history has not been recorded in a photograph, a black-and-white picture is painted to look like one, and this is copied by photograph process and passed for the genuine production of the camera.

But this is not the whole of the misfortune attaching to such "records." Usually the paper used is the merest rubbish and carries in itself the elements of early decay. What with phosphates, bleaches, and other chemicals used in making the wood-pulp papers for modern newspaper and book-making enterprise, it will be wonderful indeed if, centuries hence, any of our modern literature shall survive. Worse than all this, however, is the "making up" of such materials with clay and other minerals, which scarcely allow the small amount of fibrous material they contain to hold together, notwithstanding the bright, glossy, and admirable picture-printing surface presented to the eye.

Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, I am certain, from experiments I have myself made, that the possibilities of reproductive methods are great and almost incalculable. They are no doubt costly, but, with good paper, the best processes, the absence of all tampering with negatives or prints, and the highest excellence in printing, I feel sure that in no way can history be so faithfully preserved for future generations.

### OLD BRITISH CUSTOMS, FESTIVALS, AND CEREMONIALS

It remains to describe some of those ancient customs, ceremonies, and festivals of Great Britain which will be illustrated at St. Louis by more than a hundred photographs. In some instances these are so elaborate that in order fairly to illustrate them it has been necessary to use from six to twelve pictures. Sir Benjamin has gone to all the writings in which reference is made to these customs or games, and the following descriptions are taken from his full notes.

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### MAY-DAY FESTIVAL IN KNUTSFORD, CHESHIRE

THIS is the most distinctive celebration known to the present time of the old May-day festival, which, in one form or another, has been kept since the early Roman period.

### SANDING IN KNUTSFORD, CHESHIRE

ALTHOUGH now celebrated on May-day, because this is the most conspicuous local festival, the custom of sanding the streets has no direct relation to it. Early in the eighteenth century, the Chapel of Ease in the Lower street had a small tinkling, cracked bell, the tones of which jarred on the joyous feelings of the community, but specially upon those of a bride called to her wedding. So, in order to obviate this, the plan was adopted of announcing such a ceremony by sweeping the street before the door of the bride's father's house and sprinkling it with sand. Later, the same process was extended to the houses of her friends, so that everything in the village was made clean and bright.

### THE CORBY POLE FAIR

IN order to commemorate a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1585, and confirmed by Charles II in 1682, the people of Corby, in Northamptonshire, held on May 19, 1902, the Pole Fair, a ceremony celebrated only once in twenty years. The parishioners had been preparing several months for this event. Two sets of stocks were set up, arches erected at entrances and station, the village streets ornamented with bunting and flags, and the houses of leading residents decorated. Visitors coming through the station or other entrances passed under archways of evergreens or flowers, each paying a toll to the keepers. The fair was proclaimed at a quarter past four on Whit-Monday morning, after which, headed by a band, a procession was formed, the leaders among the organizers being seated in chairs placed on poles, and carried round the village. At the principal entrances and at the stocks a halt was made, when the ancient charter was duly read. This done, the gentlemen who had been carried with so much of ceremony and respect were put into the stocks, from which they were not liberated until they had paid toll. The visitors were then seized by the carriers, mounted on poles, and borne away to the stocks. Each victim, while undergoing punishment, was entitled to a mug of beer duly served out by an official whose duty this was.

The pole, known as a "stang," is borne by two persons. Even as late as 1862, resort was had to it, while the punishment known as "riding the stang" was formerly used in the north of England when a husband beat his wife or permitted himself to be henpecked, or when either party to a marriage was known to be unfaithful. The victim was ridden astride of the pole, from which the rude pioneer American custom of "riding on a rail" is perhaps a survival. In the south of England it was called "rough music," and the ceremony was accompanied by the discordant sounds formerly part of a charivari to a newly married couple.

### QUINTAIN

THIS game survives only in the village of Offham Green in Kent. It is so named from an instrument used in tilting on horseback with the lance. It consisted of an upright post, surmounted by a cross-bar turning on a pivot, which had at one end a flat board and at the other a bag of sand. The object of the tilter was to strike the board at such a rate of speed that he would be past and out of the way before the bag of sand, as it whirled round, could hit him in the back. It was not a national game, but was used in local fairs.

### THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD

THE Eisteddfod, or "The Session of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," which meets annually in August, is known to have been held in Wales before the Norman Conquest. Prizes are offered for compositions in poetry, art, or literature, after proclamation for a year and a day has been made by a meeting of the bards. It is customary to hold this meeting in an open and well-known spot covered with turf. A circle of stones is made, outside of which three other stones are erected, over which, from the center, the rising sun can be seen on the solstices and the equinoxes. An additional circle of nineteen stones is then erected, outside the first one, strictly in accordance with ancient plans. The Archdruid, upon arrival

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From a photograph

SIR BENJAMIN STONE, M.P.

at the circle, is presented with a bouquet of plants in a horn, which gift is supplemented by others of meal, mead, fruits, etc., symbolizing welcome. After prayer, he calls the roll of the bards from the earliest times, after which the ceremony of swords is performed. In ancient times the bardic circle was not to be broken by armed men, so a ceremony symbolic of a truce was performed. The Archdruid holds a half-sheathed sword in his hands, and, while the attendant bards touch the hilt and the scabbard, he cries out three times in Welsh, "Is it peace?" to which the answer is thrice returned, "It is peace." The sword is then sheathed, speeches are made, and poems recited.

### TYNWALD DAY IN THE ISLE OF MAN

Among the Norse people it was the custom to read and proclaim the laws once a year. It survived longer in Iceland than in any of the larger of these countries, but even there it has been abandoned, leaving the "little Manx nation" the only one to preserve it.



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On old Midsummer day, July 5, the governor goes in military state to the Church of St. John, near the famous Tynwald Hill, where he is duly received by the bishop, the clergy, the keys, deemsters, coroners, and people. After the church service, all march to the mound, the sword of state being borne before them. The deemsters recite the acts of Tynwald, after which all enter into church again to sign and attest the laws. As these were handed down orally from deemster to deemster, this ceremony was a necessity until the second Earl of Derby induced Manxmen to have their laws committed to writing.

The oath of the deemster as judge is as quaint as the custom of which it still forms a part. It runs as follows: "By this book and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect or favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly between our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

### THE GUY FAWKES SEARCH

EARLY in the morning of the day upon which Parliament is to meet, generally in February, a body of the Yeomen of the Guard, who are the King's body-guard outside the Tower, with halberds in one hand and lighted lanterns in the other, go in procession through the lower stone passages of the Parliament building, returning through the House of Commons and the House of Lords to their first rendezvous. After the party has completed its labors, it is entertained at a neighboring house with bread, cheese, and beer by an old family named Bellamy, whose ancestors, in the days when the "search" had its beginning, supplied refreshment to members of Parliament.



THE ANCIENT CUSTOMS OF CORBY POLE FAIR: PUBLIC OFFICIALS PLACED IN THE STOCKS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

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THE "GUY FAWKES" SEARCH-PARTY ON THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, 1903

### THE COURT OF ARRAY AT LICHFIELD

In early times many acts of Parliament were passed calling upon towns and citizens to arm themselves for defense, a special law, enacted in the reign of Philip and Mary, specifying what arms were to be provided. Justices of the peace were empowered to make inspections from time to time. They were "to take view of armor," and to assign what harness and armor should be provided to carry out this act. In accordance with this regulation, the city of Lichfield was instituted a Court of Array and View of Arms, and the ceremonies incident to the annual inspection are still held there, probably the only survival of this quaint custom. By law they were held on Whit-Monday, but in 1903 adjournment was had to the first day of June. All the antique forms of opening and closing the court are observed, and certain of the younger citizens don the armor, which, owing to physical changes, is now too small for the average man.

### THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MOP

The word "mop" is often referred to such a simple origin as the sale at county fairs of the household utensil bearing that name. However this may be, it now means a hiring fair, of which several are still to be found in the midland counties. Here, for time out of mind, men-servants and maid-servants had come to engage themselves for the ensuing year. The men wore whip-cords in their coats, or carried straws in their mouths, to show that they were free and open to engagements, while the women stood in rows to negotiate with masters or mistresses. The best known of the survivors of these ancient fairs is that at Stratford-on-Avon, held each year during the second week in October. Its original purpose has been almost wholly abandoned, its chief surviving feature being the barbecue, in which oxen and swine are roasted whole.

### THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

The last beheading in the Tower was in 1746, so that the office of public executioner, which is still maintained, has ceased to be onerous. It is now conferred upon the most esteemed of the warders. On



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DISPLAY OF THE ANCIENT CHAIN-ARMOR, PRESERVED BY THE CITY OF LICHFIELD, AT THE "COURT OF ARRAY"—AN ANNUAL CEREMONY

certain ceremonial occasions he carries the execution ax, which is carefully kept in the office of the lieutenant of the Tower. In early days, when a prisoner was conveyed down the river to Westminster Hall for trial, the executioner carried the ax with its edge turned away from the prisoner. On the return to the Tower, the edge was still turned away if the accused had been acquitted; but if he had been condemned and sentenced to death, the edge was turned toward him. By this means the people along the river learned his fate.

### LOCKING THE GATES OF THE TOWER

THROUGHOUT the long reign of the late Queen the following ceremony took place every night at the time of locking the Tower gates: The Yeoman porter, with an escort from the Guard, proceeded to lock the gates. When he returned with the keys, the sentry at the guard-room challenged:

"Who comes there?"

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

The Yeoman porter then placed himself in front of the Guard, the Guard presented arms, the Yeoman porter said, "God preserve Queen Victoria!" and the whole Guard answered, "Amen!"

The keys were then carried by the Yeoman porter to the Queen's house, to be delivered into the charge of the officer of the Tower in command. This ancient ceremony has been performed nightly without intermission since Edward III's reign, as is confirmed by entries in the Tower books.

### BEATING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE LIBERTIES OF THE TOWER

THIS is a picturesque and historic function, in which all who reside within the boundaries of the Tower take part. It is held in May of every third year.

### HELSTON "FURRY DAY"

THIS is a flower-festival celebrated on the 8th of May of each year at the village of



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Helston in Cornwall. With music the townsmen troop through the village, and if they find any person at work, he is haled down to the river and bidden to leap across. They demand and secure a holiday for the school-children, and at noon go "fadding" into the country, whence they return with oak branches and flowers in their hats and caps. While the daylight remains, they dance, hand in hand, down the street and through any house, in at one door and out at another. After dark they continue their festivities indoors.

PANCAKE-TOSSING AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

In the days when Lent was rigorously observed it was customary to use up all the dripping and lard on hand in making pancakes to celebrate the resumption of the usual fare after forty days. This survives in Westminster School, when, on Shrove Tuesday, the cook, bearing the frying-pan with a pancake, is conducted by a verger from the college kitchen to the great school-room, where all the boys are gathered. The cook tries to toss the pancake over an iron bar which runs across the room near the ceiling. If it goes over, the boys make a rush to catch it without breaking it, the successful boy being paid a guinea, with due ceremony, by the Dean of Westminster, who also gives the cook ten shillings for his dexterity in throwing it.

THE HORN DANCE AT ABBOTS BROMLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE

This is a festival commemorating the granting of the "Charta de Foresta," under which vast tracts unjustly devoted to forests were restored to the people, and the punishments for offenses against the amended laws were somewhat mitigated, mutilation and death being forbidden. It is still celebrated at Abbots Bromley. The horns are those of reindeer, although why this should be so is not susceptible of explanation. They are preserved year after year in the



LOCKING THE GATES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON AT MIDNIGHT. THE CLOSING SCENE: "GOD PRESERVE QUEEN VICTORIA"

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BEATING THE BOUNDARIES OF THE LIBERTIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, MAY 24, 1900

tower of the church. The vicar takes a lively interest in the festivities, the villagers enter into the spirit of the holiday, and on that September day absent natives visit their birthplace. There is no certainty as to when it was instituted, but it is known that the ceremonies are the same now as when they were first described two hundred years ago.

### THE TRIBUTE OF WROTH-MONEY AT KNIGHTLOW HILL, WARWICKSHIRE

In the days when the tillers of the soil were bound to military service, many privileges, which finally became rights, were compounded by the payment of a small annual tribute. Among these, the owners of lands in Warwickshire, now held by the Duke of Buccleugh, made certain concessions in respect to the pasturage of cattle. This was called "wroth-money," and means cattle tribute-money. According to the ancient charter, the tribute-money must be paid at Knightlow Hill half an hour before sunrise on St. Martin's day. The agent reads out the names of the parishes and hamlets and the amounts due, which range from one penny to something over two shillings, which their representatives deposit in the hollow of a large stone, once the base of a wayside cross. This solemn ceremony concluded, the company adjourns to the neighboring inn, where a breakfast at the duke's cost is given the assembled contributors.

### DRESSING THE WELLS AT TISSINGTON, DERBYSHIRE

As the pure water supplied at Tissington has been inexhaustible for centuries, a day is set apart for decorating the wells and rendering thanks for the blessings vouchsafed to the inhabitants. For some time before Ascension day, the inhabitants busy themselves in scouring the country for flowers with which to decorate the frames that, in the form of grotto, temple, or chapel, have been erected over each of the five wells. The whole festival is religious in character. To look at the wells before going to church is a serious offense against hallowed traditions.



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### THE WAX EFFIGIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

It was formerly the custom at the funeral of a great man to dress up an effigy representing him while in life, and then to carry it before his hearse to the grave. After the burial it was set up in the church, sometimes under a temporary monument, to which a laudatory poem or an epitaph was affixed. The royal effigies in the Abbey can be traced back to the fourteenth century, but the oldest original one is that of Charles II.

### MISCELLANEOUS CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIALS

Among others of interest are "Garland day," on old May-day, at Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire, the survival of an ancient festival of Neptune; the festival of "pipe music" held in Aberdeen during the autumn; the ritual of the "pynours" at Aberdeen, a body of laborers, corresponding to the term "longshoremen," who commemorate in the autumn customs known to have been in vogue since the fourteenth century, and perhaps long before, thus making it, no doubt, the oldest of continuous trade-unions; the custom at St. Bartholomew's Church in London, on Good Friday, of twenty-one widows picking up sixpences from the tombstone of the founder of a charity with this peculiar feature; and the ceremony of "clipping the church" at Painswick in Gloucestershire. In brief, every photograph in the collection throws a strong light upon some feature in the life of humanity, and is of deep interest in the only half-written, ill-understood history of institutions.



THE ANCIENT HORN DANCE AT ABBOTS BROMLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE

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TOLSTOI AT TWENTY-NINE, AS AN OFFICER IN THE CRIMEAN WAR

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

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# UNHAPPY KOREA

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN, D.D.

Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, author of "The New Era in the Philippines"

UNHAPPY Korea is having a hard time between the conflicting ambitions of powerful Russia and Japan. For the Koreans it is a case of "under which king, Bezonian?" Too weak to be independent, and with subjugation to a foreign nation inevitable, the outlook is not cheering.

Still, the future under either Japanese or Russian domination can hardly be worse than the present. The government lacks the moral fiber needed at such a critical time, and official corruption is well-nigh absolute. The people are taxed beyond all reason. Any man suspected of having property is in danger of being thrown into a filthy prison on some trumped-up charge and held or perhaps tortured until he disgorges. Offices are sold to the highest bidder, or given to dissipated favorites, who divide the proceeds. The courts give no redress, for the plunderer himself is usually both judge and jury. So rotten is the entire system that one marvels that the nation has not fallen to pieces before this. Only the stolid apathy of the Asiatic and the rival claims of foreign powers have held it together at all.

The financial problem is as bad as the political. Oppression and robbery destroy all incentive to accumulate property. A man has no motive to toil when he knows that an additional ox or a better house would probably simply result in a "squeeze" from some lynx-eyed potentate. So he raises only a little rice and devotes the remainder of his time to resting.

The introduction of foreign goods is making the situation worse instead of better. The Koreans formerly grew their own cotton, and wove from it on hand-looms the cloth for the ubiquitous flowing white garment of the common people, while the silk worn by the better classes was also produced at home. Now English cotton and Japanese silk are flooding the country, and the indolent people find it easier to buy them than to make their own. In like manner they are buying other foreign goods —pipes, tobacco, lamps, and more and more of the utensils which they used to manufacture for themselves. But they have nothing to export to balance these imports. They are not an energetic or a manufacturing people like the Japanese. There are some mines and forests, but concessions to work the one and cut the other have been granted to American, British, and Russian companies, and the product goes to foreign owners, while the price of the concession is squandered by corrupt officials. Thus Korea is being drained of her money.

The condition of the country is reflected in the chaotic state of the currency, which is enough to give a foreigner nervous prostration. It is of two kinds, Korean and Japanese. The Korean coins are a large copper one, called a cash, with a square hole in the middle, and considered as one cash in the country and five cash in Seoul, but having the same purchasing power in both city and country; a smaller copper coin of the same value; a one-cent piece, also copper, and worth five country cash and twenty-five Seoul cash; and a five-cent nickel piece worth twenty-five country cash and a hundred and twenty-five Seoul cash. Many commodities, however, are estimated by the yang, which is supposed to be one hundred cash of either kind. There is no Korean coin larger than the five-cent piece, and at the present rate of exchange one hundred cents Korean are worth thirty-seven cents gold.

The Japanese pieces in circulation are a halfpenny, a penny, and a two-cent piece, all copper; a five-cent nickel piece, twenty- and fifty-cent silver pieces, a dollar



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A KOREAN VILLAGE

MOURNER'S COSTUME

THE WHITE BUDDHA, NEAR SEOUL

A MISSIONARY'S SUMMER VILLA

A KOREAN BLACKSMITH

Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs

in both silver and paper, and five-, ten- and twenty-dollar pieces in both paper and gold, though the last mentioned is so far beyond the range of ordinary transactions that one is almost as helpless with it as if he had nothing at all. The gold value of all Japanese currency is one half its face value; that is, the dollar, or yen, as it is called, is equal to fifty cents gold. But when I traveled among the country villages I found that no bills of any denomination were accepted. "How can a piece of paper be worth anything?" queried the simple-minded villagers. So we had to take a supply of copper cash which nearly loaded a donkey. Silver, however, was readily accepted, and was so eagerly desired that, in Pieng Yang, I had to pay two and a half per cent. premium to get a supply of dollars. But when I returned to Chemulpho



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the railway officials preferred bills, and would take my silver yen pieces only at ten per cent. discount, while in Seoul the Japanese bank accepted them at ninety-seven cents each. Sometime before I die I hope to have leisure to figure out just what my expenses in Korea really were.

The general poverty appears in the architecture. In the more pretentious buildings, as in the imperial palace and the yamens of the governors and magistrates, it follows Chinese lines. But however wonderful they may be in the eyes of a Korean, to a foreigner they are humble enough. Many a country merchant in America lives in a better house than does the Emperor of Korea, while hundreds of stables at home are as attractive as the official residence of the governor of a province. The buildings are not only plain, but dilapidated in appearance. It never occurs to a Korean to make repairs, and so on every side and even in palaces and temples one sees crumbling walls and dirty courtyards. The houses of the people are usually a rude but strong framework of poles,—always crooked, for straight trees are rare,—with walls of millet stalks, fastened together with straw ropes and plastered with mud. The roofs in cities are covered with ponderous curved tiles, but in the villages they are thickly thatched with rice straw. The doors and windows, if there are any, are covered with tough paper, which admits a dim light but no air. The floor is of dirt, covered with oiled paper and matting. Under the floor are trenches which serve as flues for the cooking-fire in a separate room. There are no beds in Korea, and the unhappy traveler who has failed to bring a cot must sleep, as the natives do, on the floor, half broiled by the heat and plentifully bitten by the swarming vermin.

The prevailing wretchedness is so great and the impoverishment of the land so hopelessly increasing that one wonders how long human nature can endure such a state of society. Anglo-Saxons would not tolerate it a month. But these Oriental grown-up children eat their rice and take their hard lot as easily as they can, while the Emperor borrows and the officials filch to keep up appearances. Few of the higher classes appeared to discern the coming storm, and those who did shrugged their shoulders in the spirit of "after us the deluge."

Our American treaties, except in the "most favored nation clause," do not recognize the right of Americans to reside permanently or to own property outside of the places which have been formally opened to trade. But by Article IV, Section 6, of the treaty with England, it is stipulated that "British subjects are also authorized to travel in Korea for pleasure, or for purpose of trade to transport and sell goods of all kinds, except books and other printed matter disapproved by the Korean government, and to purchase native produce in all parts of the country, under passports which will be issued by their consuls and countersigned or sealed by the Korean local authorities. These passports, if demanded, must be produced for examination in the districts passed through." Violation of this provision involves a penalty of one hundred dollars. The most favored nation clause, of course, extended this privilege to Americans. But as recently as 1890 an American desiring to travel in the interior could secure a passport only by taking oath that he would not proselyte, and that his object was simply travel and study. France, however, obtained a more liberal treaty, and our United States minister, by taking advantage of the ever-convenient most favored nation clause, secured release from this oath for American citizens and the right to reside wherever any other foreigners reside. As the Japanese are ubiquitous in the Land of the Morning Calm, as they boldly acquire property wherever they please, and as Korea does not attempt to expel them, that old stand-by, the most favored nation clause, enables us to claim for Americans the toleration which is perforce accorded the belligerent Japanese. Korea, therefore, is virtually an open country. There is no serious probability that our present privilege of free residence and ownership will be curtailed. Korea can never again be a hermit nation.

But whatever may be thought of the official classes, we should not fail to do justice to the many good qualities of the Korean people. They are undoubtedly a weaker race than the Japanese and Chinese; but the weakness is chiefly the result of subjection to foreign domination and of despairing acquiescence in misgovernment

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and oppression. The superior power of neighboring nations has taught them dependence. The cruel exactions of tax-gatherers have fostered deceit, and the certainty that they would not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of toil has naturally begotten indolence. But the Koreans are not lacking in intelligence, and with a good government and a fair chance they would develop into a fine people.

The anti-foreign feeling is far less strong than in China. True, only a generation ago (1866) there was a furious anti-foreign outbreak, and about twenty thousand Roman Catholic Christians were killed. But now the overt dislike of foreigners is virtually confined to a few officials and the old conservative Confucian scholar class, which is naturally more or less sullen under the spread of new ideas. The attempt to create an anti-foreign crusade in the winter of 1900–1 resulted in an inglorious fiasco. There was, indeed, a temporary commotion when it was discovered that, on November 20, 1900, a secret circular edict had been issued ordering an uprising against foreigners on the 6th of December following. Even in the most peaceable of civilized lands there are lawless characters who are ready for violence, and Americans who recall the readiness with which a mob forms in our own cities will understand how easily trouble might have followed such an edict in Korea. But our always alert and efficient representative in Seoul, the Hon. Horace N. Allen, took such prompt and decisive measures that the plot resulted in "nothing more than a palace intrigue" by two corrupt schemers. Soon afterward (March 18, 1901) one of them, the notorious Kim Yung Chun, was executed.

And yet trouble is always a possibility in an Oriental country. Extortion and misgovernment will occasionally goad even a patient people to deeds of unreasoning fury, and when they once begin to "run amuck" they are not apt to distinguish between friend and foe. For example, in 1901, because the Roman Catholic priests of Quelpart allowed some of the convents to serve as collectors of the increased taxes, the populace arose in a frenzy and murdered the whole Christian community. The ringleaders were being tried during my visit.

Of animosity toward the foreigner as such there is very little. On the contrary, the Koreans look to the foreigner for help. I had some opportunity to test the feeling of the people, for I not only visited the cities of Fusan, Chemulpho, Seoul, and Pieng Yang, but I made a journey of three hundred and fifty miles through the interior in chairs, on ponies, and afoot. We passed through scores of villages far from the beaten track of travel, ate in native huts and slept in native inns, with our luggage and supplies piled in the open courtyard. The people manifested great curiosity, following us in crowds through the streets, forming a solid wall of humanity about us at every step, and peering at us through every door, window, and crevice. But not once was the slightest insolence shown, and not a penny's worth was stolen on all that trip. Everywhere we were treated respectfully and with a kindly hospitality which quite won our hearts. The best that a village afforded was gladly placed at our disposal, and while prices were never excessive, in several places the people refused to receive any compensation whatever. We usually sent word ahead, so that accommodations might be ready for us, and whenever we did so, groups would walk out several miles to meet us, sometimes in a heavy rain. The invariable salutation was a smiling inquiry, "Have you come in peace?" and when we left, the people would escort us some distance on our way, and then politely bid us good-by in the words, "May you go in the peace of God!"

As I journeyed through the country, facing crowds of Christians from Fusan to Pieng Yang, it was difficult to realize that Protestant missions in Korea date only from 1884 and that the nearly twenty-five thousand communicants and adherents in the Pieng Yang field alone began with the baptism of several men in January, 1894. "Will it be permanent?" some in other lands are asking. Well, I can only say that the present signs of permanence are as manifest as in any other mission I visited, and that I do not see any adequate reason for our joining the prophets of evil who falsely allege that all missionary effort is a failure. I do not wonder that Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, after her journey through Asia, said that the mission work in Korea was the most impressive she saw in any part of the world.

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# KOREA, THE BONE OF CONTENTION

BY HOMER B. HULBERT

Editor of the "Korea Review" of Seoul

NOTHING encourages the study of geography like war. It was in 1871 that Americans began to look up Korea on the map, for at that time we were at war with her; but there was only one battle, and in that battle only one man was killed—on our side. So the geographies were soon put back on the shelf. In 1894 Korea again came to the front, but the Chinese fled so precipitately before the Japanese that before the geographies were fairly open the tide of war swept across the Yalu and left Korea again the "Land of Morning Calm." And now again in this year of grace she is to be made, though much against her will, the chess-board for another game. In 1228 she was swept from north to south by the Mongols in their effort to get at the Japanese. In 1592 she was swept from south to north by the Japanese in their effort to get at the Chinese. She has been verily the pathway of nations, trodden of every foot.

To be quarreled over brings a certain modicum of fame, but to-day the Korean people wish that they were again a Hermit People, secure in the possession of their tight little kingdom. Their sole wish is to be let alone. Entrance into the family of treaty powers laid them open to competition with the feverish enterprise of the Japanese on the one side and the tireless thrift of the Chinese on the other; and between the two the good old days of Korea are gone forever. Time was when rice was so abundant in this country that travelers on the road ate free of cost at any house. Now the rice is exported, and in the spring the people pull up their barley sprouts to eat the roots. And yet, hard as the conditions are, it was inevitable that Korea should pass through the ordeal. The competition will develop greater energy and thrift in the Korean people themselves, and finally result in a strong and enlightened nation.

What does Japan want of Korea and what does Russia want of her? The interests of these two powers in the peninsula are quite different. Japan demands that Korea shall have a clean and enlightened government which will lead the people to a peaceful development of the resources of the country. It demands a good monetary system, a good police system, a good system of taxation. All these things will benefit Japanese trade in Korea and at the same time will be of equal value to the Korean people themselves. These conditions are the only ones that will help Korea tide over the transition period and finally become a genuinely civilized power. Russia, on the other hand, cares nothing about reform in Korea. The stronger and the cleaner the government of Korea becomes, the greater obstacle she will be in the way of Russia's ambitions. It is not Korean trade or Korean development or Korean welfare that Russia wants, but Korea herself. Japan has not demanded a port in Korea which she can arm and in which she can intrench herself, but the whole Russian press is evidence that this is what Russia wants, and the whole trend of her policy in the far East during the last century confirms it.

The matter is summed up in the one statement that Japanese demands in Korea



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lie parallel with the interests of the Korean people, while Russian aspirations are directly opposed to them. Take one glaring instance. Japan secured a concession for building a railway from Fusan to Seoul. This will perhaps pay a fair dividend after years of work, but its value to Korea is beyond estimate. It opens up the whole interior of the country and quadruples the value of every foot of land within twenty miles of its line. A foreigner in Taiku wrote the other day that the coming of the Seoul-Fusan railway had already raised the price of property in that town three hundred per cent., although the road will not be in use for another year. Take, on the other hand, the Russian timber concession on the Yalu River. This was arranged secretly with a bribed foreign minister who divided with the government the proceeds of the deal. By this act there was put into the hands of Russia property to the value of at least fifty millions of dollars. The government of Korea received possibly a quarter of a million. These two transactions illustrate perfectly the attitude of the contestants.

Korea is like a maiden being sought by two men in marriage. One purposes to marry her in Western style, where marriage means coördinate privileges and responsibilities, while the other intends to place her in a harem. In the one case her higher needs will be recognized and met; in the other her identity will be lost, and, like Poland and Finland, she will forfeit all the incentive to self-improvement which comes with responsible, autonomous government.

The Koreans have been called an unpatriotic people. This may be true if patriotism means a passionate desire for the welfare of one's country; but if a consuming desire for the preservation of national identity is patriotism, then the Koreans are indeed patriotic. The one thing they fear is national extinction, whether such extinction would mean better government or not. They would rather live without equitable government, without sanitation, without education, without any of the concomitants of civilization, if with these they must also accept foreign domination.

One of the evidences of this feeling is found in the prophetic element in Korean literature and folk-lore. One of their prophecies is that "when white pines grow in Korea all the northern half of the peninsula will go to the Tatar and all the southern half to the shrimp." The people say that the white pines are the telegraph poles, and that the Tatars are the Russians and the shrimp is Japan. Another prophecy declares that when the cost of a bullock reaches a million cash the end is near. For this reason Koreans were greatly agitated a few days ago to hear that a man in a distant town had refused nine hundred thousand cash for his animal. Korean prophecy also declares that the land may survive an insurrection of the soldiers, of the scholars, of the common people, but that an insurrection on the part of the *ajuns*, or hereditary tax-gatherers, will spell ruin. Hence it is that the people look with the utmost apprehension upon the proclamation just issued by the ajuns that they will lead an insurrection in the spring. Again, prophecy says that the time will come when the government will not be able to complete a royal funeral ceremony. Because of this, the funeral of the late queen dowager is to take place two months earlier than the full ceremonial time.

But prophecy is not the only thing that makes the Korean dread the intervention of a foreign power. History speaks to him more persuasively than the smoothest diplomat; and as, in time past, Korea has received nothing but rapine from her neighbors, so to-day the people believe that foreign domination from whatever source will bring forth the same bitter fruit. The world has underestimated the virility and the determination of the true Korean. If this kingdom were brought face to face with the possibility of political extinction, it would be found that, while they could not meet an army in the field, they would make life a burden for those aliens whose unhappy duty it might be to attempt to govern them.

What is there to-day to make Koreans think that their interests, their traditions, their personal rights, would be respected in case some foreign power should administer the government of the peninsula? The answer to this question demands plain speech. The agents of one foreign power have, by bribery, obtained control of the magnificent timber districts of the north, which formed one of the best assets of the Korean government. They have seized a

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port, and, to all appearances, mean to hold it until driven out by superior force. They hold the central government in fear by threats, and they uphold officials who are working directly against the best interests of the people.

Capitalists of another nationality obtained valuable mining rights in Korea, and then took advantage of a weak and penniless central government to compound for the payment of an annual percentage of their profits by handing over a lump sum which was ridiculously inadequate. Another foreign power demands that, because subjects of other nationalities receive mining concessions, its subjects must be treated likewise, and when the Korean government refuses, threatens to withdraw its legation from Seoul. Another power allows its subjects to take advantage of the unthrift of the Korean people by foreclosing mortgages on their houses the hour they become due.

There is no doubt that the foreign powers in many instances sincerely desire to deal fairly by Korea, but it is not this desire which the Koreans see on the surface. They have only concrete instances to judge from, and in a majority of cases these instances go to show that foreign governments have at heart only the helping of their own people to paying investments or salaried positions in Korea. The Korean sees himself outwitted at every turn, his resources exploited to the advantage of some one else, and when he protests he is met with the smiling rejoinder that he has himself to blame if the bargain is a bad one.

During the last twenty years the Korean government has spent millions on enterprises suggested by foreigners, but from which it has derived no profit either in money or by way of experience. In many of these enterprises the foreigner doubtless believed that the government would derive a benefit, but that does not in any way affect the hostile judgment of the Korean people.[1] It is true that almost all these enterprises might have been of use to Korea if properly carried out, but carelessness and vacillation on the part of Koreans appointed to direct them brought disaster. This the Korean does not remember. He only knows that at the instigation of the foreigner these enterprises were undertaken, and that they have eaten up millions of the public money. Even the railroads, actual and prospective, are looked upon with great suspicion by a majority of the people, who believe that they will result in extensive colonization by Japanese in Korea. Whether these fears are well founded we do not know, but certain it is that a society was formed in Japan for the purpose of colonizing different parts of Korea with Japanese subjects. There can be no doubt that the building of the railroad from Fusan to Seoul will be of untold value to the Koreans, but they see in it only a veiled threat. This railway and the electric road in Seoul are two of the really useful enterprises undertaken in Korea by foreigners, but they are not enough to counterbalance the evil impression caused by other costly failures.

It is obvious to any one who studies the welfare of Korea as well as of her neighbors and friends that the interests of all concerned would be best conserved by keeping Korea intact; but sufficient guaranties should be required to insure administrative reform. If at the present time she could be freed from fear of foreign domination and could be assured that, were a good clean administration set up, she would remain permanently unmolested, the men and the measures would be forthcoming, and a new era in the life of the Korean people would begin.

As Americans we naturally ask how the success of either side would affect our interests in the peninsula and in the whole far East. Japan stands for the "open door" everywhere, for perfect freedom of religion, for the opening up of the agricultural, mineral, and industrial resources of the Eastern world. Not one plank in her platform suggests a policy that would be inimical to American enter-

[1] Three years ago the French urged upon the government the starting of a large porcelain-factory, though there is no kaolin in Korea suitable for porcelain. The officials assented, and the French sent to Limoges and brought out an expert. When he arrived the government asked him to go to work. He replied, "Where is your factory?" The government said, "You have come out to start one, have n't you?" "Oh, no," was the man's answer; "I am an expert in designing the porcelain, but I know nothing about the establishment of a factory."

That man is there still, on a salary of something like five hundred dollars a month.

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prise in any of its many forms. Americans have not done very much in Korea as yet, but this war means more than Korea: it means Manchuria and all northern China.

The Russian minister in Seoul recently told a journalist that the Russians did not see why Americans should be playing Japan's game, since she is a commercial rival. He affirmed that Americans would be welcomed anywhere in Manchuria by the Russians to-day, but that if Mukden and the other ports were opened, it would allow the influx of a thousand Japanese, and trouble would be inevitable. If this is so, how does it happen that American firms in Port Arthur, Dalny, Vladivostok, and other Russian centers find it absolutely necessary to carry on their business through Russian agents? The local manager of the firm must be under Russian control, or he can do no business. An independent American firm in Vladivostok recently found that it must close its doors. It would not come under Russian jurisdiction, and it soon found that when its goods from America arrived they were kept in the customs warehouse from four to six months before the authorities would release them.

In one respect the Americans would become more obnoxious to the Russians than the Japanese. The American merchant is always pushing for a leading place; he develops a large policy and seeks to become a commercial and financial power in whatever community he may be placed. On the other hand, the Japanese almost always push for the small retail trade. A hundred of them handle the same amount of goods that a single American or English firm handles.

What have Japan and Russia to lose in the impending struggle? Russia can lose nothing that she has not taken by force and in violation of solemn engagements. Japan, in the event of failure, would lose in time, if not immediately, the flourishing trade which she has established with Korea. She would find a hostile and unscrupulous power established in southern Korea by which the whole of Japan would be continually threatened. Her immense merchant marine would be at the mercy of Russia. Those who cannot see in this the speedy fall of the Island Empire must be blind indeed. Japan knows it very well, and her struggle is not for additional markets or territorial aggrandizement, but for the preservation of her life, her national identity.

But Korea stands as the core of a wider and more vital question even than this. The defeat of the Japanese would sweep from the path of Russia the only real obstacle to the conquest of China. In this there would be no question of navies. A border-line thousands of miles in length would give easy access to the territory of China, and constant pressure from the northwest would inevitably push Chinese sovereignty south and east until it disappeared in the sea. The question at issue is as vital to the United States and to western Europe as it is to Japan.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## ST. LOUIS AND HER FESTIVAL OF PEACE

WITH the opening of the gates of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis becomes the liberal hostess of a cosmopolitan function which cannot be more appropriately described than as a Festival of Peace. To it she has invited all the nations of the earth for rivalry in the lists of commerce and the arts.

At the moment of opening, this Peace Festival cannot but provoke comparison in motive and human benefits with the Peace Conference held five years ago at The Hague. The former celebrates the acquirement by purchase of over a million square miles of the fairest realm ever won for the extension of a progressive people, while, by a curious anticlimax, the Peace Conference was the prelude to the seizure, by the originator of the conference, of territory belonging to a weaker nation, but wanted by the peace-promoter in order to satisfy the commercial aspirations of his subjects.

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These provinces of Manchuria contain three hundred and sixty-five thousand square miles, or one third as much territory as that comprised within the limits of the Louisiana Purchase; but as against the sixteen million dollars which the latter cost in friendly barter, the Manchurian transaction, whether it stands or falls, is sure to cost Russia a thousand millions of dollars and possibly a quarter of a million lives, not to mention the loss to her antagonist.

If Napoleon had not with wise statesmanship urged all of the Louisiana territory upon our government, which was at first reluctant to purchase more than the portion about the mouth of the Mississippi, doubtless, in time, the United States, obeying the natural promptings of ambition and commerce, would have acquired the region west of that river, either by political persuasion or by the more usual sacrifice of blood and treasure.

But happier fates prevailed, and in this year of grace a hospitable city, the natural capital of that vast domain of valley, plain, and mountain once known as Louisiana, invites a fortunate people to the worthy celebration of one of the happiest events of peace and time.

With matchless energy and prodigal expense St. Louis has provided an exhibition greater in extent than the successful expositions which have preceded it, naturally profiting by previous experience. The leading nations of the world have responded liberally with exhibits of manufactures, curiosities, and pictures, and our own people are in a position to outdo any previous display of their energy, ingenuity, and activity in every branch of manufacture, and of their progressive mastery of the higher arts. To crown the success of this patriotic undertaking, it only remains for the people of all sections of the country to take advantage of the offered chance to feast their eyes and enlarge their minds.

## PROGRESSIVE ITALY

IT is curious that there are many who consider themselves broad-minded and tolerant in matters of personal prejudice who reserve to themselves the provincial foible of violent racial or national antagonisms. These are not necessarily those who have not traveled: they are often those who have traveled a little; oftener those who have traveled much, but without sympathy, just as they would have stayed at home without sympathy. Occasionally they are those who are accustomed to regard life on its seamy side and who lose its charm in a cynical point of view. Carlyle, it will be remembered, could see only the dead dogs in the Thames.

Modern Italy has lately come into some public consideration through an article setting forth violent views of its bad character, which, it is assumed, is reflected, if not established, by the work of a certain morbidly unmoral Italian author. The writer of the article fails to take into account the fact that in a country of large traditional tolerance a single author is less representative than in countries of stricter view. Moreover, no account is taken of the hostile attitude toward the author in question which prevails among the cultivated class of his own people. For the rest, the opinion of a writer of such intelligence as this critic of Italy shows how little we in America really know of the true greatness of a land with the sentiment of which, as travelers, we find ourselves singularly sympathetic.

If any one wishes to know something of the making of a great nation out of a parcel of discordant states, and to learn what a continuity of heroism and sacrifice goes into the gradual process, let him take up that charming historical study "The Liberation of Italy," by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. The author, an accomplished Englishwoman, allied to one of the noble and patriotic families of Brescia, prompted by love of her adopted land, has here produced, by virtue of a large and sympathetic mind, an admirably candid, entertaining, and inspiring—well-nigh a model—piece of history; not a series of barren abstractions, but a rich and familiar visualization of the men and events of a great progressive era. We see in her pages the martyrs, heroes, and defenders of the idea of Italian unity, in one long record of sacrifice, despair, hope, dissension, defeat, reaction, and reunion, leading to final triumph in the founding of a great nation following normal lines of development—a nation the very diversity of whose elements is an indication of its strength. It was a masterly work to fuse into one political identity the half-dozen or more provinces, including Sardinia,

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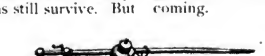
Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, and Sicily; and the Countess Martinengo does justice not only to Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Ricasoli, but to the innumerable patriots of minor prominence, each of whom contributed something significant, if not determinative, to the great cause of liberation. We defy any one to speak lightly of Italy's greatness after reading this exceptional book.

What was then done politically to unify the kingdom is now being done socially with remarkable success under a wise and devoted sovereign, whose short reign has already witnessed great reforms, based on intelligence, tolerance, and a firm regard for public order. The finances have been conservatively managed (the king himself setting an example of retrenchment) till exchange has turned in Italy's favor. One of her foremost statesmen, when recently asked if Italy would follow the example of France in expelling the congregations, said, with a shrug: "Oh, we are more liberal than France." Another, on being reminded that the Jesuits were largely extending their teaching among the youth of Rome, replied imperturbably: "Yes; but do you realize that nearly every one of the founders of modern Italy was a pupil of the Jesuits?" The breaking up of the opposition to the government on the part of more than half of the old "black" families, whose younger members are taking office under it, and the special courtesies and honors shown by the government to visiting cardinals on the death of Pope Leo XIII and on the election of his successor, bear witness to its attitude of toleration and conscious strength. And signs are not wanting that under an exterior of formal estrangement lies a friendlier attitude of response from the Vatican. This rapprochement eventually will make for the greatness of the entire kingdom.

Commercially, Italy apparently has entered upon a new era. In the north particularly the most casual observer can see that it is prosperous. Of course much remains to be done in the way of enlightened development, especially in the south, where water-power is scarce, and in Sicily, where feudal conditions still survive. But despite the poverty of the peasantry, a country with such resources of soil and cheap labor must ultimately attract the idle capital of other countries, increasing its manufactures and installing new methods of agriculture. An American in Italy involuntarily wonders why the abounding wealth of his own country does not find an opportunity in the necessities of this awakening land. "The investment of a few millions of dollars in the production of wine and oil, not to say tobacco," said Mr. Marion Crawford recently, "would be likely to produce great results."

In invention, scholarship, scientific research, and large enterprise, and in national pride (without which no country can claim the respect of foreigners), Italy has an enviable distinction. It honors its intellectual men intelligently, not by an ignorant notoriety, and money does not take precedence of mind. If its plastic art has suffered a commercial eclipse, Italy is not unique in this experience, while in dramatic art it still leads the world with Tommaso Salvini and Eleonora Duse. In music and literature there is much activity and a far from complaisant public opinion.

Economically considered, Italy is contributing greatly to the prosperity of America. A large part of her surplus population is digging our tunnels, building our railways, and supporting a multitude of our industries. This element has its vices,—usually the inheritance of dynasties of misrule,—and coming chiefly from the south of Italy, sometimes fails to show us the more lovable and gentle side of the people. But it is a hard-working, frugal, and fairly law-abiding race, even here, and, however it may be misled for a time, has no menace for free institutions beyond any other ignorant foreign population. It will be sad for Italy if her children shall take back from America to that democratic land lessons of oppression and inequality drawn from the purchase of favors before the law. Until we are sure that we are not teaching them such lessons, we should do well to speak more softly of the degeneracy of the country they have left or of the dangers to our civilization involved in their coming.



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# IN LIGHTER VEIN

### How to Tell the Wild Animals

IF you should ever go by chance
To jungles in the East,
And if there should to you advance
A large and tawny beast,
If he roars at you as you 're dyin',
You 'll know it is the Asian lion.

If when in India loafing round
A noble wild beast meets you,
With dark stripes on a yellow ground,
Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal tiger to discern.

When strolling forth a beast you view
Whose hide with spots is peppered,
As soon as it has lept on you,
You 'll know it is the leopard.
'T will do no good to roar with pain;
He 'll only lep and lep again.

If you are sauntering round your yard,
And meet a creature there
Who hugs you very, *very* hard,
You 'll know it is the bear.
If you have any doubt, I guess
He 'll give you just one more caress.

Whene'er a quadruped you view
Attached to any tree,
It may be 't is the wanderoo,
Or yet the chimpanzee.
If right side up, it may be both;
If upside down, it is the sloth.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus,
Yet crocodiles you always may
Tell from hyenas thus:
Hyenas come with merry smiles;
But if they weep, they 're crocodiles.

The true chameleon is small,
A lizard sort of thing;
He has n't any ears at all,
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree,
'T is the chameleon you see.

If you should meet a beast of girth,
Unpleasantly bespattered,
Before whom pearls of wondrous worth
Are opulently scattered,
Instinctively you may divine
That you are gazing on a swine.

*Carolyn Wells.*

### The Education of a Butterfly

FOR years I had read the animal stories of the various writers who gain their bread and butter from the beasts and birds of the forest and field, even as Elisha of old was fed by ravens, but I did not really believe all they told me until I came to know Papillon.

Papillon was the name I gave to a small yellow butterfly who one day emerged bashfully from a cocoon that was hanging on one of the slats of my window-blind.

I had never seen a butterfly come into being before, and I was lost in admiration as the little thing crawled out of her case like an ocean voyager from his traveling-rug. After gently waving her wings to and fro to get the wrinkles out of them, she gave a pretty little yawn, opened her scarlet eyes, and gazed in rapture on the world before her—a world that consisted of city back yards.

I had no idea just what to feed the beautiful creature that had come to cheer my bachelorhood, but I felt that milk would not be out of the way, so I put a few drops on the window-sill, and the intelligent insect, scarce ten minutes old, began to lap the milk with a sucking noise that I could not have heard if the air had not been strangely still. I remember it was about noon of a July day, and the stillness that precedes a thunder-storm held all the air mute.

I do not know what put it into my head,—perhaps the fact that I had that morning been reading a delightful account of how a naturalist had taught a grizzly bear to wait on table and carve the roasts for him,—but certain it is that I determined to see what I could do in the way of educating my little butterfly.

Across the way from my apartments was the home of Rosalie, a young lady who interested me greatly. I had met her in society and I knew her parents, and I hoped for the day to come when I could woo and win her; but I was recovering from typhoid, and it would be weeks before I could leave my room. Every morning she came to her window and bowed cheeringly to me, and every morning I waved my hand to her; but there it rested. If we had been ten years younger, we would have rigged up a thread telegraph wire and sent notes to each other; but even had I felt like doing such a boyish thing, I should have lacked the ability, for I could do no more than move feebly about my room.



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But when, on the second day in the life of little Papillon, I discovered that the creature knew me and would eat from no hand but mine,—as was proved conclusively when my landlady attempted to give her a drop of honey and the graceful little fleck of sunshine fluttered away from it in affright,—I determined to teach her to be my carrier-pigeon, that she might convey messages to Rosalie in the house across the yards.

It was wonderful how intelligent Papillon showed herself. She soon learned to understand a number of simple words. For instance, I held a sweet-pea blossom to her little nose and said softly, "Flower, flower, flower." I never held it to her without saying the word, and after a time she understood that the sweet pea was a flower and a very fragrant one. My next step was to carry the sweet pea to the mantelpiece, and then, as the butterfly poised and swayed on the leaf of a honeysuckle that climbed near my window, I said to her:

"Go to the flower, Papillon."

I had to repeat the phrase many times, but each time I went over to the sweet pea, and at last her little scarlet eyes gleamed with intelligence, and she left the honeysuckle-leaf and flew to the flower.

I then believed the story of the grizzly bear who had acted as waiter.

My next step in little Papillon's education was to take the sweet pea to the window and throw it into the yard below.

"Go and smell it, Papillon," said I, "go and smell it, Papillon," at the same time sniffing vigorously myself and pointing down to where the sweet pea lay on a bed of violets.

Little Papillon was plainly troubled. Her expression showed it. She knew I wanted her to do something, she felt that it was to me that she owed the continuance of her existence, but she did not quite understand my gesture.

So I took another sweet pea, held it to her nostrils, told her to smell it, cast it out of the casement, and said, "Go and smell the flower, Papillon," and the intelligent little beauty flew down into the yard (an absolutely *terra incognita* to her) and smelled the sweet pea. Not only that; she tried to pick it up in her little paws and bring it back to me; but it was beyond her strength, and she soon returned to her human friend in the window.

Rosalie was plainly interested in my endeavors, and smiled from her window. "Ah," thought I, "if your smiles were solely for me, and not merely a betokening of interest in what I am doing, how happy should I be!"

But I felt that if she did not care for me at all she would not sit in the window with her embroidery, watching every step of my education of Papillon.

There was one peculiar thing about the little butterfly. I never could get her to make her home with me. I prepared a little nest in an abandoned bird-cage, but she would never enter its doors. Her nights were spent in a maple-tree in the neighboring back yard. She made herself a nest out of bits of grass, some threads which she stole from my landlady, and a little horsehair that a kindly wind had blown to the tree.

That butterflies built nests was a revelation to me. If I had been asked about it before her advent, I should have said that they slept at the place where they took their last meal; but Papillon built a nest something like that of a mud-swallow, but more like that of an oriole.

Honey she liked, but milk even more, and no matter how far away she might be, if I cried out, "Papillon, come and get your milk," she would flutter through the air to the window-sill and sip the tasty fluid with avidity and with an expression of gratitude on her face that many a human might emulate.

It was noised abroad that I was educating a butterfly, and for six or seven houses around on both sides of the yards people used to watch me and my little pet.

Butterflies are notoriously volatile, but I taught Papillon to stay in one position for half an hour together by holding up a warning finger whenever she showed signs of flying off. I never punished her in any way, as I do not believe in harsh educational methods.

One day I noticed that Rosalie had a glass of sweet peas on her window-sill, and I seized the opportunity at once. I said to Papillon, "Go to the sweet peas at Rosalie's." She knew who Rosalie was, for every morning when I sent my love a greeting, I pointed to her and said her name, so that the butterfly might associate the two ideas. So when I told her to go to Rosalie, she went over on as straight a course as a bee would have taken; and as she fluttered over the flowers or buried her nose in their sweet convolutions, Rosalie offered her milk on the end of her finger, and the gentle Papillon sipped it fearlessly.

Animals know who are their friends.

In a few minutes the little creature winged its yellow flight back to the lonely bachelor, who in the meantime had written an ardent message of love and a declaration in the smallest characters readable on the finest tissue-paper.

The day was a golden one in July. All the breezes sang of love. The time was propitious. None of my neighbors was at his window save Rosalie. I folded my love-letter up into smallest compass, tied it with a thread, and then, talking softly to the butterfly that she might not be alarmed, I said:

"Bear this message to Rosalie and the sweet peas."

I tied a loop in the thread and carefully yoked it over the head of the delicate Papillon,

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half fearing that the thread would abrade her. Still the paper weighed but the fraction of a grain, and Papillon had been well nurtured.

Over the abyss she flew to the fair one in the house beyond. She had accomplished four fifths of her journey when she wavered, and I thought she would have fallen to earth; but Rosalie said something cheering, and Papillon made the rest of the way in safety. I saw the fair girl take the yoke from where it rested, open the paper, and read the message.

Then she stooped over and whispered something in the ear of my little butterfly. I hastily caught up a pair of field-glasses, and through them I saw the little creature wave her wings —with her, a gesture of assent. Then I saw Rosalie give her a drop of refreshing milk, and the brave Papillon flew back across the low-lying yards to my window. Why had she not waited for an answer? Why had my love not sent a message to me?

I was soon to receive a proof that butterflies are almost human, for Papillon, after resting a moment, flew up to my lips and touched them delicately with her antennæ three times. She had understood what Rosalie had whispered to her. She had brought me love's message.

But that was not all. Papillon felt that her mission was not yet accomplished. What followed would have been marvelous in an ordinary butterfly. I hesitate to give this final proof of her sagacity, yet it is better to tell the whole truth and be doubted than to hold back any facts important to natural history.

Little Papillon had often watched me writing letters, and she knew that the black fluid in my writing-case made marks on paper that were full of meaning. I say she knew it. How else can I account for her flying to the ink-well, dipping one tiny foot in the vessel, and slowly and laboriously drawing upon the window-sill the crude representation of a heart? As a drawing it had nothing to commend it; as the work of an insect not two months old it was remarkable.

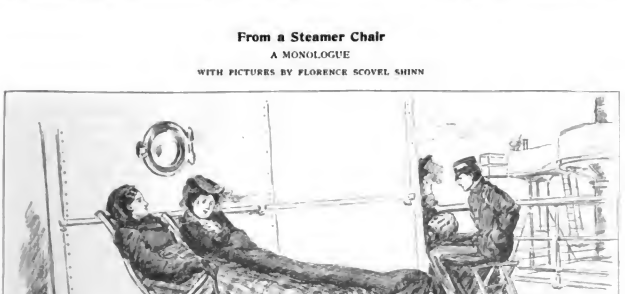
When I thought of its purport, I threw a kiss to Rosalie at the window.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

## From a Steamer Chair

A MONOLOGUE

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



"OH, GOOD MORNING! I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU"

HERE, steward, please tuck me up. My shoulders are warm enough; just see that my feet are covered. No, thank you, no broth for me. No, I am not hungry. Yes, I don't doubt it would do me good, but I do not wish for any. That is very nice; thanks. Oh, steward, will you go down to my state-room, No. 72, and bring me the book that is on the sofa? "The Power of Silence" is the title. And, steward, my gloves are in the little rack above the sofa—gray gloves with large pearl buttons. Oh, and, steward, you might bring me a hat-pin, too. If you open the door of the cupboard you will see a hat—a large brown hat with wings on it—hanging there, and it has three hat-pins in it. Please bring me the

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silver one with the fleur-de-lis on it. Yes, that is all now. Oh, steward, bring me the blue-and-white pillow with the ruffle on it. It is on the sofa. These chairs never fit my back properly. (*Turning to her neighbor.*) Oh, good morning! I hardly recognized you, you are looking so pale. Of course I only saw you once, the first night at dinner, but I remembered you at once, you remind me so much of a cousin of my husband. I don't suppose you are really related. She lives in Philadelphia; Miss Miller is her name. Maybe you have met her. She is a maiden lady, dreadfully set in her ways, and rather peculiar-looking, but she means well. Thank you, steward. Put the pillow here, a little farther down; thank you. I will take the hat-pin. That 's all. (*Draws on her gloves.*) Oh, no, I have n't been ill; not a bit. I got so tired out before I left home that I made up my mind to rest in my room for a few days, and then one of my dreadful headaches came on. I have them so often—our family on mother's side are subject to them. Why, how do you do, Mr. Willoughby? I hear—that is, the doctor tells me—that you have been frightfully ill. It must be dreadful. Now, I don't know what seasickness is. Oh, dear, no! I have had a dreadful headache, as I was just telling this lady. Mother's family are all subject to them. Walking your mile, are you? They tell me that means eleven times around the deck. Well, don't let me detain you; au revoir. Seems queer, does n't it, for a big strong man to succumb, when a delicate creature like me—Oh, that was a roll, was n't it? Steward, just tuck my feet up again, will you? And, steward, do you think the boat will roll any more? You can't tell? Well, I think if I lived on the water all the time I should know something about boats. I am afraid that you are not very observing. By the way, steward, have you heard the captain say when we shall get in? You don't think he knows? How absurd that is! Of course he knows. If he does n't, it is his business to find out. Will you ask him to let me know as soon as he makes up his mind? Of course Friday or Saturday, but that is not very definite. Well, just ask him to let me know as soon as he can—Mrs. Beale, state-room No. 72.



"I NEVER SAW SO MANY MISFIT SAILOR-HATS"

Have you planned your itinerary yet? Oh, my, yes! I always do. I have been studying Baedeker all winter, even though I have been over so many times before and know all the ropes. I do envy anybody who is making her first trip. I can always tell the uninitiated. There is an expectant, excited air about them that one can't mistake. Oh, I do envy you. You see, I knew at once that this is your first trip. My dear, don't deny it! I am sure it is nothing to be ashamed of, even to an old traveler like me. I shall never forget to my dying day how killing funny the people on the pier at Liverpool looked to me the first time that I landed there. My dear, I never saw so many misfit sailor-hats in all my life—never! Oh, you will enjoy those hats! I told my husband that I had lost all interest in the heroines of English novels, for if they look like that, I have no use for them. I never could be fond of a girl with frizzes and a sailor-hat down over her ears. Never! It destroys every bit of sentiment for me. I don't wonder that the English noblemen marry our girls.

My dear, don't stay at Liverpool if you can help it. It is a horrid place—like Bridgeport or Jersey City. You go right on to Chester. That is a dream of a place! You 've heard of it, of course—walled town, Gladstone's house, Eaton Hall, cathedral, and all that, you know—Cheshire cheese, Cheshire cats—oh, I know you will love Chester. You will have to get used to marmalade for breakfast, yes, and tea, too. My dear, don't try the coffee; it is atrocious! Ugh! Did you feel that lurch? My nerves are so unstrung that I notice every motion. My family on my father's side are just a bunch of nerves. Oh, that was dreadful, was n't it? Steward, tuck me up again, will you? And, steward, will you go down to my state-room, No. 72, and get my soda-mints?

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You will find them in the right-hand drawer in the cabinet—yes, a little flat glass bottle that says "Soda-mints." You can't mistake it.

My dear, I have consumed three bottles of those things already. They are the only thing that saved my life. No, indeed; the sea had nothing to do with it. I should have felt exactly the same on land. Thank you, steward. Here—steward! You have brought me my potash tablets, when I distinctly said "soda-mints." Well, maybe you are right. I remember now that I put them in the little rack above my berth. These men are so stupid. Who is the girl with the doctor? You don't know? Well, I should like to find out. He seems devoted to her, does n't he? I should say that she likes him pretty well, too. I am sorry for her, though I do love to watch these romantic steamship affairs; don't you? I shall never forget the girl who was trotting around with the doctor the last time that I crossed. She was dead in love with him. My dear, everybody was talking about it. There certainly is a fascination about a uniform, is n't there? You wait until you see the English soldiers. Thank you, steward; these are all right. (*Unscrews the bottle.*) Won't you have one, my dear? It can't hurt you, and I know it would do you good. Oh, no; it is n't bad; you just put it on your tongue and let it dissolve—just tastes of peppermint, you know. (*Puts lozenge in her mouth.*)

Shall you stay long in England? You should. My dear, the cathedrals are simply stunning. You ought not to miss them. And don't fail to go to Canterbury. You must see the archbishop. My dear, his leggins are the sweetest things! I read a paper on the English cathedrals before our club the last time I came home, and the ladies just loved it. I made quite a point of the archbishop's leggins, and, do you know, the Episcopal minister's wife was so impressed that she went home and made her husband a pair! Cut them out by his golf-stockings. But, after all her trouble, the horrid man would n't wear them. He said that he was n't high enough in the church to wear leggins. As if that mattered in America! He said that no one short of an archbishop would dare face the world in legs like those his wife made for him. I have no patience with such nonsense myself; don't understand it, and don't want to. I am a Unitarian myself, so I don't go in much for robes and leggins and ready-made prayers.



"THE HORRID MAN WOULD N'T WEAR THEM"

Our family on both sides are orthodox, but the Unitarians have such nice children's parties that I go there on account of the children. I mean to do my duty by my children. They are with mother now, and no doubt running wild.

Excuse me, but who is that young lady that you just bowed to? No, really! Well, now is n't the world small? I have friends who know intimate friends of hers in Buffalo. I must speak to her, being sort of connected in a way. It is stupid having to talk to strangers for eight days, don't you think so? You never can tell who they are or where they come from, and it is kind of risky, don't you think so? Oh, excuse me; I don't mean you, of course. You look so much like my husband's cousin that I don't look upon you as a stranger at all. I met a lady the last time that I was over—at Brighton—this shows that one can't be

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too careful—there, that reminds me! You must go to Brighton. It 's like Long Branch, you know. Ostend? My dear, you were n't going to Ostend? Don't do it! It is a horrid place, and horrid cheap people go there. Brighton is much more swell. Why, you meet real lords and ladies at Brighton. Take the advice of an old traveler, and don't go to Ostend. Well, no, I never really went there; but I have read about it in Baedeker, and I am sure it is horrid. Don't thank me. I am always glad to give others the benefit of my experience. Oh, I do envy you those first impressions! There 's the bugle for lunch. Well, I do declare, he is playing "The Vacant Chair"! He does play the most appropriate tunes, does n't he? No, thank you; I will have mine here on deck. The air is so close in the dining-room that I know it would make my head ache again. I should n't advise you to go, but I suppose every one must learn from her own experience; but when you have traveled as much as I have, you will be more cautious.

Steward, bring me some toast and tea and an orange, please. Why, how do you do, Miss —now, I can't recall your name. Oh, yes, of course, Miss Fellows. Are n't you going in to lunch? Won't you sit down here a minute? The lady who sits there has gone to lunch. By the way, do you know who she is? Tall, with reddish hair and a blue suit and the cutest little smile! Any one can see that she is just bubbling over with fun. She seems so interested in everything, and so anxious to learn. We have had such a nice chat together. This is her first trip across, and I have been giving her points. Mrs. Bradford! My dear, not *The* Mrs. Bradford! House at Ostend! Spends her summers there! New York in the winter! Then she has crossed before! I call that deceit, pure and simple! Why did n't she say so? My dear, she never said a word; just sat there and smiled! Yes, indeed, I have crossed before. Oh, my, yes! I have crossed three times now. By the way, where is your home? Salem? Why, I have a sister in Salem —Mrs. Colby. Do you know her? Really, do you? Lives right next door! She told you about my going across last year, and how frightened I was of my first trip? Well, yes; it was my first trip. I said that I had crossed three times. I meant over and back last year, and over this time; that makes the three, you see. Must you? You are traveling with Mrs. Bradford! Well, I am sure I hope I have n't said anything. She seems to be such a lovely lady, and looks so much like a cousin of— Must you? Au revoir!

Steward— Oh, dear me! What a lurch! Steward, who is the lady with the blue veil reading the yellow-covered book? Do you know anything about her? She crossed with you before? Goes over for her health? No; I only noticed that there was room for a chair beside hers, but I am afraid that won't do. Steward, can you find a nice cozy place for my chair on the other side of the boat? This glare hurts my eyes. And, steward, move me now, will you, before the people come up from lunch?

*Elene Foster.*



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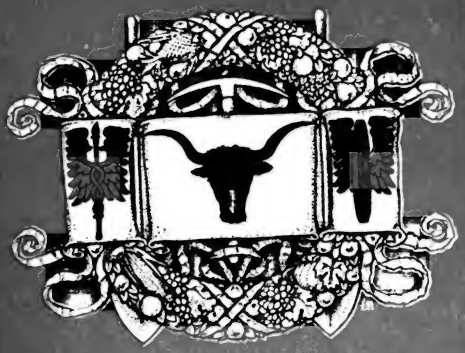
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# THE JUNE CENTURY MAGAZINE

# WESTERN



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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII JUNE, 1904 NO. 2

# THE VITALITY OF MORMONISM

## A STUDY OF AN IRRIGATED VALLEY IN UTAH AND IDAHO

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

WITH PICTURES BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

FEW aspects of the virile civilization of the West are to-day charged with deeper interest and significance for the American people than the great fact of Mormonism. Certainly none is less generally and truthfully known, and none is better worth earnest observation. Much as we have heard of the Mormons in the past, we are destined, perhaps, to hear more in the future.

The mind naturally forms a picture of unfamiliar conditions, of a strange people, from the few prominent facts which lie convenient to the view, those most discussed in the newspapers, those oftenest repeated. Unquestionably the first impression which springs to the mind upon mention of the Mormons is polygamy. To many people, indeed, Mormonism signifies polygamy or immorality, and not much else. Another fact of general knowledge is the despotic power of the church authorities; another the belief in latter-day prophets and direct revelations from God. These, with a few meager facts relative to Mormon history,—the strange influence of the ignorant if not knavish founder of the "church" and his book of revelation; Brigham Young, the prophet, and his many marriages; the extraordinary growth of the church in the desert, and the effort by the American people to suppress polygamy,—these make up the commonly accepted view of Mormonism.

It is also a somewhat general impression that because agitation against the Mormons has abated for the time being, therefore all the problems involved were finally and completely solved by act of Congress; in short, that the power and faith of the Saints are waning, that Mormonism is losing itself, diluted in the overwhelming tide of Gentile immigration. As a matter of fact, however, if Mormonism

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is regarded as a problem, the solution was not reached by act of Congress: law no more stifled polygamy, short off, in Utah, than law suddenly cured the drink habit in Maine. The Mormon Church, so far from becoming less powerful through opposition, has been expanding in a manner little short of amazing, so that to-day it is much stronger and more ambitious than ever before. Experience and an uninterrupted precedence of power have given its leaders rare astuteness in the direction of the affairs of this great institution. From Utah the church has been spreading in every direction, making many converts both in the United States and in foreign countries.

One learns not without astonishment that the authorities even look forward with confidence to the time when the church may be able to exercise a wide political influence in the affairs of the nation. This fact, expressed to me by several intelligent Gentiles who have lived long in Utah, and intimated by more than one prominent Mormon, is borne out by the changing policy of the church regarding proselytes. For many years all converts were urged to come to Utah and other Mormon communities to settle, a strong argument in favor of so doing being the possibility of obtaining cheap lands and the financial assistance of the church—an appeal not only to the religious instincts, but to human cupidity as well; but it is now the church policy to build up branches and communities in all parts of the country, nuclei of Mormon influence in every city and State.

According to the Mormon authorities, upward of two thousand missionaries are constantly in the field, most of them young men, and all under the supervision of experienced leaders and directed from headquarters established at central points. Hardly a week passes that the newspapers do not contain some item concerning this invasion: Mormon elders stoned in Ohio, a rich convert in New York, a new irrigated valley opened and settled in Wyoming, a strong new church organized in Illinois. Utah is, of course, under Mormon political control, but it is not so generally known that the Mormons also control, or at least hold the balance of power, in Idaho, in Nevada, and possibly in Wyoming and Colorado, with a strong following in Arizona, Washington, and other States, thus electing, or at least influencing, not a few United States senators and representatives. Nor has the growth of the church been confined wholly to the United States. The Mormons are migrating in considerable numbers to the newly opened Alberta country in Canada, and they have taken up for irrigation considerable tracts of land in Mexico.

With the idea of seeing the Mormon at close range and discovering, if possible, some of the reasons for his vitality and growth, his tenacity of faith, and his success in reclaiming a desert country, I visited a somewhat isolated Mormon valley located partly in Utah, partly in Idaho. I had previously seen something of the Mormons and their institutions in Arizona, in Idaho, and at the fountain-head of the church in Salt Lake City.

Whatever else may be said of Brigham Young, he was a great general, a magnetic leader of crude though undeniable power, and a shrewd lawgiver. We may scout the idea that he was in truth a divine prophet, but we may scarcely deny him a large gift of the prophetic imagination. He was, perhaps, the grossest materialist of his time, but he got results. Though men of American blood had never before attempted irrigation-farming on a large scale, though the possibilities of the arid country were then undreamed, though the obstacles of great distance from supply centers, of dangers from the Indians and from famine, were seemingly insurmountable, Brigham Young saw with the eye of imagination an empire in the midst of the Great Desert, and such confidence did he place in his visions that his faith bore up and inspired all his people. Natural power is not so common in the world that we can afford to refuse it recognition, even when its exercise is not unaccompanied by glaring abuses.

The matchless bravado of the dreamer! Before his followers had enough to eat, before they knew whether they would ever see another spring, Young was sending out explorers and scouts to bring reports concerning more distant valleys, already planning for the extension of the Mormon empire far beyond the valley where the first settlements were made, now Salt Lake City.

Every move made by Young was characterized by a sort of diabolical shrewdness. He first reached out with covetous

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IN A MORMON VALLEY

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hands to secure control of all the water within a hundred miles or more of Great Salt Lake, knowing that this would give him absolute command of all the arable land, make him supreme dictator of the routes of travel and of the sources of food-supply—a power of no mean magnitude at a time when supply-points were a thousand miles distant and freight a dollar a pound or more.

Some of the pioneer explorers scattered outward by Young penetrated the mountains to the north, up the Bear River, and entered Cache Valley, then an arid, barren plateau, strewn with the bones of buffalo, the haunt of Indians. Their reports were at first unfavorable: they thought the valley too high and cold for successful agricultural operations; and it was not until 1859, eleven years after the Mormons struck root in Utah, that the first Mormon settlers entered Cache Valley, armed against the Indians, driving their cattle before them, and determined, as they always were, to make a home for themselves, no matter how adverse the conditions. They exemplified the migration which Brigham Young had foreseen, and which continues in swelling tides to-day.

The land being then unsurveyed, they took up the most favorable, most easily irrigable bottoms, and began at once to dig ditches, working under a system of stern church discipline without which they must have perished from the rigors of the desert. When the government surveys were finally made, the distribution of the land among the squatters was accompanied by none of the disagreements which have sometimes embroiled the non-Mormon communities of the West. Not a single lawsuit, indeed, arose over the division of the land, the bishops apportioning to each family a certain amount of property and directing the matter of water-supply.

Much of the Western irrigated country has been exploited by water-companies, given publicity by railroads, boomed by promoters to lure the required settlers; but such is not the Mormon method. They want only their own people, and the church, with its many ramifying avenues of influence, settles a valley as it will, swiftly, completely. The Mormon settlement, indeed, was much different in character from the other early Western occupation. The Mormons began by being self-sufficient: they came expecting to hunt, fish, raise potatoes, and feed cattle enough the first year to support themselves, whereas the early miners and cattle-ranchers were usually dependent on a distant base of supplies; they expected to make a "stake" in a few years and go back East. But the Mormons came for homes, for all time. Foreseeing every disintegrating influence, Young forbade his people to work in the mines, fearing the effect of the speculative fever upon the supply of labor in the fields and ditches. He even attempted to keep out Gentile prospectors, though every one knew that the country was rich in mineral wealth. This rule of the church, however, having served its purpose, has now been abrogated, and many present-day Mormons are successful miners.

To-day Cache Valley, both in Utah and Idaho, is almost entirely taken up by settlers, and, so far as water can be obtained, is thoroughly irrigated. Though the settlement is barely forty-two years old, already there is an overflow of population, the young men going out well provided to open new valleys in Wyoming, Idaho, and Alberta.

These Mormon settlements possess their own peculiar claims to distinction. They are different from anything in the East, and different, indeed, from other parts of the irrigated country. Entering Cache Valley on a railroad which penetrates the mountains by way of the Bear River Cañon, the route of the old Mormon explorers, one catches glimpses of a sparkling river far below and of a magnificently engineered irrigation system, a canal set in the cañon-side, built largely of solid rock, penetrating cliffs by means of long tunnels or in places carried in lofty flumes. From the junction where the Cache Valley branch leaves the main line of the railroad, the valley—such of it as the human eye can reach—lies before one like a vast shallow saucer, dotted with clumps of green, shimmering in the hot desert sunshine, with mountains rising blue and hazy on the farther side. At first the valley, which is some six miles wide by forty long, gives the impression of sparse population, though there are fences and a few houses in the foreground; but one soon learns that within each of the clumps of trees, set like upholstery knobs on the smooth gray-green plush of the valley, is a town or hamlet.

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AN IRRIGATING-DITCH IN BEAR RIVER CAÑON

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ONE PHASE OF A SALT LAKE SUMMER

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For here, as in few American communities outside of the Mormon country, the village system of agriculture is practised, as in Germany and other European countries. When the settlers first occupied the land it was necessary for them to remain in communities sufficiently large to repel Indian attacks, and it was also the policy of the church to encourage the building of compact towns rather than detached ranches, thereby enabling the people to meet more often socially—an antidote for nostalgia and a great assistance in maintaining interest in the church. And so in villages they live to-day, the farmers going out cheerfully in the early morning to their fields, often miles distant, and returning after dark. Some who live far from their farms leave their village homes for weeks at a time in the busy season and dwell in tents in their fields. All this is unfamiliar and interesting to Eastern eyes, and very different from the detached and evenly distributed groups of farm buildings in the agricultural regions of the East and the Middle West.

Of course this method of settlement is possible only where the individual farms, as here, are comparatively small and highly cultivated. It is evident that the village system has many advantages, social, religious, and educational. The towns can be made beautiful, as these are, with trees and flowers; the meeting-house is at hand; the school is better and more convenient; the post-office and the stores can be reached daily. In short, there are all of the advantages of the small town and not many of its evils, for, after all, the population is almost purely agricultural.

Of these clumps of green, representing towns, there are twelve in the valley, having, roughly estimated, a total population of about 21,000—18,000 in Utah and 3000 in Idaho. By far the largest of all the towns is Logan, spreading out at the foot of the mountains on the farther side of the valley from Cache Junction. It is the county-seat, a fine, well-kept city of 5300 inhabitants. From nearly everywhere in the valley on clear days one can see the towering white temple, set on a high hill back of Logan, the monument and sign to every faithful Mormon of his religion.

Through the midst of the valley runs the Logan River, fed by streams which come tumbling down from the mountains on every side, the source of the valley's prosperity; for it is this river and its tributaries, together with the Bear River, which supply the water for use in irrigation.

Such an impression of high cultivation, fruitfulness, and civilized habitation does this valley give that the visitor realizes with difficulty that only a comparatively few years ago it was a barren and apparently uninhabitable desert. A marvel of irrigation! The principal roads and the villages are adorned with stately rows of Lombardy poplars, where no trees ever grew before, distantly recalling the beautiful country of southern France, and there are cottonwoods, poplars, balm of Gilead, and many other trees, and spreading orchards of apple and cherry, for the country produces the finest of fruit, though in somewhat limited quantities. When I drove through the valley, the alfalfa-harvesters were at work in the rich green fields, building veritable mountains of this matchless crop of the irrigated land; cattle were feeding numerously on all the hillsides; the vehicles one met on the road were more than merely serviceable, for they were often of fine make and must have been expensive; the farmers were well dressed and intelligent-looking. One might go far indeed to find a community which so exhaled the very odor of comfort and prosperity.

A few facts will show what a little band of penniless Mormons, coming here to a desert, have done in forty years—have done really in twenty or twenty-five years, for in the first half of the period of occupation the development was slow. The valley, small as it is, contains two largely attended colleges and forty school-houses. One of the colleges, a Mormon institution called the Brigham Young Academy, was built at a cost of $150,000 by the people themselves, the money being contributed mostly in this limited valley. Here five hundred students are being instructed in the tenets of the Mormon faith. The Utah Agricultural College, which occupies a commanding position on the mountain-side above Logan, has six hundred students and a most excellent and extensive equipment supported by the State of Utah and the United States government.

Then there is the temple, a huge two-towered building of solid white masonry, said to have cost, with its mysterious equip-

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MORMONS LEAVING OVERCROWDED CACHE VALLEY

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ment, nearly five hundred thousand dollars, much of the money and days' work being contributed by the people of this single valley, though the general church organization also assisted. Besides the temple, the people have built a large tabernacle and a tithing-house in Logan, many meeting-houses in the various towns, and good public buildings.

The valley has eight flour-mills, two knitting-factories, eight creameries, a sugar-beet factory, and other less important manufacturing establishments. Flour and potatoes are shipped in quantities to California, and cattle, fruit, and other products are sent to Salt Lake City and elsewhere. The water-power of Logan River, improved by a fine electric plant (this by outside capital, however), lights the town of Logan and sends power to Salt Lake City, seventy miles away.

I have given these facts to show the wonder here accomplished by a population now reaching only 21,000, in total not larger than a very small Eastern city. And the people have not made themselves poor in doing these things, for they are able to own good homes, and many of the farmers are not only well-to-do, but rich, as riches go in agricultural communities.

In addition to acquiring these evidences of material prosperity, the Cache Valley community, following the custom of the church, has maintained a large number of missionaries to the "Gentiles" both in America and in Europe. It seems almost incredible, but this little settlement of 21,000 people sends out and supports no fewer than ninety missionaries, or one to every two hundred and twenty-five inhabitants. In fact, nearly every male Mormon is called upon, as Europe calls for its army conscripts, to serve his two years or more as a missionary. Rough, often uncouth, but powerful in their absolute faith, they are able to make an appeal convincing to others of their class, the struggling of foreign lands, giving voice to their faith with a directness, force, convincingness, that produces results where the work of better educated and more sophisticated missionaries of other faiths falls barren. With such a force of missionaries—and the proportion to the population is nearly as great as this in all Mormon communities—it is hardly surprising that the order grows with amazing vigor and rapidity.

For some reason one expects a peculiar people to possess a peculiar appearance; but the Mormons of Cache Valley and elsewhere are not different in appearance from the people of any other average American farming community. Their dress is the same, or better, and their talk concerns the same general subjects. A large proportion are of pure American ancestry, larger here in Cache Valley, perhaps, than in most of the Mormon communities, for this settlement is one of the oldest in Utah outside of the Salt Lake valley; but there is no small contingent of English, Scotch, and Scandinavian converts, most of whom have been in the valley long enough to become pretty thoroughly Americanized. It is admitted that the British and the Scandinavians, with the Germans, make the best immigrants, adapting themselves most readily to our institutions, and it is among the first two of these nationalities that the Mormons have been most successful in proselyting. One imagines somehow that the Mormons are cut off by their religion, as well as by the mountains and deserts, from the outside world—a people unto themselves, ignorant, superstitious. But they seemed to me singularly open, with as good a knowledge of the outside world and its interests as most Eastern farming communities. Think for a moment. Many of the older men have traveled in the East or in Europe as missionaries, or have been sent on church business to Canada or Mexico; many have relatives "back East" whom they visit, so that they obtain a good knowledge of what the outside world is like. There are two tri-weekly newspapers published in the valley, and the Salt Lake City dailies circulate widely. The Mormons are not great readers, however, and not intellectual for the most part; indeed, not educated as well as most Michigan or Ohio farmers.

But the idea that the Mormons oppose education for the purpose of keeping religious control of their people is wholly erroneous. They encourage education, but, like the Catholics, they seek to direct it themselves, having Mormon teachers everywhere. Forty school-houses in a community of 20,000 people surely would not argue a strong opposition to education. And yet there is no doubt that education, especially the higher education which many of the young men are seeking at Ann Arbor,



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Cornell, and Chicago, has a strong tendency to modify the attitude of the coming generation toward their faith, particularly that part of their creed which regards the heads of the church as the inspired agents of God in mundane as well as in spiritual affairs.

It was in the tabernacle at Logan on Sunday afternoon that I seemed to get the very key of the life. It is a large, bare, ugly building, given the place of honor in the midst of the city, in a public square set with trees. The audience more than half filled the church, the proportion of men being much larger than in the ordinary Christian church. A well-trained choir occupied the roomy space back of the pulpit; a number of elders and other church dignitaries were arranged in front of the choir; a secretary sat near with an open minute-book in which he seemed to be taking down some of the more important admonitions of the preacher. The pulpit was occupied by a handsome white-haired old man, well dressed, a noticeable part of his attire being a white waistcoat. The discourse was very long, rambling, monotonous, often ungrammatical, so that several farmer boys who sat near me went to sleep and snored loudly. At first I could not have distinguished the sermon from that of an ordinary Christian preacher. The text and the reading were both from the Bible—St. John, I think; the prayer contained nothing that would differentiate it in any way from thousands that were rising that day in small towns all over America; but during the sermon there were references to Prophet Joseph Smith, and quotations were given of what Jesus said to Joseph or what God revealed to Prophet Brigham Young.

The significant fact of the sermon to an outsider was its extra-religious phases. From the ordinary admonition to be good, to love God, the preacher veered suddenly, and in a manner that might seem ludicrous, to advice as to the time of harvesting alfalfa on specially wet land. He also referred to the good prices being received for cattle,—at which my neighbor farmer boys suddenly woke up,—and advised holding on a little longer before selling extensively. He then went on to give advice in the training of children, admonished his people against smoking and whisky- and coffee-drinking, and warned them not to seek employment outside the church. He closed by a rather unexpected and wholly unintroduced caution against "this here Christian Science."

Here, then,—in this strange mingling of religious exhortation with advice as to alfalfa, fat cattle, and coffee-drinking, the familiar characteristics of Mormon services,—is the heart of the matter. Coming to Utah with the predominant idea that Mormonism is a religion first and foremost, and as such a thing apart from the daily life,—an enthusiasm, a fanaticism,—one soon receives strongly the impression that Mormonism is a broad mode of life, a system of agriculture, an organization for mutual business advancement, rather than a mere church. "The Mormon faith," a bishop said to me, "works seven days every week."

And there it is: an intensely practical religion, its leaders men of affairs, not professional theologians or preachers or pastors, but real directors of the people in their common life, regulating not only such special religious ceremonies as baptism, marriage, burial, and so on, but supervising the intimate business affairs of every family, directing the methods of irrigation, superintending merchandise stores, even managing theatrical performances.

I was surprised, when I had expected evidences of fanaticism, of hostility to the Gentiles, to find the Mormons singularly without objection to the outsider on account of his religious beliefs. A certain hostility certainly exists, but in every case in which I heard it intimated or openly expressed it was a practical or material objection—the argument that the Gentiles were taking the business, official, or educational positions, which might better be filled with "our people," that they were "breaking the solid front" of Mormonism. It is the constant cry of the church, "Trade with Mormon storekeepers," "Patronize Mormon industries." Yet even in such intensely Mormon communities as that of Cache Valley there are Gentile business men and Gentile professors in the Agricultural College who are held in high esteem, who mingle with the Mormons and have won their confidence.

The fact is, the church makes itself useful. If it demands certain observations and obedience, it gives return in solid advice and actual money benefit. I heard of not a few Mormons who, reputed apostate in

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their belief in Joseph Smith and the peculiar tenets of the faith, were yet patriotic Mormons, the advantages of belonging to this great semi-communistic machine overweighing all its disadvantages.

But in emphasizing the business and practical aspects of Mormonism, I do not wish to underestimate the stricter religious features, which are of undoubted influence. The Mormons are tasked, truly enough it seems to me, with lack of spirituality; indeed, I was surprised to find so little real religious enthusiasm and warmth. Yet there is no lack of unquestioning faith in the church formulæ.

The Mormon Church accomplishes much by elaborate ceremonial, by deep mysteries which take hold upon the imagination —the same sort of ceremony which has helped to give life to the Masonic fraternity for a thousand years. Nothing reveals more strongly the wonderful knowledge of human nature possessed by Brigham Young than his adroit devices for weaving around his people this web of mystery and ceremonial. The temples of Mormonism, both at Logan and Salt Lake City, are the very monuments of mystery. Outsiders may enter the tabernacles and listen to the ordinary services and the music, but the temples are sacred to the faithful, the mysteries being progressively revealed as the Mormon rises in power. Here in the temple the faithful are baptized and married with a wealth of ceremony, passwords, robings, incantations, inquisitions. A marriage ceremony lasts nearly all day; a boy baptized at eight years old never forgets the solemn processes by which he is united forever to the church. It is his first glimpse of the mysterious interior of the temple.

I had the good fortune to have a young Mormon driver during one of my trips in Cache Valley. He was a boy about nineteen years old, uneducated, but bright, curiously and openly religious, and yet giving frequent evidence of his ability to swear roundly and with unction. He told me that he was soon to be married and that he had just paid off his tithes, so that the wedding could take place in the temple. There was real awe in his voice as he told of the temple ceremonies, and of what he had heard of the magnificence of some of the rooms. He had never been in the temple but once before,—at his baptism,—and he had seen only the lesser wonders, but the impression left at that time was evidently one of his greatest memories. He did not seem to know what the marriage service was like, but he told me that it was "very holy." "It seems," he said, "like God talking to you."

This is a single instance of the grip which these church ceremonies have on the people. Another device which holds the people to the church is the curious doctrine of baptism for the dead. It is believed that the living may, by being baptized, save their relatives who have gone before. A man goes to the temple and is solemnly immersed for his grandfather, who died out of the faith; the grandfather's name is duly entered in the book of records; the grandson contributes a fee, and comes the next day to be baptized for his grandmother, and so on. As the result of this faith the Mormons have delved more deeply into their genealogy, perhaps, than any other class of Americans. I know of several cases in which Mormons have gone to England on purpose to trace out their genealogical tree, bringing back long lists of their ancestors, in some cases going back to the time of William the Conqueror. On their return to Utah they begin the process of baptism, a dip for each ancestor. Some old people and some women devote their whole time to being baptized, taking several immersions every day. I heard of one old man who had been baptized over fifteen hundred times and was still working at it, though interrupted by rheumatism. I met one highly intelligent Mormon, a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman, a man of evident sincerity of faith, who, being a busy worker, had supported an aged uncle during several years of baptism for the family. He told me of this "vicarious work done by the living for the dead" with the deepest earnestness.

All this daily ceremonial requires the attention of church officials and leaders, so that in a town like Logan many of the prominent men are employed regularly at what they call "working in the temple": an unpaid employment surrounded by deep mystery, a profession of great honor, and a way to preferment for some of the innumerable offices in the complicated church organization.

Every possible means is taken, it will thus be seen, to knit the common life with

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the church. The missionaries of whom I have already spoken must go out upon call of the authorities, leaving their business, taking neither scrip nor staff, supporting themselves as best they may with their own means or by the help of their friends. They are pretty certain of opposition and persecution, and their very effort to convince others of their beliefs reacts upon themselves, confirming their own faith, and they know—shrewd provision—that their rise in church officialdom, which is here synonymous with success in life, will be commensurate to some extent with their ability to bring in converts.

It would be interesting to know just how much of an economic drain the missionary system is upon the State and the church. Two thousand laborers taken out of the field of activity means a heavy loss of production. In addition they are supported in a way by their friends at home—always, when it is within their means. I know of several men who have sacrificed heavily to help brothers or sons during their missionary labor. I have heard it intimated that the leaders, the real heads of the church, find it a convenient means of keeping the rank and file in subjection financially, though it would be unfair to suspect them of that motive.

The church never lets go its people, even in their leisure hours. Beginning with Brigham Young, who well knew that it was human nature to seek amusement, the church, pursuing the policy of answering all the demands of a rational life, has even assisted in the establishment of opera-houses and theaters, and has encouraged music, both religious and secular. Few communities, especially agricultural communities, in the United States are more devoted to music and acting, and better appreciate the really good things in these arts, than the Mormons. A large proportion of the young people play some instrument, and the choir is an important adjunct of every service. The pipe-organ in the tabernacle at Salt Lake City is said to be the largest in the world, and the people are proud of it and enjoy it. Choir singing in all the tabernacles is exceptionally good. The old-fashioned, vigorous country dance is also a familiar amusement of every community—not infrequently opened with prayer by the bishop, who then leads the first set. Brigham Young in his day was said to be very sprightly on a waxed floor.

It naturally costs large sums of money to keep the complicated church machinery in operation, though many of the officials work without direct remuneration. These expenses are met by the tithings of the faithful (and usually of the unfaithful as well), every Mormon being required to pay into the tithing-house a tenth of his annual increase, sometimes in money, but often in cattle, hay, wheat, chickens, or whatsoever. It is a gigantic business system, the tithing-houses in several of the Mormon towns being large buildings with many clerks. A fund such as this in the hands of a closely organized secret leadership is in itself a great source of power. Large sums are expended for public purposes of various sorts, and much goes to the relief of the poor or unfortunate, a small class among these industrious people—the Mormons caring for their own people with a fidelity equal to that of the Jews.

Everywhere in the Mormon country one is aware of the church authority. One perceives that it has a tremendous power over the people, and yet no outsider may venture to define its limits, for there is so much secrecy in all the higher church affairs that it is difficult to say how the church is using its influence. Certain it is that when a man is ordered to go as a missionary he goes, and when the church says "vote for Smith," Smith is voted for, regardless of party, and elected; and formerly, perhaps even yet, when a man is directed to marry another wife, he does it. Yet the church which, though republican in form, is in reality an oligarchy working under an autocrat beside whom the Czar is a weakling, exercises its power with wonderful tact and discretion, for the most part without raising antagonism. If a man opposes its rulings, he can be made to feel its invincible power in a hundred ways. He may not be able to lay his finger on the special point of pressure, but it is there, crowding, crowding, until he yields. He may be ostracized by his neighbors, the favors of the church may be withheld, the merchants may refuse to deal with him. A man in any community who opposes the universal belief, who steps from the beaten path, is certain to feel the pressure and distrust of his neighbors, but

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here this pressure is organized and powerfully used. If the heads of the church dislike a man, he may be ordered on a mission on such short notice that his business is ruined, he is made dependent, his friends are alienated and forgotten, and he comes back in two or three years, broken in spirit, possibly in body, a suppliant for work, and he must "get in line" if he wishes to have any hope of salvation. There are exceptional men who are strong enough to stand the pressure from above and defy the authorities, but not many. In politics, business, and official life, in every ramification of public and private affairs, the individual is absolutely at the mercy of his higher church officials. The apostles are selected by the First President, "Seer, Prophet, and Revelator," as he is called. They in turn select the officials of most importance, including the bishops. The bishops name the minor officials, who come into immediate contact with the people individually. These nominations are all "presented" to the people in convention assembled and always unanimously "sustained." There have been a few rare occasions where objection was made to the nominees, but the objectors have invariably suffered for their temerity.

One great element in the solidarity of the Mormon people has been their life in an irrigated country, where conditions demand a much greater interdependence of the units of a neighborhood, a more vital community interest, than in the humid countries where every man who owns a farm is his own king.

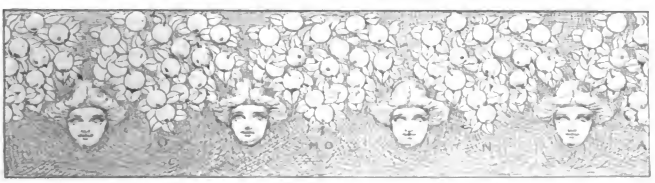
If there is one rock more than another which endangers the safe progress of the united church, it is that of politics. Even now the church does not always find it easy to make the Democrats go Republican or the Republicans go Democratic, though their power, when they choose to exercise it, is astonishing.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

The Mormons as a class are hard workers, sober and honest, though in some communities truly open to the charge of immorality. While there are saloons in all the large towns, the church frowns on liquor-drinking and tobacco. There is very little crime, in Cache Valley not averaging fifteen cases of felony a year. And the Mormons are exceedingly punctilious in their money obligations. I was informed by a prominent banker of Logan, a non-Mormon, that he rarely had a bad debt; that he had never known a community so prompt and honorable in its business dealings. This opinion was confirmed by many other non-Mormons.

As for polygamy, it still exists, covered up and concealed, but not wiped out of existence, as many suppose. There are still Mormons, as a citizen of Salt Lake City graphically put it, "who can take a car going any direction and get home." Polygamy is still an uncanceled tenet of the church, a firm belief of the faithful, if not so much a practice as formerly. The church regards it as a wise policy not to insist on the practice of polygamy in the face of the law and the overwhelming sentiment of the American people. Moreover, the inspiring cause of polygamy, the need, with which Brigham Young was impressed, for a method of increasing rapidly the population of the church by births as well as by conversion, has largely passed away with the growth of recent years. The natural increase is now large enough, though the preachers still urge upon their people the necessity of raising up many children to the glory of God.

In other ways besides their attitude toward polygamy the Mormons have shown a disposition to use tact in dealing with the outside world, as well as intelligence in appealing to the growing education of their own people.



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# "THE QUALITY OF MERCY"

## A STORY OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY

BY JOHN M. OSKISON

MISS VENITA CHURCHFIELD took up eagerly the fresh, neatly folded copy of the "Sachem" which a small half-breed Indian boy, with the singular little war-whoop that invariably announced his weekly delivery, had just thrown across the picket-fence. Going indoors, she smiled at the three columns of cattle-brands displayed on splotchy black cuts of steers, and was irritated anew that Efferts, the editor, should continue to print them. They occupied a considerable share of the four pages devoted to keeping the little prairie town of Black Oak informed of the world's doings in and outside of that small corner of the Indian Territory.

In spite of the editor's declaration that cattle had made Black Oak, and that the importance of spreading the knowledge of a brand throughout the country was great, the girl thought the "brandIng-iron page" distastefully provincial. Fresh from a St. Louis school, she had hoped, two years before, on meeting the editor, that he would be a valuable ally in the work of introducing culture—an exceedingly vague something, meant, for one thing, to suppress the unseemly shooting at sign-boards when, on occasion, cow-boys, full-bloods, half-breeds, and whites came in at night to "paint the town." But the editor had preferred to laugh *with* those who made the place incongruous rather than *at* them. The cattle-brands held the front page, and "Missouri Bob," the outlaw, continued to fill space as one of Indian Territory's important men.

"I could write editorials on Ruskin and national politics, and cut out the ugly raw news," Efferts had said once; "but nobody would read the paper. Cattle made Black Oak, and they made the 'Sachem,' too."

Miss Churchfield opened the paper at the third, or "local," page. A heading caught her eye, and she began to read:

"Missouri Bob" has a rival. This time it is a man well known to the country—Dalton, the Englishman. Last Monday, about eleven o'clock, he held up the Hon. C. M. Graybill of Kansas City, who was on his way to Fourteen Mile Creek to buy a herd of cattle from old man Bluefeather, the Cherokee. At the Locust Creek crossing a man came suddenly out of a patch of wild-plum bushes, and seizing the horse, covered Mr. Graybill with his gun.

There was no chance for the cattle-buyer to resist, the attack was so unexpected. Robbed of his arms (a pair of handsome pistols), a fine plaited bridle, and $10,000 in currency that he was taking down to pay for Bluefeather's cattle, Mr. Graybill returned at once to Black Oak and telegraphed the news of his loss to his employers, the Great Western Beef Co.

A full description of the highwayman was furnished to our marshals, and under the leadership of Heck Bunner a posse was sent out to try to intercept him before he got to the Grand River hills, where it is presumed he will be safely hidden by certain characters more friendly to lawbreakers than to officers of the law. Bunner returned to-day (Thursday) without having found a trace of the robber.

How long is this state of affairs to continue? Every lover of order should make it his business to hunt out the desperate characters that



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intest our country; and now that "Missouri Bob" has a rival in the clever Englishman, who has heretofore borne a fair reputation in spite of the fact that he has never got on, the country has become doubly unsafe.

So far Venita Churchfield read with a growing astonishment. She put down the paper with a gasp, then broke out:

"Impossible! Mr. Efferts must be crazy to print that."

She hurried to a back room, where her mother, a large, shrewd, brown-faced quarter-blood, sat sewing.

"Mother, let me send for Mr. Efferts to come to supper. I must see him."

"What 's the matter, dear? Why are you so excited?"

"Read this!"

Venita thrust the "Sachem" into her mother's hand. The older woman moved to the window and read the long account through carefully, never making a sign, while the girl waited impatiently.

"How do you suppose that awful mistake got into the paper?" The question came explosively.

"It may not be a mistake, dear." Mrs. Churchfield spoke quietly.

"But, mother—why, we 've known Mr. Dalton for years, and nothing could be further from my thought of him."

"Well, dear," said the mother, folding the "Sachem" carefully as she spoke, "we have known Mr. Dalton a long time, that 's true. He worked for your father in Texas when you were so high." Mrs. Churchfield's brown hand went down almost to a level with her knees. "I 've never known the man to do a downright dishonest thing; but his family somewhere—Canada, England, or Australia: I've never known—threw him over. Your father, when he was alive, could trust him, and I 've done the same."

Mrs. Churchfield hesitated a moment before going on:

"He pulled you out of a bad scrape once about the time we came up to the Territory. You don't remember; you were too young. It was a matter of getting into a corral ahead of some wild steers, knocking down your playhouse, and grabbing you up on his horse. Since that day I 've been more tolerant, I think, than I ought with Mr. Dalton's strange notions."

Mrs. Churchfield seemed to speak regretfully. She did not tell Venita of the secret alarm she had felt at the growing friendliness of her daughter for this cowboy Englishman, this irresponsible, clever bit of driftwood, who, after all, had served the Churchfields well until the father died, when he had gone to work for Colonel Clarke.

"Mother," said Venita, in a frightened tone, "Mr. Dalton 's coming to supper!"

"Is he?" queried Mrs. Churchfield. "Venita dear, I 'm very, very sorry for Mr. Dalton. He should n't have come so often." It was plain that the mother had seen what the girl had hardly considered—that Dalton was deeply in love with Venita. "However, it is best to get these two men together now."

"But do you think I dare to have them both, after this?" She pointed to the newspaper.

"Dear, Mr. Efferts is n't afraid; and Mr. Dalton is n't going to shoot him. Go on, and send Sammy with your note to Mr. Efferts."

After the chore-boy, a young Cherokee wearing a broad, umbrella-like black hat shoved far down over his ears, had clattered away on a gray pony to the "Sachem" office, Venita took up the paper once more. There was more about Dalton: his history, as far as it was known to the country, was detailed from the time he began to punch cattle for Colonel Clarke to his disappearance from Black Oak in 1890. His reappearance a year later—a month before the robbery of the cattle-buyer—was spoken of as mysterious, and his actions of late as suspicious.

Efferts gladly accepted the invitation from Venita Churchfield. She met him at the door, a well-gowned, tall, rounded girl of twenty, with a dark face and live black eyes. Before going in from the hall she whispered in some agitation:

"Our other guest came in just ahead of you—don't seem surprised." She led the way to the parlor, and before Efferts had time to hesitate was saying: "I believe you know Mr. Efferts, Mr. Dalton."

A tall man, his face bronzed and his light mustache sun-bleached, rose, shifting the opened "Sachem" from his right to his left hand, and came forward to greet Efferts gravely. The editor shook the other's proffered hand, and stepping back, stared frankly. Dalton turned to speak to the girl, dropping the paper on a convenient chair.

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For Efferts it was a bewildering moment. Fresh from the press, his words of accusation and denunciation of Dalton stared at him from the newspaper. By every law of probability Dalton should be hiding in the flint-hills of Grand River instead of standing here talking coolly to Miss Churchfield within a block of Marshal Bunner's house.

Venita's mother came in to say that supper was waiting. In the girl's appealing glance as she led the way to the dining-room both men read the demand for a truce, and the "Sachem" story was not referred to. For an hour Efferts puzzled his brain over the mystery. He was a straightforward, practical sort of man, not given to psychological inquiry. He liked Venita Churchfield, and had hoped that he might some day— But so had a dozen others, and it was no strange thing to see a man flash out with unexpected brilliance in the girl's presence. Certainly the tall, reserved man Dalton, of whom little more was known than that he undoubtedly was English and self-contained, was showing a rare tact and grace in meeting a situation that to Efferts was frankly puzzling. Venita warmed under the fire of the sun-tanned cow-boy's talk; a faint red surged up to overwhelm the rich darkness of her cheeks.

Going out to the parlor after supper, Dalton whispered to the girl, who beckoned her mother aside. "An executive session, mama," she said.

Alone with the two men, Venita stared in some dismay at the editor's uncompromising, grave face and Dalton's half-humorous, silent one. Suddenly she came between them, seizing an arm of each, and cried out:

"Say something, you men—do something, or I shall go mad!"

Dalton laughed, and Efferts, at the touch, felt the blood surge through his veins, a sensation he had thought impossible to a plodding, worldly country editor of thirty-eight.

"What shall we say?" began Dalton, smiling a trifle nervously.

"Say!" echoed Venita. She took up the crumpled "Sachem" from the chair and held it before her. "Tell me," she went on, "how this horrible mistake got into the paper." She turned to the editor. "Tell me that, Mr. Efferts!"

"Why," Efferts began lamely and conventionally, "I 'm sure I don't quite understand. I can only quote the 'Sachem's' motto, 'If it 's in the "Sachem," the brand 's registered.' Perhaps Mr. Dalton—"

Then the Englishman broke in:

"I suppose I ought to shoot Efferts where he stands, bind you, Miss Churchfield, to a chair, and shut your mother in the cellar, to bear out the reputation I 've acquired. But I 'm just going to say that the 'Sachem' was quite correct in its account of the affair at Locust Creek. The only thing omitted was something that Efferts could n't have known about. It was a personal matter, and does n't affect my standing in the eyes of the law—or in the judgment of the 'Sachem.' I supposed you 'd have the tale from Graybill,"— Dalton turned to speak directly to the editor,—"but, you see, one can ride safely enough into town in the dusk when everybody thinks you a hundred miles away." He spoke lightly. "My invitation to supper came to me over there,"— he motioned toward the east, where rose the Grand River hills,—"and of course I came"—he stepped nearer to Efferts and repeated for his ear, tensely—"and of course I came."

Efferts knew then, in a flash, Dalton's real story. He guessed correctly that the blond Englishman had run away from the fascination of the girl, and had been drawn back to her by a poignant memory. Just why the man had adopted this quixotic course Efferts could not quite understand; and it is certain that Dalton would have found it hard to explain the reason back of his robbery of the cattle-buyer. It was a wild act, a thing done on the impulse. The need for money had seemed peculiarly strong; the comfort and apparent permanence of the Churchfield home at Black Oak, and the reality of the thousands back of the girl and her widowed mother, had baffled him as an unendowed worker with his hands.

Dalton knew it was a twisted point of view, knew that men as poor as he had aspired and won; but it was an impression he could not get rid of that ten thousand dollars would make a vast difference. He tried to say as much.

"I hope you will both believe me when I say that it was a gamble for a big stake—bigger than the purse I knew the man had. I thought that was a possible first step, but it was all wrong. It was childish.

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I see it now. I can't explain it adequately to both of you. But I trust you to see the foolish impulse. I 'd like you to see it, anyway—you, Miss Churchfield." He turned away for a moment with a little gesture, as if brushing away a dream.

Dalton touched Efferts on the arm, and the two stepped aside. The Englishman said:

"Of course you see your duty, Efferts; do it as soon as you like after we leave the house. But—but if you do see how infernally demented I was,"—it was hardly necessary for Dalton to turn his eyes momentarily toward the girl, waiting nervously by the piano,—"and want to do a fellow a generous turn, just wait until you can get a telegram to Kansas City. There must be a newspaper there you can reach at this time of evening. Ask if the money I got from Graybill was n't returned to the Great Western Beef Company. I telegraphed it from Southwest City yesterday."

"Dalton, are you lying to me?"

Efferts looked squarely at the other, but there was no sign of evasion, only a half-contemptuous, half-amused gleam in his eyes, as he answered:

"You 've got to telegraph, and the sooner done the better."

"Yes, I 've got to telegraph."

The chore-boy was sent away again, this time to the railroad station, with a question to the Kansas City "Arrow."

And the prisoner, the judge, and the sympathetic jailer waited. Just before ten o'clock the boy returned with the answer. Efferts read it and passed it to Dalton. He glanced at the first half-dozen words and gave the message to Venita Churchfield. She read wonderingly:

Graybill money returned mysteriously—$10,000. Write us immediately full story.

The matter was explained to Venita Churchfield, and again Dalton drew the editor aside.

"I can't ask you to let me off. I can only say that it will be a mistake to bear too hard on me. I 'll go out with you—to Bunner's, if you like. It would be foolish to try to play the daredevil and bolt."

To the girl Dalton said, in a voice far from steady: "I wish I had the courage to tell you what drove me to do this foolish thing; but of course you don't want to hear it, and I must not tell you. You see, I 'm still too cowardly to ask for more than your pity!" But the avowal was in his eyes, plain, as he held out his hand. "Good-by," he whispered, and turned hurriedly to join Efferts at the door.

When the two men left the front door and their footsteps crunched down the gravel path together, Venita lingered a moment before shutting them from her sight.

Efferts saw how well the Englishman bore off his broken hope, and Portia's old plea came into his mind. Aside from the bizarre appeal to his sense of the romantic, there *was* the quality of mercy to be considered. At the gate, beside which Dalton's horse stood tied, head drooping comfortably in the warm spring air, Efferts turned to ask:

"Dalton, if you ride away to-night will you go to Texas?"

"I 'll catch the midnight train south from Prairie Switch, the next stop from Black Oak. I 'll telegraph you to-morrow from Dennison whatever ten words you name."

"Suppose we make it four—'The quality of mercy.'"

Efferts held out his hand. Dalton mounted with a swing, then rode near to say:

"You 'll have the message, old fellow, and you 'll find that one fool has had his lesson—a costly one."

He was gone, the sound of his horse's hoofs fading into the night.

A week later Venita Churchfield read in the "Sachem" this brief paragraph:

The $10,000 taken by Dalton, the Englishman, from the Hon. C. M. Graybill of Kansas City has been returned to the Great Western Beef Co. Dalton is now in Texas, and not likely to win further laurels in the Territory as a rival of "Missouri Bob."

Venita met the editor at the door, the paper in her hand. She pointed to the paragraph as he came up the steps.

"Yes, it is a brief ending," he said, "to an exciting 'story'; but—"

"I know, dear," the girl whispered, coming up to him and slipping her hand into his; "but he was more foolish than bad. It was right to be generous."

VINITA, INDIAN TERRITORY.



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From the painting by John S. Sargent (Examples of American Portraiture, XI)



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# Thanatos Athanatos

[DEATHLESS DEATH]

BY JOHN HAY

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare —
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair —
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand-seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips

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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne"

III



THE question of whether I should become a surveyor by profession was much debated among us. My youth was against it, but I was in strength and seriousness older than my years. My mother opposed it, as she did every change, being of those who are defeated beforehand by obstacles. Without any better plan of life to offer, she insisted that it was not an occupation for a gentleman. This was, in a measure, true in Virginia. The bounds of estates were often vague or contested, and there was a strong prejudice against the persons employed to settle these disputes, or who were engaged in laying out new plantations beyond the Alleghanies, and who took daily wages, like mechanics.

The planters settled on the tide-water coast or on the rich river lands were long since uneasy because they feared the settlements made inland might interfere with their control of the trade in tobacco, in the culture of which they were exhausting the soil. At one time the king endeavoured to prevent settlements beyond the mountains, under the pretence that they would be too little under government. It was believed, however, that the jealousy of the long-settled planters was the real means of bringing about this decree, which no one obeyed. The more enterprising families, who were disposed to engage in the acquisition of such lands, were looked upon with suspicion. Nor were their active agents regarded with favour. Indeed, long afterwards I was subject to reproach because of having been engaged in the occupation of a surveyor of lands. The prejudice entertained by the gentry of Virginia was not without foundation in the character of many of those who were thus employed, for they were not all of a decent class, and were subject to be influenced by bribes, so that out of their misconduct arose many tedious disputes as to boundaries.

Although among my elders there was much discussion as to my choice of a means of livelihood, I cannot remember that it in any way affected my own resolutions or, in the end, those of my brothers. It was finally concluded that I was to serve under Mr. Genn, my former instructor in surveying, and was to be accompanied by Mr. George William Fairfax on a visit to the estate of Lord Fairfax.

The prospect of being able to earn my own living, and of a life in the wilderness, filled me with pleasure, and I set about preparing flints, powder, and shot for the new fowling-piece this lordship was so kind



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as to give me. I had the foresight, also, to take some lessons in the shoeing of horses, and, after a visit to my mother, was fully prepared for my journey.

I hold it most fortunate that my own inclinations and the good sense of my brothers set me to work at a time of life when temptations are most dangerous because of their novelty. Many of the young men I knew became brutal from contact with slaves, and spent their lives, like some of their elders, in fighting cocks and dogs and in running quarter-races. A few men were brought up to professions; but as estates were entailed on elder sons, or they, at least, received the larger portions, and there was no army or navy, the younger sons were generally without occupation and apt to fall into evil ways. I little knew, when I rode away, how fortunate was my choice.

We set out on March 11, 1747, George William Fairfax and I, with two servants and a led horse, loaded with a pack and such baggage as could not be carried in saddle-bags. I was at this time ill, not having recovered from an attack of the ague; but the action of the horse and the feeling of adventure helped me, so that in a day or two I left off taking of Jesuits' bark, and was none the worse.

I have now before me the diary I kept as a lad of near sixteen years. It was not so well kept as it was later, but already in it I discover with interest that it turns to practical matters, like the value of the land and what could be produced on it.

As we were soon joined by my old master in surveying, James Genn, I learned a great deal more of his useful art, and usually earned a doubloon a day, but sometimes six pistoles. Although the idea of daily wages was unpleasant to Virginians of my class, I remember that it made me feel independent, and set a sort of value upon me which reasonably fed my esteem of myself, which was, I do believe, never too great.

Our journey was without risks, except the rattlesnakes, and the many smaller vermin which inhabited the blankets in the cabins of the squatters.

I remember with pleasure the evening when I first saw the great fertile valley after we came through Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge. The snows were still melting, and on this account the streams were high and the roads the worst that could ever be seen, even in Virginia. The greatness of the trees I remember, and my surprise that the Indians should have so much good invention in their names, as when they called the river of the valley the Shen-an-do-ah—that is, the Daughter of the Stars; but why so named I never knew.

In this great vale were the best of Lord Fairfax's lands. Near to where this stream joins the Potomac were many clearings, of which we had to make surveys and insist on his lordship's ownership. Here were no hardships, and much pleasure in the pursuit of game, especially wild turkeys. I learned to cook, and how to make a bivouac comfortable, and many things which are part of the education of the woods. Only four nights did I sleep in a bed, and then had more small company than I liked to entertain.

I copy here as it was wrote by me, a lad of sixteen, what we saw on a Wednesday. It might have been better spelled.

At evening we were agreeably surprised by ye sight of thirty odd Indians coming from war with only one scalp. We gave them some liquor, which, elevating their spirits, put them in ye humour of dancing. They seat themselves around a great fire, and one leaps up as if out of a sleep, and runs and jumps about ye ring in a most comicle manner; afterward others. Then begins there musicians to play and to beat a pot half full of water, with a deer-skin tied tight over it, and a gourd with some shott in it to rattle, and piece of a horse tail tied to it to make it look fine.

The Dutch, then of late come in from Pennsylvania, I found an uncouth people, who, having squatted, as we say, on lands not their own, hoped to acquire cheap titles. They were merry and full of antic tricks. I talked with some by an interpreter and heard them say they cared not who were the masters, French or English, if only they were let to farm their lands. This amazed me, who was brought up to despise the French as frog-eating folk, and, indeed, this indifference of the Dutch became a matter of concern when we had a war with the French.

After one night in a Dutch cabin, I liked better a bearskin and the open air, for it was not to my taste to lie down on straw—very populous—or on a skin with a man, wife, and squalling babies, like dogs and cats, and to cast lots who should be nearest the fire.



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I did not like these people, and the Indians interested me more. Genn understood their tongue well enough to talk with them, and the way they had of sign-language pleased Lord Fairfax, because, he said, you could not talk too much in signs or easily abuse your neighbour; but I found they had a sign for cutting a man's throat, and it seemed to me that was quite enough, and worse than abuse. Mr. Genn warned me that one of their great jokes was, when shaking hands with white men, to squeeze so as to give pain. Being warned, I gave the chief who was called Big Bear such a grip that, in his surprise, he cried out, and thus much amused the other warriors. This incident is not in my diary, and I find it remarkable that now, after so many years, it should come to mind, when even some more serious affairs are quite forgot.

Early in April, having completed our work, I crossed the mountains afoot to the Great Cacapon, and, passing over the Blue Ridge, on April 12 found myself again at Mount Vernon. But before that I first rode on to Belvoir, that I might be prompt to answer his lordship's questions. All he would talk about was how to get horse and man over rivers, and of a way I learned of an Indian to wade across a strong swift stream safely, even breast-high, by carrying a heavy stone to keep me on my feet. He advised me to learn the sign-language of the savages.

He was soon to set out for the valley, where he meant to lay out the great manor of Greenway Court and there reside. He desired me to come and help to survey his great domain.

There must be some natural taste in man for the life in the woods, and, for my part, I longed ever to return to them, of which, sooner or later, I had many opportunities. Nor did the free life make me less, but rather more, practical, and I learned to observe the trees, and how the land lay, and the meadows, whether liable to flood or not, all of which enabled me not only to serve my employers well, but was of use to me when I became able to purchase land myself.

About this time the influence of Lord Fairfax and my brothers obtained for me the place of surveyor of the county of Culpeper. I saw, a few years ago, in the records of Culpeper Court House, under date of July 20, 1749, that George Washington, gentleman, produced a commission from the president and masters of William and Mary College appointing him to be a surveyor of the county, whereupon he took the oath to his Majesty's person and government, and subscribed the abjuration oath, the test, etc.

I recall now the pleasure this formal appointment gave me. Although I was then but seventeen years old, I was much trusted and was soon busily employed, because of my exactness, and because it was known that I could not be bribed; and thus for over two years I pursued this occupation. His lordship had long since this time left his cousin's house of Belvoir and gone to live in the valley, in his steward's house, which now he bettered and enlarged for his own use, meaning soon to build a great mansion-house, which he never did.

His home was a long, low stone dwelling, with a sloped roof, and many coops where swallows came, and bird-cotes under the eaves, and around it on all sides a wide porch, with, in every direction, the great forest of gum and hickory and oaks, and the tulip-trees. I found the roads much improved on my first visit, and many outbuildings for slaves and others, with kennels for the hounds his lordship loved to follow. My own room was ever after kept for me. It had a wide dormer-window, and next to it a room with more books than I had ever seen before, except at Westover, Colonel Byrd's great mansion.

I never passed the time more agreeably. When not absent laying out land, we hunted and shot game, especially wild turkeys, which abounded; and when the weather served us ill I read the history of England, and tried to please his lordship by reading Shakspere and other books of verse. But although I had by hard labour managed to lay out and plot verses to certain young women, I never found much pleasure in the use of the imagination, nor in what others made of it. It seemed to me tedious and without practical value, nor did it amuse me except when it was in a play.

For days at a time I sometimes saw nothing of this kind but eccentric nobleman. A woman in England was said to have wounded his life, and it was rare that we had any female guests at Green-

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way Court, except Anne Cary, the sister of George William Fairfax's wife. I found it not good for me to be in her company, for in some way she brought to my mind a boy love, which I had resolved no more to entertain, but which I found it difficult to master.

Miss Cary stayed no long time, and others came and went, but for the most part I had his lordship to myself. There were days when he was absent in the woods with a servant, or alone. At others he would remain all day shut up in a small log house, not over fifteen feet square, where he slept, and, as he said, very ill. It was his custom, however, to join me at supper, and then to remain smoking, which I never learned, and taking his punch. He was either full of talk or so silent that we would not exchange a word while he sat staring into the fire. Sometimes, when tired, I fell asleep, and, on waking, found him gone to bed. When disposed for conversation, he was apt to be bitter about his native land, and once said that the best part of it had come away.

My brother Lawrence and he were the only persons of our own class I ever knew in those days who, to my surprise, foresaw serious trouble from the selfish policy of the crown and the greed of English merchants, who desired to keep us shut out of the natural ways of sea trade. I should have been most ungrateful, which I never was, had I not felt my obligations to Lord Fairfax. His great wealth and high position kept even my mother satisfied that what pleased my patron could never be complained of, and so, for a season, I was let to go my own way.

He led me to feel sure that, soon or late, we must be at war with both France and the Indians, or else submit to be shut out of the fertile lands to the westward. He was almost the only Englishman of high rank whom we saw in Virginia. There were governors with their secretaries, and officers of the army, but, except my lord, all of them regarded the gentlemen of the colonies as inferiour persons. This feeling was, I apprehend, due to the fact that we looked to England for everything, and were in many ways kept as dependent as children. He once said to me that we were like slow bullocks that did not know their power to resist. This was all strange to a young Virginian in those days. I have lived to see its wisdom, and now, as I think of it, am reminded that Mr. Hamilton once wrote to me, "a colony was always a colony, and never could be a country until it had altogether to stand on its own legs."

This was spoken of Canada, which unwisely refused to make common cause with us, and will now be for us at least a troublesome, if not a dangerous neighbour.

But to see her in the hands of France was not, as the matter presented itself, to be desired, for which reason I did not at a later time encourage Marquis Lafayette in his design upon Canada, knowing that if we succeeded in the war, and with French troops were able to take Canada, France would claim it as her share of the spoils, and thus hem us in from Louisiana to the Great Lakes. Indeed, this was very early a constant fear throughout all the colonies, and especially in New England, where the notion of being shut in by a popish nation added to their uneasiness.

When considering this matter, I recall the effect of the capitulations of 1759, for, at that time, in order to quiet the French after England had taken Canada, and to get the Canadians to accept willingly English rule, vast and unwise privileges were granted to the Church of Rome, and later the Quebec Act of 1774 decreed that Quebec should be held to extend over all the country west of the Ohio and up to the lakes, and thus that the privileges enjoyed by the Romish Church should prevail over all this great dominion.

While the Stamp Act and the laws restrictive of trade did variously annoy the separate colonies, the Quebec Act produced a still more general dissatisfaction.

While at Greenway Court I had other teachers besides his lordship, for many Indians, frontier traders, and trappers came to claim food and shelter, which were never denied them. Often the woods were lighted up by their fires, and I found it of use, and interesting, to hear what was said and to learn something of the uncertain ways of the savages.

I heard how the Delawares, Shawnees, and Iroquois had wandered from the north and taken to the lands about the Ohio, and how the French protected them and claimed all the country up to the Alleghanies.

To these camps came the rude, lawless traders from Pennsylvania, who had stories

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to tell of the Indians and of the French beyond the Ohio. These men foresaw a war on the frontier when scarce any others did, and, by their accounts of the fertility of the wide savannas beyond the Ohio, filled me with desire to explore this rich wilderness. I learned that already the French had warned the fur-traders to leave and had driven away their hunters, and when I mentioned this to Lawrence he said we were not easy folk to drive, and, least of all, Pennsylvania Quakers, and that there would be trouble, which there was soon enough. We were on the edge of a struggle in which all the world was to share. Meanwhile time went on, and what Lord Fairfax called the "frontier pot" was boiling.

I was often back at home, sometimes with my mother, or at Belvoir, or at Mount Vernon, riding to hounds, surveying, and making more than I needed in the way of money, and enough to keep me in horse-flesh and to give me better clothes, for which I have always had a fancy. Only in the woods I liked best such dress as our rangers wear, and good moccasins are the best of foot-gear. But as to clothing, when not in the woods, I found in myself a liking for a plain genteel dress of the best, without lace or embroidery. Fine clothes do not make fine men, and the man must be foolish who has a better opinion of himself because his clothes are such as the truly judicious and sensible do not advise.

Until I had money of my own I did not venture much at cards; but now I played a little, although I was never fond of it, and lost more than I made. I was more inclined to the game of billiards.

If at times I was in danger of leaning towards the rough ways of the wilderness, I had the advantage of seeing at Mount Vernon, or at the homes of the Carters and Lees, or among the Lewises of Warner Hall, and elsewhere, the older gentry, who were orderly and ceremonious, and who reminded me anew of his lordship's lesson as to the value of good manners.

Sometimes on these great plantations I was employed in surveys, but at others, as at Shirley and the Corbins', I was only a guest. I was, I conceive, unlike the idle young men of some of these houses, for I was over-grave and cared less for card-playing and hard drinking than suited them.

I found myself at this time preferring the society of women, who are always amiably disposed to overlook the shyness of men like myself, and with whom it is possible to be agreeable without either punch or tobacco; but racing of horses I always liked, and dancing.

In those days cock-fighting was also to my liking. I remember well, because it was at Yorktown, a great main of cocks in 1752 between Gloucester and York for five pistoles each battle, and one hundred the odd. I was disappointed to leave before it was decided. I saw there a greater cock-fight in after days.

I recall now that my brother Lawrence once wrote home from Appleby School that each boy must pay to the master on Easter Tuesday a penny to provide the school with a cock-fight.

As to the hard drinking of rum and bumbo, Madeira and sangaree, I never had a head for it, or any liking, nor for the English way of locking doors until the half were under the table. These things were not encouraged in the better houses, but sometimes they were not to be avoided without giving offence. The great war helped to better these foolish customs, and now they are more rare.

I remember, about this time, to have seen such an occasion on a hot day in July at L—— Hall, where I was come to survey a plot of meadow-land. I arrived about 7 P.M., and I must needs go at once to sup with a gay company of men, very fine in London clothes. I would have excused myself to be of the party, but no one would listen to me, and, although dusty and tired, I was pulled in whether I would or not. We had a great supper, and Madeira wine, and much rum punch, with wine-glasses which had no stands or bottoms and must, therefore, be kept in the hand until emptied. When it became very warm, negroes were sent for to fan us and to keep off the flies. At last there was a dispute as to game-cocks, and two were fetched in, very sleepy, and set on the table to fight, which they were little of a mind to, but were urged until feathers and blood were all over the table. When songs were sung, and most very drunk, and the king toasted, I slipped away, and would have got out the door, but found it locked. Being unable to escape, I was forced to return to the table. At last a lighted candle having

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been set before each guest, our host called on us to rise, and when he cried out his toast, "The Ladies, God bless them!" each gentleman, having drained his glass, used it to extinguish the candle-light set before him. It seemed to me a strange custom. I took advantage of the darkness to get out of an open window, and was pursued by two or three, who fell on the way, so that I got back to the house and to bed, liking none of it. But now all this is much amended, and there is more moderation in drinking, but still too much of this evil custom.

I am led here to remark that in the War of Independency many officers who were otherwise competent failed because of drunkenness, and, indeed, at Germantown this was one cause of our losing the battle. When it became needful after St. Clair's defeat in 1791 to appoint general officers, I furnished my cabinet with a statement of the names and characters of such officers as, having served under me, I knew should be considered. As concerned most of them, I found it well to state whether or not they were addicted to spirits, so common was this practice.

It seems very remarkable that so few gentlemen should have foreseen what was plain to the trappers and dealers in furs. All of the Ohio country was claimed by both French and English. The Indians, although cheated and made drunk, were still in possession of the woods they considered to be their own. Virginia claimed what Pennsylvania, and even Connecticut, said was theirs; Pennsylvania was reaping the only harvest of the wilderness, of the value of some fifty thousand pounds a year, the trade in furs; last of all, in 1749, some enterprising gentlemen in England and Virginia planned the Ohio Company, meaning to colonize even north of the Ohio.

When Mr. Thomas Lee, president of the council, died, my brother Lawrence became the head of the Ohio Company, and all of this, as I now see, had much to do with the next change in my life. I find it pleasant again to dwell here on the good sense and liberal spirit of my brother, who, had his life been spared, would surely have been chosen to do that which has fallen to me. His character is well seen in his desire that the Dutch from Pennsylvania, whom he invited as settlers, being dissenters and having come into the jurisdiction of Virginia, should not be forced to pay parish rates and support clergymen of the Church of England, as all dissenters were obliged to do. He urged that restraints of conscience were cruel, and injurious to the country imposing them, and he wrote:

> I may quote as example England, Holland, and Prussia, and, much more, Pennsylvania, which has flourished under that delightful liberty, so as to become the admiration of every man who considers the short time it has been settled, whereas Virginia has increased by slow degrees, although much older.

There, on our borders, as Lord Fairfax said, was much powder, and only one spark needed to set it off. Meanwhile Mr. Gist set out to survey the grant of the Ohio Company, on the south side of the Ohio River, all of which was greatly to concern my life.

Virginia and Pennsylvania were, at that time, much stirred up by the hostile threats of France, and efforts began to be made to prepare for hostilities on the frontier. About this time, but the exact date I fail to recall, my brother Lawrence abandoned all concern in the military line of life, and arranged that his place of major in the militia should be given up to me, and that I should also take his position as district adjutant.

During the summer of 1751 I saw with affectionate anxiety a great change in the health of my brother Lawrence. I remember no event of my life which caused me more concern. Since our father's death he had been both father and friend. Had it not been for him, I should not have known Mr. Fairfax and his cousin, Lord Fairfax, nor without their help could I have become employed in a way which brought about my service on the frontier and all that came after. Thus, in the providence of the Ruler of the events of this world, one step leads on to another, and we are always being educated for that which is to come.

At last, in September, Lawrence, who had been long ill of a phthisical complaint, asked me to go with him to the Barbados. Therefore, while Mr. Gist's surveys on the Ohio went on, and both English and French were making bids to secure the Indians, we were on the sea. It is far from my purpose to recall what, after a constant habit, is set down in my diary. I lost in

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the Barbados what good looks a clear skin gave me, because of a mild attack of smallpox, such as a third of the human race must expect, and I remain slightly pitted to this day.

What most struck me in the islands was the richness of the soil, and yet that nearly all the planters were in debt, and estates over-billed and alienated. They were all spendthrifts, and I remind myself that I resolved at that time never to be in the grasp of the enemy called Debt. How persons coming to estates of three hundred or four hundred acres could want was to me most wonderful.

Lawrence now declared for Bermuda, and as he seemed better, I felt able to leave him and return. To be torn by the demands of public duty on the one hand and by the call of affection on the other, I have many times been subjected to. Lawrence insisted that matters at home made urgent my return, and, indeed, through life I have always held that the public service comes first.

I reached home in the ship *Industry*, in February, 1752, having had enough of the sea in a five weeks' voyage, and very stormy.

Lawrence was at times better and desired to remain a year in Bermuda, and for me to fetch his wife. But soon his mind changed, and he wrote that he was resolved to hurry home, as he said, to his grave.

In the little time that was between his return and his passing away, I was much in his company—nor have I ever since been long without thought of him; for, although I am not disposed to speak much of sorrow, nor ever was, his great patience under suffering, and how he would never complain, but comfort his wife and me as if we were those in pain, and not he, have often been in my mind, and particularly of late, since the increase of my own infirmities has reminded me that the end of life cannot be very remote.

I am of opinion that I must have seemed, when younger, to be a dull, plodding lad; but, as time went on, Lawrence came to think more of me than did any, except Lord Fairfax, and in this his last illness gave me such evidence of his esteem as greatly strengthened my hope that I should justify his belief in me.

General Hamilton once asked me whether I did not think that at the approach of death men seem sometimes to acquire such clearness of mind as they might be thought to obtain beyond the grave. I had to reply that such considerations were remote from my usual subjects of reflection; but what he then said, although I had no suitable reply, reminded me of certain things Lawrence said to me, and of his certainty that I should attain honourable distinction. I thought him then more affectionate than just, for I have never esteemed myself very highly; but I know that I have never ceased to do what I believed to be my duty, and as to this my conscience is clear.

My dear Lawrence died at Mount Vernon, July 12, 1752, aged thirty-five years, and thus I lost the man who had most befriended me. As his infant daughter Sarah inherited his estate, and I, although only twenty years old, was one of his executors, my time was fully occupied by this and by the increase of public duties, which were made heavy by the want of good officers and by the insubordination and drunkenness of their men. Even then I saw what must come of it all if we had a serious war, for the militia could not by law be used more than five miles outside of the colony, and we should have to rely upon volunteers for more extended service.

The little maid, my niece, at Mount Vernon, did not live long after her father's death, and thus, as I have before stated, in 1754 the estate fell to me under the will of my father. It was charged with a life-interest in favour of my brother's wife, who soon married Mr. George Lee of Westmoreland. I was obligated to pay her fifteen thousand pounds of tobacco yearly; and as the estate, because of Lawrence's illness, had fallen away, I was little the better for the property until her death in 1761.

On my brother's return, although very ill, he interested himself in my future, and it was, no doubt, in part due to his influence that, before his death, I was called to Williamsburg, the seat of government, by Governor Dinwiddie, who told me he was advised to make me one of the adjutant-generals. To my surprise, he seemed to consider me competent, and, owing to my brother, and probably also to the advice of the Fairfaxes, I received this appointment for the Northern Division, one of the four now newly created, with

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the rank of major and one hundred and fifty colonial pounds a year.

To this day I do not fully understand why I so easily secured this important appointment. I was only nineteen and knew nothing of war. As I consider the matter, there were many more experienced men, who, like Lawrence, had served at sea and on land. The other adjutants were older than I. One of them said I should have a bitter business, for the chief use of the militia was to search negro cabins for arms and to get drunk on training-days. Nevertheless, as I knew well enough, there was good stuff in the men of Virginia, and no better could be found than the men of the frontier, who were expert with the rifle and were more than a match for the Indians. As I learned from Lawrence, the candidates for these places of adjutant were either too old or were men of drunken habits; and as to the wandering soldiers of fortune who had had experience in war, they were not gentlemen of our own class, and this, I understood, was a question which the governor and council considered important.

When I went again to accept and thank the governor for the appointment, he talked to me at some length, and I learned that he was more largely interested in the Ohio Company than I had previously known, and that one reason for my appointment was my familiarity with the frontier country, where I might have to serve. Without further troubling myself as to why I, a young man of nineteen, was thus chosen, I set earnestly about my work. I found it no easy task. I myself had much to learn, and, by Lawrence's advice, secured Mr. Muse, formerly adjutant of a regiment, who had served with my brother in the Spanish war and now resided near us in Westmoreland. This old soldier lent me books on tactics, and taught me the manual of the soldier, which was to prove of small value on the frontier. Van Braam was also put to use, as I wished now to learn the broadsword.

Meanwhile, at intervals, I rode through the counties of my district, and did my best to ascertain how many men could be counted on, and to stiffen the lax discipline of the county militia.

I soon discovered that the governor, Robert Dinwiddie, was more intent on making money than on governing wisely.

Appointments to office, in my youth, were very often obtained through family and other influence, and were, like mine, critically considered by many. Indeed, in this year, not long before Lawrence died, Mr. George Fairfax mentioned to me that, being at Greenway Court, and Mr. Meade present, that gentleman inquired of him how it chanced that a man so young as I should have succeeded to obtain what older men had failed to get. His lordship replied for his cousin that he was mistaken as to my age, for all the Washingtons were born old, and he supposed that I was near about thirty. Mr. Meade said that it was thought my lord knew best who pulled the strings, but to this, as George Fairfax said, laughing, his lordship only smoked a reply.

This Mr. Meade was the father of Richard, who served well as one of my aides in the great war. David Meade, the second son, was of those who believed that Colonel Byrd should have been made commander-in-chief by the Congress. It may be that he was right, or would have been so had Colonel Byrd been more decided in his opinions. He had both ability and military experience.

Mr. Meade was not alone in this opinion, and was said to have himself entertained the belief that, although I was, as he said, a good business man and of irreproachable morals, Colonel Byrd of Westover was my superiour in some respects and in none my inferiour, and of even greater experience in war. I have had at times to contradict the statement that there was no opposition to my appointment. I may add that I made no effort to secure it, and I am sure that no one doubted my capacity for the command more than I myself; but of this I have already said enough.

There were many in and out of the Congress who preferred others. More than one of the Virginia delegation has been said to have been cool in the matter, and Mr. Edmund Pendleton was clear and full against my appointment. I have always taught myself never to resent opposition founded on honest beliefs or entertained by those of unblemished character. Colonel Madison once said to me that time is a great peacemaker, but I have rarely needed it. My breast never harboured a suspicion that the opposition then made was due to personal unfriendliness, for no

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man could have had more reasonable doubt of my fitness than I myself. Nor have I ever permitted the remembrance to affect my actions, and I have lived to have unequivocal proof of the esteem of some who most opposed me.

(To be continued)



# CECILIA THE PHARISEE

## A STORY OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

I CECILIA MORGAN MADIGAN, being of sound mind and in purfect bodily health, and residing in Virginia City, Nevada, do hereby on this first day of April solemnly promise:

1. That I will be Number 1 this next month at school.

2. That I will be pachient with Papa, and try to stand him.

3. That I will set Bep—yes, and Fom too, even if she is Irene's partner—a good example.

4. That I will not once this next month pinch Aunt Anne's sensative plant—no matter what she does to me.

5. That I will dust the back legs of the piano even when Mrs. Batterman is n't expected.

6. That I will help Kate controll her temper, and not mock and agravate her when she sulks.

7. That I will be a little mother to Frank and teach her to grow up and be a creddit to the famly.

8. That I will not steal candy out of Kate's pocket—without first begging her very hard to give me some.

9. That I will practice The Gazelle fathfully every solatary day. And give up reading on the sly while I play 5-finger exercises.

10. That I will try to bear with Irene. That I will do all I can not to fight with her—but she is a selfish devvil who is always in the wrong.

And all this I solemly promise myself without being coersed in any way, of my own free will, without let or hidrance, because I want to be good.

*Cecilia Morgan Madigan* (*called Sissy*),
Aged 11 last birthday.

P.S. And I feel sure I can do it all, God helping me, except Number 10—which is the hardest.

SISSY, who had been sitting writing only half dressed, folded the paper reverently, put it to her lips for lack of a seal, and then buttoned it firmly inside her corset waist.

She felt so virtuous already that the carrying out of her intentions seemed really supererogatory. When she went to Irene to have her button her dress in the back, she had such a sensation of holiness, such a consciousness of a forbearing, pure, and gentle spirit, that her sister's malicious pretense of ignoring her presence appeared to her nothing less than sacrilege.

"Ain't you going to button me, Sprint?" she demanded, indignant that her enemy, whom she was going to treat with Christ-like charity, should successfully try her temper before the ink was dry on her own promise to keep the peace.

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"Ask me pretty," grinned Sprint, whose nickname honored an athletic achievement which no Madigan, however swift, could accomplish so successfully as the second. "Say 'please.'"

"I won't do anything of the sort. You know you 've got to do it, and you 've no right to expect me to say 'please' every time. You don't do it yourself, you hateful thing!"

"Why don't you cry?"

"Because I won't for you—because you can't make me—because—"

"Because you are crying in spite of yourself! Because anybody can make you cry, cry-baby!"

Sissy's hands flew up to her breast. It was a recognized gesture with her, a physical holding of herself together in the last minute that preceded her temperamental flying to pieces.

Sprint retreated cautiously, clearing the deck herself for action.

But no first gun was fired in that engagement. A crackling of the document hidden over the spot where she thought her heart was came like a warning note to Sissy. She struggled against it a moment; then her hands fell. Meekly she turned her back upon her tormentor, and in a voice of such exquisite holiness as to be almost unearthly, she said:

"Sprint dear, will you please button me?"



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"I, CECILIA MORGAN MADIGAN, BEING OF SOUND MIND"

A look of outraged astonishment at the unheard-of endearment came over Irene's face. The Madigans regarded demonstrative affection as pure affectation at its best; at its worst it was little short of indecent.

"'Sprint dear?'" mocked Irene as soon as she recovered. "Yes, dear. Turn around, dear. Stand straight, dear. Wait a minute, dear—"

Sissy stood in silence, biting her tongue that she might not speak. She was so occupied with the desire to keep Number 10 of her compact with herself that she did not notice how long it was before Irene really began to button her waist. She did note, though, that she began at the bottom, a proceeding Sprint fancied merely because it drove her junior nearly frantic. She buttoned with maddening slowness up to the middle, when she capriciously left this point and recommenced at the top.

Mentally Sissy followed the operation. It was almost complete when through the little gap purposely left open Sprint deftly introduced a providentially flattened piece of ice from the window-sill, giving her victim a little shake that sent the ice slipping smoothly down her squirming body, but escaping before Sissy could turn and rend her.



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Drawn by Orson Lowell

SOME OF THE MADIGANS

"That settles Number 10," said Sissy, grimly, to herself, while she danced with discomfort. "I 'll kill her if I get a chance —that 's what I 'll do. I 'll get even, or my name 's not Sis Madigan."

She hurried back into her room, which the twins shared, and stood in damp martyrdom while Bessie's butter-fingers crept with miserable slowness up and down. She suffered so from Bessie's ineptness that, despite the requirements of Number 3 of her code, she tore herself violently from her and turned her back imploringly to Florence. But Fom was a partizan of Sprint's, and it was against all the ethics of Madigan warfare to aid and comfort the enemy. When Sissy, chastened, returned to Bep's ministrations, the blonde one of the twins was so hurt and offended by the implication of awkwardness—a point upon which she was as vulnerable as she was sensitive —that Sissy slapped them both before she went at last for relief to Aunt Anne.

This was fatal, as she knew it would be.

"I shall tell your father about Irene," her aunt said, looking up from the coffee she was sipping as she lay in bed reading a French book. "But it 's just as well, for I told you yesterday that that dress was too dirty to wear another day. Change it now—"

"Oh, Aunt Anne, it 's late already—"

"You 'll change that dress, Sissy, or you won't go to school."

"I won't! It 's too late. I 'll be late. That means one credit off, and this month I 'm going—" A remembrance of her lofty intentions came suddenly to Sissy. All the world seemed bent on compelling her to forswear herself.

"Cecilia!" commanded Miss Madigan.

Sissy stiffened.

"You 've disturbed my reading enough this morning. If you say another word I 'll—"

"Oh, Aunt Anne—"

"Go over to the wall, Cecilia, and stand with your back to me for five minutes."

With a fiendish light in her eye—a light of such desperate satisfaction as betokened one gladly driven to commit the unforgivable—Sissy moved toward the sensitive-plant in the window.

"Not there! That poor plant seems to



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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE REST OF THE MADIGANS

suffer sympathetically with your badness. Stand over by the bureau."

Sissy obeyed. Her rage at being made ridiculous, her sense of outrage that a perfectionist like herself should suffer punishment, added to her knowledge of the flight of time on school mornings, strangled her into dumbness. But she clasped the paper in her breast as a drowning man might a spar from the wreck. At least Number 4 was intact. She had been mercifully spared the fracture of this one of her self-made commandments.

She was standing with her nose pressed firmly against the green wall-paper, her back laid open as by a surgical operation, and a towel, which her aunt had forced into the aperture for drying purposes, dangling down behind, when Kate, passing the door on her way to breakfast, glanced in.

Her sputtering, quickly stifled screech of laughter sent Sissy spinning about as a bull does when the banderilla is planted in his quivering flesh. She looked at the doorway; it was empty, but she heard scurrying footsteps without. Kate was on her way to tell the others.

She looked at Aunt Anne. That severe lady had dropped her book and, seized by the contagion, was shaking with silent laughter.

Not a word did Sissy say. Her expression of disgust,—disgust that a grown-up should be so silly as to see something funny in absolutely nothing; disgust that her aunt should so weaken the effect of her own discipline,—reinforced by the green smudge on her nose, rubbed off the wall-paper, finished Miss Madigan. The lady no longer attempted to conceal the disgraceful fact that she was laughing. She gave an audible gurgle, and began to wipe the tears of enjoyment from her eyes.

In that moment the iron entered into Sissy Madigan's soul. She turned again to the wall, and taking a pin which had fastened the bow of ribbon at her throat, she pricked slowly but relentlessly in the loose wall-paper this legend:

AUNT ANNE—PIG.



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After which she felt relieved, and, the five minutes being up, left the room with such uncompromising hauteur, still splashed with green on the nose, still split open down the back, with the towel's fringe dangling in dignity behind, that her aunt again exploded.

THE fact that she had irretrievably lost one credit through tardiness set Sissy's lips in a tight line of determination to guard jealously every one of the ninety-and-nine left to her.

At recess she remained at her desk studying her geography with an intensity of purpose that made her rivals' hearts quake. She sat at the teacher's desk—lifted to this almost regal eminence by his fondness for her petulant ways as well as because of that quality of leadership which made Sissy her fellows' spokeswoman. Hers was the privilege of using the master's pencils, sharpened to a fineness that made neatness a dissipation instead of a task. It was she, of course, who originated the decorative style of arithmetic-paper much in vogue, in which each example was penned off in an inclosure fenced by alternating vertical and horizontal double hyphens.

But a queer, conscientious sense of the responsibilities of power and place modified Sissy's rapturous delight in her position, so that she kept it despite a fiercely jealous class-spirit developed by a strict credit-system, by the emulative temper which the rarefied atmosphere of the little mining town fostered, and by a young master just out of college who looked upon his teaching as a temporary adventure, much as a Japanese gentleman regards domestic service.

It was in her capacity of class representative that the master had consulted Sissy upon the limits to be observed in the forthcoming public oral examination in geography. And she had enlightened him as to what would be considered quite "fair."



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SPRINT DEAR, WILL YOU PLEASE BUTTON ME?'"

This treaty, into which she entered with the seriousness of an ambassador to an unfriendly power arranging a settlement of a disputed question, had a character so sacred in her eyes that its violation by the master in the course of the afternoon came upon her like a blow.

"'Cecilia Madigan,'" asked the master, "what is the highest mountain in the world?"

Sissy rose. The imposing array of visitors in school faded out of her horizon. All she could see was the eyes of her schoolmates turned in accusatory horror upon her. They suspected her of betraying them; of using her elevated position to hand down untrustworthy information.

"Please, Mr. Garvan," she said in tones more of sorrow than of anger, skilfully showing her knowledge of the answer while denying his right to it, "that question is n't on the map of Africa."

A flush of annoyance mounted to the young master's forehead. Out of the corner of her eye Sissy saw the preliminary twitch of the corners of his lips that served the class for a danger-signal.

"What is the highest mountain, Cecilia?" he repeated sternly.

Sissy stood a moment looking at him.

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All that she might not say—her contempt for pledge-breakers, her shocked hero-worship now forever a thing of the past, her outraged school-girl's affection—she shot straight at the master from her angry eyes.

Then she sat down.

"I don't know," she said.

He looked up from his book, incredulous. Ten credits out of one hundred challenged. "Are you going to benefit by what a mate suffers for principle's sake? Are you a coward who does n't dare to stand up for your class? And—do you know what you 'll get from me if you are?"

"I—don't—know," faltered the girl.

A glory of triumph shot over Sissy's face. It leaped like a sunrise from peak to peak in a mountain-range of obstinacy.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'THAT SETTLES NUMBER 10,' SAID SISSY, . . . WHILE SHE DANCED WITH DISCOMFORT"

gone at one fell swoop—ten of Sissy Madigan's credits, for which she fought so gallantly and which she cherished so jealously when she once had them in her possession.

"I—don't—know," repeated Sissy, disdainfully.

The master passed the question. But as he put it to the next girl, Sissy put another question, with her eyes, to the same girl.

"Are you a scab?" her steady gaze

"I don't know"—"I don't know"—"I don't know"—the shibboleth of the strikers' cause went down the line. The master was shamed in public by the banner pupils of his school. He writhed, but he put the question steadily to every one till he came to Irene, last in the line.

"What is the highest mountain in the world?" he asked, perfunctorily now.

But, to his amazement, she rose and, looking out of the window up to the moun-

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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by K. C. Collins

"SISSY SLAPPED THEM BOTH BEFORE SHE WENT . . . TO AUNT ANNE"

tain to the skirts of which the town clung, she answered:

"Mount Davidson."

Sissy's savage joy followed so quick upon her horror at her own sister's defection that the closing of school left her in a trembling storm of emotions. In the dressing-room, where the girls were putting on their hats, she marched up to Irene, followed by her wrathful adherents and feeling like an avenging Brutus.

"You 're a sneak, Sprint Madigan! You 're a coward, and—and a stupid coward. You don't know enough to betray your class and get the benefit of it, but you 'd rather be mean than get credits, anyway. Nobody can count on you. Changeable Silk, that 's what you are—



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"LEFT THE ROOM WITH SUCH . . . HAUTEUR . . . THAT HER AUNT AGAIN EXPLODED"



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changing color all the time, never standing firm! I hate you! Changeable Silk! Changeable Silk!"

"Changeable Silk! Changeable Silk!" chanted her following.

The little dressing-room rang with the cry of the mob, so filled with significance by the tone in which it was uttered that Irene paled and shrank.

But only for a moment. The Madigans never lacked courage long. That fierce internecine strife waged by the clan in the old house high on the side of the hill made a Madigan quick and resolute.

"Stupid yourself, Sissy! My answer made him madder than your not answering."

Sissy looked at her searchingly. "But—did you—" she wavered.

"Of course I did! Who 's the stupid now? Do you s'pose I did n't know it was—"

"What?—what?" Sissy repeated as her sister hesitated.

Irene turned up her nose insultingly. "I—don't—know," she mocked, and beat a successful retreat.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HER NOSE PRESSED FIRMLY AGAINST THE GREEN WALL-PAPER"

Francis Madigan dined in a long room, the only man at a table with seven women ranging in years from four to forty-four. The accumulation of girls in his family was so wanton an outrage upon his desires that he rather rejoiced in the completeness of the infliction as an undeniable grievance.

He needed a grievance as a shield against which others' grievances might be shattered. And in default of a more tangible one, he cited his heavily be-daughtered house. It was at dinner-time that he always seemed to realize the extent of his disaster. As he took his place at the head, his wrathful eye swept from Frances in her high chair up along the line, past the twins, through Cecilia, Irene, and Kate, till it lighted upon Miss Madigan's good-humored, placid face. His sister's placidity was an ever-present offense to the father of the Madigans,—the most irascible of unsuccessful men,—and the snort with which he finished the inspection and took up the carving-knife had become a classic in Madigan annals long before Sissy brought down the house at the age of eight by imitating it one evening in his absence.

But to-night a most painful and ostentatious respect marked Sissy's manner to her parent. She stood markedly,—while the others scrambled into their chairs and Wong, the Chinese servant, sped about placing everything on the table at once,—waiting for her father to be seated.

She was still waiting politely when his eye lighted upon her. "Sit down, Cecilia!" he roared; "what d'ye want, gaping there?"

Sissy sat down. So holy was she that she did not resent (openly) the low, delighted giggle Irene gave. She began to be politely attentive to Dusie, her father's pet canary, though she loathed the spoiled little thing that hopped about the table helping itself.

Madigan had a way of telling himself, in his rare moments of introspection, that the tenderness he might have lavished upon a son he spent upon the male offspring of more fortunate genera than man. The big Newfoundland and the great cat came to meals regularly. They shared Madigan's affection with the birds (whose cage, big as a dog's house, he had himself nailed up against the side of the wall), that broke into a maddening din

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Drawn by Orson Lowell

THE CLASS IN ORAL GEOGRAPHY

of song, excited by the rival clatter of young Madigans dining.

Protected by this shrill symphony from the sound of his daughters' voices, Madigan fed his dog, his cat, and his favorite canary, and with his head upon one hand, in token of his abiding disgust with the human, daughterful world, ate quickly with the other.

This pose was the signal that freed the feminine Madigan tongue. Usually they all broke into conversation at once; but on this evening there seemed to be some agreement which held them mute till Irene spoke.

"I am glad to see you be so patient with papa, Sissy," she said gently.

His third daughter glanced apprehensively at Madigan. But her father had retired within his shell, and nothing but a cataclysm could reach him there.

"Why—" she said, puzzled—"why—I—"

"Promise me that you 'll try to stand him," urged Sprint, joyously.

"And that you 'll help me control my temper, and not mock and aggravate me when I sulk," chanted Kate.

Sissy dropped her knife and fork, and her hands flew to her bosom, not in wrath, but in terror. The crackling testament was gone!

"Sprint! You—"

"Try to bear with me, won't you, Sis, even if I am a devil?" grinned Sprint.

"And set us a good example, Sissy," piped the twins.

Sissy gasped.

"Be a yittle muvver to Fwank," lisped the baby, prompted by a big sister.

"And don't steal candy out of my pocket, will you, Cecilia Morgan?" begged her oldest sister.

"And—"

Sissy sprang into the air, as though lifted bodily by the taunts of these ungrateful beneficiaries of her good intentions.

"Sit down, you ox!" came in thundering tones from the head of the table.

When one was called an ox among the Madigans the culprit invariably subsided, however the epithet might tend to make her sisters rejoice. But Sissy had borne too much in that one day—always keeping in mind the perfect sanctity with which she had begun it.

With an inarticulate explanation that was at once a sob, a complaint, and a trembling defiance, she pushed back her chair and fled to her room. Here she sobbed in peace and plenty; sobbed till tears became a luxury to be produced by a conscious effort of the will. It had al-



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'PLEASE, MR. GARVAN,' SHE SAID"

ways been a grief to Sissy that she could never cry enough. Sprint, now, could weep vocally and by the hour, but all too soon for Sissy the wells of her own sorrow ran dry.

Yet tears had ever a chastening effect upon the third of the Madigans. In due time she rose, washed her face, and combed back her hair and braided it in a tight plait that stuck out at an aggressive angle on the side; unaided she could never get it to depend properly from the middle. This heightened the feeling of utter peacefulness, of remorse washed clean, besides putting her upon such a spiritual elevation as enabled her to meet her world with composure, though bitter experience told her how long a joke lasted among the Madigans.

She fell upon her knees at last beside her bed. No Madigan of this generation had been taught to pray, an aggressive skepticism—the tangent of excessive youthful religiosity—having made the girls' father an outspoken foe to religious exercise. But to Sissy's emotional, self-conscious soul the necessity for worded prayer came quick now and imperative.

"O Lord," she pleaded aloud, "help me to keep 'em all—even Number 10—in spite of Sprint and the devil. Help—"

She heard the door open behind her.

With a bound she was in bed, fully dressed as she was; and pulling the covers tight up to her neck, she waited, to all intents and purposes fast asleep.

"You little fool!" said Madigan, with a hint of laughter in his heavy voice and laying a not ungentle hand on her blazing cheeks. "D' ye think I care if you want to kneel and kotow like other idiots? If you 're that kind—and I suppose you are, being a woman—pray and be—blessed!"

It was the nearest thing to a paternal benediction that had ever come to Sissy, but she was too wary a small actress to be moved by it out of her rôle. Nor did her father wait to note the effect of his words. His heavy step passed on and out of her room into his own, and the door slammed between them.

In a moment Sissy was up; in another moment she had torn off her clothes, blown out her candle, and jumped back into bed. She was almost asleep when the twins came in, but she feigned the deepest of slumbers when Bessie pushed a crackling piece of paper under her pillow, though her fingers closed greedily about it as soon as the room was quiet again.

She knew what it was—her precious



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compact with herself, that loyal little Bep had recaptured from the enemy. She lay there, lulled by its presence; and slowly, slowly she was dropping off into real slumber when a sharply agonizing thought, an inescapable mental pin-prick, roused her. It was Number 9. She had not touched the piano during the whole of that strenuous day.

She withdrew her fingers reproachfully from the insistent reminder of virtuous intention, and resolutely she turned her back on it and tried to pretend herself to sleep. But every broken section of her treaty had a voice, and above them all clamored the call of Number 9 that it was not yet too late.

When Sissy rose wearily at last and draped the Mexican quilt about her, the house was quiet. All youthful Madigans were abed, and the older ones were in secure seclusion.

It was a small Saint Cecilia, with a short, stiff braid standing out from one side of her head, and utterly without musical enthusiasm, that sat down in the darkness at the old square piano. "La Gazelle" was out of the question, for she had no lamp and she did not yet know the trills and runs of her new "piece" by heart. But the five-finger exercises and the scales that it had been her custom to run over slightingly while she read from a paper novel by the Duchess open in front of her music —this much of an atonement was still within her power.

With her bare foot on the soft pedal, that none might hear her, Sissy played. It was dark and very quiet; the hush-hush of the throbbing mines filled the night and stilled it. At times her heart stood still for fear that she might be discovered; at other times the longing for a sensational uncovering of her belated and extraordinary goodness seized her, and her naked foot slipped from the cold pedal only to be hurriedly replaced before the jangle of the keys could escape.

How long she practised, and whether she redeemed herself and Number 9, Sissy never knew, for she fell asleep at last over the keys and was waked by a hoarse scream and a wild cry of "De debbil! De debbil!"

It was Wong, the Chinaman, who had but one name for all things supernatural. Coming home from Chinatown, he was passing the glass door near which the piano stood when he saw the slender figure in its trailing white drapery bowed over the keys.

Sissy looked up, sleep still bewildering her, and yet awake enough to be fearful of consequences. She tore open the door and sped after the Chinaman to enlighten him, but her pursuit only confirmed Wong's conception of that mission of malice which is devils' work on earth. A terrified howl burst from him. There was only one being on earth of whom he stood in greater awe than the thing he fancied he was fleeing from; that one, logically, must be greater than It. Taking his very life in his hand, he doubled, darted past the shivering Thing, flew on through the open door, and made straight for the master's room.

For Sissy there was nothing to do but to follow.

"I wanted to be good," she wailed, unnerved, when Aunt Anne had her by the shoulder and was catechizing her in the presence of a nightgowned multitude of excited Madigans.

But succor came from an unexpected quarter. "Let the child alone, Anne," growled Madigan, adjusting the segment of the leg of woolen underwear which he wore for a nightcap; and seizing Sissy in his arms, he bore her off to bed.

"Papa's pet! Papa's baby!" mouthed Irene, under her breath, as she danced tauntingly along behind his back.

And Sissy, outraged in all the dignity of her eleven years at being carried like a child, but unspeakably happy in her father's favor, looked over his shoulder with a sheepish, smiling, sleepy face, murmuring, "Sour grapes, Sprint, sour grapes!"

Afterward, encouraged by the darkness and the strangeness of being laid in bed from her father's arms, Sissy held him a moment by her side.

"When men make promises on paper that they can't keep, father," she whispered, "what do they do?"

"Oh, go to sleep, child! They become bankrupt, I suppose."

"And—and what becomes of the paper?"

"What do you know or care about such things? Will you go to sleep to-night?"

"If you had any bankrupt's paper," she pleaded, catching hold of his hand as he turned to leave her, "what would you do with it—please, father!"

"Why, tear it up, you goose."

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With a jump, Sissy was bolt upright in bed and holding up a fluttering, much-folded sheet, an almost incredulous joy in her eager voice.

"Take mine and pretend I was bankrupt —please—oh, please!"

To Madigan all children, his own particularly, were such unaccountable beings that a vagary more or less could not more hopelessly perplex his misunderstanding of them. With a "Tut! tut!" of impatience, he took the paper from her and tore it twice across.

A long sigh of relief came from Sissy as the bits fluttered to the floor. "You 're such a nice father!" she murmured happily, and fell asleep, a blissful bankrupt instead of a Pharisee.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SEIZING SISSY IN HIS ARMS, HE BORE HER OFF TO BED"

# MAIZE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I SOWED the maize, the Inca's maize,
Within the red earth's furrowed ways—
I sowed with magic rune:
It scarce hath shown its lordly spear,
When list! I hear
The whisper of the maize!

That spear (become a falchion) sways
Through all the green and growing days
Of sweet, long-lighted June;
At mist-hung morn, or morning clear,
Still, still I hear
The whisper of the maize.

When tufted blooms a signal raise,
And bees, therein, make long delays
At incense-burning noon,
Still, borne from far, or rising near,
I hear—I hear
The whisper of the maize.

And when its dues the ripe year pays,
When leans toward earth, with deepening gaze,
The silver-brimming moon,
While amber grows the milky ear,
I hear—still hear
The whisper of the maize.

When on the breeze the wan leaf strays,
Amid the dim, forgetful days
That follow summer soon,
Lo! shriller still, and all austere,
I hear—I hear
The whisper of the maize!

. . . . .

Amid the red earth's furrowed ways,
I sheaved the maize, the Inca's maize,
And husked its golden boon;
Each lordly sheaf spake like a seer—
And still I hear
The whisper of the maize.

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Drawn by Granville Smith. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE SMILED AND RAISED HIS GLASS TO HER"

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# GRANDMAMA

## A TALE OF LOUISIANA IN THE OLD DAYS

BY GRACE KING

Author of "Balcony Stories"

WITH PICTURES BY GRANVILLE SMITH

GRANDMAMA came to New Orleans in 1820, a bride, sailing from Savannah in a green satin pelisse, as she used to narrate it. The voyage was uneventful save for the mutinous conduct of a young gentleman passenger, who, growing excited in an argument with the captain, gave him the lie, and was put in irons and cast into the hold of the vessel and kept there during the rest of the voyage.

Perhaps it was the adventurous voyage on land afterward that made the sea trip appear so uneventful in grandmama's memory. For New Orleans in 1820 was a strange place for a bride of eighteen from Savannah to find herself in—the daughter of an old Huguenot family, a child of the church, reared in careful ignorance of the language of Voltaire and of any charm of womanhood that sprang not from the innate sources of Christianity.

Not so with grandpapa. New Orleans was not strange or foreign to his nature; the city, on the contrary, seemed made for him, and he for the city. He could have exclaimed about it as poets do of Arcadia,

> "Here, here was I born!
> This, this is my home!"

Little recked he of the sins and negligences that grandmama prayed to God about. On Sunday afternoons, which she spent teaching her slaves their catechism and Bible lesson, he promenaded the levee, then a broad public walk planted with trees, as the godless people about him did, looking at the ships and laughing at the pranks of the sailors in the rigging; or he strolled to Congo Square to see the negroes enjoy their holiday dancing



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"Congo"; afterward, when it was dark (with shame be it said), whiling away some of his Sabbath moments in a café taking a sip with his friends, and listening to the guitar-playing there and the gay French and Spanish songs.

He was always surrounded by friends. Grandmama used to say that she did not think the person existed who did not like him. She herself, an only child, an heiress, reared as we have described, could not avoid liking him; although when he came to Savannah—he was a Virginian who came there on a visit—she warned all her friends that she did not desire to meet Mr. Thomas Middleton, and requested them not to present him to her, for she approved of naught that she had heard about him. But she herself had only to meet him—for of course her friends went at once to work to bring this about—she had only to meet him to consent to dance with him, only to dance with him to permit him to call upon her, only to hear his addresses to accept him; for within six weeks after the time she avoided him she married him. Before the honeymoon was in its last quarter she had consented to leave her home and family in Georgia and come to New Orleans to live—to New Orleans, that was then among the cities of the United States as a Sirius among fixed stars. And yet he was not specially handsome, had no specially striking figure, had none of the brilliant parts of those great men of that day who have left, as one may say, bronze monuments of themselves in the memory of the place. He had been careless of study at college and university; but what difference did all this make to him or to his friends? Not Apollo, or Plato, or Sir Isaac Newton, or Gibbon, the literary giant of the day, could have held a candle to him—that is, according to the accounts that have come down about him—in good nature, kind-heartedness, humor, wit, geniality, and open-handed generosity. He could not have done an unkind act to save his life, or say an unkind word, and he could sing English songs as no gentleman had ever before sung them in New Orleans; and if he sang according to tradition, no gentleman that has ever come after him in New Orleans has ever sung "The Mistletoe Bough" as he did. Fancy the Creoles listening for the first time in their lives to "The mistletoe hung on the castle wall"!

Grandmama pleased and made friends, too, by her opposite qualities. Where gentlemen are inclined to over-pleasure, their wives are generally inclined to over-piety, and grandmama was not the only bride that winter in New Orleans, or the only one whose young husband enjoyed himself in that gay city.

But grandmama could not satisfy herself, as the others did, with her own piety, putting all else in the hands or upon the shoulders of God. In simple statement, she tried to practise what she prayed for, as she had been taught to strive and to pray in Savannah. To see her, so young, so beautiful, so rich, practising, as they expressed it, the rigid virtues, was soul-inspiring to the other brides, who, in truth, after the manner of brides from time immemorial, were addicted to the compromise of praying according to their ideal and practising according to that of their husbands. Many of them used to confess that they envied the American bride, and wished that they could emulate her in the practice of the rigid virtues.

At that time all the gay society of New Orleans went to Mandeville, a little lake-shore place very near to the city to-day, but then distant from it a day's journey in a schooner. It was famous then, as it should be now, for its game, its fish, its good cooks, its comfortable hostelries, its magnificent forest and salubrious air, and its easy sociabilities, after the manner of New Orleans. In New Orleans, however, there was some pretense of business. In Mandeville even this slight imputation of restraint upon the men was removed. Free as the balmy air, boundless as the glittering little lake before them appeared to be, radiant as the blue sky above them, were the repose and ease of the men in Mandeville. Grandmama, therefore, sitting on the gallery in front of her room at Papillon's hotel, thought more upon the great eternal question concerning the soul at Mandeville even than in New Orleans; and she prayed more there, and read the Bible more, and taught her slaves their catechism even more assiduously than ever; while the billiard-balls clicked upon her ear from morning till night, day after day, including, alas! Sunday, and the card-parties went on as unceasingly, and wine-drinking, and betting, and laughing, and grandpapa's songs and stories.

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Many a night her patience gave out as she listened to it, and many a night she was tempted to take her candle and go down-stairs and set fire to the billiard-room and burn it and its occupants and the hotel to the ground. One night, she confessed, she went half-way down-stairs on this mission, when the hand of God intervened and restrained her. When Mr. Middleton came in he little suspected what he had escaped.

She had essayed to speak seriously to him more than once, but he would seize her around her waist and sing to her: "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancor of your tongue." Or he had other ways of silencing her which saddened her all the more—when he was not by to silence her again. But, in truth, what wives see and hear themselves they can in a measure bear with, even when they are young, in love, and impatient of temper. It is what they do not see but surmise, what they do not hear but hear about, that overburdens them.

During the long days of a long summer it is not surprising that the attractions of the hotel café and billiard-room gave out by degrees, and that the men more and more became addicted to ordering their horses and buggies and riding or driving off to "Paradise" to taste of the attractions there. The name itself has no good savor to women, and M. Populus added nothing to its palatableness.

Poor old M. Populus! For he was old then—a grandfather. Who knows to-day what he was? Who cares! His tomb in the old St. Louis Cemetery keeps inviolate the secret of his morality as well as of his mortality. Nevertheless, as in life so in death, his wife abides separate from him. Her tomb is on the opposite side of the path from his, as the finger of calumny, the inherited finger of inherited calumny, can still point out on any All Saints' day. And as the motley crowd throngs the path between those separated tombs on this most beautiful of New Orleans holidays, so the motley gossip in the old gentleman's lifetime filed unceasingly between the separated lives—not once a year on All Saints' day, but any day of the year upon which his name was mentioned.

It would have been hard—nay, impossible—to make any wife at Mandeville believe that M. Populus named his forest home Paradise out of compliment, as he said, to God, or that he gathered his friends there for the pure enjoyment of God's purest blessing, as he called it—nature. No; no wife believed that, no matter upon what oaths her husband swore it. Although the wives in a way were forced to accept the fact that the house of M. Populus was a plain log cabin, furnished plainly, yet when their husbands were staying there to all hours of the night, they thought of it as some lurid palace of enchantment, builded up and furnished with all the suspicions that a wifely brain can imagine—suspicions which, whispered by one to another, and so receiving the breath of life, became facts. How far the wives were right, how far they were wrong, judgment day alone will reveal, as it will reveal, it is hoped, whether M. Populus ever said that he wanted the friendship of men, but from women he asked only love, and but a little of that. "The inconstancy of women! Nonsense! It does not exist. They are devils for constancy!" This was the kind of conversation that the ladies usually attributed to him.

Toward the end of summer, chance directed a distinguished stranger thither, and a great dinner was at once given by the gentlemen in his honor at Papillon's hotel. M. Populus ordered the dinner. Papillon himself cooked it—the same Papillon who was afterward kissed, it is said, by Fanny Ellsler for his cooking.

Grandmama wore her embroidered India muslin, and her husband crumpled up and threw upon the floor twenty neckerchiefs before he tied one to suit him for the occasion. Grandmama, as was the gallant custom of the day, was seated as far as possible from her husband. M. Populus sat at the end of the table, almost as far away.

A good dinner need not be described. At the end of this one the company felt, as a company should feel at the end of a perfect repast, that they had been lifted to some Olympian height, from which, though only in little Mandeville, they looked down in pity upon the rest of the world. The good will, the smiles, the bons mots, were what we find only upon this height.

The gentlemen were paying their compliments to the ladies, and the ladies were bowing their graceful heads to the gentlemen, and the brilliant slender crystals of champagne were twinkling and glancing at

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one another across the long table. Then, then, Mr. Middleton thanked his fortune (as he did, however, at the end of every good dinner) for bringing him home at last to his own people.

His wife? Ah! we were all dwelling in the original Paradise still, had the serpent received there the rebuff that she bestowed upon M. Populus. He smiled and raised his glass to her. She put her glass down and looked away.

M. Populus, however lax in his life, was exceedingly exacting when it came to his honor. He had shot men or run them through with his sword (he was equally good with both weapons) for far less than what Mr. Middleton was then and there accountable for. The men at the table who saw the insult began at once to deplore the loss of a pleasant companion, the women to pity the young widow, although every one saw to it that the gaiety should not be interrupted and the prestige of the occasion dimmed.

It was no "Pray, Goody," that night when the young American couple reached their rooms.

"In the name of common sense, Polly," began her husband, hotly, "what do you mean by acting as if you do not know the usages of polite society?"

"I know the usages of polite society well enough, Mr. Middleton," she answered just as hotly. "I have lived in polite society all my life, but never in such a godless one as this."

"You have never lived in as pleasant a one. A little Georgia town, where all people had to do was to save their souls and damn other people's!"

The allusion was to Savannah.

"You can do as you please, Mr. Middleton; but I shall act according to my principles in society and out."

"Your fiddlesticks, Polly! And I can tell you, you had better make up your mind to pass your life with the psalm-singers, for I 'll be switched if you are ever invited out among these people any more."

"Do you approve of M. Populus, Mr. Middleton?"

"Approve! Good Lord! You don't think I am going around approving and disapproving of people like a missionary, do you? I go with Populus to amuse myself, not to save my soul. Life 's too short for that kind of business."

"Life? Yes, but eternity," she responded eagerly, seeing her way to a seasonable remonstrance.

"Let 's wait till we get to eternity to think about eternity. Egad!"—chuckling over the idea,—"it will give us something to do there. There will be no fear of death at least to put an end to it."

"Mr. Middleton!" she exclaimed haughtily at his irreverence.

"I can tell you what, Polly," he said, paying no attention to her tone or word, "I would rather drink with the devil than be rude to him when he meant to be polite."

That was the truth as she knew it. She answered coldly:

"Well, I would not, Mr. Middleton."

The next morning she had barely finished breakfast when her friends came upon her to know if she had not written some explanation to M. Populus—an apology, in plain terms. In the haste of each one to advise her, all came in their morning dresses and all brought the same piece of advice.

"Apologize to M. Populus!" exclaimed grandmama. "I would as soon apologize to the devil. I believe he is the devil."

"But, my dear friend, he will kill your husband!"

"Kill my husband because I refuse to drink a glass of champagne with him? Nonsense!"

"Ah, but you do not know the point of honor."

"Honor! Honor! How can a dishonorable man have honor?"

"But they are the very kind who are most particular."

"You tell me so and so." And grandmama enumerated what they had told her.

"Ah! but, my friend, that was private. We told you that in confidence."

"But is it not the truth? Do you not believe—" And grandmama went on.

"Well, to tell you the truth," answered the most sensible among them, "God knows whether it is the truth or not."

They told her terrible stories about M. Populus as a duelist. He never missed. He always killed. He never forgave. He always challenged. In truth, they told enough of things that they knew as absolutely correct to frighten any woman. And if he were the devil himself, they all swore, a woman would be justified in apologizing to him to save her husband.

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Poor grandmama! She had never thought of a duel.

"My father," she said, "never fought a duel in his life."

"Was he ever challenged?"

"Never! Never!"

"Ah!" they all exclaimed.

"Your mother must have been a very sensible woman," said the sensible friend.

"My father would not have fought even if challenged," persisted grandmama.

"But your husband?" asked one.

Adjurations, implorations, revelations, proved all in vain. If the ladies were astonished at the rigidity of grandmama's virtues before, what were they now!

But if they thought that her virtues kept her rigid after their departure, they were mistaken. No, she was not rigid in the privacy of her room after they left.

She prayed; she consulted her Bible. Neither God nor his holy word encouraged her to apologize. She thought of her husband. She prayed again, and read her Bible again. But whichever way she turned, whatever oracle she invoked, she could see no alternative between right and wrong. She used to say that she herself fought a thousand duels and suffered a thousand deaths during the hour between eleven o'clock and midday, all the while hearing the balls click merrily in the billiard-room, and her husband's voice, as usual, leading the mirth.

As the bell of the little church rang twelve o'clock she heard the tramp of a horse and the roll of wheels. She ran to the window. There came M. Populus, just as usual, in his fresh blue linens, his glistening fine plaited shirt, broad Panama hat—in truth, what people called him, the finest-looking old gentleman that ever had a bad reputation.

When M. Populus entered the billiard-room a great and overwhelming silence seemed to fall not only over Mandeville, but over the whole universe. Each man looked at another and then at Middleton, who alone went on unconcernedly with his billiard-playing.

Although grandmama had as much imagination as most women and reasoned from it as fondly, for what followed that morning (the most astounding contradiction of human experience ever known in Mandeville) she would never give or accept any other reason but God. M. Populus trod across the floor and clapped Middleton on the shoulder; and when the young gentleman turned to him, blushing, it must be confessed, in embarrassment, he said, laughing good-naturedly: "No, no, my young friend; we are not to quarrel and kill each other. No! Madame, your beautiful wife, has not touched the honor. She has only hurt the feelings of an old man who"—shrugging his shoulders—"wished to pay her a compliment. That is all. Eh, my boy, we are never further from fighting than when our feelings are hurt. She thinks that I corrupt you; that is it," with a faint smile. "Wives always think that some one else corrupts their husbands. It is a pretty illusion, and one that I would not destroy."

Some one tactfully ordered refreshments. The old gentleman drank "To the good women. We are not good enough for them. She"—nodding to Mr. Middleton—"is of the kind we like our mothers to be—our fathers being what scamps they please."

And then the billiard-balls began to click again. M. Populus played billiards, as he did all games, well.



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# THE ASIATIC TRADE OF OUR PACIFIC STATES

BY H. W. SCOTT

Editor of "The Oregonian," Portland



HAT great changes are taking place in the currents of Pacific Ocean commerce, to be followed fast by still greater, is rapidly becoming manifest. Increasing production in our own Pacific States requires Oriental markets, and is finding them. Railroad development both in America and in Asia, and increasing use of steam on the ocean, are effecting great changes in the courses of the trade of all countries in touch with the Pacific. More than fifty steamships now sail regularly from the ports of California, Oregon, and Washington to ports in Asia or in the great Pacific Islands, and of "tramp" steamers and sail-vessels a continually growing fleet. Between ports of British Columbia and ports of Asia, Australia, and New Zealand there is similar movement. It includes not only the local commerce between countries that border on the greatest of oceans, but carries also a heavy trade from the Orient by railway across America to our Eastern States, and even to Europe, from West to East over the Atlantic. Everything favors the growth of this commerce to very large proportions. There is promise of development of an international commerce on the Pacific which, within the next half-century, may rival that on the Atlantic. For the active theater of the world's new effort is now eastern Asia and western America. The two hemispheres, heretofore scarcely at all in communication except across the Atlantic, are now rapidly developing an intercourse over the Pacific, which is to effect large transformation, or at least to become a great additional factor, in the commerce of the world.

But there are obstacles to the realization of these results in the fullness that might be supposed, chief of which is in the social and economic condition of Oriental peoples. Though nearly one half the population of the world is in those countries, the vast majority are very poor, and can buy for consumption only small quantities, in proportion to the products taken by less numerous but more prosperous races elsewhere. Doubtless the condition of these masses will improve through contact with the more active and progressive foreign races. For it is chiefly through the intercourse of different races with one another that progress has been made by any during the course of human history; and Oriental countries, shut up till recently against the whole outer world, have no opportunity for agitation and change through introduction of new forces among them. But their isolation and seclusion are now being broken down rapidly, and pressure of other nations upon the Orient bids fair soon to effect a great transformation. One feature of it now is prominent—the war between Russia and Japan. Whatever may be the results on the political or national side of this conflict, the effect upon the peoples and the commerce of the Oriental countries is certain to be very great. Such a war must inevitably have a transforming power. It cannot but go far toward bringing into the currents of the life of the world countries that hitherto have studied seclusion and maintained the closest possible isolation.

But a further obstruction to commercial intercourse between America and Asia, which does not exist between America and



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Europe, is our policy of excluding from America the Asiatic races. By the Oriental nations this policy is in some degree met and turned against us. Free travel and right of residence are almost necessary incidents of profitable commerce between countries.

Some twenty years ago there were considerable numbers of Chinese in the United States, most of them on the Pacific coast, and they were obtaining an important place in many of our industries. In compliance with the wish of our own working-people, an exclusion act was passed by Congress, which ever since has been effectively enforced.

The consequence is that our Chinese population has dwindled to small proportions, and soon will almost wholly disappear. While there is no similar exclusion act against the Japanese, yet they also are disliked, and efforts are making to shut them out, too. It is a fact, however, that both China and Japan are averse to the migration of their people and not unwilling to see obstacles thrown in the way of it. With us it is a social and political as well as an industrial and economic question.

But, in spite of these obstacles, details of the growth of commerce between the ports of our Pacific States and those of the Orient present very interesting features and very important results. No other portion of the United States secures so large a proportion of the profits of Oriental trade as falls to the Pacific coast. The reasons for this distribution of the trade are plain. Briefly stated, they are these: proximity and attendant cheap freight to the markets beyond the Pacific; large production of flour and lumber; and lastly, a comparatively sparse population in these States, which consumes at home so insignificant a proportion of their products that the surplus for export is much larger, proportionately, than from any other part of the United States of equal population. Our Pacific ports not only carry on an immense business with the Orient in the distribution of our own products, but incidentally the business originating in these Pacific States has an important bearing on the trade from all other portions of the United States. Our flour and lumber trade with the Orient has reached proportions so great that one or other of these commodities holds a very important place on the manifest of every steamer sailing from any one of the North Pacific ports, and flour is still a large item in the freight-list of steamers sailing from California. With an abundance of offerings of these two commodities, the basis of cargo for large steamers is always available, and the shipper farther inland—indeed, as far away as the Atlantic slope—can always secure space for other goods, to the amount of from five hundred to five thousand tons, when it would not be convenient for him to ship an entire cargo, for which it would be necessary to make special arrangements, with the probable requirement of higher freight rates.

It is true that the Pacific route to the far East is very new in comparison with that pursued in the old days by the famous tea-clippers or by their steam successors through the Suez Canal; yet nearly all the cotton from the United States to the Orient exported during some years past has crossed the Pacific on top of partial cargoes of Pacific-coast flour or wheat. Tea and silk coming this way also take advantage of the short route, while the quantities passing through the Suez are relatively less. The depression of freight rates during the last two years has demonstrated the independence of the Pacific-coast shipper and his ability to secure transport for his commodities almost regardless of freight schedules and transcontinental tariffs. In bulk-room and freight-space there has been for many years an excess of outward offerings from Europe and the United States, over the return freight that was obtainable in the far East. This has resulted at times in congestion of tonnage in Oriental ports, and to relieve this it has frequently been necessary for ships to sail in ballast. The handiest ports where it is virtually certain that cargoes will be forthcoming are in Oregon and Washington; and in addition to the steamers that have stated days of sailing, large numbers of "occasional" or "tramp" steamers are chartered throughout the year by Pacific-coast shippers at very low rates. British, German, Norwegian, French, Italian, Danish vessels—in short, those of nearly all nations of the earth—are thus available for the Pacific-coast shipper; and whenever he is not satisfied with the demands of the regular liners, he is free to enter upon the open market and pick up

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craft at rates which thus far have prevented monopoly of the transpacific freight business. It seems probable that these conditions will continue to prevail.

A great advantage enjoyed by the Pacific-coast shipper in dealing with the Orient lies in the comparatively close proximity of this great field of trade beyond the Pacific. Even before sailing-craft had been superseded largely by steamers, our exporters were making an energetic canvass of the field and attempting to gain a foothold. As an illustration of the thoroughness of this effort, a Portland expert in markets was despatched to the Orient, where he remained two years, in the course of which he visited not only every portion of the far East that was at all likely to offer a market for American flour, but penetrated far into the interior of China, Manchuria, and Siberia, for the purpose of determining what the possibilities of wheat production in those countries might be. Leaders in the flour and lumber business now have representatives continually in Eastern countries, with the result that they have very full knowledge of the field they are working in. They find that the only limit to the expansion of their trade is the purchasing power of the people; and this is a limitation which it will require years of effort and a revolution of the social, industrial, and mercantile systems of those countries to remove. But in all of them the introduction of modern methods is causing visible improvement.

An example is presented in the figures of the lumber traffic. Ten years ago the entire shipment of lumber from our North Pacific States to China and Japan was less than eight million feet. Five years ago it had increased to thirty-four millions, and in the year 1903 to more than seventy millions. The elaborate preparations for war by Japan and Russia, during the latter part of last year and the opening months of the present one, created an abnormal demand for wheat and flour, though the trade in these staples had previously shown steady gains of highly satisfactory proportions. During the shipping season of 1896–7 our Pacific-coast ports shipped to the Orient 1,030,621 barrels of flour; during the shipping season of 1902–3 (six years later) the flour shipments reached a total of 2,438,640 barrels; and so rapid has been the recent growth that during the half-year ended February 1, 1904, the markets of the Orient have taken 2,528,441 barrels from our Pacific ports alone. Besides lumber, wheat, and flour, other products of these States are being pushed by our exporters, as canned goods, fruits, beer, hops, and provisions; and the trade is increasing all along the line.

Of immense advantage to our people, both for observation and for development of trade with the Orient, is the position of the United States in the Philippine Islands. To the acquisition of this great archipelago by the United States is due a large part of the increased activity of the traffic between America and eastern Asia. It is not merely the government's transport business that swells this commerce, nor yet the supplies of forage, lumber, and provisions purchased in our Pacific States, for use in the public service in the Philippines, that constitute the chief importance of this new movement. It is found rather in the fact that through our possession of the islands we are placed almost directly in touch with the entire commerce of eastern Asia, and are in position to enter into it on all sides with increasing advantages. An additional facility for the commerce between America and Asia across the Pacific will be created by the construction of the Panama Canal, which cannot now be much longer delayed. Through this route our ports on the Atlantic will obtain direct communication with those of the Orient, thus aiding to create and at the same time to supply markets there, with consequent advantages to the commerce of our Pacific States.

There can be no doubt that the growth of the new commerce with Asia will rapidly become a large factor in the general progress of our States on the western side of the continent. Already this influence is strongly felt. Owing to differences of racial character between Asiatics and Europeans, it is not probable that our commerce on the Pacific will ever be so valuable as that on the Atlantic; but it will grow to proportions which few now can imagine.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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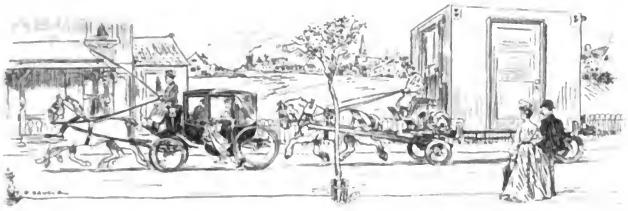


From the pastel by Robert Blum

THE GREEN KIMONO

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# THE SECTIONAL HOUSE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

EVER since I was old enough to pay my first instalment in a building and loan association, I have had theories regarding the proper building of houses, which I intended to put into practice. Unfortunately, I have always been obliged to draw out my money before the shares matured; but as soon as I withdraw from one association, I begin again with another. Some day I hope to mature some shares. Martha, however, does not think I shall.

Martha is my wife. Both of us were born and raised in Wautuska, which is undoubtedly the fairest Iowa town into which a building and loan agent ever ventured. One thing that first drew me to Martha was the similarity of our ideas regarding houses. We both believed that the ideal method of building a home was to start small and let it grow. When we looked about upon our married friends, we disapproved of the homes they had built. Some of them built houses that were so large as to be sources of continual inconvenience; others built snug little cottages for two, and, as soon as they became accustomed to them, had to tear them down and build larger houses.

Martha and I agreed that the best way was to build a small house on a large lot, and then, as needed, add to it. Thus each year would also add to its associations. There is something charming about a house that is built in this manner. A gradually accumulated house has a great deal of character. I may mention the Squirrel Inn, of which Mr. Stockton wrote such a pleasant story, as an example. It was all character.

Unfortunately, my building-and-loan shares never reached a point that permitted me to carry my theories into execution, and when Martha and I decided to marry, we feared that, after all, we should be obliged to rent an ordinary ready-made house, when one evening we chanced on the advertisement of a sectional house. We read the advertisement carefully, and we knew the sectional house was what we had been waiting for. The next day I stopped at the local branch office of the Sectional House Company. The man in charge, who also sold sewing-machines and incubators, was very polite, and I need only say that the more I saw of the house the more infatuated with the system I became. The principle was that of the sectional bookcases of which every one has heard. It was, the attendant explained, a collection of units. In this case a unit meant one room.

To begin with, you bought as many units as you needed or could afford. Each unit fitted exactly into every other unit,

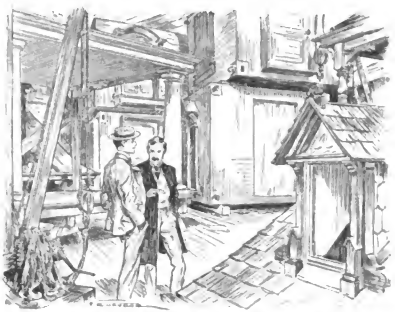


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and there was a sectional roof. Then, as more rooms were needed in your house, all you had to do was to send word to the agent of the Sectional House Company for them. Thus you could continue for years with a small cottage, or in a few days you could increase your house to the dimensions of a summer hotel.

Of course the system, to work well, required that all the units must be of one size and shape, and the resulting house was somewhat rectangular; but as there was a variety of veranda units, the stiffness could be alleviated. The terms were liberal. It was only necessary to pay a small amount down; the balance could be paid in monthly instalments.

Martha and I began with five units—a parlor, a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining-room, and a bath-room. We placed the order with the agent, paid our initial instalment, and were married.



"IT WAS, THE ATTENDANT EXPLAINED, A COLLECTION OF UNITS"

I was very busy during the weeks just preceding our wedding, and did not have time to visit Wautuska, the suburb of our little Western town, where our home was to be; but I gave the Sectional House Company's agent the location of our lot, with orders to deliver the house there, and Martha and I commissioned Wills & Boggs, the decorative furnishers, to have the house completely furnished before our return from our wedding trip.

Our tour was enlivened by our eagerness to see our little home and to begin life there. We could not reach Wautuska by daylight, as we could not make the proper connections; and as the way from the station was rather dark, we found our lot with great difficulty.

"And now," said Martha, "for our home!"

She pushed open the gate, and we hurried in; but right before us, and across the walk, was a large, square, box-like affair. I groped about it with my hands, and presently discovered a door.

"Well," I said, with some chagrin, "this is our house! I had no idea they would put it so far forward on the lot. I must have forgotten to tell them."

"It *is* too bad," said Martha, "but we can have it moved back to-morrow. The thing to do now is to get inside. I am dying to see how it looks."

I fumbled at the lock several minutes before I discovered that the door was not locked. I considered this very careless, but said nothing, and we entered. I struck a match, and Martha uttered an exclamation of surprise. We were in our bath-room! I tried to light the gas. It would not light. I was sure I had instructed the gas company to turn on the gas.

"It is evident," I said, "that the man who delivered these units did not know his business. No one would want a bath-room as an entrance to a house. It would be an insult to his guests. But the thing to do now is to find the parlor, so that we can have a light."

With that I opened the door opposite to that by which we had entered, and stepped across the sill. The next moment I suffered a severe jar, and found myself sitting on the damp earth. I had fallen into my own cellar. It was clear that my bath-room unit was not closely connected with the other units.

I managed to climb out of the cellar, and I assured Martha that I was unharmed, and we began looking for the rest of our house.

We found it gradually. It was scattered about our lot in single units. The parlor was in the northwest corner, the bedroom was down by the alley fence, the dining-room rested against the big elm-tree, and

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the kitchen was some sixty feet away. Every few steps we fell over units of roof or units of porch, and it came to me that I had purchased the units as units, and that to consolidate them into an *e pluribus unum*, if I may use the Latin, was the purchaser's duty.

But the decorative furnisher had done his work well. The units were beautifully decorated, and all the furniture was in place in each unit. We had a beautifully complete, though scattered, little home, and every room was ready for use, except that the gas and plumbing were not connected, and that the parlor unit was lying upon its side.



"MY HEART WAS VERY FULL AS I SAT ON A PORCH UNIT"

The parlor was rather puzzling, for as we stood in it, with the wall-paper under our feet, a nicely tinted ceiling was at one side, while our Wilton carpet formed the opposite wall. I think I laughed, but later I had to pay Wills & Boggs an extra charge of three dollars because the carpet-layers had been obliged to use step-ladders. But our bedroom was beautiful, and we were tired enough to sleep well.

The next morning Martha found it a little unhandy to have the kitchen so far from the dining-room; but she went to work cheerily, and my heart was very full as I sat on a porch unit and watched her running back and forth among our house, now into the kitchen, now across the lot to the dining-room, then down by the alley fence to the bedroom to make our bed, or climbing into the parlor window with her broom and a ladder to sweep the floor.



SWEEPING THE PARLOR FLOOR

That day I had a safe-mover and a plumber up from the village, and we assembled our units into a complete house.

We had, later, many opportunities to congratulate ourselves on our sectional house. As our family grew, we added more bedroom units, and we were so cozy that a number of our friends began house-building on the unit plan in our neighborhood.

There were a few annoyances. We added a spare bedroom unit one autumn, and my sister Sarah soon after decided to pay us a visit. We gave her a hearty welcome, and installed her in the room. Unfortunately, I had let several payments lapse on it, and on the third day of my sister's visit the Sectional House Company's collector came and insisted that he must either collect the money or take back the spare bedroom. As Martha had no money at hand, the collector loaded the bedroom unit on a wagon and drove off with it. I should not have felt so chagrined if Sarah had not complicated matters by refusing to vacate the room. I found her, angry but comfortable, some

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eight hours later, still occupying the bedroom unit, which was then standing in a freight-car, ready for the arrival of the next train.

That spare bedroom was a continual bother to us. The greater part of the time it was vacant, and that led to a serious quarrel with Southeby, one of my best friends.

Southeby has the lot next mine, and one day he came to me, saying he had received a telegram from his uncle, who wished to spend a week or two with him. Southeby hoped to be remembered in his uncle's will, and as he had no spare bedroom, he had wired to the Sectional House Company, only to find that the company was out of bedroom units, and several months oversold. Knowing my spare bedroom unit was not in use, he asked me to lend it to him for a few weeks. I was glad to accommodate him, and the next day he came for it.

A month later Southeby had not yet returned it. I had always returned Southeby's lawn-mower promptly, and I thought Southeby should have done the same with my bedroom. I hinted as much to him, but month followed month, and I began to think he had no intention of returning it. I wrote him a sharp letter, asking him if he intended to keep it forever. At length I told Martha that I would get the bedroom myself, and she agreed with me. I do not wonder that Southeby disliked to return that unit. Such a condition as it was in! Since then I have time and again refused to lend any of my house.

On the whole, however, I have not regretted becoming a sectional-house owner. Of the newfangled folding units I have been wary. They do not appeal to me. It may be convenient to have a house that can be folded up and stored away in the barn when you are out of town, but it is annoying to have a room fold up when you are in it.

Our house is now hardly larger than when Martha and I began housekeeping. One by one our children have married and started out for themselves, and to each we have given a few units of the old home as a sort of nest-egg. Martha and I are getting old now. We have not accumulated much wealth, but I hope we may never be so poor as to be unable to give our grandchildren a unit or two from the old house when they marry.

As for us, we expect in our old age to become members of the Wautuska Old Folks' Sectional Home. It may seem strange that we should wish to end our days in an institution, but the Wautuska Home is not like others. One does not have to part from the rooms made holy by the memories of the past; he takes his old home with him, and its units are added to those that are already there.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.



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# A PILGRIM IN THE WILDERNESS

## A TALE OF THE NEW WEST

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Author of "The Real Issue, and Other Stories," "Stratagems and Spoils," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

IN those days of the early seventies, before the railroad came to Willow Creek, when the Kansas town awoke in the morning and found a newly arrived covered wagon near a neighbor's house, it always meant that kin had come. If, at school that day, the children from the house of visitation bragged about their relatives, expatiating upon the power and riches that they left back East, the town knew that the visitors were ordinary kin; but if the children from the afflicted household said little about the visitors and evidently tried to avoid telling just who they were, then the town knew that the strangers were poor kin—probably some of "his folks;" for it was well understood that the women in Willow Creek all came from high connections "back East" in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, and newcomers sometimes wondered how such a galaxy of princesses and duchesses and ladyships happened to marry so far beneath their station.

But the Dixons had no children, so when a covered wagon drove up to their place in the night, and a fussy, pussy little man with a dingy, stringy beard, appeared in the Dixons' back yard in the morning, looking after the horses hitched to the strange wagon, Willow Creek had to wait until the next week's issue of the "Walnut Valley Times" to get reliable news about their prospective fellow-citizen. In the "Times" they read, under the head "A Valuable Acquisition," these lines:

It has been many months since we have been favored with a call from so cultured and learned a gentleman as the Hon. Andoneran P. Balderson, late of Quito, Hancock County, Iowa, who has finally determined to settle in our midst. Cramped by the irritating conventions of an effete civilization, Colonel Balderson comes among us for that larger freedom and wider horizon which his growing powers demand. He comes with the ripened experience of a jurist, a soldier, and a publicist, and when transportation facilities have been completed between this and the Missouri River, Judge Balderson will bring to our little city his magnificent law library; but until then he will be found over the Elite Oyster Bay, where he will be glad to welcome clients and others.

Having participated in the late War of the Rebellion, as captain in G Company of Colonel Jennison's famous and invincible army of the border, Colonel Balderson will give special attention to pension matters, and will also perfect the details to obtain a set of abstracts, and will be glad to give advice on real-estate law and the practice of eminent domain, to which subject he has given deep study. All business done with neatness and despatch.

After considerable pressure before leaving Iowa, Judge Balderson consented to act as agent for a number of powerful Eastern fire-insurance companies, and has in contemplation the establishment of the Southwestern distributing-point for the Multum in Parvo Farm Gate Company, of which corporation Colonel Balderson owns the patent right for Kansas. This business, however, he would be willing to dispose of to proper parties. Terms on application.

The colonel desires us to announce that there will be a meeting of the veterans of the late war at the school-house next Saturday night, for the purpose of organizing a society to refresh and perpetuate the sacred memories of that gigantic struggle, and to rally around the old flag, touch shoulders again, and come into a closer fellowship for benevolent, social, and other purposes. The judge, on that occasion, will deliver his famous address on the Battle of Look Out Mountain, in which battle Colonel Balderson participated as a member of an Iowa regiment. Admission free. Silver collection to defray necessary expenses.



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Accompanying this article was a slightly worn woodcut of the colonel in his soldier garb, a cap with the top drawn forward, the vizor low over his eyes, and a military overcoat thrown gaily back, exposing his shoulder. The picture showed the soldier in profile, with a fierce military mustache and a stubby, runty goatee, meant to strike terror to the civilian heart.

Before Judge Balderson had been in Willow Creek a week, he had dyed his whiskers, and had taken command of the Willow Creek forces in the county-seat war then brewing. During the judge's first month in the county the campaign for the county-seat election was opened, and he canvassed the north end of the county for Willow Creek, denouncing, with elaborate eloquence, as horse-thieves, mendicants, and renegades from justice, the settlers in the south end of the county who favored the rival town. The judge organized a military company and picketed the hills about Willow Creek day and night against a raid from the Southenders; and having stirred public passion deeply, he turned his pickets loose on the morning of election day to set prairie fires all over the south end of the county to harass the settlers who might vote for the rival town and keep them away from the polls fighting fire.

Willow Creek won; "the hell-hounds of disorder and anarchy"—as Judge Balderson called the rival townspeople—were "rebuked by the stern hand of a just and terrible Providence." Balderson was a hero, and Willow Creek sent him to the legislature. He went to Topeka in his blue soldier clothes, his campaign hat, and his brass buttons; but he came back, at the first recess, in diamonds and fine linen, and the town sniffed a little. He hustled himself into the chairmanship of the railroad committee and became a power in the State. The legislature finally adjourned, very proud and very drunk, and in the bedlam of the closing hours Judge Balderson mounted a desk, waved the stars and stripes, and told of the battle of Look Out Mountain. The next day the "State Journal" printed his picture—the one with the slouching cap, the military mustache, the fierce goatee, and the devil-may-care cape—and referred to the judge as "the silver-tongued orator of the Walnut," a title which began to amuse his townsmen.

Naturally he was a candidate for Congress. He became familiarly known in State politics as little Baldy. He was in demand at soldiers' meetings and posed as the soldier's friend.

Balderson failed to go to Congress, but he went to the State Senate and waxed fat. He bought a private bank and all the books recording abstracts of title to land in his county, and affected a high silk hat when he went to Chicago, while his townsmen were inclined to eye him askance. The lack of three votes from his home precinct kept him from being nominated lieutenant-governor by his party, but he soon took on the title of governor, and was unruffled by his defeat. Around Willow Creek he assumed the air of a kind of sacred white cow, and put much hair-oil and ointment and frankincense upon his carcass. His dyed whiskers fairly glistened. And when, at State conventions, in the fervor of his passion he unbent, unbuttoned his Prince Albert coat, grabbed the old flag, and charged up and down the platform in an oratorical frenzy, it seemed that another being had emerged from the greasy little roll of adipose in which Governor Balderson enshrined himself. His climax was invariably the wavering battle-line upon the mountain, the flag tottering and about to fall, "when suddenly it rises and goes forward, up—up—up the hill, through the smoke of hell, and full and fair into the teeth of death, with ten thousand cheering, maddened soldiers behind it. And who carried that flag—who carried that flag?" he would scream in a tremulous voice, repeating his question over and over, and then answer himself in tragic bass: "The little corporal of Company B!" And "Who fell into the arms of victory that great day, with four wounds upon his body? The little corporal of Company B!" It is hardly necessary to add that Governor Balderson was the little corporal.

After the failure of his bank, when rumor in Willow Creek accused him of burning the court-house that he might sell his abstracts to the county at a fabulous price, he called a public meeting to hear his defense, and repeated to his townsmen that query, "Who carried the flag?" adding in a hoarse whisper: "And yet—great God!—they say that the little corporal is an in-cen-di-ary! Was this great war fought

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in vain, that tr-e-e-sin should lift her hydra head to hiss out such blasphemy upon the boys who wore the blue?"

However, the evidence was against him, and as the town of Willow Creek had long since lost interest in the flag-bearer, the committee gave him five minutes to leave. He returned three minutes in change and struck out over the hill toward the west, afoot, and Willow Creek knew him no more forever.

WHERE Balderson went after leaving Willow Creek no one seems to know. The earth might have swallowed him up. But in 1882 some one sent a marked copy of the Denver "Tribune" to Willow Creek, in which was printed this item:

Big Burro Springs, Colorado, September 7th (Special).—Three men were killed yesterday in a fight between the men at Jingle-bob ranch and a surveying party under A. P. Balderson. The Balderson party consisted of four men who were locating a reservoir site which Balderson has taken up on Burro Creek for the Balderson Irrigation Company and to supply the Look Out Townsite Company with water. These are Balderson's schemes, and, if established, will put the Jingle-bob ranch people out of business, as they have no title to the land on which they are operating. The remarkable part of the fight is that which Balderson took in it. After two of his men had been killed and the owner of the Jingle-bob ranch had fallen, Balderson and his two remaining men came forward with hands up, waving handkerchiefs. The Jingle-bob people recognized the flag of truce, and Balderson led his men across the creek to the cow-camp. Just as he approached close enough to the man who had the party covered, Balderson yelled, "Watch out,—back of you!" and as all the captors turned their heads, Balderson knocked the pistol from the hand of the only man whose weapon was pointed at the Balderson party, and the next moment the cow-men looked into the barrels of the surveyors' three revolvers, and were told that if they budged a hair they would be killed. Balderson then disarmed the cow-men, and after passing around the drinks hired the outfit as policemen for the town of Look Out. It is said that he has given them two thousand dollars apiece in Irrigation Company stock, promised to defend them if they are charged with the murder of the two surveyors, and has given each cowman a deed to a corner lot on the public square of the prospective Balderson town. Deputy Sheriff Crosby from this place went over to arrest Balderson charged with killing D. V. Sherman of the Jingle-bob property, and after asking for his warrant Balderson took it, put it in his pocket, and advised the deputy to hurry home, and if he found any coyotes or jack-rabbits that could n't get out of his way fast enough, not to stop to kill them, but shoo them off the trail and save time.

They say in Colorado that Balderson became an irrigation king. It is certain that he raised half a million dollars in New York for his dam and ditches. He built the "Look Out Opera House," and decorated it in gilded stucco and with red plush two inches deep. He was in Florida in his private car when they finished the opera-house, and when he came back and saw a plaster bust of Shakspere over the proscenium-arch, he waved his cane pompously and exclaimed: "Take her down! Bill Shakspere is all right for the effete East, but out here he ain't deuce high with the little corporal of Company B." So in Shakspere's niche is a plaster cast of a soldier's face with the slouch-cap, the military mustache, and the goatee of great pride, after the picture that once adorned the columns of the "Walnut Valley Times." They talked of Balderson for United States senator for a time, and at the laying of the corner-stone of the capitol the Denver papers spoke of the masterly oration of Governor Balderson, whose marvelous word-painting of the Battle of Lookout Mountain held the vast audience spell-bound for an hour. But a few months later a cloudburst carried away the Big Burro dam, and times went bad, and the stockholders in Balderson's company, who would have rebuilt the dam, could not find Balderson when they needed him, and certain creditors of the company, hitherto unknown, appeared, and Balderson faded away like a morning star.

THE reader may remember the coal strike at Castle Rock, Wyoming, in 1893; how the strikers massed on Flat Top Mountain, and day after day went through their drill. A stoutish little man of fifty-five, with a fat, smooth-shaven face, pounded that horde of angry men into some semblance of military order. All day the little man, in his shrunken seersucker coat and greasy white hat, would bark orders at the men, march and countermarch them, and go through the manual of arms, backward and forward and seven hands round. When

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the battle with the militia came, the strikers charged down Flat Top and fought bravely. The little man in the seersucker coat stayed with them, snapping orders at them, damning them, coaxing them. And when the deputies gathered up the strikers for the trial in court two months later, the little man was still there. He was prospecting on a gopher-hole somewhere up in the hills, and was trying to get his wild-cat mine listed on the Salt Lake Mining Exchange. No one gave bond for the little man in the seersucker coat, and he went to jail. He was Balderson. He seemed to give little heed to the trial, and sat with the strikers rather stolidly. Venire after venire of jurymen was ground through. At last an old man wearing a Loyal Legion button went into the jury-box. Balderson saw him; they exchanged recognizing glances, and Balderson turned scarlet and looked away quickly. He nudged an attorney for the strikers and said: "Keep him, whatever you do."

After the evidence was all in and the attorneys were about to make their arguments, Balderson and one of the lawyers for the strikers were alone.

"They told me to take the part about you, Balderson; you were in the Union army, were n't you?"

Balderson looked at the floor and said, "Yes, but don't say anything about it."

The lawyer, who knew Balderson's record, was astonished. He had made his whole speech up on the line that Balderson as an old soldier would appeal to the sympathies of the jury. Over and over the lawyer pressed Balderson to know why nothing should be said of his soldier record, and finally in exasperation the lawyer broke out:

"Lookee here, Baldy; you 're too old to get coy. I 'm going to make my speech as I 've mapped it out, soldier racket and all. I guess you 've taken enough trips up Look Out Mountain to get used to the altitude by this time."

The lawyer started away, but Balderson grabbed him and pulled him back. "Don't do it; for God's sake, don't do it! There 's a fellow on that jury that 's a G. A. R. man; we were soldiers together; he knows me from away back. Talk of Iowy; talk of Kansas; talk of anything on God's green earth, but don't talk soldier. That man would wade through hell for me neck deep on any other basis than that." Balderson's voice was quivering. He added: "But don't talk soldier." Balderson slumped, with his head in his hands. The attorney snapped at him:

"Were n't you a soldier?"

"Yes; oh, yes," Balderson sighed.

"Did n't you go up Look Out Mountain?"

"Oh, yes,—that too."

There was a silence between the men. The lawyer rasped it with, "Well, what then?"

"Well—well,"—and the tousled little man sighed so deeply his sigh was almost a sob, and he lifted up the eyes of a whipped dog to the lawyer's,—"after that I got in the commissary department—and—and—was dishonorably discharged." He rubbed his eyes with his fingers a moment and then grinned foxily: "Ain't that enough?"

ROOSEVELT is a mining-camp in Idaho. It is five days from a morning paper, and the camp is new. It is a log town with one street and no society except such as may gather around the big box-stove at Johnnie Conyers's saloon. A number of ladies and two women live in the camp, and a few tin-horn "gents" and about two hundred men. It is a seven-months'-snow camp, where men take their drama canned in the phonograph, their food canned, their medicine all out of one bottle, and their morals without benefit of clergy. Across the front of one of the canvas-covered log store-rooms that fringe the single street a cloth sign is stretched. It reads, "Department Store," and inside a dance-hall, a saloon, and a gambling-place are operating. Two years ago in this place a Kansas man from Willow Creek found Balderson, gray of beard, shiny of pate, with unkempt, ratty back hair; he was watery-eyed, and his red-veined skin had slipped down from his once fat face into draperies over his lean neck and jowls. He was in the dealer's chair, running the game.

The statute of limitations had covered all his Kansas misdeeds, and he nodded affably as his old acquaintance came in. Later in the day the two men went to Mrs. Smith's boarding-house to take a social bite. They sat in front of the log house in the evening, Balderson mellow and reminiscent.

"Seems to me this way: I ain't cut out

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for society as it is organized. I do all right in a town until the piano begins to get respectable and the rules of order are tucked snugly inside the decalogue, then I slip my belt, and my running gear does n't

but to stand a lawsuit or vanish. I have had bad luck, lost my money, lost my friends, lost my conscience, lost everything, pretty near "—and here he turned his watery eyes on his friend with a saw-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

"CHARGED UP AND DOWN THE PLATFORM IN AN ORATORICAL FRENZY"

track. I get a few grand and noble thoughts, freeze to 'em, and later find that the hereditary appurtenances thereunto appertaining are private property of some one else, and there is nothing for me to do

toothed smile and shook his depleted abdomen, that had been worn off climbing many hills—" I 've lost everything, pretty near, but my vermiform appendix and my table of contents, and as like as not I 'll



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find some feller 's got them copyrighted." He heaved a great sigh and resumed, "I suppose I could 'a' stood it all well enough if I had just had some sort of faith—some religious consolation, some creed or god or something." He sighed again, and then leered up: "But you know—I 'm so d—— skeptic!"

Last spring Governor Balderson and two other old soldiers celebrated Memorial day in Roosevelt. They got a muslin flag as big as the flap of a shirt, from Heaven knows where, and in the streets of Roosevelt they hoisted this flag on the highest pine pole in all the Salmon River Mountains. There were elaborate ceremonies, and to the miners and gamblers and keepers of wild-cat mines in the mountains assembled, Governor Balderson told eloquently of the Battle of Look Out Mountain and demanded to know who carried the flag. It took three drinks to get him steamed up and four drinks to get it finished, but there was long and tumultuous applause at the climax. At the fall election they made Balderson justice of the peace, a purely honorary office where every man is his own court and constable and jury and judge; but Balderson was proud of his official distinction, and levied mild tribute from the people who indulged in riotous living, compelling them to buy drink-checks redeemable only at his department store.

Word came to Roosevelt this spring that an outfit, thirty miles away at the head of Profile Creek, was sick and starving. It was a dangerous trip to the rescue, for snow-slides were booming on every southern hillside. Death would literally play tag with the man who dared to hit the trail for Profile. Balderson did not hesitate a moment, but filled his pack with provisions, put a marked deck and some loaded dice in his pocket, and waved Roosevelt a cheery good-by as he struck out over the three logs that bridge Mule Creek. He was bundled to the chin in warm coats, and on his way met Hot Foot Higgins coming in from Profile. Balderson seems to have given Higgins his warmest coat before the snow-slide hit them. It killed them both. Hot Foot died instantly, but Balderson must have lived many hours, for the snow about his body was melted and in his pocket they found Hot Foot's watch.

They buried him near the trail where they found him, and, stuck in a candle-box, over the heap of stones above him, flutters lonesomely in the desolation of the mountain-side, the little muslin rag that was once a flag. And they call the hill on which he sleeps "Look Out Mountain."

Late this spring the mail brought to the office of the Boisé "Statesman" a battered woodcut half a century old. It showed a soldier's face in profile, with a cap drawn over the eyes, with a waving mustache and a fierce goatee, and across the shoulders of the figure a military cape thrown back jauntily. With the old cut came an article in a young woman's angular handwriting, done in pencil on wrapping-paper, which told, in spelling unspeakable, of the greatness and goodness of Ex-Governor Balderson. It related that he was ever the "friend to the friendless"; that, "with all his worldly honors, he was modest and unassuming"; that "he had his faults, as who of us have not," but that he was "honest, tried, and true"; and the memorial closed with the words: "Heaven's angel gained is Roosevelt's hero lost."



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# THE CONCLUSION OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY

## TWO PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

### I. BONAPARTE DISCUSSING THE TREATY WITH TALLEYRAND AND MARBOIS

### II. THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY BY MARBOIS, LIVINGSTON, AND MONROE

It will be remembered that the Louisiana Purchase treaty was initiated by President Jefferson, formerly minister to France, and then sixty years old and half-way through his first Presidential term.

The treaty was signed in Paris on the 2d of May, 1803, by Barbé Marbois, Minister of the Treasury, on behalf of Bonaparte, then First Consul and thirty-five years old; and on the part of the United States by Robert R. Livingston, United States minister to France, and James Monroe, afterward President, as special minister for the negotiation of the treaty, who had arrived at Havre about the 10th of April.

"It so happened that on this very day [April 10]," says Dr. Daniel C. Gilman in his "Life of Monroe," "Bonaparte discussed with Talleyrand and Marbois the Louisiana question. They were divided in counsel: the conference was prolonged into the night, and the ministers remained at St. Cloud. At daybreak Bonaparte, having already received alarming despatches from England, summoned Marbois, who had advised the cession, and said to him in substance: 'I renounce Louisiana. Negotiate for its cession. Don't wait for Monroe. I want fifty million francs; for less I will not treat. Acquaint me day by day, hour by hour, with your progress. Keep Talleyrand informed.' Armed with these instructions, Marbois sought Livingston. Before they met, Talleyrand had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to reach some point of agreement. He had asked Livingston if the United States wished for the whole of Louisiana. The answer had been No; but that it would be politic in France to give it up. The price to be paid was the matter in question."

After much bargaining Marbois proposed as the price eighty million francs, which was to include the sum requisite for the American claimants, twenty million francs, and this was acceded to.

Dr. Gilman continues: "This concluded the business. Marbois tells us that Bonaparte, when he heard what sum had been agreed upon, received the intelligence with opposition. He had forgotten or feigned to forget his original willingness to sell for fifty millions, and he objected to the allowance of twenty millions to the American suitors; but he soon grew calmer and acquiesced in the cession. 'I have given to England,' he said exultingly, 'a maritime rival which will sooner or later humble her pride.' Some details were worked out in respect to the mode of payment; Monroe's presentation to the Consul soon followed; and at length, May 2, the plenipotentiaries signed the French copy of the treaty, and two or three days later the copy in English. On the thirteenth day of the month a ratified copy was transmitted to Madison."

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BONAPARTE DISCUSSING THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY WITH TALLEYRAND AND MARBOIS

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Marbois Livingston Monroe



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SIGNING OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE TREATY BY MARBOIS, LIVINGSTON, AND MONROE

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# THE DESPERATION OF MR. BOONE SPIVEY

## A STORY OF THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS

BY ALICE MacGOWAN

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MR. BOONE SPIVEY was "quare," a mild eccentric, with a touch of the recluse, and, most discreditable of all in a mountain community, an old bachelor.

"You kin manage hit this away, or you kin fix hit that away, or you kin fotch hit up t' other way; you git your trouble fer your pains, fer nothin' never comes of hit," so ran the lament of his sister, Zulena Toler (Heck Toler's second), who felt deeply her brother's offense against mountain society, and strove continually to have it removed.

Boone was a welcome visitor at her house. A harmonious creature, at peace with himself, his Maker, and those about him, he was beloved of all children. The two sets of little Heck Tolers, from the eldest down to Zulena's six months' baby, adored Uncle Boone.

Clantha Toler, Heck's first-born, Zulena's eldest stepchild, now something over sixteen years old, was a tall, flaxen-haired slip of a girl, womanly beyond her years, since she had helped to mother every child below her in age; silent, demure, biddable, Zulena's right hand in the household. She and Uncle Boone had been inseparable friends ever since Zulena's marriage to Clantha's father, when the little girl was nine years old. They seemed to possess a very complete and comfortable language of their own, for certainly they betrayed the greatest satisfaction in each other's society, and their method of enjoying it was to sit for hours, mute and peaceful, side by side (possibly each one "minding" a little Heck Toler), the soft, ruminating gaze, which was common to the two, fixed upon each other, or upon the distant line of mountains.

Miss Rhody Clack came into the Caney Creek neighborhood and entered upon the disturbance of Boone Spivey's quiet scheme of life by way of Mandy Blacklock's quilting. She was twenty-four years old, an age that in a mountain woman would have called for the dreaded epithet "old maid"; but this lady was of an exceedingly energetic and diverting disposition, and had, so far, succeeded in evading the just characterization of her condition. Being kin to Mrs. Blacklock, she had come to that lady's quilting, and remained for a lengthened visit. Here she eagerly absorbed Boone Spivey's history, and at once perceived in him the always possible victim. She laid hold upon Zulena, who came to the quilting, and instantly communicated to the sister, by hypnotic means, a furious determination to have the unoffending Boone wedded to Rhody by fair means or foul.

Zulena invited the young woman to visit her indefinitely. Her own willingness to do and dare in the cause was nowise increased; the deadly feature of this matrimonial campaign was Miss Rhody herself. Never before had Zulena been able to find an abettor in a marriageable girl. The mountain girl's attitude toward men and marriage is primitive, the hypothesis still obtaining in that society that the resolute lover seizes the female of his choice and weds her, but half subjugated.

But Rhoda Clack was not a mountain



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girl. She had been born and bred in Straleyville. And before ever Zulena Toler came to Mandy Blacklock's quilting, Rhody had looked (metaphorically) upon the Spivey place and found it good. In her capacity of marriageable female, she was made cognizant of the seven feather beds ("all with tickin' on 'em as good as new"), the three closets "jest a-bustin' with bedclothes,—blankets, quilts, kyiverlids, counterpanes, not to mention sheets and piller-slips,"—the store of old-fashioned dishes, the pot-vessels, the mahogany bedstead, the tall old clock that had been Boone's great-grandfather's; in short, the entire household plenishing. She had considered the number of horses, cattle, colts, and calves in Boone Spivey's pastures. She was even aware of old Gabr'l, the ill-tempered but revered old gander, who was a notorious and somewhat disreputable character. And she had decided in her own mind that the marrying of Boone Spivey was a thing which a determined woman could accomplish.



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MR. BOONE SPIVEY

When she had been a week at Mrs. Toler's and had come to be fairly familiar with Boone's mild countenance and apologetic manner, she had good reason to feel confirmed in her first decision upon the case. Boone himself she had seen ducking assent to all his sister's statements and admonitions, the least little Heck Toler in his arms, the rest of the brood swarming fondly over him. She remarked how he never came empty-handed (already in her heart she indignantly denied Zulena's right to fleece that man, whom she regarded as her own lawful prey); and it was scarcely to be wondered at if Boone showed to her experienced eye as an undertaking so safe, so easy, so profitable that she marveled much he should have been left unattempted. She could not conceive of meeting with resistance; she had never heard him offer aught remotely resembling opposition to anything on earth proposed to him. Rhody overlooked the fact, in making up her campaign beforehand, that she had never heard any woman propose matrimony to Boone; and it therefore naturally did not occur to her that there was a possibility the man might find, somewhere in his mild, compliant nature, the means to refuse, or at least to evade, this proposition, if placed before him.

She saw herself very clearly now, putting leading questions, artfully clothed, to the unfortunate Boone, making fatal suggestions, from which, having answered with affirmative ducks, he could scarcely retreat safely and free. The thing, in Rhody's mind, was as good as done. She but waited the proper occasion for putting certain plans into action; and that occasion Elder Dance, the preacher of the unregenerate name and the energetic type of oratory, furnished her.

When the announcement went forth throughout the Caney Creek region that Elder Dance would preach at Little Shiloh meeting-house Sunday week, Rhody saw her opportunity. Upon Boone's next appearance at his sister Zulena's, even his unsuspiciousness recognized a scent of danger upon the tainted air; and the harmless soul ensconced himself behind a solid rampart of little Heck Tolers. Vain barrier (chaff, indeed, to the fire of such assaults as were in store); for to him, so walled and buttressed, came Miss Rhody (the demure Cliantha, a child in her lap, sitting mute and motionless upon the porch edge) with the point-blank announcement, "Elder Daynce is a-gwine to preach at Little Shiloh a week from Sunday."

"Yessum, yessum, Miss Rhody." (Sundry ducks.)

"Of co'se you 'll be thar, Mr. Boone?"

"Yessum, Miss Rhody. Oh, yessum, of

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"UPON THE ASTONISHED EYES OF THE ASSEMBLED AUDIENCE THERE DAWNED A VISION"

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co'se, Miss Rhody, I 'll be thar." (More ducks.)

"Yass, of co'se," meditatively. Then, looking absently away, "Yass. Well—I was jest a-thinkin'," bringing her glance to bear on Boone's placid countenance, upon which a ripple of distress played, "ye see, I 'll be a-he'pin' Miz Bushares—with her apple-butter. That 's plumb over on Rock Creek, you know, Mr. Boone," with a luscious smile. Boone ducked, but it was a shattered sort of movement, not the usual facile, comfortable duck. "Co'se I 'm a-comin' over to set under Elder Daynce." On her victim's face tiny beads of sweat began to show. "I 'll come over airly. Be thar for both sermons, mornin' *an'* evenin'."

"Ye-yessum; be thar," ejaculated Boone; and there was another mutilated duck.

"Miz Toler—yo' sister—Miz Toler she 's invited me to spend another month with her—but, of co'se, unless thar 's some one to ride over here with me from Shiloh—"

Rhody's bolt was sped. Never in his life had such an alternative confronted the unhappy Boone. To go his harmless way, make his crops, do his part "by each and every," this had served him thus far. But simple-minded as he was, Boone Spivey read this situation clearly enough. To ride home with Miss Rhody Clack from Elder Dance's Sunday evening meeting was to ride with Rhody Clack for the rest of his natural days!

His wild eye lighted upon his sister as she moved about inside. "W'y, yessum, Miss Rhody, of co'se, Sis' Zuleny and Brother Heck—of co'se, they 'll be proud to have ye come a—"

But Zulena had not labored these many years to make a married man of her brother to blench now at sight of mere temporary suffering upon his part. She hardened her heart as she met the gleam of those patient brown eyes fixed imploringly upon her. "Aw, law me! Miss Rhody cain't count on me. Ef that thar baby's tooth don't come through (his gums is that swelled and feverish 'at he 's a-hollerin' day *an'* night), I don't reckon I 'll get to go nary step to Elder Daynce's meeting, ner Heck neither." And thus cruelly abandoning him to the enemy, Mrs. Heck Toler scooped up the baby upon her long arm, with a dexterous twist seemed to extract from him a piercing yelp, and disappeared with him into the house. The next instant she put a flushed face through the doorway to say: "Of co'se I 'll be a-lookin' fer ye Sunday evenin' week, Miss Rhody. Boone—brother Boone—of co'se he 'll—"

She withdrew her head. With a pitiful glare about him, Boone ducked. It was a gesture of utter hopelessness; but as his head came up from that duck, his tormented eyes encountered another pair of eyes fixed on him from the further edge of the porch. Blue eyes they were, big and soft and sweet. And they were full of tears. If Miss Rhody Clack had come, in the bountiful goodness of her heart, all the way from her distant home in Straleyville to enlighten Boone Spivey as to the condition of his affections, to make known to him his own desires, powers, and intentions, she could not have managed the matter better than she had now succeeded in doing. Cliantha, his pet among all the children (or so he had always held her to be), was weeping. Her pretty blue eyes were full of tears. And why? Because he had submitted weakly to Miss Rhody Clack's aggressions, and was about to ride home with her from Sunday evening meeting, which, as clearly to Cliantha as to Boone and the others, included and announced the riding with the damsel, and with her alone, henceforth and forever.

Miss Rhody, having made her point, withdrew, clothed with smiles, to the regions whither her ally had retired. The two, the victim struck incidentally and the intended victim, were left in peace upon the porch with their usual array of little Tolers, they sitting thus through the summer afternoon, silent for the most part; but when Boone had brooded long and so intently that the children tugged in vain for recognition, he lifted his head and spoke to Cliantha. They talked for some time in their gentle, disjointed, inconsequent way; and when Boone finally left, Cliantha (as was not uncommon) went, a little one in each hand, away down to the far gate with him, and was back barely in time for supper.

It had gone up and down the mountain trails, speeding gaily from cabin to cabin, from spur to spur, from pocket to pocket, that Boone Spivey, who had never in the course of his thirty-six years been known



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to pay any attention to a girl, was to beau Miss Rhody Clack home from Sunday evening meeting; and the attendance, always large, was prodigiously augmented. Elder Dance, of the unregenerate name, a valiant fighter in the ranks of the book-pounding, loud-shouting, fear-striking gospel army, seized the occasion to baste thoroughly the hosts of the unconverted, seeing that he had them before him in numbers. They were in his hands; what fortuitous chance had put them there he knew not; it was his sole concern to see that they got "a good sound latherin'" as they went on their way. During this season of flagellation, Boone Spivey, Miss Rhody Clack, and the young Cliantha were in their places, in the fierce eye of public observation.

If the youth of the Caney Creek neighborhood had looked to see Boone shrink from the notoriety of his position, they were disappointed; for instead of being in the corner to which his natural modesty usually counseled him to retire, he was sitting pretty well forward near the middle of the "men's side," smiling, ducking assent to all suggestions addressed to him. Miss Rhody had come a little late (Boone was already in his seat), and, dismounting with the assistance of several officious beaus, had walked up the aisle in a tremendous fluttering of ribbons and fringes and turkey-tail fan, and taken a prominent seat. Beside her young stepdaughter, the perfidious Zulena showed a bit shamefaced. The girl had, so far as the public knew, no part in this interesting game.

Throughout the morning service the suppressed and delicious excitement simmered and bubbled. During the midday dinner-hour, a season of relaxation and social intercourse, it boiled violently. The sense of expectation was almost intolerable when Boone walked out of the little log church, and, neither shrinking nor courting the encounter, met and was excessively conversed with by Miss Rhody. The male half of the community stood in groups, whispering, sniggering, and commenting.

"I reckon that there Straleyville gal 's got old Boone up a tree."

"Yass, law! She sholy have. That Straleyville lady she 's mighty peart. Yass, law! Up a tree, and fur out on a pow'ful high limb."

"But I somehow cain't git hit into my mind," confessed Uncle Josh Swafford, as he leaned pensively backward against Little Shiloh meeting-house and narrowed his eyes, which were at the moment fixed upon the two persons under discussion—"I cain't somehow git hit into my mind that that there young Straleyville lady is ever a-gwine to git Boone penned up before a preacher and git the harness buckled on to him—I cain't, to save me."

"She 's pow'ful diff'runt from mountain gals."

"Oh, yass, she sho air that; and mebby, when I 've onct seed her a-leadin' Boone off home this evenin', I 'll be able to see her (in my mind) with him all penned up reg'lar before Elder Daynce or Brother Musgrove, license and all. But I cain't do hit now—not to save me."

As the moment for dismissing the afternoon (or, in Southern phrase, the evening) meeting approached, every eye in the house (including Miss Rhody's) was fixed upon Boone's peaceful, unconscious face. His shoulders drooped gently, as though they assented once for all to whatever proposition might be made them. When at length Elder Dance dismissed the people, they flocked out hastily and in silence, and stood gazing in open and eager curiosity for the principal actors to appear. Miss Rhody—seasoned veteran though she was—felt the nervous pressure. A distinct twitter was in her manner; she giggled uneasily.

"Blamed ef the hull thing ain't true! I wisht you 'd look at Boone Spivey," whispered a tremulous voice; for Boone had shuffled valiantly up to Miss Rhody, unhitched her nag, and was essaying to hoist her one hundred and sixty pounds of somewhat cumbrous bulk into the saddle. The victim was calm; he was easy; he was fairly affable: it was the spoiler who twittered and trembled and giggled.

"One—two—three—now! Up ye go! Oh—er—ow! Well," mildly from Boone (faithfully disposed to hang on to the foot she had coyly resigned to him; Miss Rhody thereby came near foundering and upsetting a large contingent of the Shiloh meeting). The spectacle was held to be as fine a thing of the kind as ever a mountain community, scarce of entertainments, had been vouchsafed.

"One—two—three!" the patient Boone counted again. Again he conscientiously

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heaved. Once more Miss Rhody flopped, collapsed, giggled. At the third attempt, she went up with a rush, to land, squealing and tittering, half across the saddle. But she was finally located, the bridle passed up to her, the long calico skirt adjusted, and to Boone's meek inquiry, "Now, Miss Rhody, air ye all right?" she replied, red, smiling, flustered, that she was; and he disappeared toward the thick grove at the back of Little Shiloh meeting-house "to fetch his ridin' critter."

Into a lull in the manufactured conversation of both men and women (a sort of orchestra to fill in the waits of this interesting play) there broke the accents of Boone Spivey's raised voice. "Haw, Bolly! Haw, you Bolly! Haw, I say, you Bolivar!" And, the next instant, upon the astonished eyes of the assembled audience there dawned a vision which is still unforgotten throughout the Caney Creek neighborhood: Boone Spivey, astride the gigantic white steer, old Bolivar, his hat, much battered, sitting on one ear, his hair in disarray, his trousers pulled up on his long legs displaying an extensive section of dubious white home-knit sock, his heels thumping old Bolly's sides, a long stick or ox-goad in his right hand, serenely urging the beast in the way which he desired him to go.

For a moment no sound broke the Sunday stillness of the mountain-side but Boone's voice and the hollow thumping of his heels upon the wayward Bolly's sides. Every man's jaw was dropped; the women stared with incredulous eyes. Miss Rhody's state was beyond description. The next instant, such a shout went up as shocked the decorous and the pious. The boys and young men abandoned themselves to their rapture. Hats were flung into the air; youths clutched one another and rolled over and over in mad embrace, roaring and moaning with pure delight. The girls and younger women, after a hesitant glance about, also yielded to the infectious hilarity and sank down, laughing hysterically. It was old Bolivar's first experience as a regular saddle-horse; and, moreover, the screaming, the flourishing of hands, hats, and sticks, the jumping and gesticulating, somewhat disturbed his usual calm placidity. He would neither haw nor gee according to order; and Boone, seated on his back, with a face of supernatural innocence and gravity, plainly found considerable difficulty in getting him forward at all.

Miss Rhody Clack came to herself. With a look of rage about her, upon the capering multitude, a glance at Boone which was a strange compound of amazement, anger, and awakened interest, she turned her horse, and uttering an exclamation which was drowned by the plaudits of the crowd, began to move away.

"Hold on, Miss Rhody," Boone gently expostulated. "Wait a bit. I'm a-comin'; but my beast ain't so swift as yourn, an' he 's sorter flustered by all this yere to-do."

At the first sound of Boone's voice Miss Rhody had unconsciously halted. Now she turned one wild glance over her shoulder, and vociferating something which was again lost in the general outcry, brought the switch down upon her horse's flank. The bony sorrel gave a surprised and indignant jump which well-nigh unseated his furious rider, and then plunged forward, Miss Rhody heading him, not for "Sis' Zuleny Toler's," but toward Rock Creek and Aunt Faithful Bushares: the news of this public downfall would not have reached those remote regions.

Zulena Toler's feelings, as she stood, rigid and frozen, looking on at this singular spectacle, were strangely mingled. Boone had at last shown himself a man. That he had turned on Miss Rhody and her, his sister, she understood perfectly. In his own curious way he had flatly, not to say violently, refused the marriage they would have thrust upon him; and Zulena's feminine heart could not help applauding him, however little she might like his methods. As for the young Cliantha, she stood as she had throughout this scene, beside her stepmother, but with averted gaze, as though her thoughts were elsewhere.

Boone himself, looking mournfully after the departing fair one, shook his head gently, and said with mild reproof: "You boys ort n't to holler and carry on that away. Hit 's put Miss Rhody plumb out. I cain't never ketch her now; she 's a-gwine too fast." Then, amid the renewed howls of delight which greeted this speech, he turned the great white steer, not without difficulty, and moved off down the road, leaving behind him a legend which would live longer than the youngest child there present.

Observing his course, they noted that

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Boone turned old Bolly into the lane which led toward the Spivey place.

It was Wednesday of that week that the first buggy ever known in the Caney and Rock Creek neighborhoods was seen upon the comparatively good bit of road that leads from the Spivey farm over to Heck Toler's. Out of this buggy stepped Boone Spivey, hitched the nag at the big gate, and walked up (the confessed, the loudly proclaimed lover in every fold of his store-bought suit, in every movement of his self-conscious body) to the front door. A few moments later he came down again, with Cliantha, in a pink calico frock, with cheeks two shades pinker. In the door stood Mrs. Heck and wiped her eyes upon her apron hem.

"That 's Boone—quare to the last! Ef he 'd so much as said 'Clianthy,' I 'd 'a' been tickled to death. They air jest made fer one another, ef he *is* thirty-six and her only sixteen. She 's as say-nothin' as Boone is. They 'll never fuss—they would n't nair one of 'em talk enough to do that. Well, well, hit 's sorter cur'us—but hit 's better than what I was a-strivin' to bring about," as she recalled Miss Rhody Clack to her mind, and that young lady's open hints in the matter of Boone's generosity to his sister and her children. "She 'd 'a' been a reg'lar shrew, I don't misdoubt."

Boone and Cliantha, driving along the road in the new buggy and in a state of gentle, wordless felicity, were overhauled by Uncle Josh Swafford. "Howdy! Howdy!" challenged that worthy. "Well, I be blamed!" (Engagements and approaching marriages are supposed secrets from the public in mountain society. No comment of this nature was possible. Uncle Josh's eyes questioned the quiet faces before him, and twinkled with delight.) "Heared the news?"

"I don't well know," responded Boone, mildly. "What news, Uncle Josh? 'Bout Sutro's cow?"

Uncle Josh dwelt keenly on Boone's face. Was this extreme innocence altogether natural? "Naw," he drawled, "not about nair cow—'bout Miss Rhody."

"H'm," said Boone; "Miss Rhody is a fine lady, a mighty fine lady; and she could sing tribble—" Boone shook his head gently, as signifying that language was inadequate to praise properly Miss Rhody's treble.

"M'm, yass," drawled Uncle Josh; "well, Miss Rhody she won't prob'ly sing no mo' tribble in Caney Creek." He paused, but receiving no encouraging inquiry from the two silent ones before him, was obliged to explode his bomb unaided. "She made Sylvanus Bushares haul her and her trunk to Straleyville—clean to Straleyville—a-Monday mornin', they do say"; and the old man sat flicking his nag's neck, awaiting the reply which he should have the pleasure of disseminating. He waited some time. Finally Boone spoke, and Uncle Josh pricked his ears eagerly, Cliantha meanwhile resting her quiet gaze upon the distant horizon line.

"I ain't a-gwine to sow nair acre of summer wheat, Swafford. I 've done made up my mind—"

"Aw! Git along with ye!" Uncle Josh's voice, half-laughing, half-indignant, cut across Boone's gentle drawl. "Boone Spivey, ye 're a plumb skeesicks!" And, with a stroke of the switch, he was away, leaving the placid two in the new buggy to continue their triumphal drive.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.



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From the painting by William M. Chase

FRIENDS

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# A GROUP OF WESTERN POETS

### Hoosier Spring-Poetry

WHEN *ever'thing 's* a-goin' like she 's got a-goin' now—
The maple-sap a-drippin', and the buds on ever' bough
A-sort o' reachin' up'ards all a-trimblin', ever' one,
Like 'bout a million brownie-fists a-shakin' at the sun!
The childern wants their shoes off 'fore their breakfast, and the Spring
Is here so good-and-plenty that the old hen has to sing.
When things is goin' *this away*, w'y, that 's the sign, you know,
That *ever'thing 's* a-goin' like we like to see her go.

Oh, *ever'thing 's* a-goin' like we like to see her go!
Old Winter 's up and dusted, with his dratted frost and snow;
The ice is out the crick ag'in, the freeze is out the ground,
And you 'll see faces thawin', too, ef you 'll jes look around.
The bluebird 's landin' home ag'in, and glad to git the chance,
'Cause here 's where he belongs at, that 's a settled circumstance;
And him and Mister Robin now 's a-chunin' fer the show.
Oh, *ever'thing 's* a-goin' like we like to see her go!

The sun ain't jes p'tendin' *now:* the ba'm is in the breeze;
The trees 'll soon be green as grass, and grass as green as trees;
The buds is all jes *eechin'*, and the dogwood down the run
Is bound to bu'st out laughin' 'fore another week is done.
The bees is wakin', gap'y-like, and fumblin' fer their buzz,
A-thinkin', ever-wakefuler, of other days that wuz,
When all the land wuz orchard-blooms and clover, don't you know—
Oh, *ever'thing 's* a-goin' like we like to see her go!

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

### June

COME, with thine old-time witcheries of life,
Oh, thou full-breasted mother, hasten thee,
Lest on some winter-weary sense there fall
Too late thy rose, and humming of thy bee!

So late thou art! Through many pulsing days
We heard thy tread in heart of earth and tree,
And felt thy breath until each leafing vine
Yearned for thy sensuous touch to make it free.

Through barren months, all bleak and cold and gray,
We watched, like children through the muffled pane,
A tender signal from a beckoning hand,
But only saw frost-flowers through the rain.

Come, coax the shyest blossoms of the year!
Bless us, sweet mother! Make the palest smile,
And, with our storm-roughed cheeks against thy breast,
Give us thy beauty for a little while.

No changelings call thee, for our hearts are thine;
Thou holdest that which keeps all things in tune,—
Rose-leaves and kisses, love and life's red wine,—
Oh, golden-hearted, peerless, perfect June!

*Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

### The Uncharted Blue

IMMORTAL ruler of the boundless air,
Unmindful of the nether world's advance,
Canst thou not hear strange footsteps on thy stair?
Across the reaches of thy vast expanse
Dost thou not hark far signal calls, and see
The flash of lights whose colored beams are all unknown to thee?



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Above the swarming hives of earth's domain
Behold the gleaming tower and temple rise,
Built in the lofty workshop of a brain
That knows no boundary to its high emprise.
There science toils with vision keen and true,
And purpose strong to challenge fate in the empyreal blue.

What though thy kingdom hath nor lands nor seas,
The waves of ether break thy cliffs among;
What though thy couriers run with winged ease
From pole to pole, the world of thought is young,
And lightnings have been harnessed to a word,
And speech on chords invisible from shore to shore is heard.

From out the central Soul an essence flows
More subtly vibrant than thy realm hath known;
It touched the primal dust, and Man arose
To make the secrets of all things his own.
His march has been a million million years,
And he would make the stars his tents, his battle-ground the spheres.

All bravely to thy gates he comes at last,
The conqueror to the unconquered air;
Soon on thine ear shall fall his bugle blast,
Soon from thy walls his crimson banners flare.
Soul-free of fear, not death itself shall stay
Self-poised and will-creating Man upon his conscious way.

*Charles Eugene Banks.*

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

### Waking

Oh, the long dawn, the weary endless dawn,
When sleep's oblivion is torn away
From love that died with dying yesterday,
But still unburied in the heart lies on!

Oh, the sick gray, the twitter in the trees,
The sense of human waking o'er the earth;
The quivering memories of love's fair birth
Now strown as deathless flowers o'er its decease!

Oh, the regret, and oh, regretlessness,
Striving for sovranty within the soul!
Oh, fear that life shall nevermore be whole,
And immortality but make it less!

*Cale Young Rice.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

### "Ask of Me not my Strength"

Ask of me not my strength to match with thine—
The strength that lies in cunning, nimble thought;
For what was worthiest in me, though wrought
In darkness, gave I thee with the first sign
Of love between us; and the gift was mine
Of heart and soul in one great rapture caught,
Of tears and smiles into strange union brought;
Oh, Love, a poor return for the divine
Sweet touch thy claiming hand made known to me!
Yet now that I have learned all that thou art,
Shall I not praise my inefficiency,
My poverty of light, my weaker part?
Since, in exchange for these, thou couldst to me
Intrust thy great, thy glorious, childlike heart.

*Louisa Fletcher Tarkington.*

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

### The Rural Muse

Elusive Thing,
Creature of lisping leaf and vibrant wing,
The gold and amethyst of autumn bloom,
Of heart-close echoes in lush woodland gloom,
And the child-voiced call
Of the waterfall—
The Rural Muse!—she whom the days invite
With song and laughter, sun and sacred night.

. . . . . .

At dawn,
With misty draperies updrawn
Above the dew,
Tripping from clover-top to clover-top,
She tiptoed through
The meadow-lands.
I saw her stop
To lift with gentle hands
One wee
Bewildered honey-bee
Still half asleep,
Drugged with night's fragrance deep.

At noon's high tide
She rested laughingly beside
The brawny harvest-hand
And fanned
His ruddy throat, or pressed
Her cheek against his rugged chest;
And yet,
While still his brow was wet,
She fled, and hid
Up where the oak-leaves and the katydid
The summer spent
In futile plaint and argument.

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And so
She wanders to and fro,
A gentle sprite
Of sun- and moon-shine, shade and night,
In many moods,
Filling fancy's interludes
With sweet emprise
And winsome loneliness;
Yet always, in the evening calm,
A soft caress,
A holy balm
She brings to tired eyes,
And hearts that beat
In rhythms tensely incomplete
Till sunset nestles in the sea
As love in the heart of memory.

*Ray Clarke Rose.*

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

### How Fear Turneth Aside Favor

ONE told me, "Sorrow draweth near!"
The heart in me turned faint with fear;
I hid within a darkened room
And shrank and shuddered at the gloom.

When I crept forth and day was dead,
"Lo, in the high noontide," they said,
"A great Joy-Angel halted nigh
Your close-barred portal—and passed by."

*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

### Going[1]

DRAW de curtain wider—wider; let me see de sun;
I 'll be trab'lin' higher 'n it is 'fore de day is done.
Prop a cheer ag'in' de door, an' let me heah de breeze
Soundin' like a runnin' ribber 'mong de china-trees.

Sing de "Rock ob Ages," Phillis, sing it soft an' low—
Dat 's de tune I wants to heah ag'in afore I go.
Don't you choke an' sob, ol' 'oman; sing it brave an' bol':
Ah, dat music—seems to me it 's singin' in my soul!

Listen! Don't you heah de dog? I knows what makes him howl:
Las' night, up on top de house, dere sot a whoopin' owl;
Den dat whippoorwill—you knows you'se'f you heared it cry—
All dem things has knowledge ob a pusson gwine to die.

I 's a-gwine to glory, Phillis, 'way up in de sky,
Whar de houses is ob gol', an' you 'll come by an' by.
I ain't gwine to settle down yit; dey will le' me wait
Tell you comes to jine me t'rough de nebershettin' gate.

Take me easy as you kin, an' lif' me up in bed;
Fotch an extry pillow heah, to put beneaf my head.
Dar—I 's ready, now, to hab de paf to hebben showed—
Dem 'ar guidin' angels mus' be stoppin' on de road.

Phillis, do you reckon dat a harp is hard to play?
S'pose I 'll l'arn to pick it, ef I practise ebry day—
Hark! De angels is a-comin'; heah 'em fly, *kerswush!*
Dere mus' be a mons'ous covey, comin' wid a rush.

Heah 'em flyin' down de chimbley! No, dat *ain't* de win'—
You cain't heah 'em 'ca'se yoah ears is stoppered up wid sin.
Glory! Glory! Glory! I 's a-gwine; yes, I 's a-gwine!
I 's de one dat 's taken, you 's de oder lef' behin'!

Angels is a-stan'in' roun' me, hol'in' out dey han's;
Now I sees de ribber Jordan, runnin' in de san's.
Don't you see dat angel, p'intin' at it wid his sword?
Hush—don't 'sturb me talkin': I 's a-lookin' fer de ford!

*Irwin Russell.*

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

[1] This poem, by the young Mississippi writer whose work was familiar to readers of this magazine two decades ago, has been published, we believe, in the St. Louis "Republican," but is not included in the author's poems in book form.—EDITOR.

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# A CURIOUS MINNESOTA ROMANCE

## A POSSIBLE AMERICAN HEIR TO THE SERVIAN THRONE

BY
ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT
AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA"

IN the summer of the year 1875 the Hon. Chedomille Mijatovich, now thrice ambassador from Servia to Great Britain, and a member of the Hague Peace Convention, was Minister of Finance in Servia.[1] One of the lesser duties of that office was to issue permits for the exploration of Servian ruins; for, since the conquest of Servia by the Turks in the fourteenth century at the famed battle of Kosovo, when the last of the Servian czars—Czar Lazar—was slain, Servia has been a land of buried treasure. For five centuries the land was terrorized by its ruthless conquerors, while one by one its castles and palaces were destroyed; the only places of safety were subterranean vaults, and in a short space of time much of the wealth of the country was carefully secreted. The long duration of Turkish tyranny was responsible for the loss of much buried wealth, and in the last hundred years the number of the seekers for alleged family treasures in Servia has compelled the government to recognize the peculiar situation and place restrictions upon such search. Treasure-seekers have been obliged to obtain from the Minister of Finance regular application blanks; and when these have been filled out, the Minister of Finance has passed upon them.

In the year mentioned (1875), an old man appeared at the home of Minister Mijatovich at Belgrad, and inquired of the servant who answered his summons if that was the home of the Servian minister who had married an American lady. The servant replied affirmatively, Mr. Mijatovich having married Miss Elodie Lawton of Boston, the two having met while students together in Germany some years before. The stranger was soon admitted to the minister's office.

"He was a stalwart, honest-looking man," Mr. Mijatovich records, "perhaps sixty or sixty-five years of age; he had broad, strong shoulders, and was five feet and ten or eleven inches in height. His forehead was square and well developed; his features were fine and regular, but rather heavy; his gray eyes ever seemed to have a kindly smile in them; he wore a full, round beard, already turning from dark brown into gray, like the thick but short-cropped hair on his distinctively noble head."

The stranger introduced himself as August Boyn von Lazar, and said he was a small farmer in Minnesota, in America, and had come to Servia to find property which had belonged to his forefathers. He spoke a peculiar mixture of German and English.

"From Minnesota, in America!" said Mr. Mijatovich, in surprise. "You must be very sure of success to come such a distance."

"Yes," August Boyn answered quietly, "I am sure of success."

[1] The sources of this record are the manuscript account of August Boyn's experiences in Servia, by the Hon. Chedomille Mijatovich, and the author's interviews with him; letters from the Servian guide, Karl Schmidt, to Mrs. August Boyn, as well as letters to the author from Mr. and Mrs. Mijatovich, Mr. John Boyn, the United States Commissioner of Pensions, and the Adjutant-General of Minnesota; and the death-certificate of August Boyn at the Belgrad hospital, countersigned by the British consul, Mr. White. An interview with Mr. John Boyn and Mrs. August Boyn, in January, 1904, afforded much additional information.—A. B. H.



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But the minister's surprise became amazement when the old man made known the reason for his confidence. Under his arm he bore a huge leather-bound, brass-clasped family Bible, the blank pages of which contained the family record. Within the book four large, closely written sheets were loosely laid.

A word or two of Servian history is necessary in order to understand these documents. The heir of the last Servian Czar Lazar, who met his death at the battle of Kosovo, was his son-in-law, Milosh Obilitch, the hero of Servian ballad and story. In the palace of the Obilitches the royal line was perpetuated until it was finally destroyed by the Turkish invasion of 1704.

The family record showed that August Boyn was the son of Johann Boyn, born at Burglau, July 12, 1784; he, in turn, was a son of Frederick, who was born at Brandenburg, May 7, 1744; Frederick was a son of Andreas Obilitch von Lazar, who was born in the castle of Shumadis, in Servia, in 1697, and reared in the castle of Shabatz, on the river Sava. August Boyn, therefore, was the great-grandson of the last known heir to the throne of the old Servian czars.



AUGUST BOYN VON LAZAR

This portrait is from a photograph of August Boyn as he lay dead in the hospital at Belgrad, Servia. It was made by order of Minister Chedomille Mijatovich and sent to the widow. On the back of the photograph Mme. Mijatovich wrote: "August Boyn von Lazar. Obit 3/15/77."

August Boyn's sheets contained the life-story of his great-grandfather, Andreas Obilitch, and an account of the family secret. The former portion of the document was shown to Minister Mijatovich; the latter portion August Boyn would not show to any eyes. Mr. Mijatovich translated the portion seen by him as follows:

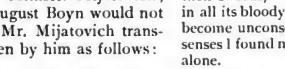
*Brandenburg, 1st of May, 1759.*

MY SON FREDERICK VON LAZAR: I deliver to you my last dispositions concerning the family treasure which I have from Servia, and about my parents. I was unable to travel there myself, first because I was bound by military service, and later because my bodily health was impaired. About the secret I will give you verbal information. Here I wish to tell you something about the years of my childhood, and how I have fared.

My father was prince in Servia. I was born in the year 1697, in the castle of Shumadis, and I was reared in the castle of Shabatz, on the river Sava. It was in the year 1704 that the great movement was started which brought on the country a Turkish tyranny more terrible than ever before. One night I awoke suddenly and was almost blinded by the reflex of the flames as the light from burning buildings colored red our windows. In that very moment an old servant shouted to me: "Get up, Andreas! We have not a moment to lose! The Longbeards are upon us!" We called the Turks "Longbeards," and I was always in great fear of the terrible men who came to our town only to murder or steal people. So I sprang at once from my bed, and the servant caught me in his arms. There was great shouting on all sides, and my mother rushed breathless into the room, calling me.

At that moment several shots were fired near us; one door near us fell down, broken by heavy blows from outside; a volume of smoke rushed in, and the sparks fell all about us. A crowd of men ran in, howling out furious menaces, and their raised sabers looked blood-red in the flames. Terrified, my servant dropped me from his arms, and I rolled under a bed in the corner, just as some one with one sharp stroke of an ax cut in two the head of the poor man. I cried out as I saw them catch my mother by the hair and slash at her with their swords,—I can see still that fearful scene in all its bloody details,—but I must then have become unconscious, for when I recovered my senses I found myself lying among dead bodies alone.

Shortly after that some one lifted me up and carried me out of the house into the street. There they wiped from my face the blood splashed upon it, and carried me away to a carriage, the horses of which were lashed sharply till they galloped as fast as they could. We saw every-



AUTOGRAPH OF AUGUST [BOYN] VON LAZAR



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where around us villages in flames and great numbers of men and cattle rushing away in wild confusion. From time to time we passed long rows of carts and carriages, and panting men loaded with bundles of household goods; all were hastening as fast as they could toward the forest of Shumadia, where I myself was being carried. When we arrived there we were received with great rejoicings. I was taken out of the carriage and passed from hand to hand. Every one seemed delighted to see me alive and began to caress me.

At last my guide and rescuer took me from the arms of the people, carried me into a hut made of piled-up logs, and told me to rest there. He told me he was a servant of my parents, that his name was Ephraim Nadusdatz, and that he had saved me from a sense of his duty and loyalty to his late master. The people called me Andreas Obilitch. They made huts and houses for themselves in the forest, and Ephraim Nadusdatz built also a house for us to live in. As he was clever in curing the diseases of horses and cattle, he gained enough for us to live, but I had often to travel with him.

Leaving at last the forest home, Andreas crossed into Hungary and Silesia, and finally became one of the famous tall guards of Frederick the Great. At the end of the wars he settled down as an innkeeper at Brandenburg. In his stories the old innkeeper made such frequent use of the word *vojna* or *boyna*, meaning "battle," that his inn became known as the Gasthof zur Boyne. Boyne or Boyn became the family name.

His great-grandson August was born in Chemnitz, August 5, 1818, and emigrated to the United States in 1850, settling at St. Paul, Minnesota. His oldest living son, John Boyn of Princeton, Minnesota, was born in 1852.

On December 10, 1863, August Boyn enlisted in Company F, Eighth Regiment, Minnesota Infantry Volunteers. One year later he was wounded near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Returning at the close of the war, August Boyn settled down on his farm two miles from Princeton.

As the years went by and his son became of age, August Boyn began to talk of going



From a photograph

MME. ELODIE LAWTON MIJATOVICH

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to Servia. His wife and son advanced every objection to his plan, but without avail. "When I come back," he used to say, "we shall never want for anything more."

Thus he talked for a number of years, a week in the latter city, evidently having his important document copied there.

Such was the man, then, who was presented, a little later, to the Servian Minister of Finance and who asked permission to



From a photograph by Lafayette. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CHEDOMILLE MIJATOVICH, SERVIAN MINISTER AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES

Possibly the objections raised by his family tended to make him unsympathetic and reticent; at least, neither his wife nor his son knew anything definite concerning the nature of the papers upon which he based his high hope of better things. At last, early in the year 1875, he determined to go, and on a spring day set out from Princeton for St. Paul, his Bible under his arm. He spent search in Servia for the possessions of his ancestors, which were supposed to have been taken from the Obilitch castle and buried in an underground chamber beneath or near it. He told Mr. Mijatovich that Andreas Obilitch, the Brandenburg innkeeper, had left definite information concerning this apartment in his document, affirming that an old servant had

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shown him the site of the apartment and allowed him to enter it.

He made no claim to title or position; he desired only permission to find the family treasure-house. Though pitifully handicapped in many ways, unacquainted with the country, with small financial resources, and, above all, ignorant of every word of the Servian tongue, the old explorer was eager to begin his search.

He was urged by the Minister of Finance to begin his explorations in the district of Shabatz, where, according to Servian traditions, Czar Lazar lived. The old man, however, had become impressed with the ruined castle of Avala, a long two hours' ride from Belgrad; its position on the summit of a hill which looked down upon two rivers seemed to impress Mr. Mijatovich with the fact that Boyn's document gave some such commanding location as the site of the treasure-vault in question.

Being unsuccessful in this quarter, however, the patient man passed on in the fall of 1875 to the region Mr. Mijatovich had suggested, where, about Podrinje, the peasants still treasure vivid traditions of the court of Obilitch, the son-in-law of Czar Lazar. Here the old man found a friend in a schoolmaster Milojevitch, and seems to have searched this region over carefully throughout the winter of 1875–76, but with no success.

In the spring of 1876 he moved his quarters to Shumadia proper, in the very center of Servia, procuring for himself, at this time, the friendship and assistance of a young German joiner, Karl Schmidt by name, who went with him as guide and interpreter. From a letter this Schmidt wrote to August Boyn's wife at a later date, we secure a faint glimpse of this indomitable old man as he kept doggedly at his task.



From a tintype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN BOYN (THE SON OF AUGUST BOYN VON LAZAR) IN 1877, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE

Since I have traveled a great deal with your husband, August [Schmidt wrote], and we have also lived together as brothers, I must communicate with you, . . . since we have passed through a great deal together in distress and also when things have gone well. We have often passed the night under the sky and have had nothing [to eat], but it has nevertheless grown red [become day]. So it was, too, the last time when we went on a journey to Kragujevatz, and from there still farther to Schaeganjevatz, where he believed he would find the treasure; but he was again deceived there, as was I, too, for I have taken no pay from him; for we had agreed that if he should find the treasure he would make me a rich man, because I, too, am a poor man, and so have we traveled together.

The war with Turkey broke out in 1876, and Boyn's work was virtually at a standstill; his son affirms that he then went into Germany, spending the winter of 1876–77 with relatives there. But early in the year 1877 he was back in Servia, with Schmidt again as his guide. In May Mr. and Mrs. Mijatovich were glad to see August Boyn again at their home in Belgrad. "He was exceedingly sunburnt," Mr. Mijatovich records, "and looked older, but his gray eyes were beaming with pleasure as he exclaimed to us, smiling:

"'Well, I have found the place.'

"'Indeed?' I replied, not a little surprised, for neither of us could believe he would be successful. 'Are you quite sure you have found it?'

"'Quite sure,' Boyn replied; 'perfectly sure.' There was a quiet determination in his voice, which was exceedingly impressive. 'All the descriptions I have agree with the location, and the signs in the region match perfectly the plans I told you I have with me. I have indeed found the place.'

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From a recent photograph

MR. AND MRS. JOHN BOYN AND FAMILY

"'But you have not proved it,' I cried, 'you have not opened the vault?'

"'No,' replied Boyn; 'I was not alone, and could not enter. This is why I have come at once to you: to beg for a company of soldiers to protect me while I open the place and remove the contents. For I can open it easily now I have found it.'"

Mr. Mijatovich felt great hesitancy in applying to Prince Milan for troops. If the old man proved to be in error, the minister would be placed in an uncomfortable position. So he answered Boyn:

"'I cannot at this moment obtain a detachment of soldiers to protect you; but I will do this if you will go back once more and follow out again your plan and again prove the ground. When you have become as sure as it is possible to be without opening the vault, go to the nearest station and telegraph me; I promise you faithfully that I will go at once to the palace and myself beg from the prince the orders necessary to give you the utmost protection.'

"My friend was plainly disappointed with my answer. He stood still a moment, looking at my wife and myself, and we both felt the utmost sympathy for him in his distress. My reply, we could see, was totally unexpected, and yet, at the time, I could give no other. After a few moments August Boyn spoke very quietly and without any show of bitterness or anger:

"'Very well. Although I am perfectly sure that I have found the place, I will do as you suggest. I will go back and verify carefully all of the proofs of identity I possess, and then telegraph you and wait for the troops or police to protect me.'

"Mrs. Mijatovich shook hands with him most regretfully, and remembering that he had mentioned personal danger to which he had been and might again be subjected by rough men who watched him, she offered him a small American revolver, which she had kept during our residence on the Servian frontier, when we often slept within hearing of the Turkish cannon. But Boyn refused the weapon, saying:

"'Since I left the army I never carry arms. My life is in God's hands, and let his will be done. I am not afraid of personal danger, but I do not want our family treasure carried away by robbers.'"



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May passed away, with June and July. No word came from August Boyn to Mr. Mijatovich until the 10th of August. On the evening of that day a man came hurrying to the home of the Minister of Finance, bringing the startling news that in a little hut on the outskirts of Belgrad an old man lay dying who could mention only one name, "Mijatovich, Mijatovich."

Mr. Mijatovich hurried away with the messenger, taking a servant with him. "Quite outside the town boundary," affirms Mr. Mijatovich, "not far from what then was called Eastern Vroteha, near the haystacks of the garrison, in a very dirty little hut, on a bare wooden bed, nearly naked, lay August Boyn. His skin, formerly so healthy and cleanly, was as yellow as an orange, and in every way he was an utterly changed man. When he opened his eyes he seemed to recognize me; he tried to speak, but could make only inarticulate, unintelligible sounds. His thin fingers worked convulsively, as if to convey information; but I could not understand.

"At once I sent my servant to Dr. Kongourobsky of the state hospital, to ask for men and an ambulance to take the sick man thither. I myself called on Prince Milan's physician, and begged him also to do everything possible for the invalid, and asked him to send for me at once if he recovered speech or seemed in any way to change. I left August lying clean and seemingly comfortable and content in one of the best hospital beds, and his gray eyes lighted up as kindly as of old. I left him, hoping that he would soon recover speech, but it was not to be. On the morning of the 13th a messenger informed me that he had died without being able to make himself understood.

"Mrs. Mijatovich was unable to put away the thought that the man had been poisoned by those who had watched him at work just when they believed he had achieved success. I asked, therefore, that a post-mortem be made; this was done, but no sign of poison could be found."

The Servian ambassador to England intends to follow up the Boyn case. "I intend," he affirms, "one day—*Deo volente*—to search for the Boyn treasures, after I collect all possible information. I should always consider the family of August Boyn von Lazar as rightful heirs of everything we eventually may find."

The guide Karl Schmidt wrote, asking that John Boyn come to Servia himself and continue his father's search for the family treasure; but Mr. Boyn affirms that he cannot go digging for wealth in Servia while there is so much stump-digging to be done in the potato belt of Minnesota.

ROME, OHIO.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a recent photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE HOME OF JOHN BOYN NEAR PRINCETON, MINNESOTA

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From a photograph of the group in marble by Solon H. Borglum

SNOW-DRIFT

# A SCULPTOR OF THE PRAIRIE

## SOLON H. BORGLUM

(Born in Utah, resident in Nebraska, student of Indian life in South Dakota)

BY FRANK SEWALL

THE development of a distinctively American school of art requires certain conditions which it is easier to define than to realize. The alternative presents itself, either of bringing over the foreign artist *into* the atmosphere of American life, or of sending our own artists with their home-born ideals to take shape under the training of the best foreign schools. Too often the going abroad of the American artist results either in the loss of the American tone and inspiration in his work or in its subordination to school mannerism and technique to such an extent that any distinctive native element disappears. Thus we have Americans taking prizes in the Salon, but usually for pictures that most nearly approach the French ideals, while, on the other hand, our artists are apt to bring from abroad not only the technique of the foreign school, but the more depressing and repellent aspects of its spirit. There have, of course, been many notable exceptions. Saint-Gaudens and French have put a distinctive American motive into monumental sculpture, while men like Whistler and Sargent lend us the luster of their names by producing works distin-



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guished by the universal rather than the local quality of their genius.

A very interesting approach to the realization of the ideal conditions is brought to public notice in the works of the American sculptor who is the subject of this sketch. The approval of the jurors of the Paris Exposition of 1900 was shown in the award to Mr. Borglum of a silver and a bronze medal, the former for the pieces "The Scout" and "The Lame Horse," the latter for the bronze casting of "The Buffalo." Even in the representations here shown, the reader will not fail to detect a freedom of handling and a deep feeling of sympathy with the life of the American far West which could be born of nothing but a living experience and a long and conscientious study of its scenes and characters.

Solon Hannibal Borglum was born in 1868, in Ogden, Utah. During his infancy his parents removed to Omaha, where they still live. Most of the son's early life was spent on his father's ranch in western Nebraska. In that free and bracing life there were born in him ideals of form and sentiment such as no Old World experience could produce. These forms were those of a genuine art-inspiration, because originating in a joyous experience, in a career which he had chosen from love. His highest ambition in his youth was to become a successful ranchman. It was not until his twenty-fourth year that he yielded to the persuasions of his brother John, an artist residing in Santa Ana, California, who urged him to come and live with him and begin the study of art. After a period of initiatory study there Solon went to the Art School in Cincinnati, where, under Rebisso, he began the study of sculpture and the anatomy of the human figure and the horse.



From a photograph of the group in clay by Solon H. Borglum

COW-BOY AT REST (FOR THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR)

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From a photograph of the group in bronze by Solon H. Borglum

COW-BOYS LASSOING WILD HORSES

The young realist from the West was not one to treat his art irreverently. He exhausted every means of arriving at the truth of nature, and for this purpose carried his study of anatomy into the city's repository of dead animals, where he might dissect the bodies of horses to his satisfaction. It is said that for six months he devoted one day a week to these anatomical studies. No veterinary surgeon in the country was his superior in the knowledge of the structure of the horse. In the surgical institute of the city he also pursued his studies of the human anatomy so far as to entitle him to a diploma had he desired it.

In the second year of his studies in the Cincinnati school he won the home scholarship, and in a few months left this country for Europe, intending to make only a short visit. In Paris he began to work on "The Little Horse in the Wind" and a group of "Cow-boys Lassoing Wild Horses." He became so absorbed and interested in his work that he decided to remain and finish it for the Salon. The group was accepted, favorably placed, and attracted much attention, while "The Little Horse" was purchased by the Cincinnati Art Museum. So much interest had Borglum inspired among artists in Paris that they advised him to remain and produce a large work for the next Salon. This resulted in his exhibiting in the next year the life-size group, "The Stampede of Wild Horses." The animals are represented at the brink of a precipice, and the wild motion, the pause, the horror, the plunge are all powerfully depicted in the skilfully chosen pose. "The Little Lame Horse" was exhibited in bronze. Both of these pieces received the *mention honorable*.

The summer of 1899 Borglum spent among the Sioux of Crow Creek Reser-



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vation in South Dakota. Here he studied the Indian, not alone from without but from within, entering with sympathy into his interests and his occupations, and learning to know him through genuine friendly and human companionship. This he was enabled to do through the good offices of the Rev. Hachaliah Burt, an Episcopal clergyman, who for years has been the spiritual father and guide of the Indians of that locality, and who interpreted their talk, and with his help these taciturn Indians were induced to lay aside their reserve and to pose for the young sculptor at his will. Not less strange and subtle was Borglum's use of the Indian pony as an art subject. Here, too, by truthfulness to nature he won the final approval even of the French critic, accustomed as he is to the majestic outlines of the typical French horse. "The Little Lame Horse" has won his laurels even in Paris. The Indian and the pony, the scout and the cow-boy, are subjects having a certain pathetic interest in common, and they are treated by a sympathetic artist, wholly new to the art of the Old World, in a manner to bring into art a new motive. One feels in the production of young Borglum's chisel the man himself, the free citizen of the great West, whose vision is as broad as the prairie sky, whose muscle is as firm as his heart is tender, and whose eye looks straight for truth.

At the Exposition of 1900 were shown the two works, "The Little Lame Horse," which had been exhibited in the Salon of 1899, and the new work produced after his sojourn in South Dakota, "The Indian Scout" or "On the Border of White Man's Land." In the Salon of 1900 was also exhibited "The Buffalo," which afterward was given a medal for the casting by the Paris World's Fair jury; in the Salon of 1899 "The Stampede of Wild Horses," already mentioned, which by request was placed in the center of the United States pavilion in Paris; and in the Salon of 1898 "The Horse in the Wind" and "Cow-boys Lassoing Wild Horses." Other works of Mr.



From a photograph of the group in clay by Solon H. Borglum

INDIAN MEDICINE-MEN DANCING (FOR THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR)

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Borglum's are "The Rough Rider," "The Sand Storm," "Horse and Colt," "Horse and Snake," and "The Indian War Dance."

The piece which probably has aroused the most interest of all thus far exhibited is "The Indian Scout." It was shown in Omaha on the return of the artist from his three months' sojourn with the Indians, and thence was taken to Paris, where it underwent some changes in the design before being sent to the Exposition. The models for the group were none other than a scout of General Custer, the famous Black Eagle and his pony which figured in the celebrated skirmish along the Missouri River in the early seventies. It represents an Indian crouching beneath his horse at the brink of a precipice and gazing searchingly for the enemy beyond. The pony stands patiently ready to bear his master away at an instant's warning.

If we may not claim for Borglum a technical proficiency that makes him a present rival of his elders among American sculptors, no one can deny the existence of a conscientious skill, an exquisite fiber, and a thrilling motive in his productions, that seem to be born of American skies and to breathe the spirit of American life. Time and a reverence for form and for the realism which a true and high love of nature inspires will do their part in developing in him the ability to produce other works distinctively American and of permanent value.



# PASSING THE TORCH

## A STORY OF TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WILLIAMS

RUTHERFORD noticed her for the first time in the trainshed at Chicago, as he hurried down the slippery iron staircase to catch the San Francisco Limited. She was making her way, step by step, in front of him; her slender, warped body, in its cheap new traveling-suit, swayed weakly sidewise beneath the careening load of telescope, bandbox, bags, and bundles heaped upon her left arm. The right hand steadied a dumpling child in a frowzy white cloak, who paused on each alternate step to vent her wrath and terror in a howl which resounded even above the roar of the trains below. Rutherford pushed to her side and caught the toppling pyramid from her arm. She turned with a startled gasp which changed to a smile of relief.

"Thank you. She belongs to that there lady in the lace collar yonder. She has five kids and three telescopes to get aboard the excursion train, so I told her I 'd see to this one." A curious blue shadow crossed her face; she turned her head away, as she spoke, with a shuddering cough. "Draughty down here, ain't it? Yes, lovey, you can go to mama right away. Thank you kindly, sir."

"San Francisco Limited just pulled out," said the gateman, curtly. "Next train out is Tourist No. 4. Goes in twelve minutes. San Francisco? No; Phœnix. No more 'Frisco trains till six to-night."

Rutherford went back to the struggling mob at Gateway No. 4. He would go to Phœnix instead of San Francisco, then. He might as well be starting for Duluth or Timbuktu, for that matter. Disaster had beaten down upon him so swiftly, so pitilessly, that he still went numbed beneath the shock. Only one instinct stirred in his dulled brain—the frantic animal craving to slink away, to hide himself from the eyes of all his kind.

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Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MAKING HER WAY STEP BY STEP"

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Tourist No. 4 overflowed with a distracted horde, cumbered with the unwieldy luggage of a long migration, wrangling shrilly over seats and berths. Rutherford stumbled through the crowded aisles to the Pullman, and huddled down behind a newspaper in the farthest corner. There was no one aboard whom he knew, Heaven be praised! He shrank with a physical sickness of dread from the thought of meeting a familiar face. His friends had meant well, he told himself, in the old contemptuous phrase. They had condoled dutifully, they had advised bountifully. Their amiable platitudes seared like acid; their sympathy was the rasp of a rough, kindly hand across an unhealed burn. If he could just once get away, alone, he could summon his courage and face this ruin, so he insisted, as he sat fretting the dragging minutes through. For he was yet too dazed to know that he fled not from things visible, the scourges of association, but from his own most merciless judgment, aroused, implacable.

The prairie world slid past his window, a broad, unrolling tapestry of dun field and silver water, stark tree and crouching hill. He loosened his grip on the papers and lay back in his chair, striving deliberately to mark out his course for the weeks to come. He would go to work at once; the heavier his task, the greater the strain, the better it would be for him. He would begin all over again. He would build up his life as other men built, with no foundation but the rock of his own integrity. At least his own name was not smirched, that was one straw of comfort. And yet—

If he faced the truth, was it not his doing, all this monstrous tangle? Was there, then, no blood upon his idle, careless hands?

The wheels took up his thoughts and swung them into hideous beating rhythm. He shut his eyes: they blazed before him, letters of fire. He covered his ears: he might as well have tried to still the throb of his own heart.

"He did—his best. You tempted—tempted—tempted. He did—his best. You did—not care."

"He had a good salary, better than the house paid anybody in father's time," said Rutherford, resentfully. "Oh, yes; I know I ought to have watched the business, I should n't have left it all in Ralph's hands. It gave him every chance to speculate, and I dare say Bertha pushed him to it. She could never forgive the fates that he had n't been born to my place. My place!"

"His best—his best. You tempted—tempted—"

He saw, as in a glass, the passing of these last flying weeks. He saw himself, easy, debonair, unconcerned, sauntering through life as he had sauntered these twenty years; the dilettante manager of a business so solidly founded, so splendidly manned, that it could not decline, even under his lax hand; the complacent host of every passing star; the patron of art and charity and science; the tranquil, selfish drone. He heard the murmurs of his friends when rumors of the great panic to come breathed from lip to lip; he heard his own incredulous laugh. What had his solid, conservative house to fear from a blow like this? He heard Ralph's stammering demur when he proposed for the first time in ten years to glance over the books with him, "just to pacify them." And he heard the newsboys' shrill, exultant chant through the freezing November dusk as he dragged up the steps to his own door and fumbled past the crape for the key:

"All about the Rutherford failure! T'ree millions! Embezzlement! Forgery! Suicide!"

Ralph and Bertha had fled days before his thefts were discovered. Ralph's old father, that gentle prince of uprightness, lay dead by his own hand, stricken down before the horror of his boy's shame. Rutherford's mother, whose flickering life had held its spark for years only in the hushed air of peace with which his love surrounded her, sank away within the week. She was the last of his race, the one beloved tie.

The intolerable wrench of his bereavement tore at his heart afresh. Surely he could not blame himself that she was lost to him. Ever since his father's death the doctors had warned him that the slightest shock might prove fatal. He could not keep the word of their ruin from her. But the cause of the ruin?

He locked his shaking fingers over the arms of the chair. If he should die tonight, no matter where or how, the newspapers to-morrow would extol him as a man of blameless life, a public benefactor,

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an honor to his name. His record lay open in the sight of all men. There were no blots, no ugly lapses. He would be publicly honored, deeply mourned. Yet he looked back upon his days aghast, heart-sick. Wasted, and worse than wasted! The duties that he had neglected had turned to temptations in the weaker hands that had essayed them. The opportunities that he had thrown away were as traps for the feet of those who followed him.

At all events, he was carrying out every obligation that rested upon him now. He had paid every penny of the liabilities which Ralph's defalcation had left. Of all his wealth there remained to him only the roll of money in his pocket. He had met every demand, he had faced the unescapable kindnesses of his friends. And now his house was fallen; his name, for three generations a pledge of honor in his city, was blotted from its records; and he, the last of his race, went his way alone. He was a coward to go, he told himself, quivering. Yet what else could there be left for him to do? Assuredly, it would be better so.

The train drew into a dingy station. He hurried out on the platform for a turn in the cold air. At the station door he brushed past the girl whom he had aided on the stairway. She looked up at him with a quick little greeting glance, which faded instantly when she saw that he did not recognize her. She was laden to the limit of her strength again; this time with ponderous cups and saucers, and a huge pot of steaming tea. She struggled aboard the train unaided, but paused on the top step, gasping in a paroxysm of coughing which threatened to jerk the tray from her hands. Rutherford, glancing up mechanically, saw the blue shadow settle about her mouth. He knew its meaning by bitter experience. He sprang up the steps and caught the tray from her hands as she reeled over against the door.

"Seems like I 'm more bother than I 'm worth," she said, with an embarrassed laugh, when she could get her breath again. "There 's two old ladies aboard who did n't bring no lunch along; thought they could buy it on the train. They had n't no notion it was so expensive on the 'diner,' and I found out they 'd made up their minds to go without supper; so I never said a word, but just slid off and got it. This tea is only a quarter a pot, and the buns go with it. I think they can get two cups apiece out of it, easy. Thank you very much." Her homely, gentle face colored painfully as he insisted upon carrying the tray into the car. "You certainly are obliging, sir."

He went on to the Pullman, his mind already swaying back into the inevitable round. He did not think of her again until he stepped off the train at Kansas City next morning for breakfast. She stood at the lunch-counter, hurrying the dumpling child and a sister two sizes smaller through their meal, and snatching sips of coffee between-times. In the clear light her face shone with an alabaster translucence; her gray eyes were wide and black with fever; pinched blue shadows deepened piteously in chin and throat. She did not see him as he passed her and stood near by.

"Don't gobble so, Minnie precious! The train won't get away. You want a piece of pie, Sadie? Oh, but we 've spent all the money mama gave me for your breakfast. Well, there, there!" She dived reluctantly into the battered little chatelaine which hung at her belt. "I guess I 'm rich enough to treat you both to a piece; but don't tell mama, mind."

She lifted her pudgy charges to the floor, and started away.

"You ain't finished your own breakfast, ma'am," called the waitress. "There 's time enough."

"I don't believe I 'd care for any more, thanks," she said, with pretty courtesy.

The waitress looked after her with understanding eyes. Rutherford caught her glance.

"She ain't gettin' West any too soon," she said grimly. "And if I 'm any judge, she 'll never travel this road no more. I 've seen 'em before, that gritty—" Her voice fell as the girl came hurrying back.

"I declare, I 'most forgot gra'ma!" she laughed. "One of the other ladies is making her some coffee, but I promised I 'd bring her a doughnut, and maybe an egg. They 're five cents apiece? M-m, maybe I 'd better—yes, I guess I will. She thought they 'd taste heartsome. Come on now, Sadie. Don't stumble!"

Late that afternoon the train conductor came through the Pullman, pausing from seat to seat. "Is there a doctor here?" he repeated swiftly, hardly waiting for reply.

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"Lady very ill in the tourist sleeper. Doctor here?"

Rutherford looked up, stung by an instant conviction. "If it 's lungs or heart, I might know something to do," he said hastily. "I 've had a little experience. Is it that young woman—"

"Lungs, they said," answered the conductor. "Hemorrhage, I guess. They 're all makin' such a fuss, I could n't half understand. Mighty sweet-lookin' girl she is, too. It 's a pity."

Rutherford followed him to where she lay, an ashen heap, on a pile of mattresses. The women hung over her, with wild and futile efforts to aid. The mother of five fanned her distractedly with the baby's hat; the two old ladies clung to her cold hands.

Rutherford cleared them away and made her as comfortable as his slender knowledge permitted. She rallied presently and looked up with a shamefaced smile.

"Seems like I 'm always pestering you," she said at last. There was no shadow of coquetry in her tone; she looked at him with the same quiet gaze that she gave small Minnie, sniffling at her elbow. "It is n't any matter. I 've had a lot worse spells than this."

Rutherford straightened the pillows about her, and found a screen to shade her eyes. She put out an unsteady hand for her bag as he would have swung it on the rack.

"I 've got a knitting pattern in there I was just getting out to show gra'ma when I began to cough," she whispered. "Let me find it now, and you give it to her. She 'll think I 'm all right if you do that, and she 's worrying, poor soul."

She fumbled with the lock: the bag opened with a jerk, spilling its contents into the aisle. Rutherford stooped to pick them up. There was a deck of cards; a roll of cheap fancy-work, flimsy little doilies and centerpieces; a box of checkers, which clattered to the farthermost end of the car; a bundle of magazine illustrations, cut out and neatly mounted; strings of kindergarten beads; a handful of paper dolls, radiant in gilt and tinsel.

He put them back with as punctilious care as though he handled jewels of price. The girl's tense face relaxed as she looked at him.

"You 'll think I 'm awful silly, to bring those fancy things along," she said under her breath; "but I knew there 'd most likely be children and old folks, too, on the train, and I thought maybe some dolls and pictures would help to piece out. It 's kind of hard, a trip like this. And there 'll be sick folks where I 'm going, and maybe they 'll get some fun out of them, too. You never can tell what 'll strike them right. And I had n't anything else to bring."

"I 'd like to see anybody who would n't enjoy them," said Rutherford, carelessly. "When I was a kid, I 'd have given the eyes out of my head for pictures like those to play with."

Her eyes brightened eagerly; her thin little work-scarred hands groped for the roll of dolls. "*Would* you, honest? Well, you ought to have seen that little Sadie last night! Her mother had only one berth, so I took her and her sister in with me; and she went to sleep hugging that littlest doll. It was just sweet to see her!

"It 's nice to have children around when you 're traveling," she went on, after a while. "It does n't make it quite so—lonesome. There never was any at home but just me; I guess that was why I always wanted to teach, so 's I could be with them. I did cadet the year after I finished at the high school,"—there was a proud little pause,—"but somehow there was n't any steady place open for me, so I went into the stores instead. I 've clerked ever since, 'most twelve years, an' I never was sick once, not till this winter. I guess I got kinder tired."

Rutherford looked at her blanched little face, her shriveled throat, the widening lilac circles beneath her eyes. Yes, she was tired.

"It ain't easy to leave home, is it?" she went on. "Seems to me like I 've left a piece of me behind in Galesburg; I can't imagine how my job is going to hobble along without me." She laughed, a wraith of a ripple. "I have n't any folks of my own, either; and sometimes I used to think I 'd like to leave there and go to Chicago to live, specially after father died. And yet it did n't seem fair to him for me to go away. He always did so much for everybody, and I felt as if I could n't bear for people to forget about him. Mother was one of the dependable kind, too. She always had the ministers and the

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teachers to stay at our house when there was a convention; and she was president of the Ladies' Aid five years running. Father was n't much of a hand to push to the front, but he did his part, and more.



Drawn by C. D. Williams. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SHE WALKED BACK WITH RUTHERFORD TO THE LITTLE ARIZONA STATION"

He could take care of sick folks better than any doctor; they 'd send for him to help out on a fever case when he was going on seventy; and there never was a tramp come to the house that he was n't fed, and helped to a job, and treated like he was a man. Somehow I could n't stand it for folks to forget about father."

Before Rutherford's mind drifted a vision of the great hospital that bore his father's name. He saw his mother as she went her lovely way through life, a saint of gentle ministry. The day before she died she had begged for pen and paper that her tired hand might send a word of love to a friend bereaved. He set his teeth on a groan.

"Then maybe I thought there was some things *I* could do better than anybody else." A whimsical dimple glinted in her cheek, mocking her calm pretense. "There was the Literary, and the Boys' Club, and the choir, and the Minerva Historical So-

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ciety, and the mission Sunday-school. Then last year I took a class of six little girls, about as big as Minnie here, and taught them to sew. They were lots of fun, but they took considerable time."

"Where in the world did you find time for half these things?" said Rutherford, sharply.

"Oh, I did n't have to go back to the store but two evenings a week, and I had Friday afternoon off. I liked it all right. Sometimes the church work kind of heaped up. I used to bake a lemon cake for them whenever they had a sociable; mother used to do that, and I hated to stop contributing. And I always marked all the comforters, ready to tack. That used to be her share, too. But I liked it. I only wish there 'd be something like that for me to do when I get out to Summit Camp. That 's where I 'm going, you know, that outdoor hospital. But—I don't know."

Rutherford could not meet the piteous prescience in her gaze.

"You 'll find plenty to do," he said. "You 'll be a godsend."

A breath of color flickered into her cheek. "I 'll just *have* to do something for people!" she breathed. "I can't stand it any other way. You don't know how good folks have been to me. The girls at the store made me a present of this dress, coat and all." She stroked the cheap little braided jacket with reverent fingers. "And the minister's wife she packed my trunk for me, and the children—" her lashes shone with sudden dew; she set her quivering lips. "There was n't nothing them children did n't think of! Candy, and magazines, and violets down from Chicago! You 'd think I was a queen. But maybe I can pass it along even yet. I 'll do to piece out with, if I can't do anything more."

Her eyelids fell in sudden lethargy. Rutherford drew the screen before her, and warned the women to silence. Later, by various perjuries, he prevailed upon her to take his berth in exchange for her own. She yielded without question; she was too exhausted to notice or to care. Throughout that night and the next day she slept, rousing only at long intervals; but on the last morning of their journey she awoke, incredibly refreshed and strengthened. Rutherford could scarcely believe his eyes when she stepped, without assistance, from the train at Phœnix.

"I just told you that spell would n't come to anything," she assured him triumphantly. But the blue shadows deepened once more, and the eager lips were set in lines of silent pain before they had finished the short afternoon ride to Summit Camp.

Rutherford hunted out the best tent available for her, and went with her to consult the resident physician. He sat waiting for an hour in the tiny plank-walled porch while she talked with the doctor in the office beyond. Overhead the sky dazzled, vividly, fiercely blue. To east and west, to north and south, rolled the desert, a waveless amber sea; the wind that brushed his face was warm with hurrying spring. He had no eyes for the brave young year, he had no heart for the sunshine. He swung, a pitiful atom, between the mighty forces that this girl, this poor, dying waif, had roused within him. He struggled vainly, blinded, anguished, to turn away from the lesson which her halting inexorable hand had set for him.

"It 's no use. No. If you could just substitute courage for lung-tissue, perhaps—" The doctor looked at her as she stood aside, looking out on the strange new world with radiant delight. "No; I 'm sorry, utterly sorry." His fatherly eyes sought the girl again. Rutherford winced before their quiet sentence. "It may be a few days—weeks, even. But not more. I 'll take care of her. I 'll do my best."

Rutherford put half his roll of money into the other's hand. "Get her whatever she needs or cares for," he said. "And—if you can manage it—could you let her think she 's useful? Could you give her something to do?"

"I know," said the physician, patiently. "I 'll see to it that she 's busy and not left alone. I 'll do my best."

She walked back with Rutherford to the little Arizona station, suddenly eased from pain, happily content. The weird new beauty of desert and mountain, the fascinating prospect of outdoor life, had captivated her childish fancy. There were faint rose spots of pleasure in her cheeks when he turned to say good-by.

"I 'm not going to try and thank you," she said very gently. "Of course you said you had to come down here on business;



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I know that. But you 'd made it your business to come and see me through, because I was sick and poor and alone; I know that, too. There is n't any use in my trying to thank you. And I 'll never forget. And I 'll pass it along. You 'll see."

"You 've passed a good many things along to me, as it is," said Rutherford, steadily. He took her gaunt, scarred hand in his; she looked up at him with an ineffable sweetness, an understanding past all words. It was as though she lifted to him the white flame of her spirit, the torch of her divine courage, flickering bravely through the mists that he might brighten his fading spark of hope at its pure fire. "I 'm going back to my own job. Maybe I can't manage it any better than I used to; but I 'll do to piece out with, if I don't come to anything more. And—I 'll pass it along."

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

# BY THE TERRORS OF THE LAW

## A STORY OF ARKANSAS

BY OCTAVE THANET

Author of "Stories of a Western Town" and "A Slave to Duty"

SIST' LILY PEARL HUMPHREYS was not present at the meeting of Zion Hard-shell Baptist Church. It is questionable whether there had been any such meeting had she been likely to attend, since how to dispense with the ministry of Sister Lily Pearl was its object, and the sister was a woman of power. But she had gone to the store for her semiannual settlement of account. Therefore the disaffected in Zion raised their heads, perceiving that their hour was come.

The "church-house" (of a week-day the school-house) crowned a gentle rise of ground on the outskirts of an Arkansas plantation. It was backed by the great gum forests, where the sun rose, while on one side, winding toward the reddening evening skies, the cypress slash had eaten its way through the brown clay to the Black River. Full of mystery and uncanny beauty was the slash, its sluggish gleam of water creeping darkly under solemn cypresses and monstrous hackberry-trees, tinseled with cow-lilies in summer, spattered with blood-red berries in winter, green with delicate beauty when the cypress is in leaf, or gray and softly brown when its short-lived foliage falls. Did one care to deal in mystical analogy, one might find in the slash suggestions of the African's undeveloped soul, where brute and child still battle for mastery.

It was a school-house for children of the darker race only, and only negroes were in the little band whose hymns penetrated the wide sweep of cotton-fields, the weird African cadences wilder and more mournful than the hoot-owl's oboe keening in the forest. To-night the house was but sparsely filled by the regular worshipers, Zion congregation proper. Brother Zubaeel Morrow presided, because he had once attended a district Republican convention, where he had imbibed parliamentary lore.

"Dis meetin' will please come to ordah," he announced; "is you-all ready fo' de question?"

"W' are question, Bruddah Morrow?" called out a brother in the rear seats.

"Bruddah Carroll, you is out of ordah. Whenst I git in dis cheer an' take dis gabble,"—he extended the hatchet used, before its promotion, to chop kindling,—"take notice, I is de *Cheer;* you-all is to 'dress me as 'Mist' Cheerman.' You is axin' 'bout de question: de question is, Shall Sist' Lily Pearl Humphreys continner to usu'p de rights of we-all's pastor? Ain't dat the onderstandin' of dis awjence?"

Signs of approval and assent came from the audience. The chairman, rising, took

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the attitude of the white speaker whom he had admired most at the convention, plunging one hand into the bosom of his coat—buttoned for that purpose—and gazing solemnly about him. All the colored population of the country-side were proud of the school-house, which was painted a neat lead-color as to woodwork and brown as to walls; with red lettering done by a member who had followed the painter's trade (although not very far), declaring on the west wall, "The Lord will provide," and politely requesting on the east wall, "Please do not spit on the floor." A stately blackboard behind the teacher's desk showed her excellent moral sentiments and penmanship. There was no carpet on the floor, but it was clean and the windows glistened.

"Dis yere school-house, dis yere chu'ch-house, are a credit to de cullud ladies an' gen'l'men of Zion Baptis' Chu'ch," declaimed Brother Morrow, sonorously, "an' we-all had orter have a pastor who w'u'd—w'u'd cohrespon'. I ain't sayin' one word of disparaguement of our late deseased pastor. He be'n a good, pious man" ("Amen!" from two half-grown lads in the rear), "but he had a terrible sight of losses an' troubles, losin' all of his chillen like he done; an' him sick such a spell befo' de Lawd called him f'om grace to glory. Mabbe he did n't be'n eloquent like the supply we had, but Elder W'ite had nare right to git Sist' Lucy Tompkins to run 'way wid 'im, f'om 'er good, kin', respectable husban'" (a little crumpled, elderly negro raised his head with an air of modest pride), "an' he done borry two dollars an' fifty cents of de cheer dat I don' expec' nothin' of ontwel de jedgment day! So w'en our pastor passed away we-all was like sheep outen a shepherd; an' w'en Sist' Humphreys done offah to keep the chu'ch-house clean an' cyah on the services of Zion, an' make no cha'ges, we-all acceptid."

"Mist' Cheerman,"—a grizzled negro in decent black held up a finger,—"Mist' Cheerman, was hit Sist' Humphreys keep dis 'ouse dis away?"

"Yes, Bruddah Moore; she are a right good scrubber," admitted the chairman, while the congregation stared at the speaker, the richest colored man in the county, who had moved into the neighborhood recently, this being his first appearance in Zion.

"Fo' a spell," continued the chairman, "t'ings went on suspiciously enough. Sist' Humphreys be'n an edicated lady; an' she is a plumb good cook. Her preachin' did n't be'n whut we-all air longin' to heah; nare shakin' of de soul ovah de mouf of hell, nare mo'nin', nare revivals; but we hilt our peace, an' Zion attendid regular, an' the las' socherble gatherin' there be'n nigh a hunderd, big an' little, presint—"

"An' she gave us all cake an' candy an' lemonade with ice in it!" a mellow woman's voice called.

The heads of the congregation went round in the direction of the voice, and a large number of rolling black eyes stared at the school-teacher, whose comely brown face showed that deepening of tint which is the same as an Anglo-Saxon's blush. "Teacher" had been educated at Tuskegee and was suspected of being "biggity."

The chairman gave her a gloomy nod. "No doubt, my sistah, no doubt hankerin' ayfter de flesh-pots of Egypt done fotch *some* po' sinnahs t' de altar. I ain't complainin' of de carnil an' carniferous food she done give us, but of de spitichul nu'ishment. I nev' did see a mo'ner rollin' on dis flo' w'ilst Sist' Humphreys be'n yere. We-all be'n thirstin' an' famishin' fo' a good ol'-time revival. But we enjured ontwel one day de glory come on Br'er Pope, an' he hollered,—tryin' to lif' us all up,—'Amen! Amen! Let de sinner quit sinnin' an' he *shill* be saved!' An' dat ar woman she call out: 'Yes; *let* 'im quit sinnin'! Let 'im quit sellin' of aigs to de sto' w'en he don't be keepin' only one hen!' Dat ar remark incinerated false an' wicked notions 'bout Unc' Alick Pope, who lives nigh de cunnel's chicken-yard." (A solitary giggle from the schoolmistress.) "She done fa'ly r'ar an' cha'ge 'bout chicken-stealin'. Dat ain't promote edderfication nor good feelin'." (Groans of assent from a deeply interested audience.) "But nex' Sabbath come wuss. She done announce she be'n 'lowin' to preach us a serious discourse on de Ten Commandmints. Well, we-all done look dem commandmints up an' study on dem a heap. We felt tol'able secure on de Fust an' Second, she lumpin' dem togedder fo' one out at preachin'; an' we sat back easy, hopin' fo' grace an' true religion; but she jes slued

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roun' on to conjure-cha'ms an' sich, invagin' ag'in' dem twell we got all de devotional feelin' plumb squoze outen us. Third Commandmint we natchelly did n't expec' no harm of; but ayfter de fust godly words 'bout profane sw'arin', ef she did n't git on to false sw'arin' befo' the gran' jury, 'bout crap-shootin', en git us all terrible oncomfortable. Nex' command she did n't be'n sound on, sayin' a heap "bout washin' up in tubs Sattiddy nights, an' tew little 'bout de spitichul observation of de holy day; an' come down hard on a respectid brother who sayd once, 'I is n't to wash in winter'; an' sayd bad wuds 'bout sisters dat went visitin' Sattiddy evenin's, stidder washin' up ready fo' de holy day; sayd some sisters nev' did wash de po' little tricks' shirts, jes taken a new flour-sack an' cut holes in it. She talked like dat ontwel it be'n right ondecent and onchristian; an' one sister dat 's subjec' to fits providenchelly done t'rowed one an' broke up de meetin'. But we-all sorter done spunk up on de Fif' Commandmint; looked lak *hit* be'n sho harmliss; an' we done fotch de chillen to learn deir juty to deir parents. Well, dey sho *got* it! But den she done scorched de parents mightily 'bout de 'sample dey be'n 'bleeged to set de chillen. Dat ar be'n a fearful, sufferin' hour, an' I nev' did see dis yere congregation so dry an' havin' to git out to de pump so often. Dey went by whole famblies; an' befo' she be'n frow mighty nigh ever' las' chil' be'n taken outside. We did n't *dast* let 'em set frow it." (Groans all over the house.) "She nigh bust up de chu'ch on de Sixth Commandmint wid outrageous rema'ks on *razors*. An' nex' Sunday comes de Sebenth Commandmint, an' we ain't nowise willin' to enjure her handlin' of *dat*, nohow." (Deep groans of assent from brothers and sisters alike.) "Nor de Eight', neider." ("No, *no!*" from the seat of Uncle Alexander Pope.) "Wust is, de ongodly outside, de Methodists an' de cullud folks from de Ridge, is fixin' to come over an' see us ripped up. De chu'ch-house be'n plumb full ever' Sabbath, an' we-all don' dast stay 'way, not knowin' what scandillous stories will be circulated." ("Dat 's so!" "Holp, Lord!" from earnest souls in the audience.) "An' de chu'ch is losin' of members. Bruddah Dan Williams done moved away." ("No, sah, no, he ain't; he be'n sent to de pen!") "I did n't say how come he moved, Bruddah Carroll; he are *gone*. Unc' Jim Hollis done 'bandon his crop. Aunt Caledonia Ray lef' las' week 'count of injur'us reflections 'bout a mincepie she done mix up by mistake wid de week's wash she taken f'om de big house. We done pled wid Sist' Humphreys to quit; but she won't quit. Now de question am, 'How shill we git saved f'om Sist' Humphreys an' git a preacher will preach religion—*an' nuffin else?*"

Amid a deep hum of applause Brother Morrow sat down. Half a dozen voices begged for attention; but the chair recognized Sister Susannah Belle Coffin. Sister Susannah was of exceeding comeliness and a light-brown complexion. If report spake truly, there was no one in Zion who had more reason to dread a fearless and minute exposition of the demands of the Seventh Commandment. She had started her career as a destroyer of domestic peace with a capital of good looks, a gift for cookery, a voice of silver, and two small accidental children. "A single pussen like me wid two chillen," would be her plaintive excuse for demanding the good offices of the brothers in cutting wood or "palin' in her gyardin"; and too often, under the spell of Susannah's eyes and Susannah's voice and Susannah's cooking, the end of an innocent neighborly kindness was a jealous wife and a "parting." Sometimes Susannah wedded the departing husband, sometimes she flouted him; but steadily, single or wedded, Susannah's little garden-plot grew more beautiful, Susannah's kitchen range accumulated a more dazzling array of tin and copper, and Susannah's best room was more splendidly bedecked curtains, pillow-shams, and a gilt m

At present speaking the dark er tress was the lawful wedded wife young blacksmith, and the whole p tion had admired to see her enter the estate in white Swiss muslin and a vo nous veil which she utilized, later, as dow-curtain. She now inquired with pleasing modesty of mien: "I jes wan ax, Mist' Cheerman, how is we to git Humphreys to go if she don' wanter

Sighs, allied to groans, bore testi that she had voiced the forebodings audience. But a visiting brother who the courage of his absence came t front; he suggested that a letter be se the sister, announcing the sense o

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meeting, saying that the congregation was not edified by her ministrations and that the church-house would be closed until a new pastor had been selected.

"De motion, as de cheer un'erstands it, are to dismiss Sist' Lily Pearl Humphreys an' shet de do's on her," said the chairman. "Is—what is it, Sist' Macklin?"

He spoke kindly, and the woman whom he addressed seemed in need of kindness, since she was trembling visibly. She was a little creature in the pathetic compromise for mourning which poverty makes with grief—her accustomed winter jacket of brown, but with a somber garnishment of crape, black ribbons on her old gray hat, and a black border to her handkerchief.

The congregation looked at her, pityingly, as she began in the high-pitched voice of the unaccustomed speaker:

"Bruddah Morrow—I mean Bruddah Cheerman, I are right mortified Sist' Humphreys done chastice you all; but I jest got to b'ar my testimony you-all are mistaken 'bout her bein' crool. Oh, dear bruddahs an' sistahs, she ain't! You-all knows my—my boy"—she choked over the word, and the hearers waited in mute and awkward compassion, because her boy, the last of her children, had been hanged at the little county-seat only a month before for the murder of his wife—"my boy w'u'd n't repent; he w'u'd n't do nuffin but cuss de woman dat fotch him dar an' den nebber so much look at him. I spen' ever' las' cent I had on earth to try git him off, an' I taken de jail wash, I did, to be nigh 'im an' mabbe git him a bite like he 's uster to eat; but he w'u'd n't paht lips wid me; sayd I be'n a good mudder to him, but he did n't want to h'ar me beggin' an' pleadin' wid 'im to repent an' make peace wid God. Oh, I did be'n in de black water, wadin' deep! Look lak I c'u'd n't enjure hit nohow. I reckon I does nebber be able to see so well 'cause I cry so stiddy dem days. An' all de cry of my po' ol' hairt be'n, 'O Lawd, I don' no mo' ax you to save he life, but, O Lawd, *don'* let 'im die cussin'! Fotch 'im 'ome! I kin b'ar hit to have 'im go, if he sho goes whar he kin be good an' be happy an' be safe; fo' I does know dat boy nev' did aim to be mean.' An' w'en my hairt be'n broke wid longin' an' mis'ry, Sist' Humphreys she come. She done holp me all frow; an' now she went to my boy; he *hatter* see her. I don' know w'at she say; but she come back to me an' say, 'Praise God, dat po' sinnah hab foun' peace an' joy—an' he want his mudder!' An' I did come. An' he putt he po' haid on my knees jes lak w'en he be'n a li'le boy an' uster laff 'bout de big kin'lin'-pile he allers keep fo' his mammy. An' Sist' Humphreys, someway she git dem jailer-men be so kin' an' tender to 'im, lak I cayn't noways tell. An' he did die happy. De Lawd sustain him, an' he sustain me. Blessed be de name of de Lawd, an' blessed be dat 'oman dat is his ministah!"

She sank down in her seat and wept quietly, while the impressionable African temperament sent forth pious ejaculations: "Holp, Lawd!" "Fotch comfort!" "Bless de mo'nahs!" The schoolmistress was in tears, and the stalwart young man near her openly wiped his eyes. Brother Moore bent his brows; even Brother Morrow winked hard: but Sister Susannah's emotion was most in evidence; she was sobbing violently into a pink-embroidered handkerchief. Presently she rose to her feet. Now Susannah was the woman who had lured the wretched murderer through a brutal passion to a brutal crime, and the eyes of the congregation were focused upon her.

"Bruddahs, sistahs," said Susannah, in her wonderful voice, with its chords of plaintive music, which made her hearers grin out of sheer emotion, "I nev' did aim to do dat po' young man hurt; but he sayd t'ings to me, t'ings"—she sighed and hung her head—"he had n't orter have sayd, him bein' a married man; an' I be'n right mad at him, an' I own up I done him right onchristian an' onmussiful, for I did n't show no sympathy or even go see 'im hanged. Now, I do repent. But it ain't nare preachin' of Sist' Humphreys done give me a brokin an' a contrary hairt. Her scorchin' don' make me mo'n. Hit cakes up my hairt. She nev' did have one single revival. Rev. Bulkely of de Ridge he does have a mighty big one ever' spring; you kin hear de schreeches 'mos' a mile! He tol' me hisse'f he w'u'd be willin' to minister a spell to dis sorely tried flock, an', mo'ovah, he tol' me dat we-all *c'u'd n't* have Sist' Humphreys nor no woman preach to us; for it be'n ag'in' de rule of de Baptis' Chu'ch. Hit be'n forbid. We cayn't be Baptis' an' keep Sist' Lily Pearl."

With meek grace Susannah resumed her

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seat and the sheltering support of the blacksmith's arm. She had won. Now that a way of escape was opened,—a way, moreover, ending in a dazzling vista of a "big revival,"—no sympathy for the Widow Macklin could induce Zion to face the fiery chariots of the Seventh Commandment driven by Sister Lily Pearl Humphreys.

In spite of the schoolmistress's eloquence and the stumbling speech of two boys who tried to tell that Sister Humphreys had done a heap for them, when the vote was put, only six of the forty-eight persons present voted to retain the preacher. Brother Moore declined to vote.

Susannah watched the downcast faces of Sister Humphreys's supporters through her half-shut eyes, and smiled her languid, mysterious smile.

But of a sudden one of the two striplings who had spoken for Sister Humphreys left his place by the window and ran to the door.

With instant premonition of peril, the flock of Zion turned on the benches. A deep intake of breath signified their dismay as there entered a tall brown woman in widow's weeds. She cast a calm, full eye over the faces under the lamplights—faces already stricken awry with fear; for, notwithstanding their numbers and apparent strength of position, dread of the pastor insisted, as light insists through closed eyelids.

Sister Humphreys walked with no pause to the platform. Brother Morrow was so short a man and she was so tall a woman that her handsome head towered above his. Sister Lily Pearl was a brown negro, but her lighter color and her regular features and thinner, more sensitive lips were due to no admixture of white blood; they came from a dash of the yellow races mixed long before her time in the Old World, where her ancestors were barbaric princes. She stood with the incomparable grace that is given sometimes to the bearer of burdens, tall, erect, shapely. She spoke in a mellow, rich voice not raised a note above its speaking tone.

"Is this heah a meetin'?" gently interrogated Sister Humphreys of Brother Morrow, "or have you-all done aju'ned?"

"We done aju'ned, sistah," Brother Morrow replied quickly, flinching from a possible trap.

"In that case," Sister Humphreys argued at once, "will you kindly take you' seat an' let me speak fo' de las' time to Zion Baptis' Chu'ch?"

It was impossible to refuse a hearing. Brother Morrow shuffled into a lower seat.

"My people,"—a vague, incomprehensible thrill of apprehension and magnetic fascination stirred the attentive faces, all save the Widow Macklin's; hers was bent on her withered, toil-crooked hands as she prayed,—"I want to say, first, that I nev' did aim to keep *on* hu'tin' you' feelin's. But I am 'bleeged to save you' souls. You-all know how my po' husban' toiled an' prayed. Thar 's ol' people who loved him an' followed his teachin's, but they went to their reward, an' he was lef' with a generation of young niggers who feared neither God nor man nor the grand jury—lying, stealing, with no more morals than pigs an' no great cleaner. It broken my po' ol' man's heart, so he had n't no strength to stand the breast complaint, so he died. The last night I heard him praying for you, an' I come to him. When he looked up at me I knowed I could n't hold him, I knowed he ain't never again goin' look up at me with the light in his eyes an' the love in his smile like he looked then. An' I sayd to him, 'Silas honey, don' you worry 'bout that there wuthless flock of yours. *I 'll* save 'em. I know the way. I sho do!' An' he believed me; because of his believing me his end was peace. So you see, my people, I am 'bleeged to save you. I tol' him I know the way; I do know it. You' pastor, who is a saint in heaven, done used always the ways of gentleness. He preached the love of God, an' you swallered it down, smiling and happy; an' it ain't done you-all no mo' good than stick candy does do a person that done taken poison an' needs wahm water an' mustard. What you-all needed did n't be'n loving-kindness, but the terrors of the law, an' not strained, neider. An' if it takes the las' day of my pilgrimage, you 'll git 'em till you *begin* to repent an' show works *meet* for repentance. But when you *begin* to repent, the word of mercy will come. 'Cause when the prodigal son be'n a *long way off*, his father come a-runnin' to him. Now, hark to me: I went this evening to the cunnel. He explained to me about the Baptis' discipline." (A ripple of excitement in the audience.) "In con-

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sequence, this chu'ch will hereayfter be the *Methodis'* Zion Chu'ch. That is why I am speaking fo' the las' time to Zion *Baptis'* Chu'ch. Ayfter to-night there won't be no Zion Baptis' Chu'ch. There ain't no great difference in doctrine, an' the discipline is more convenient. Any brother or sister desiring it, an' not in danger of catching col', can be immersed. The cunnel an' I done talked this over; an' he done rented this chu'ch-house to *me*. If the congregation ain't satisfied, they got to take to the woods. I also got one word mo' to say: it is that the work of grace in this community is a right smart hampered by the evil doings of Sister Susannah Coffin."

Susannah and her husband were both on their feet, both ready to speak; but something in the attitude of the figure on the platform, to which the long lines of the mourning-veil gave a strange suggestion of sibylline dignity, held speech away from them. Solemnly and not with any anger, Sister Humphreys's eyes searched the eyes of the man and woman before her, while the spectators held their breath. "Wherefo' it is bettah ever' way," she said slowly, "that both her an' her husband go out from us fo'evermo'. Bruddah Coffin, the cunnel has got another blacksmith, an' you ain't got no mo' reason fo' stayin' on longer. And as fo' you, *Sister*—"

"I won't go!" shrilled Susannah, hysterically weeping; it was with no pretense now. "You cayn't fo'ce me!"

"You *will* go, *Sister*, fo' you don' wanter lose the young man you got now. You will go; an' you will take him along of you; an' you will go *so far* he cayn't heah no word of my sermons. Go in peace."

Susannah faced about, writhing between fear and rage. "You cowards! you ornery, pusillanimous cowards!" she flung at the gaping black faces. "You putt on dog when she ain't heah, but minute she lif's her han', you cayn't make a riffle! Ba-h-h! S-sh!" She hissed at them like a cat or a snake. "Come on, you fool nigger!" she jeered, pulling at her bewildered husband's collar; and in this sorry fashion, but still with her head high, she left Zion forever.

"An' now," concluded Sister Lily Pearl Humphreys, sedately, "let us all try fo' to lead a bettah life. I shall preach nex' Sunday on the *Seventh* Commandment, an' all them that feels they have broke that commandment is at free liberty to stay away. I shall expec' to see all the res' of you, even if 't is fallin' weather. Let us all sing befo' we go:

> 'Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love;
> The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above.'"

Brother Moore arose. "Sist' Humphreys," he announced, "you got de right kin' o' gospil light in you. I cayn't jine in the singin' 'cause since I got my store teef I ain't be'n able to cyar' a chune; but I want to do sumfin de week er grace; an' I got up to say dat de nex'-socherble gatherin' I 'll donate de lemons."

"Dis meetin' accep's with t'anks," shouted Brother Morrow. "Now le' 's show our beloved pastor the clouds is swep' away! *All* sing!"

And never had so noble a burst of melody wakened the echoes along the moonlit road, as that which made the colonel outside turn, smiling, in his saddle.

"She did n't need me," he mused. "Well, so much the better. I reckon they need a good despot, and they 've got one all right."

CLOVER BEND, ARKANSAS.



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# ATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

## BY ITS PRESIDENT, HON. DAVID R. FRANCIS

WHEN the plan of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was formulated, by a remarkable unanimity of mind of the projectors and management two concrete ideas prevailed and have ever since been dominant: first, that provision be made for the indefinite expansion and development—evolution, if you please—of the exhibition; second, that, so far as practicable, the Exposition be an exhibition of processes. The first idea involved not a provincial or even a national, but a universal, exposition, one commensurate with the historical importance of the event intended to be commemorated, and in maintenance of the dignity of the government of the United States, its sponsor.

It was realized at the outset that the scope of the enterprise, as elaborate as it was, should not be so circumscribed that, in the progress of construction, it could not be materially enlarged as occasion might suggest without disturbing the symmetry of the completed thing. This idea has proved to be a wise one and has enabled us not only to appropriate new features, but more effectually to carry out our scheme of an exhibition of processes. After a careful study of the details of all former expositions, it was determined that not only the ground-space, or acreage, must be larger than that of any of its predecessors, but that it must have the physical and topographical features to give proper effect to the architectural "picture," and to admit of its enlargement if necessary. Fortunately, we had at hand just what we needed in this respect—twelve hundred acres of as exquisite landscape in beautiful Forest Park as could be desired. It consisted of virgin forests, cultivated plain, primeval hills, and natural watercourses in perfect diversity. To this it was later found necessary to add a large adjacent tract on which the greater part of "The Pike" has been located.

The exhibit palaces were planned on a scale comprehending the inadequacies of other expositions, and yet, as the work progressed, it became necessary in imperative instances to enlarge them and in others to increase capacities by interior alterations. In fact, frequent occasion has made it necessary to avail ourselves of the expansion possibilities provided for in our original plans.

But as wisely as we supposed we had builded, and with roofed area much greater than the combined space of the Chicago, Paris, and Buffalo expositions, and an acreage for outdoor exhibits far beyond the total of all expositions, we found ourselves at last confronting a demand for exhibition space entirely beyond our ability to meet. This demand came from nearly every State, Territory, and possession of



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From the drawing prepared by the Division of Works, St. Louis

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

The art-galleries are behind the Festival Hall, and "The Pike," or amusement street, is in the foreground on the right



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the United States and from nearly every government and colony of the world. In such an emergency we were forced not only to resort to a curtailment, but to a limitation of space, which was a distinct disappointment and in many instances a source of discontent, and also to an arbitrary system of elimination and impartial selection.

No exhibits have been accepted that are not the very finest of their classes. No room could be found for the commonplace or mediocre. Every article exhibited under these circumstances is invested with a special honor implied in the acceptance itself. It means that it is the very best of its kind and is in competition only with the highest excellence of its class. We are able to say, therefore, that while the St. Louis Exposition is by far the largest the world has ever seen, it will probably never be equaled in quality. We have been relieved of the necessity of solicitation for the filling of space and must be judged for the wisdom of our selections from the enormous mass of material offered. In this delicate and most important duty we have endeavored to utilize the best expert knowledge and experience available.

When I am asked to particularize the most notable or interesting or valuable features of the Exposition, I hesitate. It is like asking a father to say which of his children he loves best. Each has an admirable quality unlike the other. I, who have watched the unfolding of this wonderful creation from a hazy dream to the full fruition of its splendor, like one who witnesses the mystery of the flowering century-plant, shrink from dwarfing one wonder by naming another. I am entranced with the ensemble and fascinated with the detail. I feel, when I stand on the apex of Art Hill and view the panorama spread before me, that I have seen a masterpiece of architectural achievement. It is as if the symbolized Genius of Construction stood at my side and slowly unfolded her bejeweled fan, on which are embossed in ivory, silver, and gold the most exquisite creations of the builder's art. Interlacing the delicate folds of this enormous fan covering a thousand acres are the cascades of multicolored waters in riotous race, to the languorous lagoons below, where Venetian gondoliers sing their songs, and fanciful water-craft bear their joyous freight of happy faces. The abounding statuary guarding these crystal lakes, and the wealth of flowers, in their seasons, adorning their margins, depict an Aladdin tale of Oriental witchery.

It was never denied that one glance at the Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition was worth of itself the cost of a journey across the continent. There, architectural creation found its limitations in a topography unaided by nature. Here at St. Louis the succession of hills, vales, gulches, defiles, and forests utilized in the architect's idealism gives a variety to perspective impossible under less favored conditions. It is worth a journey from the Orient to the Occident to see.

As much as the general architectural scheme impresses me, I am none the less enamoured of its detail. Each of the exhibit palaces contributing to the "picture" is of itself a distinct study, an essential ornamentation—a jewel on the fan. It is the acme of the builder's art in construction for a particular purpose, and nothing has ever been better devised. As in no case has proportion been lost in dimension, so has ornamentation not forgotten its relation to intended purpose. The commission of architects which planned the work to pass under the eye of all the world has thus far escaped a single expert adverse criticism.

What has here been said relates merely to the "setting" of the Exposition. If the mounting is so superb, it must have been in preparation for a jewel of incalculable worth and unrivaled beauty. In a housing so exquisitely beautiful it would be mean and tawdry to install unworthy objects either of utility or adornment. As has been said heretofore, the exhibits have been the subject of vigorous and impartial selection. This has been not merely because of lack of space, but in harmony with a policy that is the outcome of all exposition experience. The classification is acknowledgedly the best that human intelligence has yet devised.

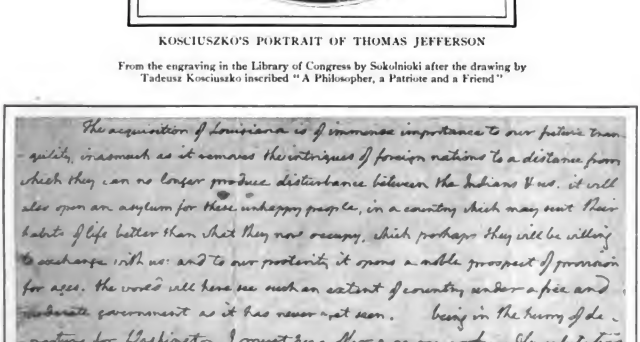
In each section of each exhibit palace there have been grouped the very best things applicable to that classification. For instance, in the Fine Arts Palace will be found not only a larger variety of objects that come within the general classification of fine arts, but the old-time comprehension thereof has been materially

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KOSCIUSZKO'S PORTRAIT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

From the engraving in the Library of Congress by Sokolnicki after the drawing by Tadeusz Kosciuszko inscribed "A Philosopher, a Patriote and a Friend"



The acquisition of Louisiana is of immense importance to our future tranquility, inasmuch as it removes the intrigues of foreign nations to a distance from which they can no longer produce disturbance between the Indians & us. it will also open an asylum for those unhappy people, in a country which may suit their habits of life better than that they now occupy, which perhaps they will be willing to exchange with us: and to our posterity, it opens a noble prospect of provision for ages. the world will here see such an extent of country under a free and moderate government as it has never yet seen. being in the hurry of departure for Washington I must here offer you my [illegible] salutations & assurances of great respect & esteem

Th: Jefferson

JEFFERSON'S FORECAST OF THE FUTURE OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Portion of an unpublished letter to "Andrew Jackson, Esq.," dated "Monticello, September 19, 1803." From the Jackson papers in the Library of Congress

[For map showing the boundaries of the Purchase, see page 311]

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enlarged to include many other things besides statuary, sculpture, painting, etc. It has been made to embrace articles of virtu in which are manifest inspiration, reflection, and creative genius. This properly enlarges the exhibit without detracting from its dignity and worth. Twenty foreign countries will pour the best of their art treasures into this palace, and the exhibit will be the finest ever installed. To many, especially to those of artistic temperament, tastes, and technical culture, this collection will appear to be the best.

To others, again, will appeal the special treasures of the Palaces of Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Machinery, Education, Varied Industries, Electricity, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Transportation.

Others, again, will be found more deeply interested in the ethnological and anthropological exhibits, and so on, through all the various departments. Even The Pike, which has been elevated from a Midway aggregation of novelties to a dignified connection with the Exposition itself, will, in view of its really valuable contributions to the education as well as to the amusement of the people, have its advocates.

The air-ship contests and the Olympic games will be of paramount interest to many thousands of men, women, and children, while the series of scientific and educational congresses, bringing together the most famous exponents of the intellectual culture and mental development of all countries, will by a very large class be considered the crowning glory of the Exposition.

I, who have watched its growth and development from its very inception, from the turning of the first spadeful of virgin earth in Forest Park to the crowning of the palaces with Science and History in allegory, have such an affection for every feature and detail of the wonderful work that I cannot bring myself to discriminate among so many features, each of them seemingly perfect in itself.

It is sufficient for me to say that the architectural whole appeals to me as, for the purpose, the grandest and most beautiful that the world has ever seen or that will likely be seen again within the present century. To me the complement of this architectural vision is the success of our attempt to make the Exposition an exhibit of processes. Machinery in motion, instruments in actual use, illustrating the evolution of the raw material to the finished product, the subservience of natural forces to the uses of mankind—these are to me of wonderful interest; but they will not be so singular or few in number as to limit them to any one department. They will be found in every classification, and I shall be but one of hundreds of thousands of human beings looking with open-eyed wonder upon the craft of mankind and the handiwork of God.

St. Louis, Missouri.



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# THE PROBLEM OF LISBETH

## A STORY OF THE WASHINGTON HOP-FIELDS

BY ADA WOODRUFF ANDERSON

WHEN young Norris, the new overseer at Duwamish hop-ranch, came down to the bridge, Tyee Leschi's canoe, the fifth to arrive that day with the Indian pickers, was rounding the point below. The late sun reddened the high prow, showing darkly on a background of pale alders; the paddles dipped and flashed, and for a moment the gay handkerchief-bound heads of the squaws were etched on the silver stream. Only Lisbeth wore a Boston hat, a new straw with flowers massed on the brim, and she sat un-Indianwise with her back to the bow.

Solleks Chico, who had sold many salmon at the Seattle cannery, and had bought the picture-hat for her, together with the scarlet ribbon at her throat, knelt in the next place, facing her. The village boys had called him Solleks, which means angry, the time when, as a slender child, he had interfered with old Clalish, who was beating her. He dipped his paddle with a deep, powerful stroke, and watched her in silence. But Lisbeth dropped one small brown hand in her lap, and turned her head a little, marking indifferently the



From a photograph

"THE LATE SUN REDDENED THE HIGH PROW"



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clumps of hazels and alders that fringed the shore. Her eyes were not like any Indian girl's, but as gray as the mist in the wet season; they brooded and gloomed and held shadowy depths of mystery.

The canoe approached the high bridge, and Tyee Leschi, at the steering-paddle, called a long-drawn "Clahowya! Clahowya!"

Norris, leaning on the railing, answered the salutation, and the girl turned, lifting her glance. He started erect, as men often did at that first sight of Lisbeth with the tribe, and her long lashes drooped, while the color that was not Indian blood flamed and went in her face. The canoe swung into the shadows, and on under the crossing into the silver riffle above, and she lifted her eyes again with shy curiosity. Norris had moved to the upper rail, and she saw that he was young, broad of shoulder, and strong like a full-grown elk in the woods. His head was bared to the soft wind blowing down-stream, and he stood against the sunset, so that it made of his blond hair a glory. His frank eyes swept the craft and sought hers in sudden remonstrance. That was a look such as no other man had given Lisbeth, and something far down at the root of things wakened and stirred.

The space widened between the canoe and Norris. There was the sharp ring of hoofs on the approach, and a girl in a trap, driving a pair of spirited bays, stopped beside him. She was a small woman with a fine, transparent face and masses of blond-red hair. She was the grower's daughter, and seeing the canoe, she waved her hand and called a flute-like "Clahowya, clahowya, Tyee Leschi! Clahowya, Chico! Lisbeth, clahowya! You see," and she turned to Norris, laughing, "they are all old tillicums whom I knew last year. But Lisbeth, that girl in the bow, had n't that picture-hat. Is n't it funny—a squaw wearing that?"

"Funny? Why, no; I hardly thought that. But I suppose I overlooked the hat. A man usually does. It was her face that surprised me. It struck me as altogether white. I can't shake off the impression. Why, she blushed like a—well—a proud woman annoyed or ashamed. And her eyes are gray, the kind that speak. They seemed just to brim with misery."

"I understand." The girl looked at him, a lurking fun in her eyes. "It is still novel and picturesque to you, and these Siwashes are at their best in a canoe. Wait till you see Lisbeth in camp, feasting on clams and dried salmon."

He laughed a short, pleasant laugh that half admitted and yielded the point, and looked after the receding canoe. "I must go and superintend that landing," he said. "We have a noisy lot of white pickers and some troublesome Japanese."

"You can trust the Indians to take care of themselves. I am driving in to the post-office." She moved, making room for him, tucking in her thin white skirts. "And father, you know, does n't like to have me alone on the road so late."

His eyes moved from the canoe to her face, all invitation and charm, and he took the offered seat, shaking his head in protest. "It 's only for an hour," he said.

"An hour well earned." She gathered the reins and chirruped the ponies. "I know all about those two Japanese. I overheard one of the drivers telling father. They had been gambling, and one attacked the other with a dreadful knife. And when you had taken it away from him, and had seen him safely locked up, you turned quietly to the wounded man and dressed his arm. A surgeon could n't have managed better. And father—shall I tell you?—father said he guessed you 'd—*do*."

"So," said Norris—"so, then, he is going to forgive me for being too young." And his eyes meeting hers, they both laughed.

She shook the reins again, and the ponies trotted off the bridge. At the same time the canoe grounded among the alders below the kiln. Close at hand the gabled roof of the grower's country house rose out of changing maples; but all to the left, and for acres beyond, stretched the level fields—avenues on avenues of staked vines, feathery tendrils reaching out ceaselessly, twining, linking, spanning the narrow ways in billowing canopies of green.

Lisbeth loved the fields. Before the dew was dry on the vines she was down among the avenues, and at the approach of evening she still moved under the pale awnings, the sleeves of her red cotton waist tucked back from her round arms, stripping hops into her beautifully woven basket of willow and spruce roots. Another larger one, holding the grower's measurement of seventy-five pounds, stood near her, and Chico

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Drawn by John Cassel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"LISBETH LOVED THE FIELDS"

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worked industriously not far away. Her head was bare, and her long brown hair, divided in two thick, hanging braids, caught the sifting light. It made the boy think of the wavering shine and ripple on a mountain pool. Finally he told her so. He had come nearer, to pour his gathered hops into the receptacle. He used the English, which Lisbeth liked, and which they had learned together at a Northern mission; but the words held the quaintness of his French-Canadian father.

"Dat ees ver' nice water up dere," he went on. "It comes all clean and cold and fine from dose snow-mountain, and much trees and flowers all round. You mus' lak it, for sure." He paused, watching the remaining hops fall from his basket. "I can mek you ver' nice house up dere, Lisbeth, out dose fir logs and shakes of cedar. It mus' have t'ree big room."

He paused again, drawing himself erect, and turned his face, eager, expectant, to her.

"You doan' lak dose Siwash, Lisbeth. Dey mek you all tam 'shame', and me too, I 'm 'shame' 'nough, for sure. Den dose white man all tam call us no-'count half-breed. Oh, yaas, you mus' see it ees much bes' you marry me, Lisbeth, and come live 'lone me dat nice place."

There was a pregnant silence during which she stripped hops into her basket with unnecessary force.

"I doan' want to marry, Chico," she said at last; and her voice, lacking the Indian guttural, took a vibrating undernote. "I doan' like this Siwash camp, for sure. Sometams I 'm so much 'shame' I go far away and stay all day and a night in the woods, till you come and take me back. But I doan' want to marry you, Chico. I doan'—I doan'."

The manager, coming down the next avenue, overheard, stopped, and pushing through a small break in the green wall, swept the half-breed with a frowning glance. Solleks Chico turned away and began to refill his measure. His face was a mask through which his eyes flamed slow heat.

But when Norris looked at the girl his brows relaxed. She stood watching him with wide, startled eyes, and with red lips apart. Her basket, unheeded in her lax hands, spilled hops.

"So," he said finally, and smiled, "so you don't like the Indians, Lisbeth. And you don't even want to marry Chico, who is at least half white."

Her lashes fell under his look and the hot blood burned in her face.

"I doan' know what 's the matter me," she faltered. "Chico has been very good to me, for sure. He has give me much nice presents and help me a long tam. I —like him great. But I can' marry him. I can'! I can'!"

The basket dropped from her hands, and she threw herself on the earth, her face on her arm, in a passion of sobbing.

The young manager stood for a moment, helpless. He told himself it had been easier to settle that brawl between the Japanese.

"Then—just tell him so," he said gently. "And he must n't annoy you any more. If you don't love him, why, that settles it. Of course you 're sorry, and you know he 's a good fellow, and you like him, but—not in that way—and it 's all—right." He bent and took her hand, raising her to her feet. "Come, don't make so much of it, Lisbeth; it 's all—right."

"I doan' know what 's the matter me," she repeated brokenly. "Those girls at the white camp say to me to-day I mus' be—*all—white*."

"Yes," he said, yet more gently; "I thought that the first moment I saw you, coming up the river in the canoe. And you were ashamed to be seen there with the Indians. I knew it right away. And what you want is to have a home, Lisbeth, and learn to keep it as a white woman does. You would study, improve yourself, and —well—try to catch those nice ways that make a girl worth knowing and—loving."

He stopped, suddenly aware that he still held her hand. He dropped it, but he felt that she was trembling, and he saw in her speaking eyes a look he did not quite understand. It brought a flush to his open face, and he took off his hat and ran his fingers swiftly through his blond hair.

"Don't you know anything about yourself, Lisbeth?" he asked. "Where is your mother?"

"She is dead. I have not see her, no, since I was small baby. I doan' have anybody but old Clalish."

"And your father, Lisbeth; what of him?"

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"I doan' know," she answered slowly. "I have never see him."

Norris looked off through the vines with a gathering frown. Presently he said:

"Take me to Clalish."

She led the way down the green aisles to a distant corner of the field, and Solleks Chico, trailing behind, stalked in silence.

Clalish was very old. She could no longer stand and gather hops from the vines, but pulled them down about her, seating herself on the ground, and stripped them with swift, mechanical fingers. She gave small attention to the life of the field, but she answered the manager's salutation with the accustomed "Clahowya."

Norris watched her a moment, choosing words, then said:

"Hear me, Clalish. Is Lisbeth a white girl?"

The squaw continued to strip hops industriously, filling her basket. Lisbeth bent forward, repeating the man's question in the speech of the tribe. Still no answer. Then the girl laid her hands on the old crone's shoulders, and her voice dropped to its minor chord.

"Tell me, Clalish, am I white? Clalish," she repeated, and rocked the huddled figure in a tightening grasp, "am I all—white?"

The squaw shook off the hands angrily.

"Halo," she said. "Halo. Nika halo cumtux, Lisbeth. Halo."

The girl stood erect. Her eyes brimmed despair.

"She doan' know," she said.

"See here, Clalish." Norris took a piece of gold from his pocket, laid it on his palm, and, dropping to his knee, held the bribe under her failing eyes. "Tell me, is Lisbeth a white girl?"

She regarded the coin with wavering intelligence, but for Clalish the light of memory had long gone out.



From a photograph

"NEAR HIM HIS SQUAW EMBELLISHED A BEAUTIFULLY WOVEN HAT"

"Halo," she repeated vacantly. "Halo."

Norris returned the money to his pocket and rose to his feet.

"We must see Leschi," he said. "He surely can tell us something."

They found the chief seated before his tent. He was painting a carved spoon, while near him his squaw embellished a

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From a photograph

"A PAPOOSE SWUNG IN HIS BLANKET"

beautifully woven hat. Their last basket of gathered hops, completing the day's work, stood ready to be weighed, and beside it a papoose swung in his blanket, fixed hammock-wise between two hop-poles. His small brown face was framed in a new white bonnet, bought on the journey through the settlements, and a Skye terrier, his favorite playfellow, shared the cradle.

"Leschi," said Norris, slowly, with diplomatic skill, "you are a wise and good tyee. You manage your people well. You know about them all. Tell me, who is this girl Lisbeth?"

Leschi continued to use his brush. After a thoughtful moment he began to intone in his most careful English:

"Many moons, long tam 'go, hy-as chinook, hy-as water, Clalish see old canoe, tenas papoose. Halo man, halo squaw —tenas papoose all 'lone."

"I understand," said Norris, quickly. "Clalish saw the old canoe washed ashore in a great storm, empty but for that little papoose. And she was Lisbeth?"

"Halo," answered the chief. "Halo. Lisbeth's mother, she long tam daed. She lak Lisbeth, not so much white."

"Still," said Norris, "she may have been a white child. A Russian, perhaps, on that north coast, the daughter of a passing trader, or of some Canadian voyageur. She must have been lost and found by another tribe, or stolen and later deserted; or the canoe may have gone adrift while a landing was being made." He turned to Lisbeth. "Have n't you some kind of trinket, a ring or chain, the little dress that was your mother's?"

Lisbeth shook her head. Words trembled on her lips, but would not out. Only her eyes spoke for her, and they moved



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from the manager to the tyee in tragic appeal.

"And her father," said Norris, finally—"what of him?"

"He Hudson Bay man. Hy-as white tyee." Leschi's voice prolonged that "hy-as" as though the factor of whom he spoke had been the one chief among tyees. "Many moons, long tam 'go, white squaw not daed—he go siah white town."

Lisbeth drew close, her breath coming hard and quick, her soul in her eyes. But Norris looked off through the hop-vines, again knitting his brows. Presently he said:

"You must have been just a boy then, Tyee Leschi, but you knew the priest at your mission, the one who married Lisbeth's father and mother. Is he still there?"

"Halo. Halo priest," answered Leschi. "White tyee cultus potlatch many blankets Clalish. Lak Siwash tek white squaw."

The manager understood. To give even a single blanket or a kettle in exchange for a young squaw constituted the marriage service of many coast tribes. And it was not the first time a white man had availed himself of the custom, to go away when business called him, doubtless to marry soon among his kind. Even the English name of that factor of a long-abandoned trading-post was unremembered in the tribe, and Norris saw the futility of further effort. But he turned away with the reluctance of a young and determined man unaccustomed to defeat, and his imagination created every possible situation about that solitary papoose washed ashore in the old canoe, and in his growing desire to rescue Lisbeth through almost a generation of silence, that little cast-away made strong appeal.

He said: "Never mind, Lisbeth; I know you are white, and I 'll do what I can for you." And the girl went back to her work with a first dawning hope. She gathered hops industriously, tirelessly, in the days that followed, thinking, with welling tenderness, of that mysterious papoose who had lived to be her mother, and oftener yet of Norris.

Solleks Chico saw that Lisbeth carried her head higher, and an absent look, holding the shadow of a smile, crept often over her face. She was like one in a pleasant dream. She kept more and more aloof from the camp, refusing the meal of dried salmon or clams, and taking only the part of a baker's loaf which the boy bought for her at the white quarters. Sometimes in the early Northern dawn he caught trout, which he cooked for her at a small fire apart; or he tramped far afield to shady recesses in search of grouse or pheasant. One evening he found her waiting in her favorite resting-place, a low knoll under a clump of hemlocks near the river. Beyond the hop-fields and the distant timber belt the crest of Mount Rainier rose like an alabaster temple against the darkening east. One thin cloud, a weather-cap, drifted and lingered like incense on the summit.



From a photograph

"BEYOND THE HOP-FIELDS AND THE DISTANT TIMBER BELT THE CREST OF MOUNT RAINIER ROSE LIKE AN ALABASTER TEMPLE"

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Lisbeth smiled her pleasure at the birds he brought, but her glance returned to the mountain.

"Tyee Saghalie is making rain," she said.

Chico sank on the earth near her, resting his elbow, his chin on his palm.

"Norris doan' want rain," he answered. His gaze moved over the field and came back to Lisbeth's face. "You beli've what Duwamish Indian tell you. You doan' lak Siwash, Lisbeth; but you lak hees God, for sure."

"I like to beli've the mountain is God's place, yes. It is so clean and white and high. And I be'n thinking mebbe the priest doan' know everything, Chico. We doan' ever see his heaven; it is so far away. But the mountain is always there. It is good to feel God is close sometams, Chico; and I like names to mean something."

She turned again to the shading dome, and the boy watched creep over her face the look that was like that of one in a dream. The long Northern twilight deepened. The voices of the night, the rustle of ripe hops in the light wind, the complaining stream, a restless bird in the branches, were the notes of a familiar melody for which they, the children of nature, cradled in her great lap, had need of no interpreter. In silent unison they saw the rim of the harvest moon widen above the distant firs. It rose swiftly, rounding full, and all the feathery sea billowed gently to catch the soft illumination.

Finally there came a foreign sound that roused the boy, and Lisbeth awakened. It was the near crunching of a keel on submerged boughs; then the voice of the manager cut the stillness.

"I am afraid I can't make you understand," he said, and Lisbeth knew he had stepped out of the boat and was helping Miss Arnold. "And yet, if I used the right words, I ought to make you see Lisbeth from my standpoint. She is an exception, and it seems terrible that with her inherited pride and intelligence, for no fault of hers, she should be condemned to live out her life among these Siwashes. I have thought of finding her a home in some white family, —I have thought you might know such people, the kind that would n't make a drudge of her,—and—well—I should like to educate her."

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

There was no response, and he asked:

"What do you think of it?"

"You mean what would Christian people generally think—people, for instance, like my father and mother? Suppose another man, young, upright, should show the same interest in a girl. After long kindness and intimacy, when she had become molded to his ideals, you would think, would you not, that—well—he would probably—wish to marry her?"

"Oh, no," he expostulated; "no. You could n't think anything like that. A man does the right thing disinterestedly sometimes. But I meant to avoid any shadow of such suspicion. I hoped I could make the necessary provision, quietly, through you."

There was a brief interval, bridged by the swish and snap of giving branches as they pushed up the bank into the river path. Lisbeth, who had grasped fragments of his meaning, drew instinctively into the shade of the hemlocks.

They came into the open, and stopped near her to look across the billowing field. Then he said, and his voice took a tender note:

"You should be the last to think that of me, because—I—I had n't meant to tell you yet, not until I had established myself in a business way and could be surer of your father; but I—don't you know it?—I love you."

The girl began to walk swiftly up the path to the distant house. Norris made no attempt to follow, but stood watching her. Chico might have been a log, Lisbeth a shadow. Then presently, as though the manager's look compelled her, Miss Arnold turned and came haltingly back.

He went to meet her. Her face in the moonlight was all confusion and charm.

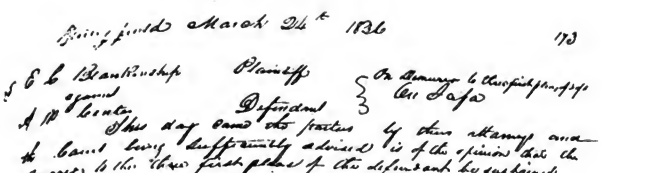
"I—I will do what you wish—for Lisbeth," she said.

Finally they moved on across the open, but it was as though they two were alone in the world, and the perfect night, the pale, illumined fields, the great silence, had all been created for them.

They disappeared in a shadowy alder way. Lisbeth rose to her feet. She stumbled gropingly.

"Chico," she said, and her voice struck its vibrating minor chord, "that was a nice place you told me 'bout—far away in the mountains. I—will go."

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FACSIMILE OF A CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER FOR LINCOLN (SEE BELOW)

# LINCOLN AS A LAWYER

## WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST CASE

BY JESSE W. WEIK

Joint Author with W. H. Herndon of Herndon and Weik's "Life of Lincoln"

LINCOLN'S early opportunities were so deplorably meager, and he was so effectually debarred from the requisite preliminary training for a professional career, that no one of his friends and neighbors in the now extinct village of New Salem, Illinois, where he was living when he attained his majority, ever dreamed he had any ambition above lounging about the post-office or making himself useful to old Mrs. Alley, who kept the village tavern. We can, therefore, appreciate the surprise of good old Squire Godby, who one morning saw him sitting barefoot "astride Jake Bates's woodpile," deeply absorbed in an open law-book spread across his knees. But the awkward youth did not care how ridiculous he seemed to others. Apparently he had a distinct purpose in view; he had mapped out his course and was pursuing it with a determination and earnestness akin to desperation. With borrowed books—to obtain some of which he had walked to the county-seat, twenty miles away—he clung to his purpose by day and night. It was a long struggle, but gradually the skies cleared, and in due time, when he had exhausted Blackstone, Greenleaf, and Chitty, we find him in Springfield, ready to undergo the required examination for admittance to the bar.

The first step in Lincoln's legal career is thus set forth in an entry found in the records of the circuit court of Sangamon County, Illinois, dated March 24, 1836: "It is ordered by the Court that it be certified that Abraham Lincoln is a person of good moral character." After this necessary preliminary, as appears from the records of the clerk of the supreme court, he was on September 9 duly licensed to practise in all the courts of the State. In compliance with the law, he must first have been formally examined as to his qualifications by two justices of the supreme court. According to Mr. Herndon, that examination was neither formidable nor exacting. "Mr. Lincoln," he relates, "usually had several amusing variations in his descriptions of the ordeal; but he invariably left the impression that the manifest purpose was to develop the applicant's



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general qualifications rather than make an exact test of his legal acquirements"; all of which cannot fail to remind one of his indorsement, while President, of the application of one Jacob Freese, whom he desired the Secretary of War to appoint colonel of a colored regiment, "regardless of whether he can tell the exact shade of Julius Cæsar's hair."

As illustrative of the character and scope of the examination, which was in strict keeping with the rough-and-ready tendency of the times, the following extract from Linder's "Early Bench and Bar of Illinois" may not be without interest. The author says:

I desired to have Colonel Bodkin of Alton admitted to the bar. Knowing his qualifications were very slim, I hinted as much to Browne, one of the supreme judges, and asked him to go to my room to examine him. Bodkin had been a butcher. He had twinkling gray eyes and a nose like Bardolph's. I said to Browne: "Judge, let me introduce Colonel Bodkin, who desires to be admitted to the bar; will you please examine him touching his qualifications?" Turning to Bodkin, he inquired: "Colonel, are you a judge of good brandy?" Bodkin took the hint in a moment, rang the bell, and a servant making his appearance, he directed him to bring up a bottle of the best cognac and some loaf-sugar, which were quickly forthcoming. Judge Browne, having partaken thereof with the rest of us, turned to the colonel and said:

"Colonel, have you read Blackstone and Chitty?"

"Yes, sir," answered the colonel.

"What do you think of them as authors?"

"I think very highly of them," said Bodkin.

"Have you read Shakspere?" continued the judge.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you admire him, colonel?"

"I do, indeed; beyond all the power of language to express."

"Are you aware there was no such person as Shakspere?" queried the judge.

"Indeed, I am not."

"It is true," interrupted the judge; "and you do not know then, colonel, who wrote the plays of Shakspere?"

"If Shakspere himself did not write them, then, indeed, I do not know."

"Would you like to know?" insisted the judge.

"I certainly should," answered Bodkin.

"Then," said the judge, with great solemnity, "as you have shown in this examination the highest qualities for admission to the bar, I will say to you in the strictest confidence, what I have never said to any one else before, that I am the author of those plays! Colonel Bodkin, write out your license, and I will sign it."

This Judge Thomas C. Browne was one of the judges of the supreme court of Illinois at the time Lincoln applied for a license, and doubtless was one of his examiners. He was a rough character of the type then prevalent, somewhat humorous, very corpulent, and known as the Falstaff of the bench. He was present at the marriage of Lincoln and Mary Todd, and when the former recited, after Dr. Dresser, the Episcopal rector, the language of the ritual in which the groom, placing the ring on the bride's finger, endows her with all his lands and worldly possessions, he blurted out, in a voice loud enough to be heard over the room, "Lord A'mighty, Lincoln, the law fixes that." Four years after Lincoln's admission to the bar, examinations in private were abolished and a rule was enacted requiring all future applicants for examination to present themselves in open court.

After persistent research in various localities where they had lain overlooked and unpublished, I have come into possession of data which enable me to present an authentic account of the first suit or court proceeding in which Mr. Lincoln figured or with which he seems in any way to have been connected. This case, memorable only because of Mr. Lincoln's connection therewith, was an action, or, more strictly speaking, three actions growing out of one episode or transaction, brought by James P. Hawthorne, through his attorneys, Walker & Hewett, against David Wooldridge, in the circuit court of Sangamon County, Illinois. Of the three cases, one was what is known among lawyers as an action on assumpsit, another for trespass vi et armis, and the third in replevin. With the exception of the replevin suit, which was not brought till the fall, the declarations or complaints were filed July 1, 1836. This was before Lincoln received his license to practise. John T. Stuart, who was then absorbed in a vigorous and aggressive campaign for Congress and who was soon to invite Lincoln into partnership with him, had been retained by the defense; but although the pleadings in one or two instances bear Stuart's signa-

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David Mordaciays } And the said Dana Mordaciay, by
at } John T. Stuart his attorney, comes and
James P. Hawthorn } defends the force and injury when &c.
and says he is not guilty of the supposed trespass above
laid to his charge, or any or either of them, in manner and
form as the said plaintiff hath above complained against
him. And of this he puts himself upon the country &c.

Issue

James P. Hawthorn to David Mordaciay Dr

To Boarding from the first day of April until
the first of November 1835. at $1.50 cents per week.
being 30 weeks & 4 days $45.75

1836 To use of Waggon & team from first of April
Jan 8. till the first of November 1836 $90.00

1834 To 11 Bushels of wheat @ 75. 8.25

1836. Jan 8 Cash Rec'd 100.00

... May & June Breaking 10 acres of Prairie 20.00

" To Money lent to enter lands, aforesaid $264.00
entered in the name of your
bro Wm 50.00

James P. Hawthorn
vs
David Mordaciays } In Trespass

The defendant, David Mordaciays, being
sworn says that he verily believes, that the said
plaintiff is unable to pay the costs of this suit, and
that the officers of this Court will be in danger of
of losing their costs in said suit unless the said
plaintiff be ruled to give security therefor. He says,
that said plaintiff is a young man and without family
and that he has not, to the said defendants knowledge,
any real, or personal property out of which the costs
could be made.

David Mordaciay

FACSIMILE OF PAPERS RELATING TO LINCOLN'S FIRST LAW CASE
With the exception of one item in the account, these papers are in Lincoln's handwriting



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ture, they are, almost without exception, in Lincoln's legible handwriting. Later, the latter blossoms out full-fledged in the active rôle of counsel for defense. The presiding judge was Stephen T. Logan, one of the great lawyers of Illinois, destined, also, several years later, to become Lincoln's partner and to remain with him until both should become aspirants for Congress at the same time, when, in the language of Lincoln to Herndon, the one law-office

That he struck, beat, bruised and knocked him down; plucked, pulled and tore out large quantities of hair from his head; that with a stick and his fists he struck plaintiff a great many violent blows and strokes on and about his face, head, breast, back, shoulders, hips, legs and divers other parts of his body; that he struck, shook, pulled, pushed and knocked plaintiff to the ground; violently hit, kicked, struck and beat him a great many other blows and strokes; and also, then and there, with great violence forced, pushed, thrust and

but the Collector—
As to the real estate, we can not attend to it, as agent, & we therefor recommend that you give the charge of it, to Mr. Isaac S. Britton, a trust-worthy man, & we show the Love needed as security for said Loan. Yours &c Logan & Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF A LETTER IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING DATED SPRINGFIELD, APRIL 24, 1844

became too small for two such ambitious men. The clerk was William Butler, one of the early and substantial citizens of Springfield, at whose house Lincoln was invited to live until his legal practice had passed the experimental stage and he could "stand on his feet," and with whom he continued to live till his marriage to Mary Todd in the summer of 1842.

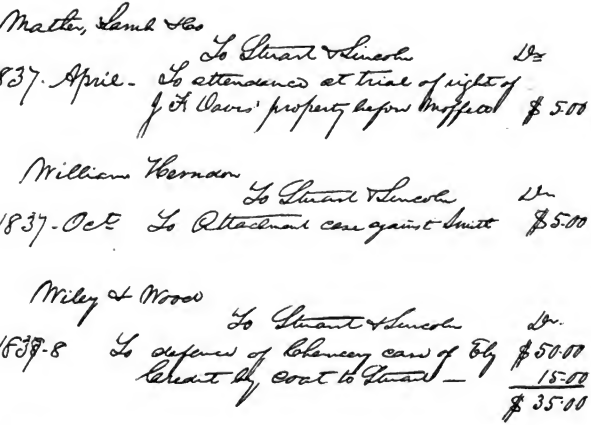
Returning to the lawsuit: the assumpsit case is based on Wooldridge's failure to furnish plaintiff two yoke of oxen to break up twenty acres of "prairie sod-ground"; also on his refusal to allow Hawthorne access to a tract of ground on which the latter had contracted with him to raise a crop of "corn or wheat at the option of the plaintiff," for all of which he demands one hundred dollars. The trespass case evidently was one of much more gravity and importance. The declaration, in the minute and formal phraseology of the law, narrates that part of the transaction leading up to the matter in controversy, and especially sets out in full detail what happened when Hawthorne, despite the threats and commands of Wooldridge, undertook to reach the disputed corn-field. Naturally there was a scene, with some features more or less dramatic. It is charged, among other things, that Wooldridge assaulted the defendant Hawthorne with force and arms, to wit:

gouged his fingers into plaintiff's eyes; by means of which assault and consequent illness, injuries, loss of time and expense for medical attention said plaintiff demands damages in the sum of five hundred dollars and other proper relief.

The replevin suit demanded the return of "one black-and-white spotted yoke of steers, one black cow and calf, and one prairie plow," together with twenty dollars' damages for the unlawful detention of the same. The exceedingly modest demand for money reparation in all these cases would seem to indicate that the modern damage suit, which has gradually attained such profitable proportions, had not yet come into vogue.

With three suits against his clients, we may well imagine that the young barrister was a busy man. The record shows, as his first step, a plea, filed October 5, containing the customary denial of the alleged trespasses or any of them, in support of which he "puts himself upon the country." On the same day, with a view either to gain time or, in some way, embarrass the plaintiff, or both, he files the affidavit of his client reciting the fact that, as the plaintiff is a young man without family or property and the court officers are in danger of losing their fees, he should be required to furnish bond for costs. On the following day, much to the surprise of

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Matter, Lamb & Co
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1837. April. To attendance at trial of right of
J. K. Dans' property before Moffical $ 5.00

William Herndon
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1837. Oct To Attachment case against Smith $5.00

Miley & Wood
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr.
1838-8 To defence of Chancery case of Ely $50.00
Elwart by order to Stuart — 15.00
$ 35.00

Peyton L. Harrison
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr.
1838 March. To case with Dickinson — $10.00

Allen & Stone
To Stuart & Lincoln Dr
1838 Oct To case with Carter $2.50

FACSIMILE OF ENTRIES BY LINCOLN IN THE FEE-BOOK OF STUART & LINCOLN

the defendant and his counsel, the required bond for costs was executed and filed. The skirmishing for vantage-ground was growing somewhat animated. The next move on Lincoln's part was to draw up and file an account which he undertakes to "exhibit and prove as an offset" to the demand on assumpsit, containing sundry items more or less typical of the crude and primitive society of that early day, and so illustrative of commercial values then current on the frontier that it cannot well be omitted. With the exception of one item entered by Stuart, it is all in Lincoln's hand:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | To Boarding from the first day of April until the first of November 1835 @ $1.50 per week being 30 weeks & 4 days | $45.75 |
| | To use of waggon & team first of April till first of November 1836 | $90.00 |
| 1834 | To 11 bushels of wheat @ 75 | 8.25 |
| 1836 Jan 8 | Cash lent | 100.00 |
| " May & June | Breaking 10 acres of Prairy | 20.00 |
| | | $264.00 |
| | To money lent to enter land afterwards entered in the name of your brother | 50.00 |



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What next followed before the final encounter we do not know, for the record is silent. The cases were now at issue, but, for some reason, the term of court was suffered to adjourn without conclusive action. The next term found the combatants still apart and seemingly reluctant to measure arms. Meanwhile the peacemaker had been at work, for on the morning of March 17, 1837, the parties, by their attorneys, came into court with a report of the settlement of all pending litigation, and asked that the cases be dismissed. The record shows that this was promptly done. In the assumpsit case judgment by agreement was entered against the plaintiff for costs; in the replevin case, against the defendant; and in the trespass case that item was equally divided between the two. The judge signed the record, and this was the end of Abraham Lincoln's first lawsuit.

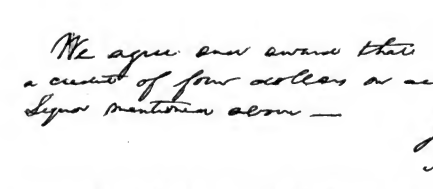


LINCOLN'S BOOKCASE
The bookcase is preserved in the Keyes Lincoln Memorial Collection, Chicago

Mr. Lincoln always divided his life as a lawyer into two epochs, one preceding and the other following his single term in Congress. His real legal career dates from March, 1849, when, believing himself politically dead, he returned to the law and began the struggle in dead earnest. His business was largely confined to the circuit, a mode of practice quite unknown to the modern generation of lawyers. The now historic Eighth Circuit, over which he began his travels, contained fourteen counties. When the courts opened in Christian, Menard, or Logan, counties which adjoined his own, Sangamon, Herndon, his partner, frequently accompanied him; but to points beyond he usually drove alone or in company with the judge. He was the one lawyer who managed to reach the court in every county in the circuit. While Herndon remained in Springfield, in charge of the local office and to keep track of matters in the supreme court, "Lincoln was out on the circuit beating the bushes for more business."

Following the court about on the circuit was, no doubt, the joy of Lincoln's life. He was so fond of it that he declined a flattering offer to enter a lucrative law-partnership in Chicago, because, as he contended, it would necessitate more or less confinement in the office and therefore keep him off the circuit. Seated in a one-horse buggy, behind a sorry-looking animal, he would set out from Springfield to be gone for weeks at a stretch. The lawyers, as he drove into each successive place, eagerly anticipating a new stock of stories, gave him a cordial welcome, and the landlords hailed his coming with delight, for he was one of the most patient and uncomplaining of guests. "If every other fellow," relates one of his colleagues, "grumbled at the indifferent accommodations and scant fare which greeted us at many of the dingy taverns we struck, Lincoln said nothing." His forbearance in this regard well warrants the observation he is said on one occasion to have made, that he never so completely felt his "own unworthiness as when he stood face to face with a real, live hotel clerk." How he appeared on the circuit may be gleaned from this sketch of him drawn by Henry C. Whitney, one of his colleagues in central

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FACSIMILE OF A DECISION AS TO THE OWNERSHIP OF A QUANTITY OF "PEACH LIQUOR," IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING

Illinois, who is yet living: "His hat was brown, faded, and the nap usually worn or rubbed off. He wore a short cloak and sometimes a shawl. His coat and vest hung loosely on his giant frame. His trousers were invariably too short. In one hand he carried a faded green umbrella with A. LINCOLN in large white cotton or muslin letters sewed on the inside; the knob was gone from the handle, and a piece of cord was usually tied round the middle of the umbrella to keep it from flying open. In the other hand he carried a carpet bag in which were stored the few papers to be used in court and underclothing enough to last till his return to Springfield."

When the court moved from one county to another there was great bustle and activity at each successive place. Men came together to meet the celebrities at the bar, to negotiate loans, purchase family supplies, buy and sell live stock, to hear the lawyers "plead," and so forth. The best room at the hotel was reserved for the judge and such choice spirits among the lawyers as he might select. The other lawyers slept two in a bed, and three or four beds were located in one room. At meals the judge, lawyers, suitors, witnesses, court officers, and prisoners out on bail ate together at a long dining-table. "I well recollect," testifies one of Lincoln's companions, "a term of court at Urbana where a prisoner, who was on trial for perjury, used to spend the evenings with us in the judge's room; and another at Danville where the prisoner, on trial for larceny, not only spent his evenings in our room, but took walks with us and ate in our immediate company." Mingling in this crude society, and leading the roving, unsettled life which thus fell to his lot, Lincoln spent almost half of each year. That it tempered and schooled his soul for the great trials of the future must ultimately be the verdict of history.

It was while out on the circuit that he was seen for the first time by a young man who afterward became one of the prominent lawyers of central Illinois. The latter, with a letter of introduction from a friend, found him one evening at the tavern in the town of Danville. "I was told," he relates, "that I would find Mr. Lincoln in Judge Davis's room. I climbed the unbanistered stairway, and after my timid knock two voices responded almost simultaneously, 'Come in.' Imagine my surprise, when the door opened, to find two men undressed, or rather dressed for bed, engaged in a lively battle with pillows, flinging them at each other's heads: one a low, heavy-set man, who leaned against the bed and puffed like a lizard, answered to the description of Judge Davis; the other a man of tremendous stature, looking as if he were at least seven feet tall, was incased in a long garment, yellow as saffron, which reached to his heels, and from beneath which protruded two of the largest feet that, up to that time, it had ever been my



FACSIMILE OF A MEMORANDUM IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING



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privilege to see. This immense shirt—for such it must have been—looked as if it had literally been chopped out of the original bolt of flannel from which it had been made and the pieces joined together in the dark and without reference to fit or measurement. The only thing that kept it from slipping off the gaunt, attenuated frame it so completely enveloped was the single button at the throat. I cannot fully describe my sensations as this apparition, with the modest announcement, 'My name is Lincoln, sir,' strode across the room and grasped my hand. I will not say he reminded me of Satan, but he was certainly the ungodliest figure I ever saw."

Many of the stories told of Lincoln at the bar are ridiculously absurd, and represent him in anything but a dignified light; but, as in some cases they reveal more distinctly than anything else the peculiar characteristics of the man, they are entitled to preservation whenever there is sufficient reason to believe that they are genuine. If, by shrewd management or fervid eloquence, he felt his adversary gaining favor in the minds of the jury, no one knew better than he how, by some skilfully planned stratagem or clever retort, to break the spell and thus relieve the situation of its apparent gravity. Some of these diversions, though not unprofessional, were yet so adroit and bizarre that lawyers of this day would scarcely dare imitate him. To the methods of the opposing counsel in court one day he entered a vigorous protest, claiming that the testimony was irrelevant. "Why cannot counsel for plaintiff," he appealed to the court, "confine themselves to the issues in this case? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me what his points are, not how many hairs there may be in his tail."

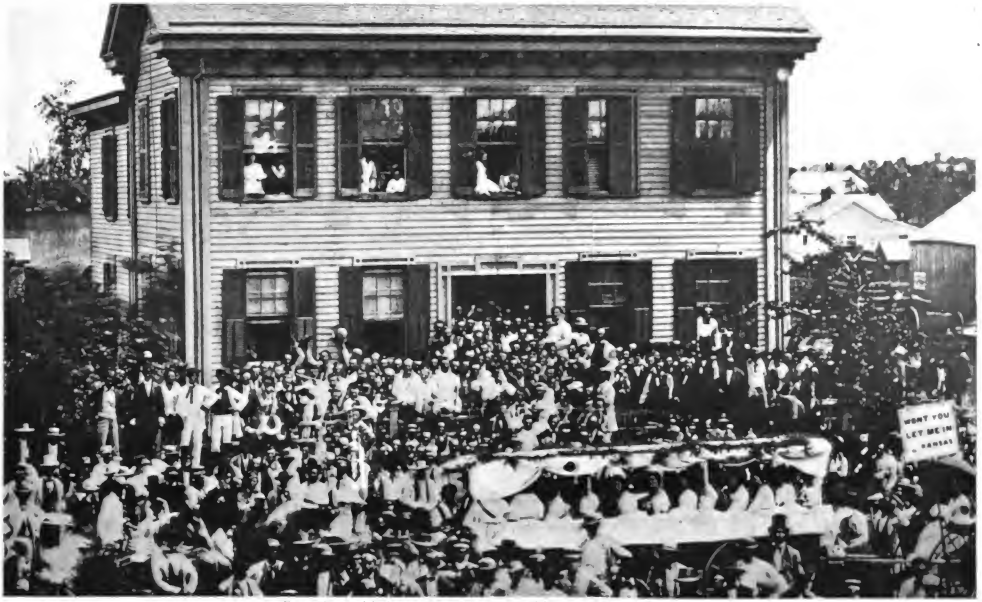
Of a certain technical judge who was famed for his close construction of the law he said that he would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but that he would quash the indictment if it failed to state which hand he blew it with. One of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States he characterized as a "granny," claiming that his mental vigor and perception had left him; that if you pointed your finger and a darning-needle toward him at the same time, he could never determine which was the sharper.

To a client in Kentucky who had asked him and Judge Logan, when they were in partnership, to care for and collect the rents accruing from a house and lot in Springfield, he wrote in the name of the firm, declining, but blandly added: "We recommend that you give the charge of it to Mr. Isaac S. Britton, a trustworthy man and one whom the Lord made on purpose for such business." He and Herndon spent an entire day trying a suit in behalf of an old woman who had been fleeced by another attorney under the guise of a fee, recovered all the damages asked for, refused to charge for their services, and even paid the old woman's hotel bill while attending court.

Late in the fifties Mr. Lincoln was a member of the committee appointed by the supreme court to examine applicants for the bar. While out on the circuit he was one day approached by a young man who had been studying law in the office of an attorney with an established practice and who desired to be examined. Mr. Lincoln directed him to report to his room in the evening after court had adjourned for the day. "Promptly at the appointed hour," related the young man afterward, "I knocked at the door of his room, and was admitted; but I was hardly prepared for the rather unusual sight that met my gaze. Instead of finding my examiner in the midst of books and papers, as I had anticipated, he was partly undressed, and, so far as the meager accommodations of the room permitted, leisurely taking a bath! I shall never forget the queer feeling that came over me as his lank, half-nude figure moved to and fro between me and the window on the opposite side of the room. Motioning me to be seated, he began his interrogatories at once, without looking at me a second time to be sure of the identity of his caller. 'How long have you been studying?' he asked. 'Almost two years,' was my response. 'By this time, it seems to me,' he said laughingly, 'you ought to be able to determine whether you have in you the kind of stuff out of which a good lawyer can be made.' Then he asked me in a desultory way the definition of a contract, and two or three other fundamental questions, all of which I answered readily and, as I thought, correctly.

"As he continued his toilet, he entertained me with recollections—many of them characteristically vivid and racy—of

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From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A PROCESSION, PROBABLY IN THE 1858 CAMPAIGN, HALTED IN FRONT OF LINCOLN'S SPRINGFIELD HOME

Abraham Lincoln is the tall figure in white at the right of the doorway



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From a Brady photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WHEN PRESIDENT

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nis early practice and the various incidents and adventures that attended his start in the profession. The whole proceeding was so unusual and queer, if not grotesque, that I was at a loss to determine whether



From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN WHEN MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

I was really being examined at all or not. After he had dressed we went down-stairs and over to the clerk's office in the court-house, where he wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, and, inclosing it in an envelop, directed me to report with it to Judge Logan, another member of the examining committee, at Springfield. The next day I went to Springfield, where I delivered the letter as directed. On reading it, Judge Logan smiled, and, much to my surprise, gave me the required certificate without asking a question beyond my age and residence, and the correct way of spelling my name. The note from Lincoln read:

"MY DEAR JUDGE: The bearer of this is a young man who thinks he can be a lawyer. Examine him, if you want to. I have done so, and am satisfied. He 's a good deal smarter than he looks to be.

Yours, *Lincoln.*"

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA.

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Drawn by William J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MUGRIDGE KICKED SAVAGELY"

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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

### XIX



CAME on deck to find the *Ghost* heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar sprit-sail close-hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

It was four bells. Louis came aft to relieve the wheel. There was a dampness in the air, and I noticed he had on his oil-skins.

"What are we going to have?" I asked him.

"A healthy young slip of a gale from the breath of it, sir," he answered, "with a splatter of rain just to wet our gills an' no more."

"Too bad we sighted them," I said, as the *Ghost's* bow was flung off a point by a large sea, and the boat leaped for a moment past the jibs and into our line of vision.

Louis turned a spoke of the wheel and temporized.

"They 'd never of made the land, sir, I 'm thinkin'."

"Think not?" I queried.

"No, sir. Did you feel that?" A puff had caught the schooner, and he was forced to put the wheel up rapidly to keep her out of the wind. "'T is no egg-shell 'll float on this sea an hour come. An' it 's a stroke of luck for them we 're here to pick 'em up."

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The cat-like springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and snappy.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we 'll make sailors out of them, or boat-pullers, at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

I knew not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long quizzical whistle.

"What 's her name, then?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I am waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mail-steamer," he answered shortly. "The *City of Tokio*, from 'Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh—maid, wife, or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way and regarded me with laughing eyes.

"Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked.

"What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head.

"Really, Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions I 've about all the crew I want."

"And they 've about all the escaping they want," I said. "Why not give them



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a change of treatment? Take them aboard and deal gently with them. Whatever they have done, they have been hounded into doing."

"By me?"

"By you," I answered steadily. "And I give you warning, Wolf Larsen, that I may forget the love of my own life in the desire to kill you if you go too far in maltreating those poor wretches."

"Bravo!" he cried. "You do me proud, Hump! You 've found your legs with a vengeance. You 're quite an individual. You were unfortunate in having your life cast in easy places, but you 're developing, and I like you the better for it."

His voice and expression changed. His face was serious. "Do you believe in promises?" he asked. "Are they sacred things?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Then here 's a compact," he went on, consummate actor that he was. "If I promise not to lay hands upon Leach and Johnson, will you promise, in turn, not to attempt to kill me? Oh, not that I 'm afraid of you, not that I 'm afraid of you," he hastened to add.

I could hardly believe my ears. What was coming over the man?

"Is it a go?" he asked impatiently.

"A go," I answered.

His hand went out to mine, and as I shook it heartily I could have sworn I saw the mocking devil shine up for a moment in his eyes.

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach bailing. We overhauled them about two feet to their one. Wolf Larsen motioned Louis to keep off slightly, and we dashed abreast of the boat not a score of feet to windward.

It was at this moment that Leach and Johnson looked up into the faces of their shipmates who lined the rail amidships. There was no greeting. They were as dead men in their comrades' eyes, and between them was the gulf that parts the living and the dead.

The next instant they were opposite the poop, where stood Wolf Larsen and I. We were falling in the trough, and they were rising on the surge. Johnson looked at me, and I could see that his face was worn and haggard. I waved my hand to him, and he answered the greeting, but with a wave that was hopeless and despairing. It was as if he were saying farewell. I did not see into the eyes of Leach, for he was looking at Wolf Larsen, the old and implacable snarl of hatred as strong as ever on his face.

Then they were gone astern. The spritsail filled with the wind suddenly, careening the frail, open craft till it seemed it would surely capsize.

Wolf Larsen barked a short laugh in my ear and strode away to the weather side of the poop. I expected him to give orders for the *Ghost* to heave to, but she kept on her course and he made no sign. Louis stood imperturbably at the wheel, but I noticed the grouped sailors forward turning troubled faces in our direction. Still the *Ghost* tore along till the boat dwindled to a speck, when Wolf Larsen's voice rang out in command, and we went about on the starboard tack.

Back we held, two miles and more to windward of the struggling cockle-shell, when the flying jib was run down and the schooner hove to. In all that wild waste there was no refuge for Leach and Johnson save on the *Ghost*, and they resolutely began the windward beat. At the end of an hour and a half they were nearly alongside, standing past our stern on the last leg out, aiming to fetch us on the next leg back.

"So you 've changed your mind?" I heard Wolf Larsen mutter, half to himself, half to them, as though they could hear. "You want to come aboard, eh? Well, then, just keep a-coming. Hard up with that helm!" he commanded Oofty-Oofty, the Kanaka, who had in the meantime relieved Louis at the wheel.

Command followed command. As the schooner paid off, the fore- and main-sheets were slacked away for fair wind. And before the wind we were, and leaping, when Johnson, easing his sheet at imminent peril, cut across our wake a hundred feet away. Again Wolf Larsen laughed, at the same time beckoning them with his arm to follow. It was evidently his intention to play with them—a lesson, I took it, in lieu of a beating, though a dangerous lesson, for the frail craft stood in momentary danger of being overwhelmed.

"'T is the fear of death at the hearts of them," Louis muttered in my ear as I

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passed forward to see to taking in the flying jib and staysail.

"Oh, he 'll heave to in a little while and pick them up," I answered cheerfully.

Louis looked at me shrewdly. "Think so?" he asked.

"Surely," I answered. "Don't you?"

"I think nothing but of my own skin, these days," was his answer. "An' 't is with wonder I 'm filled as to the workin' out of things. A pretty mess that 'Frisco whisky got me into, an' a prettier mess that woman 's got you into aft there. Ah, it 's myself that knows ye for a blitherin' fool."

"What do you mean?" I demanded; for, having sped his shaft, he was turning away.

"What do I mean?" he cried. "An' it 's you that asks me! 'T is not what I mean, but what the Wolf 'll mean. The Wolf, I said, the Wolf!"

"If trouble comes, will you stand by?" I asked impulsively, for he had voiced my own fear.

"Stand by? 'T is old fat Louis I stand by, an' trouble enough it 'll be. We 're at the beginnin' of things, I 'm tellin' ye, the bare beginnin' of things."

"I had not thought you so great a coward," I sneered.

He favored me with a contemptuous stare.

"If I raised never a hand for that poor fool,"—pointing astern to the tiny sail,—"d' ye think I 'm hungerin' for a broken head for a woman I never laid me eyes upon before this day?"

I turned scornfully away and went aft.

"Better get in those topsails, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen said, as I came on the poop.

I felt relief, at least as far as the two men were concerned. I had scarcely opened my mouth to issue the necessary commands, when eager men were springing to halyards and downhauls, and others were racing aloft. This eagerness on their part was noted by Wolf Larsen with a grim smile.

Still we increased our lead, and when the boat had dropped astern several miles we hove to and waited. All eyes watched it coming, even Wolf Larsen's; but he was the only unperturbed man aboard. Louis, gazing fixedly, betrayed a trouble in his face he was not quite able to hide.

The boat drew closer and closer, hurling along through the seething green like a thing alive, lifting and sending and uptossing across the huge-backed breakers, or disappearing behind them only to rush into sight again and shoot skyward. It seemed impossible that it could continue to live, yet with each dizzying sweep it did achieve the impossible. A rain-squall drove past, and out of the flying wet the boat emerged, almost upon us.

"Hard up, there!" Wolf Larsen shouted, himself springing to the wheel and whirling it over.

Again the *Ghost* sprang away and raced before the wind, and for two hours Johnson and Leach pursued us. We hove to and ran away, hove to and ran away; and ever astern the struggling patch of sail tossed skyward and fell into the rushing valleys. It was a quarter of a mile away when a thick squall of rain veiled it from view. It never emerged. The wind blew the air clear again, but no patch of sail broke the troubled surface. I thought I saw, for an instant, the boat's bottom show black in a breaking crest. At the best, that was all. For Johnson and Leach the travail of existence had ceased.

The men remained grouped amidships. No one had gone below, and no one was speaking. Nor were any looks being exchanged. Each man seemed stunned—deeply contemplative, as it were, and, not quite sure, trying to realize just what had taken place. Wolf Larsen gave them little time for thought. He at once put the *Ghost* upon her course—a course which meant the seal-herd and not Yokohama harbor. But the men were no longer eager as they pulled and hauled, and I heard curses among them which left their lips smothered and as heavy and lifeless as were they. Not so was it with the hunters. Smoke the irrepressible related a story, and they descended into the steerage bellowing with laughter.

As I passed to leeward of the galley on my way aft, I was approached by the engineer we had rescued. His face was white, his lips were trembling.

"Good God! sir, what kind of a craft is this?" he cried.

"You have eyes; you have seen," I answered almost brutally, what of the pain and fear at my own heart.

"Your promise?" I said to Wolf Larsen.

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"I was not thinking of taking them aboard when I made that promise," he answered. "And, anyway, you 'll agree I 've not laid my hands upon them. Far from it, far from it," he laughed a moment later.

I made no reply. I was incapable of speaking, my mind was too confused. I must have time to think, I knew. This woman, sleeping even now in the spare cabin, was a responsibility which I must consider, and the only rational thought that flickered through my mind was that I must do nothing hastily if I were to be any help to her at all.

XX

THE remainder of the day passed uneventfully. The young slip of a gale, having wetted our gills, proceeded to moderate. The fourth engineer and the three oilers, after a warm interview with Wolf Larsen, were furnished with outfits from the slop-chest, assigned places under the hunters in the various boats and watches on the vessel, and bundled forward into the forecastle. They went protestingly, but their voices were not loud. They were awed by what they had already seen of Wolf Larsen's character, while the tale of woe they speedily heard in the forecastle took the last bit of rebellion out of them.

Miss Brewster—we had learned her name from the engineer—slept on and on. At supper I requested the hunters to lower their voices, so she was not disturbed; and it was not till next morning that she made her appearance. It had been my intention to have her meals served apart, but Wolf Larsen put down his foot. Who was she that she should be too good for cabin table and cabin society? had been his demand.

But her coming to the table had something amusing in it. The hunters fell as silent as clams. Jock Horner and Smoke alone were unabashed, stealing stealthy glances at her now and again, and even taking part in the conversation. The other four men glued their eyes on their plates and chewed steadily and with thoughtful precision, their ears moving and wabbling, in time with their jaws, like the ears of so many animals.

Wolf Larsen had little to say at first, doing no more than reply when he was addressed. Not that he was abashed. Far from it. This woman was a new type to him, a different breed from any he had ever known, and he was curious. He studied her, his eyes rarely leaving her face, unless to follow the movements of her hands or shoulders. I studied her myself, and though it was I who maintained the conversation, I know that I was a bit shy, not quite self-possessed. His was the perfect poise, the supreme confidence in self which nothing could shake; and he was no more timid of a woman than he was of storm and battle.

"And when shall we arrive at Yokohama?" she asked, turning to him and looking him square in the eyes.

There it was, the question flat. The jaws stopped working, the ears ceased wabbling, and though eyes remained glued on plates, each man listened greedily for the answer.

"In four months, possibly three, if the season closes early," Wolf Larsen said.

She caught her breath and stammered: "I—I thought—I was given to understand that Yokohama was only a day's sail away. It—" Here she paused and looked about the table at the circle of unsympathetic faces staring hard at the plates. "It is not right," she concluded.

"That is a question you must settle with Mr. Van Weyden there," he replied, bowing to me with a mischievous twinkle. "Mr. Van Weyden is what you may call an authority on such things as rights. Now I, who am only a sailor, would look upon the situation somewhat differently. It may possibly be your misfortune that you have to remain with us, but it is certainly our good fortune."

He regarded her smilingly. Her eyes fell before his gaze, but she lifted them again, and defiantly, to mine. I read the unspoken question there: Was it right? But I had decided that the part I was to play must be a neutral one, so I did not answer.

"What do you think?" she demanded.

"It is unfortunate," I said, "especially if you have any engagements falling due in the course of the next several months. But, since you say that you were voyaging to Japan for your health, I can assure you that it will improve no better anywhere than aboard the *Ghost*."

I saw her eyes flash with indignation,

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and this time it was I who dropped mine, while I felt my face flushing under her gaze. It was cowardly, but what else could I do?

"Mr. Van Weyden speaks with the voice of authority." Wolf Larsen laughed.

I nodded my head, and she, having recovered herself, waited expectantly.

"Not that he is much to speak of now," Wolf Larsen went on; "but he has improved wonderfully. You should have seen him when he came on board. A more scrawny, pitiful specimen of humanity one could hardly conceive. Is n't that so, Kerfoot?"

Kerfoot, thus directly addressed, was startled into dropping his knife on the floor, though he managed to grunt affirmation.

"Developed himself by peeling potatoes and washing dishes. Eh, Kerfoot?"

Again that worthy grunted.

"Look at him now. True, he is not what you would term muscular, but still he has muscles, which is more than he had when he came aboard. Also, he has legs to stand on. You would not think so to look at him, but he was quite unable to stand alone at first."

The hunters were snickering, but she looked at me with a sympathy in her eyes which more than compensated for Wolf Larsen's nastiness. In truth, it had been so long since I had received sympathy that I was softened, and I became then, and gladly, her willing slave. But I was angry with Wolf Larsen. He was challenging my manhood with his slurs, challenging the very legs he claimed to be instrumental in getting for me.

"I may have learned to stand on my own legs," I retorted. "But I have yet to stamp upon others with them."

He looked at me insolently. "Your education is only half completed, then," he said dryly, and turned to her. "We are very hospitable upon the *Ghost*. Mr. Van Weyden has discovered that. We do everything to make our guests feel at home, eh, Mr. Van Weyden?"

"Even to the peeling of potatoes and the washing of dishes," I answered, "to say nothing of wringing their necks, out of very fellowship."

"I beg of you not to receive false impressions of us from Mr. Van Weyden," he interposed with mock anxiety. "You will observe, Miss Brewster, that he carries a dirk in his belt, a—ahem—a most unusual thing for a ship's officer to do. While really very estimable, Mr. Van Weyden is sometimes—how shall I say?—er—quarrelsome, and harsh measures are necessary. He is quite reasonable and fair in his calm moments, and as he is calm now, he will not deny that only yesterday he threatened my life."

I was well-nigh choking, and my eyes were certainly fiery. He drew attention to me.

"Look at him now. He can scarcely control himself in your presence. He is not accustomed to the presence of ladies, anyway. I shall have to arm myself before I dare go on deck with him."

He shook his head sadly, murmuring, "Too bad, too bad," while the hunters burst into guffaws of laughter.

The deep sea-voices of these men, rumbling and bellowing in the confined space, produced a wild effect. The whole setting was wild, and for the first time, regarding this strange woman and realizing how incongruous she was in it, I was aware of how much a part of it I was myself. I knew these men and their mental processes, was one of them myself, living the seal-hunting life, eating the seal-hunting fare, thinking largely the seal-hunting thoughts. There was no strangeness to it, to the rough clothes, the coarse faces, the wild laughter, and the lurching cabin walls and swaying sea-lamps.

As I buttered a piece of bread my eyes chanced to rest upon my hand. The knuckles were skinned and inflamed clear across, the fingers swollen, the nails rimmed with black. I felt the mattress-like growth of beard on my neck, knew that the sleeve of my coat was ripped, that a button was missing from the throat of the blue shirt I wore. The dirk mentioned by Wolf Larsen rested in its sheath on my hip. It was very natural that it should be there—how natural I had not imagined until now, when I looked upon it with her eyes and knew how strange it and all that went with it must appear to her.

But she divined the mockery in Wolf Larsen's words, and again favored me with a sympathetic glance. But there was a look of bewilderment also in her eyes. That it was mockery made the situation more puzzling to her.

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"I may be taken off by some passing vessel, perhaps," she suggested.

"There will be no passing vessels, except other sealing-schooners," Wolf Larsen made answer.

"I have no clothes, nothing," she objected. "You hardly realize, sir, that I am not a man, or that I am unaccustomed to the vagrant, careless life which you and your men seem to lead."

"The sooner you get accustomed to it the better," he said. "I 'll furnish you with cloth, needles, and thread," he added. "I hope it will not be too dreadful a hardship for you to make yourself a dress or two."

She made a wry pucker with her mouth, as though to advertise her ignorance of dressmaking. That she was frightened and bewildered, and that she was bravely striving to hide it, was quite plain to me.

"I suppose you 're like Mr. Van Weyden there, accustomed to having things done for you. Well, I think doing a few things for yourself will hardly dislocate any joints. By the way, what do you do for a living?"

She regarded him with amazement unconcealed.

"I mean no offense, believe me. People eat, therefore they must procure the wherewithal. These men here shoot seals in order to live; for the same reason I sail this schooner; and Mr. Van Weyden, for the present at any rate, earns his salty grub by assisting me. Now what do you do?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do you feed yourself, or does some one else feed you?"

"I 'm afraid some one else has fed me most of my life," she laughed, trying bravely to enter into the spirit of his quizzing, though I could see a terror dawning and growing in her eyes as she watched Wolf Larsen.

"And I suppose some one else makes your bed for you?"

"I *have* made beds," she replied.

"Very often?"

She shook her head with mock ruefulness.

"Do you know what they do to poor men in the States who, like you, do not work for their living?"

"I am very ignorant," she pleaded. "What do they do to the poor men who are like me?"

"They send them to jail. The crime of not earning a living, in their case, is called vagrancy. If I were Mr. Van Weyden, who harps eternally on questions of right and wrong, I 'd ask, By what right do you live when you do nothing to deserve living?"

"But as you are not Mr. Van Weyden, I don't have to answer, do I?"

She beamed upon him through her terror-filled eyes, and the pathos of it cut me to the heart. I felt that I must in some way break in and lead the conversation into other channels.

"Have you ever earned a dollar by your own labor?" he demanded, certain of her answer, a triumphant vindictiveness in his voice.

"Yes, I have," she answered slowly, and I could have laughed aloud at his crestfallen visage. "I remember my father giving me a dollar once, when I was a little girl, for remaining absolutely quiet for five minutes."

He smiled indulgently.

"But that was long ago," she continued. "And you would scarcely demand a little girl of nine to earn her own living. At present, however," she said, after another slight pause, "I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year."

With one accord all eyes left the plates and settled on her. A woman who earned eighteen hundred dollars a year was worth looking at. Wolf Larsen was undisguised in his admiration.

"Salary or piece-work?" he asked.

"Piece-work," she answered promptly.

"Eighteen hundred," he calculated. "That 's a hundred and fifty dollars a month. Well, Miss Brewster, there is nothing small about the *Ghost*. Consider yourself on salary during the time you remain with us."

She made no acknowledgment. She was too unused as yet to the whims of the man to accept them with equanimity.

"I forgot to inquire," he went on suavely, "as to the nature of your occupation. What commodities do you turn out? What tools and materials do you require?"

"Paper and ink," she laughed. "And, oh! also a type-writer."

"You are Maud Brewster," I said slowly and with certainty, almost as though I were charging her with a crime.

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Her eyes lifted curiously to mine.

"How do you know?"

"Are n't you?" I demanded.

She acknowledged her identity with a nod. It was Wolf Larsen's turn to be puzzled. The name and its magic signified nothing to him. I was proud that it did mean something to me, and for the first time in a weary while I was convincingly conscious of a superiority over him.

"I remember writing a review of a thin little volume—" I had begun carelessly, when she interrupted me.

"You!" she cried. "You are—"

She was now staring at me in wide-eyed wonder.

I nodded my identity, in turn.

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she concluded; then added, with a sigh of relief and unaware that she had glanced that relief at Wolf Larsen, "I am so glad.

"I remember the review," she went on hastily, becoming aware of the awkwardness of her remark, "that too, too flattering review."

"Not at all," I denied valiantly. "You impeach my sober judgment and make my canons of little worth. Besides, all my brother critics were with me."

"You are very kind, I am sure," she murmured; and the very conventionality of her tones and words, with the host of associations it aroused of the old life on the other side of the world, gave me a quick thrill—rich with remembrance but stinging sharp with homesickness.

"And you are Maud Brewster," I said solemnly, gazing across at her.

"And you are Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, gazing back at me with equal solemnity and awe. "How unusual! I don't understand. We surely are not to expect some wildly romantic sea-story from your sober pen."

"No, I am not gathering material, I assure you," was my answer. "I have neither aptitude nor inclination for fiction."

"Tell me, why have you always buried yourself in California?" she next asked. "It has not been kind of you. We of the East have seen so very little of you—too little indeed of the Dean of American Letters the Second."

I bowed to, and disclaimed, the compliment.

"I nearly met you, once, in Philadelphia, some Browning affair or other—you were to lecture, you know. My train was four hours late."

And then we quite forgot where we were, leaving Wolf Larsen stranded and silent in the midst of our flood of gossip. The hunters left the table and went on deck, and still we talked. Wolf Larsen alone remained. Suddenly I became aware of him, leaning back from the table and listening curiously to our alien speech of a world he did not know.

I broke short off in the middle of a sentence. The present, with all its perils and anxieties, rushed upon me with stunning force. It smote Miss Brewster likewise, a vague and nameless terror rushing into her eyes as she regarded Wolf Larsen.

He rose to his feet and laughed awkwardly. The sound of it was metallic.

"Oh, don't mind me," he said, with a self-depreciatory wave of his hand. "I don't count. Go on, go on, I pray you."

But the gates of speech were closed, and we, too, rose from the table and laughed awkwardly.

## XXI

THE chagrin Wolf Larsen felt from being ignored by Maud Brewster and me in the conversation at table had to express itself in some fashion, and it fell to Thomas Mugridge to be the victim. He had not mended his ways or his shirt, though the latter he contended he had changed. The garment itself did not bear out the assertion, nor did the accumulations of grease on stove and pot and pan attest a general cleanliness.

"I 've given you warning, Cooky," Wolf Larsen said, "and now you 've got to take your medicine."

Mugridge's face turned white under its sooty veneer, and when Wolf Larsen called for a rope and a couple of men, the miserable Cockney fled wildly out of the galley and dodged and ducked about the deck, with the grinning crew in pursuit. Few things could have been more to their liking than to give him a tow over the side, for to the forecastle he had sent messes and concoctions of the vilest order. Conditions favored the undertaking. The *Ghost* was slipping through the water at no more than three miles an hour, and the sea was fairly calm. But Mugridge had little stomach for a dip in it. Possibly he had seen men

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towed before. Besides, the water was frightfully cold, and his was anything but a rugged constitution.

As usual, the watches below and the hunters turned out for what promised sport. Mugridge seemed to be in rabid fear of the water, and he exhibited a nimbleness and speed we did not dream he possessed. Cornered in the right angle of the poop and galley, he sprang like a cat to the top of the cabin and ran aft. But, his pursuers forestalling him, he doubled back across the cabin, passed over the galley, and gained the deck by means of the steerage scuttle. Straight forward he raced, the boat-puller Harrison at his heels and gaining on him. But Mugridge, leaping suddenly, caught the jib-boom-lift. It happened in an instant. Holding his weight by his arms and in mid-air doubling his body at the hips, he let fly with both feet. The oncoming Harrison caught the kick squarely in the pit of the stomach, groaned involuntarily, and doubled up and backward to the deck.

Hand-clapping and roars of laughter from the hunters greeted the exploit, while Mugridge, eluding half of his pursuers at the foremast, ran aft and through the remainder like a runner on the foot-ball field. Straight aft he held to the poop, and along the poop to the stern. So great was his speed that as he curved past the corner of the cabin he slipped and fell. Nilson was standing at the wheel, and the Cockney's hurtling body struck his legs. Both went down together, but Mugridge alone arose. By some freak of pressures, his frail body had snapped the strong man's leg like a pipe-stem.

Parsons took the wheel, and the pursuit continued. Round and round the decks they went, Mugridge sick with fear, the sailors hallooing and shouting directions to one another, and the hunters bellowing encouragement and laughter. Mugridge went down on the fore-hatch, under three men; but he emerged from the mass like an eel, bleeding at the mouth, the offending shirt ripped into tatters, and sprang for the main-rigging. Up he went, clear up, beyond the ratlines, to the very masthead.

Half a dozen sailors swarmed to the crosstrees after him, where they clustered and waited while two of their number, Oofty-Oofty and Black (who was Latimer's boat-steerer), continued up the thin steel stays, lifting their bodies higher and higher by means of their arms.

It was a perilous undertaking, for, at a height of over a hundred feet from the deck, holding on by their hands, they were not in the best of positions to protect themselves from Mugridge's feet. And Mugridge kicked savagely, till the Kanaka, hanging on with one hand, seized the Cockney's foot with the other. Black duplicated the performance a moment later with the other foot. Then the three writhed together in a swaying tangle, struggling, sliding, and falling into the arms of their mates on the crosstrees.

The aërial battle was over, and Thomas Mugridge, whining and gibbering, was brought down to the deck. Wolf Larsen rove a bowline in a piece of rope and slipped it under his shoulders. Then he was carried aft and flung into the sea. Forty—fifty—sixty feet of line ran out, when Wolf Larsen cried, "Belay!" Oofty-Oofty took a turn on a bitt, the rope tautened, and the *Ghost*, lunging onward, jerked the cook to the surface.

It was a pitiful spectacle. Though he could not drown, and was nine-lived in addition, he was suffering all the agonies of half-drowning. The *Ghost* was going very slowly, and when her stern lifted on a wave and she slipped forward, she pulled the wretch to the surface and gave him a moment in which to breathe; but after each lift the stern fell, and while the bow lazily climbed the next wave the line slacked and he sank beneath.

I had forgotten the existence of Maud Brewster, and I remembered her with a start as she stepped lightly beside me. It was her first time on deck since she had come aboard. A dead silence greeted her appearance.

"What is the cause of the merriment?" she asked.

"Ask Captain Larsen," I answered composedly and coldly, though inwardly my blood was boiling at the thought that she should be witness to such brutality.

She took my advice and was turning to put it into execution when her eyes lighted on Oofty-Oofty, immediately before her, his body instinct with alertness and grace as he held the turn of the rope.

"Are you fishing?" she asked him.

He made no reply. His eyes, fixed intently on the sea astern, suddenly flashed.

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"Shark, ho, sir!" he cried.

"Heave in! Lively! All hands tail on!" Wolf Larsen shouted, springing himself to the rope in advance of the quickest.

Mugridge had heard the Kanaka's warning cry and was screaming madly. I could see a black fin cutting the water and making for him with greater swiftness than he was being pulled aboard. It was an even toss whether the shark or we would get him, and it was a matter of moments. When Mugridge was directly beneath us, the stern descended the slope of a passing wave, thus giving the advantage to the shark. The fin disappeared. The belly flashed white in a swift upward rush. Almost equally swift, but not quite, was Wolf Larsen. He threw his strength into one tremendous jerk. The Cockney's body left the water, so did part of the shark's. He drew up his legs, and the man-eater seemed no more than barely to touch one foot, sinking back into the water with a splash. But at the moment of contact Thomas Mugridge cried out. Then he came in like a fresh-caught fish on a line, clearing the rail generously and striking the deck in a heap, on hands and knees, and rolling over. The right foot was missing, amputated neatly at the ankle!

I looked instantly at Maud Brewster. Her face was white, her eyes dilated with horror. She was gazing, not at Thomas Mugridge, but at Wolf Larsen. And he was aware of it, for he said, with one of his short laughs:

"Man-play, Miss Brewster. Somewhat rougher, I warrant, than what you have been used to, but still man-play. The shark was not in the reckoning. It—"

But at this juncture, Mugridge, who had lifted his head and ascertained the extent of his loss, floundered over on the deck and buried his teeth in Wolf Larsen's leg. Wolf Larsen stooped, coolly, to the Cockney, and pressed with thumb and finger at the rear of the jaws and below the ears. The jaws opened with reluctance, and Wolf Larsen stepped free.

"As I was saying," he went on, as though nothing unwonted had happened, "the shark was not in the reckoning. It was—ahem—shall we say Providence?"

She gave no sign that she had heard, though the expression of her eyes changed to one of inexpressible loathing as she started to turn away. She no more than started, for she swayed and tottered, and reached her hand weakly out to mine. I caught her in time to save her from falling, and helped her to a seat on the cabin. I thought she must faint outright, but she controlled herself.

"Will you get a tourniquet, Mr. Van Weyden?" Wolf Larsen called to me.

I hesitated. Her lips moved, and though they formed no words, she commanded me with her eyes, plainly as speech, to go to the help of the unfortunate man. "Please," she managed to whisper, and I could but obey.

By now I had developed such skill at surgery that Wolf Larsen, beyond several words of advice, left me to my task with a couple of sailors for assistants. For his task he elected a vengeance on the shark.

A heavy swivel-hook, baited with fat salt pork, was dropped overside; and by the time I had compressed the severed veins and arteries the sailors were singing and heaving in the offending monster. I did not see it myself, but my assistants, first one and then the other, deserted me for a few moments to run amidships and look at what was going on. The shark, a sixteen-footer, was hoisted up against the main-rigging. Its jaws were pried apart to their greatest extension, and a stout stake, sharpened at both ends, was so inserted that when the pries were removed the spread jaws were fixed upon it. This accomplished, the hook was cut out. The shark dropped back into the sea, helpless, yet with its full strength, doomed to lingering starvation—a living death less meet for it than for the man who devised the punishment.

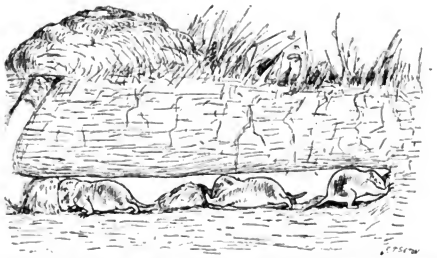
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

(To be continued)





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THE POCKET-GOPHER DIGGING AND PUSHING SOIL FROM HIS TUNNEL

# THE MASTER PLOWMAN OF THE WEST

A STUDY OF POCKET-GOPHERS, BASED ON PERSONAL INVESTIGATIONS IN CALIFORNIA, ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, COLORADO, IDAHO, MONTANA, WYOMING, THE DAKOTAS, MANITOBA, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "The Biography of a Grizzly," "Wild Animals I have Known," etc.

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

## ABSENCE OF EARTHWORMS IN THE WEST

DARWIN'S well-known book on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould," published in 1878, begins with the statement that "earthworms are distributed throughout the world," and contains much detailed evidence in support of it. I was therefore greatly surprised, on going to Manitoba in 1882, to find that the common earthworm was there quite unknown.

In November of that year I mentioned this fact in a paper which I wrote on the gophers, and which was published by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture in the spring of 1883:

> Doubtless all are familiar with the outlines of Darwin's theory that the worms are the makers of the black loam. Now, an earthworm is a creature altogether unknown to this part of the world, . . . so the presence of from ten to twenty inches of the best black loam would seem to stagger the worm theory; but perhaps the gophers are a perfect substitute for worms.

In 1883 I was visited by Mr. Miller Christy, and together we investigated a considerable section of Manitoba without finding any earthworms, and satisfied ourselves that they were not native to that region.

During the twenty years that have elapsed since my original paper, numberless observers in various parts of the great West have recorded the absence of earthworms in their particular regions.

In many parts of California, however, especially in the humid belt along the coast, as well as in Washington and Alaska, and presumably the coast region between, Dr. Gustav Eisen has recently discovered a number of *Enchytraid* earthworms that



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are closely related to the *Lumbricidæ*, and Mr. Wilfred Osgood found earthworms about Stanford University and near the coast in Washington; but these are either mud-frequenters or limited to the narrow humid belt along the coast, or are very rare, so that they do not affect the broad continental question.

I have visited nearly every State and province west of the Mississippi, I have availed myself of the researches of the Agricultural Department made under Dr. C. Hart Merriam's careful biological survey of the West,[1] indeed, of all sources of information, and I am satisfied that the ordinary earthworms are not native to any part of America south of the Saskatchewan or west of the Mississippi valley, exclusive of the narrow humid belt along the Pacific coast.

### ABUNDANT BLACK LOAM IN THE WEST MADE BY GOPHERS

THERE exists, nevertheless, a fine stratum of humus in all parts of the country where there is moisture enough to produce annual vegetation. The black earth in Manitoba is from one foot to two feet thick, an amount probably not exceeded over any large area elsewhere in the world. This is not a solid bed of decayed vegetation, but is thoroughly mixed with the upper formation, and forms the black loam.

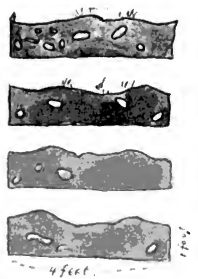
There is no doubt, then, that in the absence of earthworms this mixing is done, as already stated, by a number of species of burrowing animals, but by far the most important of these are the *Geomyidæ*, or pocket-gophers.

### RANGE OF GOPHERS

GOPHERS are found in the whole of the region west of the Mississippi valley, as far as the Pacific coast, south well into Mexico, and north as far as the Saskatchewan. In other words, their distribution is general over the whole region that is without earthworms, though it is not likely that the rodents had to do with this limitation.

I say nothing of their range over a small area in the Southeastern States, as I have no facts to offer concerning it. My own observations deal almost exclusively with the members of the genus *Thomomys*, though I think my conclusions apply to the whole family.

I found the pocket-gophers in all parts of southwestern Manitoba, exclusive of the low wet Red River valley, on level prairies, low bottom-lands, high uplands, and among sandy dunes. They abound on the prairies and lowlands of Dakota, Minnesota, Wyoming, and Montana, as well as in all the aspen forests. On the Yellowstone they are found even on the tops




PRAIRIE SECTIONS, MANITOBA, JUNE, 1882

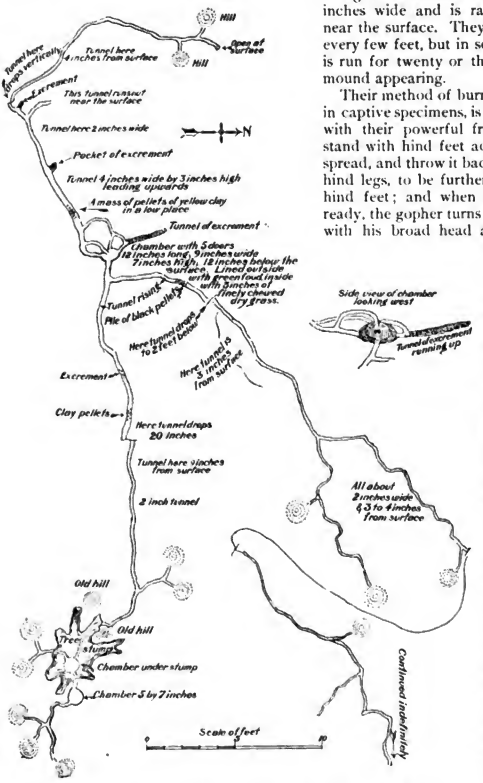
of high mountains; for example, on Mount Sepulchre, nearly nine thousand feet high. All through the Clearwater region of the Bitter-root Mountains in Idaho they abound, from the highest peaks to the lowest flats, wherever there is soil enough to dig in. On the White River Plateau of the Colorado at least one species is found in enormous numbers from the tops of the high peaks as far down as the lowest levels of the quaking aspens. In California they exist in vast numbers from sea-level at San Francisco to above timberline on the High Sierra, wherever there is dry soil enough or even gravel enough to afford them cover. I even found that an old dead crater near Mount Tallac, and almost as high, was the scene of unnumbered daily eruptions of pocket-gopher origin.

There are doubtless large arid or an-

[1] Dr. Eisen's paper is yet unpublished. I have to thank Dr. C. Hart Merriam for giving me access to it, and also for much assistance in preparing the paper for press.

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nually flooded areas that they do not inhabit, but it may be stated in general that they are found in every part of the great West where there is soil enough to burrow in and rain enough to produce a crop of annual plants.




ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE FEET OF BURROW WITH NEST OF THOMOMYS FOSSOR

White River Plateau, Rocky Mountains, Colorado, September 9, 1901; on the east slope in the open part of coniferous woods; ten thousand feet above sea-level.

BURROWS OF GOPHERS

THE first of the group that I had a chance to observe was *Thomomys talpoides*, type of the gray pocket-gophers.

This species leads the life of a mole, living in a burrow which is about three inches wide and is ramified indefinitely near the surface. They throw up a mound every few feet, but in some cases a gallery is run for twenty or thirty feet without a mound appearing.

Their method of burrowing, as observed in captive specimens, is to loosen the earth with their powerful front claws as they stand with hind feet advanced and widespread, and throw it backward between the hind legs, to be further passed on by the hind feet; and when a sufficient pile is ready, the gopher turns around and pushes with his broad head and powerful front feet, forcing the pile ahead of him to the first side gallery, up that, and out, usually without exposing himself. The earth is always carried thus, and never in the enormous cheek-pouches, as some believe. In all my experience I have never known these to serve for anything but provender-bags.

I have found roots in the pouches of the gopher, and it seems certain that one purpose of its burrowing is to get at roots on which it feeds. I personally have never known it to destroy root crops, though I have heard of such things elsewhere. On the other hand, I have heard more than one Manitoba farmer say that he reckoned the yield

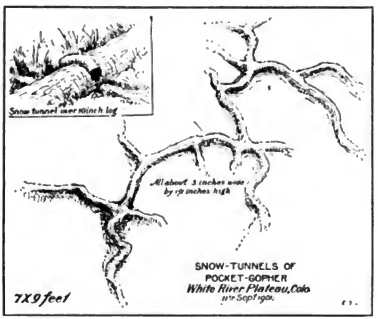
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was doubled when the gophers had turned up the ground.

The *talpoides* seems to be a solitary animal. I usually found that after trapping one the mound-upheaval ceased in that tunnel for a time. An exception to this was observable in late May and early June, when I commonly got two, a male and a female, before the signs of activity ceased in that particular labyrinth.

The burrows are of two kinds, forage and residential. I have never found a residential burrow of the Manitoba species, but I have opened many of its forage burrows. These are usually two or three inches in diameter and from four to eight inches from the surface.

In Colorado I was more fortunate. On the White River Plateau, in September, 1901, I spent three days investigating the residential burrow of the local species *Thomomys fossor*. I saw no occupant; but a female captured in a burrow connected with this was identified by Vernon Bailey as this species.




There is one other type of burrow that I attribute to *talpoides*. The only one of these which I investigated was while digging a well on the Big Plain in Manitoba, in 1882. It went down spirally fifteen feet, then left the line of the well. Old residents told me that such were commonly found, and were understood to be made by the pocket-gopher seeking water. I did not see the animal that made it, and do not believe that gophers seek water, but the tunnel was of the same size as those made by the *talpoides*, and the only other possible makers were the ground-squirrels.

Whatever the explanation of these deep shafts, they are not as important in the present main purpose as the ordinary tunnels. Although along the cut banks of the creeks in California I saw a great many holes, apparently made by these rodents, three or four feet below the surface, we must believe that the special realm of the pocket-gopher's activity is the soil within a foot of the surface.

### THEIR INDUSTRY

The gophers seldom cease their labors. I have found the *fossor* and the *monticola* active both night and day, excepting during the hottest weather. I have known a continued heat of ninety-odd degrees in the shade to stop all upheaval for several days. They are most industrious, however, at dawn and sunset.

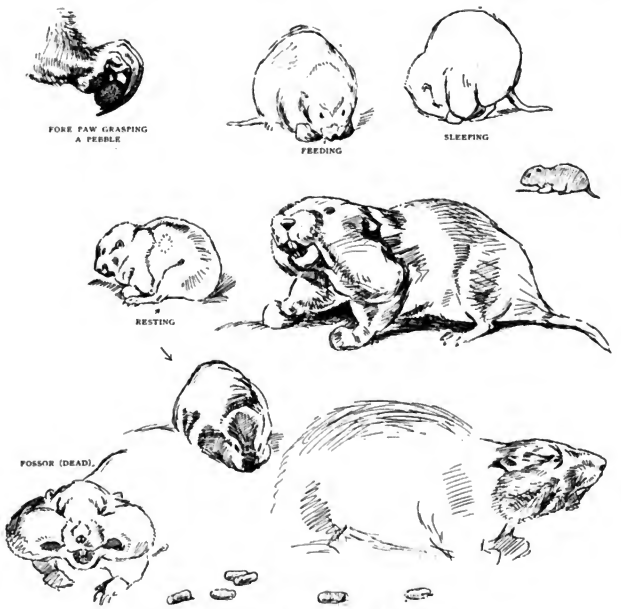
A common habit observed in the *talpoides*, *fossor*, and *monticola* is that of leaving the burrow open an hour or two on sunny mornings, apparently for air or sunlight. Possibly the gopher lies below the open hole to enjoy the warmth. He plugs it up again about noon. No doubt the passing of the miner along the snug-fitting tunnel while one door is open draws in fresh air to last for some time. This general move to close the ventilators gives the appearance of a midday period of activity at tunneling.

The *fossor*, at least, is nocturnal, for, as already noted, I heard them scratching and gnawing at roots as they burrowed under my bed at night, and fresh hills may be found at dawn over the tunnels of all the species I know.

The gray pocket-gophers are also active during a larger part of the year than are most burrowing rodents. Of course that activity is varied with the season. I have many observations that show that the *talpoides* is most energetic in the springtime. J. B. Goff assures me that this is true also of the Colorado species. Through the summer the gophers continue their

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work with little relaxation except in the hottest weather, and in Manitoba the *talpoides* works away, pushing its great black mounds through the snow long after the frost of winter has stopped the plow. As early as April 12, I took one from a white




DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE POCKET-GOPHER

owl. Evidently it had been abroad foraging, though there was yet snow on the ground.

During the coldest weather it never appears outside, and yet I believe it continues its labors. We have proof of this in the remarkable clay castings or tunnel plugs that it leaves under the snow. In the spring, after the snow and ice have melted, these clay casts are found in curious serpentine labyrinths over the grass of the hollows. They are no doubt the material that would have formed hills had the snow not compelled the gopher to dispose of the stuff in a different way.

I saw hundreds of these snow tunnels in each day's ride through the mountains of Colorado: they were seen chiefly in upland hollows, where the snow had been deep. This, though it had been exposed to the weather for five months, was one and a half inches high and about three inches wide. I imagine that when first uncovered by the melting of the snow the one I have sketched was at least three inches high. It is far from being an unusual one, and was drawn because it happened to be near my camp. During the day I passed many that were larger and more complicated.

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In a corner of the same drawing is shown a curious case where the gopher had carried his snow-tunnel and earth-plug over a log ten inches in diameter.

It seems clear that pocket-gophers do not hibernate. The species that I have observed do not get fat on the approach of winter; the *fossor*, I know, lays up a store of food; the *talpoides* is credited with doing so; and all apparently continue more or less active the whole year round.





E.T.S.

RIGHT FORE PAW AND HIND FOOT OF THE POCKET-GOPHER

### HABITS

I DID not find the nest of the *talpoides*, but I took five well-developed unborn young from a female in June, 1892. They were certainly within two weeks of birth. A living female examined August 1 was evidently nursing. On September 8, 1894, I captured two half-grown young, and saw others later in September.

Mr. Louis J. Ohnimus informs me that the *bottæ*, which abound in Golden Gate Park, breed in the fall and winter, and have been five or six in a litter.

In the autumn the young apparently scatter, and begin their solitary life by burrowing for themselves. At this time the size of the gopher may be fairly estimated by the caliber of its tunnel and by the number of mounds it throws up.

This species is easily trapped in a common steel trap, which may be placed either upright in the main tunnel or face down over the hole under the mound. This hole is usually found to one side of the mound and sloping away from the center. It may be found by probing with a twig. The gopher, coming with a new load of earth, pushes against the pan; it is caught either by the paw or by the nose, and is usually dead when found next morning. Ordinarily it is silent. When taken alive it hisses and grinds its teeth and sometimes utters a low snarl.

During the summer of 1892 I made notes on a number of specimens of *talpoides* that I captured in Manitoba and kept alive. I quote from my journal:

Carberry, Man., July 19, 1892. In the morning investigated a pocket-gopher's labyrinth. The part that I opened was about nine inches below the surface and each gallery about three inches in diameter. It was continued northwest for about fifty feet, with fresh mounds at various points all along. I set the trap in a hole near the north end, and in the evening found the gopher caught by the hind leg. It was not vicious, and when taken out and put on the ground it made but little effort to escape, either by digging or by running. It refused water, but ate grass readily. Its fur showed the usual two or three cracks across the back. On being offered grass, its first care was to cram its cheek-pouches. In doing this, it cut the grass in lengths with its teeth, then transferred it to the pouches by the use of both paws as well as teeth and lips. In doing this its movements were so quick as to make observation difficult. In digging it frequently pushed the earth forward, using the feet and sometimes the nose.

The hind feet were used in further removing the earth loosened by the fore paws. Its movements are rather slow, and it is clear, I think, that the habit of the animal is to sally forth at night, hastily cram its pouches with food, and retire to its burrow to consume it. This is supported by the facts that I have always found twigs and leaves in its pouches, rarely roots, and never earth, except what little adhered to the roots, that it is frequently made the prey of the horned owl, and that it is seldom seen abroad in daylight.

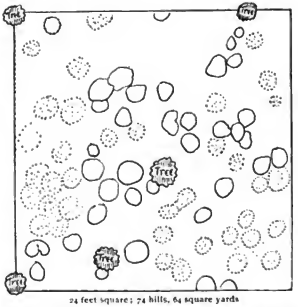
July 30, 1892. In the evening noticed that the pocket-gophers begin work at 6 P.M., that is, as soon as the heat of the day is over. My captive specimen is apparently thriving in its box.

August 1, 1892. This morning, after four days' captivity, the pocket-gopher died. The labyrinth in which I caught it, and which I had partly opened, showed fresh hills to-day. I therefore dug open about twenty feet more and discovered neither nest nor another occupant. The captive seemed to be preparing

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for a family, gathering into one corner all available material for making a bed.

August 22. One of the most curious characteristics of this animal's fore paws is their perfect prehensileness. This is attained, not by a true digital prehensility, but by the long claws working against the large pad or cushion of the pisiform region, as is the case with the sloth and some other animals. This power seems of use only in the handling of food while foraging, eating, or filling their pouches; those that I had alive certainly could not climb in the least. When walking, its fore feet rested on the outer edge, with the claws turned inward in the manner of the great ant-eater.




WORK OF THE POCKET-GOPHER, WHITE RIVER PLATEAU, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1901

○ Hills less than a week old ◌ Hills about a month old

The chief enemies of the pocket-gopher seem to be weasels, badgers, and owls. The care with which the gopher will plug the burrow as often as one leaves it open is probably an instinctive precaution against weasels. If the burrow is persistently opened for two or three days, the owner abandons it. In the Sierra I have seen patches of from fifty to one hundred square yards on the damp creek bottom that had plenty of old, but no recent, signs of gopher work. These I could not account for unless a weasel had killed off the mining population. Dr. Merriam informs me that in some regions snakes are the foe chiefly feared, and foxes, coyotes, and cats also prey regularly on the gophers.

I have seen vast areas in the High Sierra and Colorado, Wyoming, the Dakotas, and Manitoba where walking was most laborious on account of the number and extreme activity of the gophers, when, indeed, a man sank several inches, and a horse nearly a foot, at each step.

On September 23, 1899, I found an example of the work of *Thomomys monticola*, on the west side of Lake Tahoe in California. There were places where some animal had laid open the gopher's burrow, but there was nothing to show whether it was done from above by some enemy or from below by the gopher itself. There were very old hills, either of the spring or of the year before, recent hills, and hills about a day old. A sample hill was eighteen inches wide, four inches high, and contained over a peck of earth. This is probably an average hill, but in Manitoba I have seen hills ten inches high and from four to five feet across thrown up from a single burrow, and containing seven or eight bushels of loam.

In the High Sierra, that same day, I saw ten large, fresh hills thrown up from one tunnel; many large areas had had the surface wholly turned that year, and I noted some, of course, with little gopher work, but very few with none. In another Sierra valley, September 24, I saw fifteen fair-sized hills thrown up in one day, apparently by a single gopher, and scattered with them were thirty-two so recent that only one inch of their exterior was dry, all within a radius of fifteen feet. The aggregate of these forty-seven hills thrown up within two days was not less than fifteen bushels of earth. At another camp in the Sierra that same month I examined many large areas and concluded that these animals completely plow the surface of the country—that is, turn it all over to a depth of six or eight inches—at least once in two years.

An even better illustration I observed on the South Williams River of Colorado (White River plateau), September 16, 1901. Under the shade of some scattering aspens where we were camped I measured off a space twenty-four feet square and carefully plotted the gopher mounds on it. The firm outlines (see the above drawing) are around the hills that were less than a week old, the dotted lines mark hills about a month old, but the whole surface had evidently been turned over that summer, and the ground was so soft that the horses sank six to ten inches in walking across.

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This was a fair sample of the flats and hollows throughout the White River region, except where it was rock or very hard clay.

### AGGREGATE RESULTS

As already seen, these animals are more or less active the year round, and even halving the estimate of the lowest figures to cover sparsely populated regions, and halving the estimate of their work to allow for periods of comparative idleness, we shall still have an even upheaval of between two and three inches per annum.

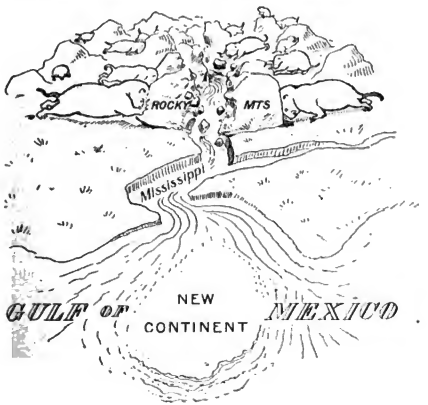
I made a number of observations on Wilson's Flat-top, Colorado, that seem to more than justify this conclusion. For example:

September 22, 1901. Camp on Wilson's Flat-top, Colorado. Here, as elsewhere, noted the whole country is upheaved by pocket-gophers. Aspen logs with the bark on rot in three years if set in the ground, and in five above-ground, and yet I found here many fallen trunks eight inches in diameter that were completely sunk—buried out of sight—by the labors of these miners before the wood was at all rotted. This would mean an upheaval in that immediate locality of at least eight inches in less than five years.

Darwin concluded that the earthworm in five years brings up soil enough to cover the ground one inch thick, and that, therefore, the result of its labor is of vast importance. I reckon that the pocket-gopher does this in five months. It does not do it in the same way or so effectively, because the earthworm actually digests the substance of its castings; but it is evident that the pocket-gopher's method answers the purpose of fully disintegrating and mixing the dead vegetation with the soil to produce a rich and fertile black loam.

From these observations we may form some idea of the work done toward tilling and draining the ground by this continental army of rodents, and it is possible they cause still greater changes by bringing such vast quantities of soil under the influence of the sun and wind.

Their aggregate power as active geological agents must be immense, and when we stand on the banks of the Mississippi and watch that turbid stream bearing its thousands of millions of tons of mud per annum to the sea for the manufacture of new continents, we should realize that a great many thousand million tons of that flood-borne silt are a mere by-product of the work of tilling the ground, and they were loosened, upheaved, and offered to the flood by the tireless labor of the pocket-gopher, the Master Plowman of the West.




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# A WORD FOR FORESTRY

## BY THE HON. GROVER CLEVELAND

Ex-President of the United States



HE centennial celebration of our acquisition of the vast domain included in the Louisiana Purchase suggests certain topics which, though important to other localities and at all times, are peculiarly related to the Western section of our country, and are now more than ever demanding serious attention.

Those most proudly happy in their sanguine Americanism, and most confident of our ability to accomplish all things, must confess that our national life has been habitually beset with careless wastefulness, and that a palpable manifestation of this wastefulness is seen in the destruction of tree growth and the denudation of watersheds on our Western lands. Laws passed with the professed intent of protecting our forests have been so amiably construed as to admit of easy evasion; and their execution has too often been lax and perfunctory. In the meantime, public opinion on this subject, which might be as effective as legal enactment, has comfortably slumbered.

Even if we now abjectly repent of our sins of omission and commission in our treatment of the forests and streams which nature has given us, and reproach ourselves for the neglect of a trust imposed on us for the benefit of future generations, we must at the same time humbly confess that the punishment we have suffered by flood, by drought, by tornado, by fire, by barrenness of soil, and by loss of timber value, is well deserved.

In these circumstances it is exceedingly gratifying to have an appropriate opportunity to congratulate those who have constantly labored in the cause of forestry and forest preservation, as well as those interested in the cognate subject of irrigation, upon the prospect that these topics are to have more prominent places in governmental care.

Through the teachings of intelligent forestry it has been made plain that in our Western localities ruinous floods and exhausting droughts can be largely prevented, and productive moisture in useful degree and at needed periods secured, by a reasonable and discriminating preservation of our forest areas; the advocates of irrigation have been led to realize that it is useless to provide for the storage of water unless the sources of its supply are protected; and all those who, in a disinterested way, have examined these questions concede that tree growth and natural soil on our watersheds are more valuable to the masses of our people than the footprints of sheep or cattle.

The opportune time has arrived when effective public interest in forestry and forest preservation should be persistently aroused and stimulated.





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# THE NEW HOPE FOR THE WEST

## PROGRESS IN THE IRRIGATION AND FOREST RESERVE MOVEMENTS

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture

THE first immigrants, and the trappers and fur-traders who preceded them, found a vast, strange, formidable region west of the Mississippi, which had its place in the Eastern geographies as the Great American Desert. In early days the journey across it, in the course of which whole companies of immigrants perished, was a matter of six months, and often entailed the most deadly hardships. To-day the West is no longer strange or formidable, the hardships are gone, and the Desert itself has faded from the map and from the minds of men. We have learned its uses.

As the successive waves of immigrants swept westward over the great desolation to the promised land beyond, they left pools of settlement here and there, some permanent, some destined to dry up and disappear before seasons of scanty rainfall or the new knowledge of better land elsewhere. The early settlers could pick and choose; there was comfortable land for all, and it was only a question of finding the best. But with the progress of settlement the best and then the good land was taken up; and the home-makers on the edge of the cultivable belts, and especially the women, suffered the severest trials in the process of ascertaining the fact that they could not succeed—trials of which little knowledge has ever gone abroad. Except as the farming area is from time to time pushed forward into the arid region by new methods of cultivation or by the discovery of new grains and forage-plants better adapted to dry climates, the chances for the home-maker, otherwise than through irrigation, have been slender for years, and now they are almost wholly exhausted. The story of the struggle on the edge of the arid belt is a record of heartbreaking disappointment, and of failure for causes utterly beyond individual control. But when failure by the old methods was made certain there came the knowledge of a better way.

"What do you do for water when it does n't rain?" said a returned California ranchman to a farmer in his old home. "I wait until it does," replied his friend. "Well, I don't have to wait," said the Californian; "I carry my water in ditches, not in clouds, and I make it rain with my hoe whenever I want to."

As the irrigation idea took form and spread, the Western people, aided to some extent by federal grants of land, began to build irrigation works and to reclaim the desert. These private enterprises brought about the existence of many prosperous communities of irrigation farmers, but they seldom or never paid either interest or profit to their promoters. One enterprise of this kind created in less than twenty years, at Phœnix in Arizona, a community with taxable property to the value of over ten million dollars, without paying well enough in money to yield the original investors a cent of interest on their investment. But the limit of such development was quickly reached. What could not be done by private enterprise the nation must undertake. Steadily, therefore, but with the slowness of all great new



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conceptions, the idea of national irrigation grew toward a place in the national consciousness.

Long before there had come into being the knowledge of what the great West is, a movement kindred to irrigation had started into life on the Atlantic coast. The early settlers there had brought with them from Europe an inherited tendency to protect the forests. This passing survival was frequently expressed in legislation, but it was quick to disappear under the stress of frontier life. The extent of American forests, too, began to be realized, and little was heard of forest preservation from the close of the eighteenth century until after the Civil War. The war had been followed by a vast expansion of railroad-building, and that in turn by the development of our marvelously efficient systems of cutting, manufacturing, and distributing lumber. With better transportation the real attack upon the forests began, and following it came tardy efforts for their protection. Among the first results was the organization of a small scientific division at Washington to give information upon forest matters, and later, in 1891, the making of the first federal forest reserve by proclamation of President Harrison. Here was the point of departure for actual growth in national forestry.

The waves of settlement which overspread the level West broke against the bases of the wooded mountains, dashed over them in a spray of explorers, hunters, and prospectors for mineral, and retired, leaving them unsubmerged. These rocky islands in the sea of present and potential homes became the forest reserves.

At first the forest reserves were made for the general object of preserving the forests, and without specific relation to the great problems for which later they were to provide the only solution. Now they are seen to stand at the center of the public land policy of the nation, for out of them come the wood, the water, and the grass which are indispensable for the founding of homes.

The first reserves, made by President Harrison, attracted little general attention. They were followed, however, by the creation of additional reserves to the amount of more than twenty-one million acres by President Cleveland on February 22, 1897. This action, taken at the recommendation of a committee of the National Academy of Sciences, was of peculiar value. It reserved great areas the protection of which is absolutely essential to the well-being of the West, it gave the forest reserves a place in the public mind, and it laid a broad foundation for future development. Under President McKinley other reserves were created, but as yet no adequate form of management or even protection had been supplied by Congress.

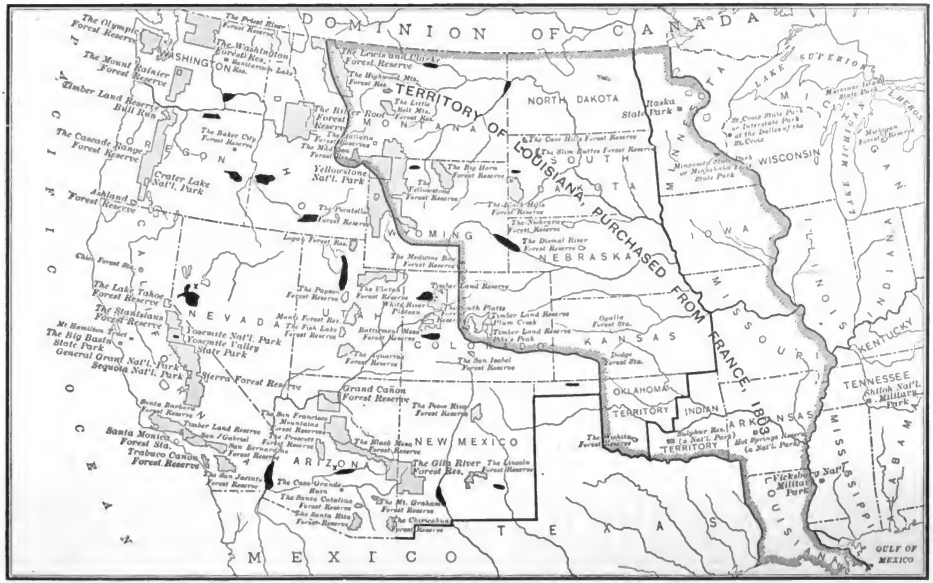
When Congress met on the first Monday in December, 1901, national irrigation was still a hope, and the forest policy of the nation was still unformed. The two movements were still separate and independent, and their relation to the rest of the public land policy was by no means clear. Upon this situation came President Roosevelt's first message to Congress. In it he set the reach and meaning and the essential unity of the two movements in their true light before the nation:

> The fundamental idea of forestry is the perpetuation of forests by use. Forest protection is not an end of itself; it is a means to increase and sustain the resources of our country and the industries which depend upon them. The preservation of our forests is an imperative business necessity.
>
> The wise administration of the forest reserves will be no less helpful to the interests which depend on water than to those which depend on wood and grass. The water-supply itself depends upon the forest. In the arid region it is water, not land, which measures production. . . . The forest and water problems are perhaps the most vital internal questions of the United States.
>
> The forests alone cannot, however, fully regulate and conserve the waters of the arid region. Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to save the flood-waters. . . . These irrigation works should be built by the national government.

Such support from the administration gave the reclamation act a new standing in Congress, and the President's personal influence brought about its amendment in important particulars, to the hindrance of land speculation, and to the advantage of the actual settler. The act was signed June 17, 1902, and work under it began at once.

The passage of the National Reclamation Act marked a new era for the West. Its effect upon actual settlement may not

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OFFICIAL MAP, CORRECTED TO APRIL 5, 1904, SHOWING FOREST RESERVES AND PARKS (SHADED) AND RECLAMATION PROJECTS UNDER THE LAW OF JUNE 17, 1902 (IN BLACK)

The two projects marked × are under construction. The States to which the act applies are west of the black line

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unfairly be compared to that of the Homestead Law, signed by President Lincoln in 1862. It devotes the proceeds from the disposal of public lands to the construction of irrigation works by the national government, and provides that the cost of these works shall be repaid by the settlers who take up the land reclaimed. What it will eventually mean I scarcely dare to predict, but some of its immediate results are obvious. In southern California, if we count the urban and rural populations together, one and one half acres of irrigated land are required to support one person, and it is probably reasonable to expect that this area will ultimately be reduced to a single acre. But if two acres are required to support one person, the expenditure of the twenty million dollars already in the reclamation fund will in the end make homes for half a million people, the average cost of reclamation being about twenty dollars an acre. After the first expenditure the money will be repaid by the settlers, will return to the Treasury, and will then be available again for repeated use until the irrigation of all reclaimable land is achieved.

Because of the attention directed to forestry and irrigation, a new conception of public land questions, or rather of the public land question as a single problem, has been coming rapidly forward, and the vital importance of it to the nation as a whole is growing into full recognition. We are beginning to see the interdependence of its various parts, such as irrigation, forestry, grazing on the public lands, and the general problem of the best use of every part of the public domain; and the knowledge is becoming a principle of action, with the conception of permanent settlement at its base. President Roosevelt's second message contained this definite recommendation:

> So far as they are available for agriculture and to whatever extent they may be reclaimed under the national irrigation law, the remaining public lands should be held rigidly for the home-builder, the settler who lives on his land, and for no one else.

In March, 1903, in an address before the Society of American Foresters, the President announced a principle which stands at the foundation of every phase of the public land policy of his administration, and especially of its policy in forestry and irrigation:

> And now, first and foremost, you can never afford to forget for one moment what is the object of our forest policy. This object is not to preserve the forests because they are beautiful, though that is good in itself, nor because they are refuges for the wild creatures of the wilderness, though that, too, is good in itself; but the primary object of our forest policy, as of the land policy of the United States, is the making of prosperous homes. It is part of the traditional policy of home-making of our country. Every other consideration comes as secondary.

Speaking of the forest policy of the government, in the same address he said:

> And you are going to be able to make that policy permanently the policy of the country only in so far as you are able to make the people at large, and, above all, the people concretely interested in the results in the different localities, appreciative of what it means. . . . Keep in mind the fact that in a government such as ours it is out of the question to impose a policy like this from without. The policy, as a permanent policy, can come only from the intelligent conviction of the people themselves that it is wise and useful; nay, indispensable.

The progress of forestry hangs upon practical conceptions such as this. Use must be the test by which the forester tries himself, for by it his work will inevitably be tried.

The test of utility has given the forest movement and the forest policy alike new strength and new acceptance. The misunderstanding of their objects and uses, which has always been the chief local obstacle to the making of forest reserves, necessarily yields before the argument of use, which implies also that no lands will be permanently reserved which can serve the people better in any other way. Forest reserves were never so popular as they are to-day, because they were never so well understood. For this result the President's Western trip in the spring of 1903, during which he constantly advocated forest preservation for economic reasons, is largely responsible.

During the three years of President Roosevelt's administration, and thanks chiefly to his support, forestry and irrigation have made unexpected and unprecedented gains in public estimation. These

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gains appear especially in the respect of men practically affected, and in the progress and efficiency of government work. A general increase in public interest in the "preservation of forests by wise use," which is forestry, accompanies the awakening of irrigators and lumbermen; and Congress shows the effect of it in greater friendliness and increased appropriations. With Congress, as well as with the lumbermen, forestry has become a live question.

National irrigation is assured, and with it the development of agriculture in its highest and most intensive form, that of the irrigated farm. Intensive cultivation leads to dense population, and that in turn to better means of communication, and to a better and more active social and intellectual life than is possible when homes are scattered and meetings difficult. Fed by the waters from the forest reserves, a new West is springing into the perpetual desert sunshine from lands once altogether worthless.

It is true, however, that far more remains to be done than has yet been accomplished. The execution of the great policy of national irrigation has but just begun. Its successful completion will require all the steadiness, judgment, and executive power of the Reclamation Service, which has been thoroughly well organized to give the policy effect. The outcome will depend, also, upon the protection of the sources of water-supply by forest reserves, for without such protection national irrigation must fail. The need for such reserves to safeguard and conserve the irrigation interests of the West is most pressing, and other interests feel a similar need. The continued productiveness of the summer ranges in the mountains, now in wide and rapid process of destruction, can be assured only by forest reserves. Both the present and the future supplies of timber over great areas in the Western States depend not merely upon the reserves, but upon the practical and effective character of their management. There is urgent necessity for a national forest service, to be formed by the Bureau of Forestry from the consolidation of the government forest work, now scattered among three independent organizations. Yet in spite of all that remains undone, the work is well begun. Agitation has given place to the beginnings of practical achievement.

# THE MISSING CHORD

## A TALE OF TEXAS

BY O. HENRY

I STOPPED overnight at the sheep-ranch of Rush Kinney, on the Sandy Fork of the Nueces. Mr. Kinney and I had been strangers up to the time when I called "Hallo!" at his hitching-rack; but from that moment until my departure on the next morning we were, according to the Texas code, undeniable friends.

After supper the ranchman and I lugged our chairs outside the two-room house, under its floorless gallery roofed with chaparral and sacuista grass. With the rear legs of our chairs sinking deep into the hard-packed loam, each of us reposed against an elm pillar of the structure and smoked El Toro tobacco, while we wrangled amicably concerning the affairs of the rest of the world.

As for conveying adequate conception of the engaging charm of that prairie evening, despair waits upon it. It is a bold chronicler who will undertake the description of a Texas night in the early spring. An inventory must suffice.

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The ranch rested upon the summit of a lenient slope. The ambient prairie, diversified by arroyos and murky patches of brush and pear, lay around us like a darkened bowl at the bottom of which we reposed as dregs. Like a turquoise cover the sky pinned us there. The miraculous air, heady with ozone and made memorably sweet by leagues of wild flowerets, gave tang and savor to the breath. In the sky was a great, round, mellow search-light which we knew to be no moon, but the dark lantern of Summer, who came to hunt northward the cowering Spring. In the nearest corral a flock of sheep lay silent until a groundless panic would send a squad of them huddling together with a drumming rush. For other sounds a shrill family of coyotes yapped beyond the shearing-pen, and whip-poorwills twittered in the long grass. But even these dissonances hardly rippled the clear torrent of the mocking-birds' notes that fell from a dozen neighboring shrubs and trees. It would not have been preposterous for one to tiptoe and essay to touch the stars, they hung so bright and imminent.

Mr. Kinney's wife, a young and capable woman, we had left in the house. She remained to busy herself with the domestic round of duties, in which I had observed that she seemed to take a buoyant and contented pride. In one room we had supped. Presently, from the other, as Kinney and I sat without, there burst a volume of sudden and brilliant music. If I could justly estimate the art of piano-playing, the construer of that rollicking fantasia had creditably mastered the secrets of the keyboard. A piano, and one so well played, seemed to me to be an unusual thing to find in that small and unpromising ranch-house. I must have looked my surprise at Rush Kinney, for he laughed in his soft, Southern way, and nodded at me through the moonlit haze of our cigarettes.

"You don't often hear as agreeable a nóise as that on a sheep-ranch," he remarked; "but I never see any reason for not playing up to the arts and graces just because we happen to live out in the brush. It 's a lonesome life for a woman; and if a little music can make it any better, why not have it? That 's the way I look at it."

"A wise and generous theory," I assented. "And Mrs. Kinney plays well. I am not learned in the science of music, but I should call her an uncommonly good performer. She has technic and more than ordinary power."

The moon was very bright, you will understand, and I saw upon Kinney's face a sort of amused and pregnant expression, as though there were things behind it that might be expounded.

"You came up the trail from the Double-Elm Fork," he said promisingly. "As you crossed it you must have seen an old, deserted jacal to your left under a coma mott."

"I did," said I. "There was a drove of javalis rooting around it. I could see by the broken corrals that no one lived there."

"That 's where this music proposition started," said Kinney. "I don't mind telling you about it while we smoke. That 's where old Cal Adams lived. He had about eight hundred graded merinos and a daughter that was solid silk and as handsome as a new stake-rope on a thirty-dollar pony. And I don't mind telling you that I was guilty in the second degree of hanging around old Cal's ranch all the time I could spare away from lambing and shearing. Miss Marilla was her name; and I had figured it out by the rule of two that she was destined to become the chatelaine and lady superior of Rancho Lomito, belonging to R. Kinney, Esq., where you are now a welcome and honored guest.

"I will say that old Cal was n't distinguished as a sheepman. He was a little, old stoop-shouldered hombre about as big as a gun scabbard, with scraggy white whiskers, and condemned to the continuous use of language. Old Cal was so obscure in his chosen profession that he was n't even hated by the cowmen. And when a sheepman don't get eminent enough to acquire the hostility of the cattlemen, he is mighty apt to die unwept and considerably unsung.

"But that Marilla girl was a benefit to the eye. And she was the most elegant kind of a housekeeper. I was the nearest neighbor, and I used to ride over to the Double-Elm anywhere from nine to sixteen times a week with fresh butter or a quarter of venison or a sample of new sheep-dip just as a frivolous excuse to see Marilla. Marilla and me got to be extensively inveigled with each other, and I was pretty sure I was going to get my rope around her neck and lead her over to the Lomito.

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Only she was so everlastingly permeated with filial sentiments toward old Cal that I never could get her to talk about serious matters.

"You never saw anybody in your life that was as full of knowledge and had less sense than old Cal. He was advised about all the branches of information contained in learning, and he was up to all the rudiments of doctrines and enlightenment. You could n't advance him any ideas on any of the parts of speech or lines of thought. You would have thought he was a professor of the weather and politics and chemistry and natural history and the origin of derivations. Any subject you brought up old Cal could give you an abundant synopsis of it from the Greek root up to the time it was sacked and on the market.

"One day just after the fall shearing I rides over to the Double-Elm with a lady's magazine about fashions for Marilla and a scientific paper for old Cal.

"While I was tying my pony to a mesquit, out runs Marilla, 'tickled to death' with some news that could n't wait.

"'Oh, Rush,' she says, all flushed up with esteem and gratification, 'what do you think! Dad 's going to buy me a piano. Ain't it grand? I never dreamed I 'd ever have one.'

"'It 's sure joyful,' says I. 'I always admired the agreeable uproar of a piano. It 'll be lots of company for you. That 's mighty good of Uncle Cal to do that.'

"'I 'm all undecided,' says Marilla, 'between a piano and a organ. A parlor organ is nice.'

"'Either of 'em,' says I, 'is first-class for mitigating the lack of noise around a sheep-ranch. For my part,' I says, 'I should n't like anything better than to ride home of an evening and listen to a few waltzes and jigs, with somebody about your size sitting on the piano-stool and rounding up the notes.'

"'Oh, hush about that,' says Marilla, 'and go on in the house. Dad has n't rode out to-day. He 's not feeling well.'

"Old Cal was inside, lying on a cot. He had a pretty bad cold and cough. I stayed to supper.

"'Going to get Marilla a piano, I hear,' says I to him.

"'Why, yes, something of the kind, Rush,' says he. 'She 's been hankering for music for a long spell; and I allow to fix her up with something in that line right away. The sheep sheared six pounds all round this fall; and I 'm going to get Marilla an instrument if it takes the price of the whole clip to do it.'

"'Star wayno [All right],' says I. 'The little girl deserves it.'

"'I 'm going to San Antone on the last load of wool,' says Uncle Cal, 'and select an instrument for her myself.'

"'Would n't it be better,' I suggests, 'to take Marilla along and let her pick out one that she likes?'

"I might have known that would set Uncle Cal going. Of course a man like him, that knew everything about everything, would look at that as a reflection on his attainments.

"'No, sir, it would n't,' says he, pulling at his white whiskers. 'There ain't a better judge of musical instruments in the whole world than what I am. I had an uncle,' says he, 'that was a partner in a piano-factory, and I 've seen thousands of 'em put together. I know all about musical instruments from a pipe-organ to a corn-stalk fiddle. There ain't a man lives, sir, that can tell me any news about any instrument that has to be pounded, blowed, scraped, grinded, picked, or wound with a key.'

"'You get me what you like, dad,' says Marilla, who could n't keep her feet on the floor from joy. 'Of course you know what to select. I 'd just as lief it was a piano or a organ or what.'

"'I see in St. Louis once what they call a orchestrion,' says Uncle Cal, 'that I judged was about the finest thing in the way of music ever invented. But there ain't room in this house for one. Anyway, I imagine they 'd cost a thousand dollars. I reckon something in the piano line would suit Marilla the best. She took lessons in that respect for two years over at Birdstail. I would n't trust the buying of an instrument to anybody else but myself. I reckon if I had n't took up sheep-raising I 'd have been one of the finest composers or piano-and-organ manufacturers in the world.'

"That was Uncle Cal's style. But I never lost any patience with him, on account of his thinking so much of Marilla. And she thought just as much of him. He sent her to the academy over at Birdstail for two years when it took nearly every pound of wool to pay the expenses.

"Along about Tuesday Uncle Cal put



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out for San Antone on the last wagon-load of wool. Marilla's uncle Ben, who lived in Birdstail, come over and stayed at the ranch while Uncle Cal was gone.

"It was ninety miles to San Antone, and forty to the nearest railroad-station, so Uncle Cal was gone about four days. I was over at the Double-Elm when he come rolling back one evening about sundown. And up there in the wagon, sure enough, was a piano or a organ,—we could n't tell which,—all wrapped up in woolsacks, with a wagon-sheet tied over it in case of rain. And out skips Marilla, hollering, 'Oh, oh!' with her eyes shining and her hair a-flying. 'Dad—dad,' she sings out, 'have you brought it—have you brought it?'—and it right there before her eyes, as women will do.

"'Finest piano in San Antone,' says Uncle Cal, waving his hand, proud. 'Genuine rosewood, and the finest, loudest tone you ever listened to. I heard the storekeeper play it, and I took it on the spot and paid cash down.'

"Me and Ben and Uncle Cal and a Mexican lifted it out of the wagon and carried it in the house and set it in a corner. It was one of them upright instruments, and not very heavy or very big.

"And then all of a sudden Uncle Cal flops over and says he 's mighty sick. He 's got a high fever, and he complains of his lungs. He gets into bed, while me and Ben goes out to unhitch and put the horses in the pasture, and Marilla flies around to get Uncle Cal something hot to drink. But first she puts both arms on that piano and hugs it with a soft kind of a smile, like you see kids doing with their Christmas toys.

"When I came in from the pasture, Marilla was in the room where the piano was. I could see by the strings and woolsacks on the floor that she had had it unwrapped. But now she was tying the wagon-sheet over it again, and there was a kind of solemn, whitish look on her face.

"'Ain't wrapping up the music again, are you, Marilla?' I asks. 'What 's the matter with just a couple of tunes for to see how she goes under the saddle?'

"'Not to-night, Rush,' says she. 'I don't want to play any to-night. Dad 's too sick. Just think, Rush, he paid three hundred dollars for it—nearly a third of what the wool-clip brought!'

"'Well, it ain't anyways in the neighborhood of a third of what you are worth,' I told her. 'And I don't think Uncle Cal is too sick to hear a little agitation of the piano-keys just to christen the machine.'

"'Not to-night, Rush,' says Marilla, in a way that she had when she wanted to settle things.

"But it seems that Uncle Cal was plenty sick, after all. He got so bad that Ben saddled up and rode over to Birdstail for Doc Simpson. I stayed around to see if I 'd be needed for anything.

"When Uncle Cal's pain let up on him a little, he called Marilla and says to her: 'Did you look at your instrument, honey? And do you like it?'

"'It 's lovely, dad,' says she, leaning down by his pillow; 'I never saw one so pretty. How dear and good it was of you to buy it for me!'

"'I have n't heard you play on it any yet,' says Uncle Cal; 'and I 've been listening. My side don't hurt quite so bad now—won't you play a piece, Marilla?'

"But no; she puts Uncle Cal off and soothes him down like you 've seen women do with a kid. It seems she 's made up her mind not to touch that piano at present.

"When Doc Simpson comes over he tells us that Uncle Cal has pneumonia the worst kind; and as the old man was past sixty and nearly on the lift anyhow, the odds was against his walking on grass any more.

"On the fourth day of his sickness he calls for Marilla again and wants to talk piano. Doc Simpson was there, and so was Ben and Mrs. Ben, trying to do all they could.

"'I 'd have made a wonderful success in anything connected with music,' says Uncle Cal. 'I got the finest instrument for the money in San Antone. Ain't that piano all right in every respect, Marilla?'

"'It 's just perfect, dad,' says she. 'It 's got the finest tone I ever heard. But don't you think you could sleep a little while now, dad?'

"'No, I don't,' says Uncle Cal. 'I want to hear that piano. I don't believe you 've even tried it yet. I went all the way to San Antone and picked it out for you myself. It took the height of the fall clip to buy it; but I don't mind that if it makes my good girl happier. Won't you play a little bit for dad, Marilla?'

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"Doc Simpson beckoned Marilla to one side and recommended her to do what Uncle Cal wanted, so it would get him quieted. And her uncle Ben and his wife asked her too.

"'Why not hit out a tune or two with the soft pedal on?' I asks Marilla. 'Uncle Cal has begged you so often. It would please him a good deal to hear you touch up the piano he 's bought for you. Don't you think you might?'

"But Marilla stands there with big tears rolling down from her eyes and says nothing. And then she runs over and slips her arm under Uncle Cal's neck and hugs him tight.

"'Why, last night, dad,' we heard her say, 'I played ever so much. Honest—I have been playing it. And it 's such a splendid instrument, you don't know how I love it. Last night I played "Bonnie Dundee" and the "Anvil Polka" and the "Blue Danube"—and lots of pieces. You must surely have heard me playing a little, did n't you, dad? I did n't like to play loud when you was so sick.'

"'Well, well,' says Uncle Cal, 'maybe I did. Maybe I did and forgot about it. My head is a little cranky at times. I heard the man in the store play it fine. I 'm mighty glad you like it, Marilla. Yes, I believe I could go to sleep awhile if you 'll stay right beside me till I do.'

"There was where Marilla had me guessing. Much as she thought of that old man, she would n't strike a note on that piano that he 'd bought her. I could n't imagine why she told him she 'd been playing it, for the wagon-sheet had n't ever been off of it since she put it back on the same day it come. I knew she could play a little anyhow, for I 'd once heard her snatch some pretty fair dance-music out of an old piano at the Charco Largo Ranch.

"Well, in about a week the pneumonia got the best of Uncle Cal. They had the funeral over at Birdstail, and all of us went over. I brought Marilla back home in my buckboard. Her uncle Ben and his wife were going to stay there a few days with her.

"That night Marilla takes me in the room where the piano was, while the others were out on the gallery.

"'Come here, Rush,' says she; 'I want you to see this now.'

"She unties the rope, and drags off the wagon-sheet.

"If you ever rode a saddle without a horse, or fired off a gun that was n't loaded, or took a drink out of an empty bottle, why, then you might have been able to scare an opera or two out of the instrument Uncle Cal had bought.

"Instead of a piano, it was one of them machines they 've invented to play the piano with. By itself it was about as musical as the holes of a flute without the flute.

"And that was the piano that Uncle Cal had selected; and standing by it was the good, fine, all-wool girl that never let him know it.

"And what you heard playing a while ago," concluded Mr. Kinney, "was that same deputy-piano machine; only just at present it 's shoved up against a six-hundred-dollar piano that I bought for Marilla as soon as we was married."

La Salle County, Texas



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# THE FISHER OF NIPPON

BY JOAQUIN MILLER

WHERE now the brownie fisher-lad?
His hundred thousand fishing-boats
Rock idly in the reedy moats;
His baby wife no more is glad.
But yesterday, with all Nippon,
Beneath his pink-white cherry-trees,
In chorus with his brown, sweet bees,
He careless sang, and sang right on.
Take care! for he has ceased to sing;
His startled bees have taken wing!

His cherry-blossoms drop like blood;
His bees begin to storm and sting;
His seas flash lightning, and a flood
Of crimson stains their wide, white ring;
His battle-ships belch hell, and all
Nippon is but one Spartan wall!
Aye, he, the boy of yesterday,
Now holds the bearded Russ at bay;
While, blossom'd steeps above, the clouds
Wait idly, still, as waiting shrouds.

But oh, beware his scorn of death,
His love of Emperor, of isles
That boast a thousand bastioned miles
Above the clouds where never breath
Of frost or foe has ventured yet,
Or foot of foreign man has set!
Beware his scorn of food (his fare
Is scarcely more than sweet sea-air);
Beware his cunning, sprite-like skill—
But most beware his dauntless will.

Goliath, David once again,
The giant and the shepherd youth—
The tallest, smallest of all men,
The trained in tongue, the trained in truth.
Beware this boy, this new mad man!
That erst mad man of Macedon,
Who drank and died at Babylon;
That shepherd lad; the Corsican—
They sat the thrones of earth! Beware
This new mad man whose drink is air!

His bees are not more slow to strife,
But, stirred, they court a common death!
He knows the decencies of life—
Of all men underneath the sun
He is the one clean man, the one
Who never knew a drunken breath!
Beware this sober, wee brown man,
Who yesterday stood but a span
Beneath his blossomed cherry-trees,
Soft singing with his brother bees!

The brownie's sword is as a snake,
A sudden, sinuous copperhead:
It makes no flourish, no mistake;
It darts but once—the man is dead!
'T is short and black; 't is never seen
Save when, close forth, it leaps its sheath
And, snake-like, darts up from beneath.
But oh, its double edge is keen!
It strikes but once, then on, right on:
The sword is gone—the Russ is gone!

DIMOND, CALIFORNIA.





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# THE LAST PROTEST

## A STORY OF MONTANA

BY HENRY OYEN

WHEN the teachers at the government school had instructed Young Moon thoroughly in the various branches of knowledge prescribed in the course, they presented him with an engrossed diploma setting forth his qualifications as a scholar, and told him that the great wide world was before him —his to conquer or serve as he saw fit.

The teachers were very well satisfied with Young Moon. They had seen him come to the school from the tepees up in the valley with the dark, unreasoning savagery of the ages in his heart. They had taken him just as he came to them, and had wrought with him; and now when he departed there was enlightenment where there had been darkness, and civilization where the savage had held sway. So the teachers were vain of him,—for was he not all their handiwork?—and had visions of him performing miracles in the work of elevating his own people. Which was all very pleasant and satisfying.

Young Moon took the diploma and went back to the tepees by the river. The great outside world which the teachers pictured so alluringly held no charms for him. He had been to the school of the white man, and he had seen, and he knew that the ways of the white brother were positively not as his ways. The fact was ridiculously evident to Young Moon. What possible good could there be in a community where one must of a necessity eat at regular intervals and wash himself with alarming frequency, where the beauties of a mysterious thing called duty were continually dinned into one's ears, and where the people lived, moved, and had their being under the rule of an insignificant whirring clock? What sense could there be in abiding in the tepees of a people who were forever under a dubious thrall of work? Why live, if one must make of himself a slave? No, no; Young Moon's philosophy of life ran far from such lines.

So when the teachers at the school were through with him, he was very well satisfied to return to the loose, duty-free ways of his fathers, where soap and tooth-brushes were not, and where life was not a constant, strained pursuit of "golden moments."

It was good to be back in the tepees by the river. This was the place to live; it was life to feel the sense of full freedom of the wide, free prairie, to see the Big Hills beckoning familiarly from the blue, hazy distance, and to hear the river, which, with its double rows of green cottonwoods, always sang down the valley. Verily this was the place for an Indian; here was his home, here his abiding-place on earth. Here, all undisturbed by any false notions of work and duty, the old life moved along in the old, old way. Each day was sufficient unto itself, and the days came in never-failing supply, and there was peace and quiet.

But there was not the peace of his fathers for Young Moon. He had learned too much. He had imbibed the wisdom of the white man to a disturbing degree, and he had become possessed of ideas. This was bad, inasmuch as they were ideas scarcely compatible with the precepts of the teachers.

The white man was master in a land where he should scarcely be tolerated. It was this idea that disturbed Young Moon's



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peace of mind. The white man was master. All over, everywhere, in the valley, were the signs of his superiority in numbers and power. His houses lay scattered over the face of the land, his irrigation ditches scarred the earth for miles and miles, and his fences were binding the valley and the foot-hills in a bond of hostile barb-wire. In a few years there would be only white men in the valley.

Of course this idea was old and foolish. The old men laughed at Young Moon in the council-tepee.

"Yoh, yoh," they said; "what the young man says is true—very true. But others have said the same many times before him." And they lighted their pipes indifferently.

Young Moon came away from the old men with a hard, dry lump in his throat. The humbled acquiescence of his people to the order of things that were had angered him. These things were all wrong, and the old men knew it. Yet they sat and smoked in indolent, dog-like content. The old men were surely squaws.

Young Moon lighted a thin, flat cigarette and gazed out over the valley. He was not in a frame of mind conducive to sweet, conventional thoughts. He had gone to the council-tepee with his mind full of great ideas for the peaceful reform of conditions, and the old men had laughed at him. They had laughed and scoffed; they had scoffed at him, Young Moon, who had been to the school and knew, and all high motives and peaceful inclinations had fled from him.

It was July—hot, sultry July. The Crows came out of their tepees to sit cross-legged in the sun, gazing blankly out at the dancing heat-haze and experiencing the many weird emotions that come to the child of the tepees with the bright sun. The women of the tribe were methodically performing the duties of the household, but the men had forgotten that such things existed. An old man grumblingly ordered a boy to go to work in the corn, and the boy, sitting with wide-open eyes staring out into space, laughed without moving.

The sun is bad for young bucks; it is the sun that brings back the old, half-forgotten desire for the war-path. Young Moon, as he sat gazing down the valley, began to feel and see as he had never done before. There was a red, misty haze over all the landscape. In it moved men and animals and things; but they were not of the time of Young Moon, at least the Young Moon whom the teachers had known.

Young Moon dreamed, and there came into the mist of red a vision of the one-time glory of his people. But he knew that this was the past—dead and gone. He dreamed again, and saw a picture of glorious, bloody strife. Things were clearer in the mist now, and Young Moon saw the visions change, and in the place of the one of strife was one of the glorious future: the Indian come into his own again, and the country once more free—his alone.

The sun grew red before Young Moon's eyes. The river running down the valley turned to a thread of blood. He rose slowly and went inside his tepee. All day he sat there, gazing blankly at the skin sides, but seeing far beyond. Gradually his sight grew stronger. He saw a streak of flaming red which ran from the door of his tepee far away toward the east, and which obliterated all evidence of civilization in the valley. Thus did the Great Spirit evidence itself to Young Moon. The Young Moon of the government school, diploma, and civilization had died, and in his place was the Young Moon of the tepees and primitive, savage instincts.

Outside in the sun the other young bucks of the tribe sat and awaited only a leader to turn them into heartless, ravaging warriors.

When the night came, an old squaw sat in the edge of gloom and firelight and crooned softly an old war-song. This was bad; not for years had this song been sung in the tepees. The old men cursed the squaw fervidly and bade her be silent.

"No, no!" growled the young men angrily, "she shall sing."

The old squaw sang again, now an old song of prophecy and golden promise. A great medicine-man, impervious to death, was to come and lead his people to the retaking of their own. The time was now ripe for his advent. It was the old, old undying cry for the Messiah, and as the old squaw ceased there was deep silence around the fire. A child coughed feebly as the smoke veered into its face. Somewhere in the dark a tepee flap flew back, and in an instant the old men were on their feet, with angry imprecations on their lips; for Young Moon, arrayed in the full glory of a chief on the war-path, was standing by the fire. The

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old squaw ran to him. With both hands upon his shoulders, she gazed searchingly into his eyes. Then, raising a skinny claw into the air, she shrieked loudly and called him the great one, the invulnerable, of whom she had prophesied. There would be much fighting and blood, and freedom, now, she cried. The days of sickening calm were over. The old men sat and smoked, as impassive as graven images; but the young braves slid noiselessly away in the dark, and returned wearing the black feathers and buckskin apron of the Crow dancers. An old chief by the fire deliberately took the pipe from his mouth.

"Young Moon looks well in the feathers —almost as well as a cow in harness," he said pleasantly.

"And Little Wolf is also a great man," retorted Young Moon, hotly. "He works well in the field, almost as well as the women."

Little Wolf emitted a puff of smoke from between set teeth for answer.

"Why does not the great chief answer?" queried Young Moon, sneeringly. "A great man—a man who sells as much hay as does Little Wolf—should talk much when the talk is to him."

Still Little Wolf gazed stolidly over the fire, apparently mute and deaf.

"Come, Little Wolf, you do not answer," continued Young Moon, sweetly. "Have the fences of the white man run across our great chief's mouth that he is dead of tongue as well as of heart?"

Little Wolf took the pipe from his mouth and arose.

"Listen, boy," said he, solemnly, "to one who saw your father die ere you could speak. Your talk is the talk that all the bucks utter when their years are of a certain number. So have I heard many talk; but all who have done as they talked are dead now. Listen to my speech, Young Moon, and the rest of you, for I know of what I speak. I, too, was once of the age when the thirst for the white man's scalp was strong. But the white man still has his scalp, and I—I am thankful to raise corn on the land he leaves to me."

The young men, as they looked, saw only a senile old man gabbling aimlessly, while in Young Moon was their ideal of youthful strength and leadership.

Then Young Moon threw off all caution. He was wild now—wild with the old red desire for strife and bloody violence which had become almost atrophied in him—and he would make the other young men wild also. He threw back his head and gave vent to a cry such as had never in his day echoed through the tepees of the peaceful Crows. With shaking, twisting body he began to lope slowly toward Little Wolf. With a shout he swung out into a semi-circle, and passing before the old men, returned to his starting-point.

"Young Moon! Young Moon! What is it you do?" cried Little Wolf, in alarm. "It is not the moon of the dance; it is not the time for the feathers. The white man is not a child for boys to make war upon. 'T is better to stay in the camp, where the food and the women are plenty."

Young Moon was loping toward him again.

"For you is the tepee made to stay in, Little Wolf," he shouted derisively. "Go there, stay there with the women. You are old; that is your place now."

He loped back in a slightly more pronounced curve. "You are old, Little Wolf," he called again. "Your time has passed. The old, withered stalk must move to one side when the strong young shoot comes forth."

Another brave sprang suddenly into his wake. The old squaw squatted herself suddenly and began the ugly, monotonous "Ay-yah, a-anah, ah-yah" of the dance-chant. Young Moon sprang forward as if spurred by some unseen power. His course now became a circle around the fire—a magic path on the ground for others to follow. One by one the bucks fell in behind. The young women came and chanted; the dance was on.

The old men deliberately placed their belongings and women in wagons and moved away to a new camp, leaving the old one in possession of the young men and their women.

Far into the night the fires of the camp showed the weird, dancing figures of Young Moon and his followers. Also, Young Moon, by reason of the knowledge of certain strange things acquired at the school, performed many wonderful miracles, and the young men also hailed him as the great medicine-man, and acknowledged him their leader.

Early on the morning of the next day they rode to the camp of their elders. Be-

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fore their tepees they sat mounted, and mocked the old men, voicing their praises of the wonderful medicine of Young Moon.

"So may it be," muttered one old man. "Good may his medicine be; but bad—bad for crazy young colts—will they find the medicine of the white man."

The young men laughingly turned and rode down the valley toward the Creek of the Rotten Grass, following which they would quickly find the white man—and strife. The young women, roughly discarded, marched shamefacedly to the new camp; but some who had remained with the bucks, although their husbands were not yet chosen, were driven in disgrace from the tepees they sought to enter.

II

"Teddy" Collins, who rode range for the "2 O & E" Ranch, had come north toward the head-waters of the Creek of the Rotten Grass to head off a bunch of strays that had persisted in running off the range and was wandering far north toward the reservation. Collins had the herd headed southward again, and was driving it with language that was picturesque and vigorous down the river-trail, when Young Moon came with a gallop and a whoop over the ridge.

Collins was greatly surprised and very little pleased. Threescore fat steers bearing the 2 O & E brand were directly in the path of the redskins, and in the traditions of the range it is told that this is not good for steers. The tough little cow-pony came around on his hind legs to face the Indians.

One man sat quietly in the middle of the trail with his right hand raised and empty, but the score that came over the ridge swerved to one side and stopped before they came to the one. Collins wondered curiously where the Indians had procured the whisky, for to him it was very evident that they were happily drunk. Young Moon he recognized easily; he had won a lame pony from him at the big poker game after the round-up last fall. But at the poker game Young Moon was attired in a cheap black suit of store clothes instead of a bonnet of feathers and a gaudy apron.

Young Moon rode up to within easy-speaking distance and dismounted. Collins gathered himself up firmly in the saddle.

"How," greeted the Indian.

"How," returned the cow-boy.

"You better go 'way," said Young Moon, with a decisive sweep of the arm.

"Go 'way h——," replied Collins, laconically. "What yuh driving at, anyhow?"

"We going down the creek," said Young Moon. "You and your people go away—back to where you come from."

"Oh, so that 's the game, eh?" said Collins, cheerily. "Well, yuh 'd better not do anything rough, ol' pigeon-toe, or they 'll have a slue of those stiff-necks from Fort Custer down here an' shoot yuh good an' plenty."

Young Moon laughed. The poor mortal "stiff-necks" attempting to contend with the Great Spirit—truly it was amusing. Eloquently and with many gestures he hastened to inform Collins that before long the Indian would pitch his tepee on the parade-ground at the fort. The régime of the white man was at an end in the land; Young Moon, he whom the spirits had rendered invulnerable, said it.

Collins would have laughed gleefully if Young Moon attired in the ordinary raiment of civilization had given utterance to such fanciful language. But here was Young Moon, more than half naked, entirely sober, and with a score of bucks at his back, calmly saying that the white man was to be driven out of the valley. It was evident that Young Moon and his bucks were not on a drunk, but on the war-path. This sort of thing, Collins felt, was distinctly out of place now. Such things had passed into the school-history stage.

"Old man, lemme tell yuh something," he said confidingly, leaning over the saddle pommel. "Yuh 're trying to run your bluff away too late. Don't yuh go for to buck the brass-buttons now; they 're too strong for yuh. Yuh jest mosey 'long back to yer reserve an' act decent. Sabe? I 'm only a-telling yuh for yer own good."

Again Young Moon laughed scornfully.

"We go down there. Sabe?" he said positively, pointing down the trail behind Collins. Then the flash of savage rage, the wild, blinding desire to slay, came to him, and he whipped the well-worn short-barreled Winchester from beneath his blanket and fired from the hip point-blank into the herd. Collins's six-shooter came out and up with a jerk. He was no longer the suave diplomat and benevolent Indian ad-

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viser; this Indian was killing the cattle under his charge.

"Hol' on there, yuh —— —— low-lived ——, yuh!" he called fiercely. "Don't yuh try any more o' that funny work, or I 'll let —— into yuh so quick yuh 'll never know what hit yuh. Yuh can go to Fort Custer, or yuh can go to ——, if yuh want to; but I tell yuh right here, if yuh ever get past here, it 'll be after yuh an' me an' a whole lot of yer friends have cashed in. Sabe?"

Young Moon understood fully. The cow-puncher was mad. Mad cow-punchers with big blue six-shooters in their hands are not objects to fuss lightly with. Young Moon hesitated.

For a moment the two faced each other silently, the Indian and the cow-puncher, the gaudy, picturesque savage and the commonplace utilitarian, the old and the new. Both had much to think of in that moment. Young Moon tried hard to conceive some manner in which he could get a good shot at Collins without danger to himself.

Collins was thinking of the property under his charge, the herd running wildly back and forth in the trail below, and the new home of Peterson the "newcomer," which lay farther down the valley, the first of the houses in the path of Young Moon and his followers. Collins suddenly remembered that there was a young wife in the home of the newcomer; also a little red-cheeked, yellow-haired baby, who had played in the dooryard when he passed there in the morning on his search for the strays.

"I suppose these rowdies 'u'd scare —— out o' that little woman if they ever get that far," he thought. "They might even— No; they 'll never get a chance for that; I 'm here to see they don't get—"

"Here, yuh!" It was Collins who cried out. Young Moon was deliberately throwing the empty shell out of his rifle. "Hol' on the—"

The words were cut short in Collins's mouth. Action, swift, sure, terrible, had taken their place. Young Moon was down on his face in the bunch-grass, and dust and a tiny thread of blue smoke wreathed upward from Collins's pistol. A dozen shoulders hunched into shooting position and a dozen black rifle-barrels focused on Collins. But Young Moon began to rise to his feet slowly, hesitatingly, as a drunken man rises. His bonnet was off, the feathers were awry, the hot, stale dust was thick upon a face gray with terror, and a look of awful, unutterable surprise was in his small black eyes. He stretched his arms outward—the gesture of a chief commanding quiet, peace.

"You see now that I am the Great Spirit," he said boastfully. "The white man's bullet slays the flesh, but the spirit still lives." He stood up straight and virile in the sunlight and shouted, "I cannot die!"

Deliberately he turned to take aim at Collins.

No quick snap-shot this time. Young Moon fell prone on his face, his limbs outstretched in the rigidity which tells unquestionably of death, sudden and violent.

His followers waited silently and expectantly for him to rise, and Collins deliberately turned his back on the band and rode down the trail.

"Oh, Young Moon! Arise, arise, Young Moon!" called the bucks.

The wind that waved the prairie-grass stirred slightly some of the war-feathers; otherwise there was no motion.

"Speak! Oh, speak, Great Spirit!" they cried as they rode up to him. But the spirit failed to respond.

"So, so he is dead," said one who dismounted and turned him on his back.

The band glanced as one man down the valley, where Collins was driving the herd before him at a gallop. It seemed an easy matter to overtake him, but—Young Moon, their wonderful medicine-man, the invulnerable, was dead.

His brother, with the aid of another, silently placed the body securely on a pony, and the band silently followed as the pony turned his nose north toward the reservation.

"Uh, so only Young Moon is dead?" queried the old men sneeringly when they saw the laden pony.

The young men said naught, but with hanging heads accepted the sneers due them as stoically as the old men had received the taunts of a few nights ago. The old squaw had the body brought to her tepee, for his kin would not own him, and a breed-dog sat outside and howled long and loud in the night. Otherwise the camp would have slept quite peacefully.

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Collins, as he rode past Peterson's with the herd, saw the woman holding the yellow-haired baby by the hands, while the little one, gurgling with laughter, tottered around in a somewhat uncertain circle.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

"Hallo, Meester Cohlenss!" called the woman, cheerily. "Ai see you got t'ose cows oll right."

"Oh, yes," said Collins; "yes, I got the cows all right."

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## THE CENTURY'S WESTERN NUMBER

IN this year of the Louisiana Purchase celebration unique interest attaches to a number of a magazine substantially made up of the work of Western writers and relating to Western topics or phases of life. In the present issue of THE CENTURY every trans-Alleghany State and Territory is represented either by topic or by contributor, and in many instances by both. The chief interest of the great West must ever be agriculture, and this is treated in its large aspects by Mr. Baker, Mr. Seton, and Mr. Pinchot, each in his way familiar with the West by experience and study; while our honored ex-President, who rendered important service to the West in the pioneer days of the reform of our forest policy, when that great cause had strong enemies, makes a patriotic plea for its continued support, now that its far-sighted wisdom is acknowledged. Governor Francis and Mr. Scott touch upon commercial features, and the chief actors in the nation's greatest commercial transaction, the Purchase itself, are shown in Mr. Castaigne's restorations and in Kosciuszko's quaint portrait of Jefferson. Lincoln, the greatest man that ever came out of the West, is seen once more in his homely strength in Mr. Weik's narrative.

The West in art is reflected in the article on Mr. Borglum's sculpture, recently pronounced, by a competent authority, "as important in its way as that of Barye," and in the color-work of Mr. Chase and Mr. Blum, who had their first training in Western schools of art. Mr. Brush's long sojourn among the Indians gives a collateral interest to "The Sculptor and the King."

The large variety and the wide geographical distribution of the verse give the number a representative character. The distinguished Secretary of State—a poet submerged in diplomacy, but not a poet lost—is to be credited to Ohio. Others of established reputation are found side by side with newcomers at THE CENTURY'S latch-string, and the scale runs from grave to gay.

As to the stories, they may at least be said to share in the vitality and the faithfulness to local color which are traits of current American fiction. Mr. London's Turneresque sea-piece is in contrast to Miss King's pastel, and there is no little range of genre in the others. In every instance, we believe, the story and the contributor are of the same region. This means, in general, that our tellers of stories are writing out of their own experience, are producing—not to give too heavy a name to light fare—sociological documents. The best fiction is a sort of vitalized history, a body of narrated manners and reflected morals. American life, as Emerson says of nature, "will be reported." Its various phases are finding their record in a body of fiction—none too imaginative, perhaps—which will furnish the historian significant *mémoires pour servir*. Our writers are doing with the pen, for the customs and inner life of the people, what Sir Benjamin Stone (as narrated in our May number) has been doing with the camera for the surviving external customs of England. Out of this seething intellectual movement we are sure to have, sooner or later, great writers.

In general, so large has become the literary activity of the Mississippi valley and the region beyond that, given the requisite margin of time, it would be easy to arrange half a dozen magazine numbers, none of which would be less representative than the present. Such as it is, it may be presented, incidentally, as a sort of Western exhibit at the Fair.

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## "BAD MEN" IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE

A TIME like the present, when the quadrennial political excitation is approaching its height, affords the "good citizen"—the analogue of Mr. Crothers's "gentle reader"—an excellent opportunity to look about and take stock of the quality, as well as quantity, of our American political leadership. The first result of such looking about may not be altogether reassuring. The sort of politician who at such a time "gets busy" is not always the sort that honest men would wish to go to for advice on any subject, or even be seen conversing with amicably on the street-corner.

One of the incidents of the day is the "throwing of bouquets" by one malodorous politician to another. The Honorable Jenkins, about whom is the atmosphere of official scandal, will solemnly proclaim the merits of the Honorable Tomkins, who is actually laboring under the same disqualification, but who is described by his admirer as the pink of perfection, and as the logical candidate for congressman or President—a compliment often gracefully returned in the sight of all men. It is not so disheartening to see men of known bad character scheming for minor places as to see men whose very names—to use a phrase given notoriety by distinguished use—are stenches in the nostrils of decent people proposing to buy seats in the Senate of the United States, or even to push themselves, by means of money and manipulation, into the highest office of all.

If we look through the list of men in high office and influence in our municipal, State, and national politics, we find, among the good, other names that have been soiled by evil practices, not merely suspected but proved—men whose sinister character has been known for years, but who maintain their ascendancy, and cherish good hope of even greater advancement in influence and power. Some of them are men who have used their political influence to further their private fortunes; others are men who, having made money outside of politics, or inherited it, use their wealth to corrupt constituencies and delegates in order to obtain high office, for the same reasons that would induce them to buy a handsome yacht or a fine house in a fashionable neighborhood.

In this respect—in the character and standing of the men prominent in political life—England at present certainly seems to have the advantage of us. An American once said to an influential member of Parliament that he envied England the kind of men that came to the front there in politics—the absence, that is, of the notorious bosses, the "bad men," sometimes "plug-uglies" or scandal-stained politicians, whose opinions are quoted in the American newspapers, and who to a great extent direct the political machinery. "But," said the British statesman, "we have Chamberlain!" "There," said the American, "is the difference: with us Chamberlain might be considered, by those who disagreed with him, as a crafty politician; but he surely would not be one of our 'bad men.' He never was a plug-ugly; he did not go into politics to feather his own nest; and as a successful municipal reformer he ranks unquestionably high."

One is renewedly impressed by the good standing of the leading English politicians in reading that virtual history of the politics of the Victorian era,—John Morley's life of Gladstone,—a book which leaves one in admiration of the statesman its author as well as of the statesman its subject. In the view of Gladstone, his great opponent Disraeli figured as a dangerous man. But there was nothing petty or personally dishonorable about that powerful and picturesque statesman; compared with the politicians who would be considered "dangerous" with us,—ignoramuses, spoilsmen, corrupters of the suffrage, speculators using their official positions for private gain,—this modern Israelitish lawgiver would shine forth an angel of light.

One reason often given for this obvious difference in leaders is the system of district representation in Congress. This accounts in part for the fact that Congress, while composed generally of able men, does not contain throughout our ablest. In this respect our system, while having some advantages, has also crying disadvantages. Republican Representative McKinley carries a tariff bill through the House of Representatives: the Democratic managers concentrate their efforts upon his district, and he is thrown out in a following election. Democratic Representative Wilson carries a tariff bill through the House: the Republican managers con-

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centrate upon his district, and he, in turn, is thrown out. Of course each statesman should have been able to hold a seat in the following Congress and, as a minority leader and a well-equipped expert, take his proper place in the debates. In England the members of the government in going out simply walk across the aisle and sit facing, and authoritatively criticizing, their successful rivals. If a leader fails of election in one constituency, another is always ready to give him a representative seat.

The good points of this system are so apparent that one wonders it is so rarely attempted in this country. The instance of Congressman Everett of Massachusetts being elected by a district in which he did not reside (though in the same State) is only an exception which proves the rule. The federal Constitution requires that a representative shall be an inhabitant of the State in which he is chosen.

But our system of representation does not altogether account for the fact that so many of our politicians are "off color" as to character. We must look elsewhere for the cause of the prominent appearance of so many "bad men" in our politics. Perhaps our territorial extent is somewhat against us—the lack of concentration of public opinion by means of a commanding central press and other centralizing institutions. London, with her imperial institutions and her two neighboring universities, is England. Public men are there apt to remain longer and more openly under the concentrated gaze of the nation, and are therefore better known. Parliament stands for more in the thought of the people, its proceedings are more fully given in the metropolitan press, and the metropolitan press is read throughout the realm.

America has always had political leaders able, masterful, and of high character. It has such men to-day. Public opinion on the whole rings true, and in great emergencies the character of the nation expresses itself in verdicts of no uncertain sound. But there are periods when the right opinion of certain of our communities is not as effectual as it should be: hence comes the chance of the unscrupulous boss in control of the local machine; and the local evil spreads into national associations and importance.

Modern statesmen and philosophers declare public opinion to be the real ruler of all communities, democratic or despotic, American or Chinese. This opinion is an aggregate of individual thought and will. In this connection appear the opportunity and clear duty of the individual citizen. Acquiescence in the leadership of the ignoble is a crime against the republic. The good citizen is bound to make his private right opinion tell in the building up of that public opinion which will drive from prominence and power disreputable and unscrupulous leaders and the whole tribe of demagogues with whom we are so grievously afflicted.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Poet and Sexton

(AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, YOUGHAL, IRELAND[1])

"CLIMB on this tomb. The dead man will not care.
The grass will not go near him, as you see;
That 's owing to the way he used to swear—
The Lord have mercy on us all!" said he.

"Now, tell me if you see that chimney, where
The ivy looks so beautiful and green.
Sir Walter Raleigh, by the fireplace there,
Sat down one night and wrote 'The Faerie Queene.'"

*Sarah Piatt.*

NORTH BEND, OHIO.

[1] The churchyard adjoins the grounds of the house known as Sir Walter Raleigh's, in which he lived when he was mayor of Youghal. Edmund Spenser is said to have visited him and read in manuscript "The Faerie Queene" to him there.

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### A Guide for Lightning

In a certain Swedish settlement in "Nord America," whenever, during the evening, it looks like rain, an elderly farmer named Olaf Erickson may be seen climbing laboriously to the top of his tall barn, where, inside of an arrangement that looks like a bird's house, he places a lighted lantern. When pressed for an explanation, this is what he says:

"Vell, you see, ven my hov beeld mys barn vor eight-nine hunder dolar, my dondt vant vor lose heem, so my poot on top two-tree beeg light-rod; put, py golly! te vorst taime she 's rain, mine barn she 's got strock vit tonder,—she 's light an' tonder so-o bad,—an' she 's burn all oop to te groond. I hov heem vell insure, so, right avay queek, I beeld new von so lots beeger dan vorst von.

"Yust so soon I hov heem all beeld, te light-rod man she 's come again on mys fairm, an' she 's ask me: 'Meester Erickson, you 's vant som more light-rod on yours barn?'

"'No, tank you,' I 's tole heem. 'Te las' taime yours light-rod she 's be no good at all —mys barn she 's burn all oop ver' vorst taime she 's sprinkle leedle bit. Go vay queek vid yours goot-vor-nottings light-rod—I dondt can vant heem if you *geeve* heem to me.'

"'Meester Erickson,' te light-rod man she 's say, 'tot rod she 's bee all right, but my 's tank you dondt use heem te right vay. Maype your 's dondt poot no lantern on top yours barn. How you tank te poor tonder can *see* vare to strock if you 's dondt hov no light?'

"Vell, you see, I hov neffer tank of tat! So my 's buy two-tree light-rod an' beeld von leedle lighthouse on top mys barn, an' now she 's neffer be vit tonder strock vor seex whole year an' von mont'."

*Carroll Watson Rankin.*

Marquette, Michigan.

### Naturally

Jean Philippe ees a *garçon gai,*
Han' small 'is care for *ces drôles d'Anglais;*
But a 'orse, *ma foi, c'est une autre affaire.*
W'y, Philippe would die for L'Étoile 'is mare;
Han' L'Étoile, wit' 'er skeen lak *le satin jaune,*
Would run to 'er deat' wit'out make a moan
If Philippe should ride, han' she 'ear 'eem call:
"Plus vite encore, plus vite, L'Étoile!"

So dey tell de story de hudder day,
'Ow 'e tilephone for a bale of 'ay
Han' some hoat; han' 'e say to de tile-phone:
"You mus' sen' dose t'ing in a hur-ree down."
"Ver' well," say de man was keep de store,
"But who are these t'ings that you ordare for?"
"For who?" cry Philippe; han' 'e swear, hof course,
"You — several kin's — of a swine! My 'orse."

*Beatrice Hanscom.*

Marquette, Michigan.

### Curiosity

Mammy 's in de kitchen, an' de do' is shet;
All de piccaninnies climb an' tug an' sweat,
Gittin' to de winder, stickin' dah lak flies,
Evah one ermong us des all nose an' eyes.
"Whut she cookin', Isaac?" "Whut she cookin', Jake?"
"Is it sweet pertaters? Is hit pie er cake?"
But we could n' mek out even whah we stood
Whut was mammy cookin' dat could smell so good.

Mammy spread de winder, an' she frown an' frown.
How de piccaninnies come a-tumblin' down!
Den she say: "Ef you-all keeps a-peepin' in,
How I 's gwine to whup you, my! 't 'ill be a sin!
Need n' come a-sniffin' an' a-nosin' hyeah,
'Ca'se I knows my business, nevah feah."
Won't somebody tell us — how I wish dey would!—
Whut is mammy cookin' dat it smells so good?

We know she means business, an' we dassent stay,
Dough it 's mighty tryin' fuh to go erway;
But we goes a-troopin' down de ol' wood-track
'Twell dat steamin' kitchen brings us stealin' back,
Climbin' an' a-peepin' so 's to see inside.
Whut on earf kin mammy be so sha'p to hide?
I 'd des up an' tell folks w'en I knowed I could,
Ef I was a-cookin' t'ings dat smelt so good.

Mammy in de oven, an' I see huh smile;
Moufs mus' be a-wat'rin' roun' hyeah fuh a mile;
Den we almos' hollah ez we hu'ies down,
'Ca'se hit 's apple dumplin's, big an' fat an' brown!
W'en de do' is opened, solemn lak an' slow,
Wisht you see us settin' all dah in a row
Innercent an' p'opah, des lak chillun should
W'en dey mammy 's cookin' t'ings dat smell so good.

*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

Dayton, Ohio.

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**Two Stories of Oklahoma**

I. NUKO'S REVENGE

NUKO, an Arapahoe warrior, owned a rooster which he kept in his camp near the agency on the Canadian River of Oklahoma. He guarded his pet with zealous care. It was his inseparable companion, often carried under his arm as he galloped across the prairie on his visits to his friends and relatives. No ridicule could cause him to neglect his pet.

One day the camp police—the Dog Soldiers—passed through the village, ordering the tepees to be packed, announcing that the tribe was about to start on a buffalo-hunt in the foothills to the west.

Nuko, much concerned about his pet, went at once to the agency doctor, and presenting the rooster very tenderly in his hands, thus began:

"My friend, I am about to go on the hunting-trail with my people, and I want to leave my chicken with you. You see him, how gaily colored he is, how tame. I wish to have him well cared for, therefore I bring him to you. Keep him for me. I am very fond of him. He sits every night on my couch. He has a fine voice—you will enjoy hearing him cry out at dawn. It is like a soldier's bugle, his song. He will always tell you when the light is coming. You will never oversleep while he sits on your bed. You will never be lonely. He helps to pass the time. Like me, you have no wife. He will therefore be company for you, and if he is sick you can give him medicine to make him well."

The doctor declined the rooster with many thanks, but very definitely, and Nuko went away disconsolate and deeply disappointed with his friend.

The agency farmer listened to his plea and consented to take the rooster. "I don't want him in the house," said he, "but I will put him among the fowls of my barn-yard." To this Nuko consented, and went away on the western hunting-trail quite cheerfully.

Some months later, as the farmer was soundly sleeping after his Sunday dinner, Nuko entered and touched him on the shoulder. "How, how, my friend! I have returned, you see. My tepee is again in its place, and I have come for my rooster."

The farmer looked surprised and a little disturbed, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Nuko, your rooster is dead." Then, as Nuko's face fell and his lips quivered, the white man added exultantly, with intent to console: "But he died like a warrior. He fell in battle. He fought every other rooster in the barn-yard and beat them all—only the turkey-gobbler could master him. There is the killer of your pet."

He pointed from the door at the puffed-out, vainglorious, insolent turkey-cock, strutting with rustling wings about one of his meek and complacent wives.

A fierce gleam came into Nuko's eyes. "Ho!" said he, "so you are the assassin of my little brave. You shall be punished." And flinging his hunting-knife with miraculous skill, he snipped the head from the arrogant boaster's neck.

"Hold!" shouted the farmer, "that turkey belongs to the Great Father at Washington."

"Nevertheless, I shall eat him," replied Nuko. "He slew my little Golden Voice, and now, behold, I take his scalp. It is the law of my people."

Thereupon he flung the fallen braggart over his shoulder and strode away.

II. A RED MAN'S VIEW OF EVOLUTION

ONE time, while we were camped on the Washita, said the agency farmer, we were visited by an old Kiowa, a dignified and serious old man.

I was introduced to him as the "white father," out there to help the red men work and to show them the white man's road.

The old man said, "Aye, is that so!" but did n't seem very much impressed. After a moment's silence he got out his buffalo-horn tinder-box, and, after carefully examining the punk with which it was filled, began pecking with his flint in an effort to light his tinder-box.

I watched him pecking away for a while, sometimes hitting the flint, oftener barking his leathery fingers, and at last I said to a Cheyenne: "Why does n't he use a match and done with it, not sit there pecking away all night?"

This being translated to the old Kiowa, he began to speak, but never for a moment interrupted his play with the flint, and this is what he said:

"You white men think you are very wise [*peck, peck*]. You have made little fire-sticks, and you think the red men can't get along without them [*peck, peck*]. I will tell you, we did n't have so much trouble in the good old days as we do now [*peck, peck*. The old man's stroke grew a little vicious.] Before the red man had the white man's fire-stick, we did n't have so many fires and we did n't have to move every few days on account of the prairie burning black." At this point he struck out his spark and hurriedly lighted his pipe. After puffing vigorously a few times, he continued calmly: "Now the red man uses the white man's fire-stick; he lights his pipe, he throws away the end: the grass blazes up, and then the ponies grow hungry. It is all bad business."

The old man smoked in silence for a few moments, but at last resumed: "Yes, these white men think they are very clever, but

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they are really very foolish; they are very ridiculous [*puff, puff*]. They think they are men, but look at them [*puff*], see the hair on their faces; they are not men, they are only hair-covered animals."

At this everybody in the tepee cried out with delight, and I, in self-defense, joined in the laughter, but the old man remained as grave as a bronze image. Reaching up with his forefinger, he outlined the beard upon my face and said slowly, hopefully, as if to be gently encouraging: "But they are changing. You see, the hair is wearing away—in spots." Then settling back, he blew out a great cloud of smoke, and with patient paternal benignity concluded: "They 'll be men by and by."

*Hamlin Garland.*

WEST SALEM, WISCONSIN.

### Why the Jury Disagreed

I AM an honest man, I am, ez fair ez a man kin be,
Fer anything that 's on th' square I 'm willin' t' agree;
But when I 'm right, no set o' men kin argify with me.

I heared th' witnesses myself, an' I heared th' lawyers, too,
I heared th' jedge's charge, 'y jing, that some of 'em slept right through;
An' that man he wa'n't guilty, sir, no more 'n me er you.

Now, what 's th' use t' argify, when y' know right where ye 're at?
If my mind 's made up, 'y jing, I 'll stay, y' kin bet yer Sunday hat;
When y' can't git nothin' in th' draw, my doctern is, stand pat!

Ten of 'em stood fer th' feller's guilt on th' fust vote *in*stantly,
One of 'em voted his ballot blank, an' th' other one was me;
An' of all th' stubborn, senseless mules, I swan I never see.

I 'low I know what 's evidence, an' I got some slight idee
Of law, myself, though I don't perfess to be no LL.D.,
But th' ain't no 'leven men on airth kin bulldoze Silas Lee!

They argified an' argified, with now an' then a swear;
I set an' listened to 'em talk, an' never turned a hair;
Fer when I tired o' hearin' 'em, I jes played solitaire!

Thank Heaven, I ain't no stubborn fool. I got *some* common sense;
I take my law fr'm th' jedge, 'y jing, an' I sift th' evidence;
But when it comes t' my *idees*—wal, I ain't on th' fence.

They all got middlin' temperish when th' court-house clock struck nine,
But nary one of 'em guv in, cl'ar down th' stubborn line;
They jes adhered t' their idees, an' I adhered t' mine!

John Scruggs he 'lowed t' calcalate th' jury orto rise,
He had some chores t' do t' hum, an' he said he 'd compermise;
An' I said *I* 'd stay till they 'quitted him, er th' stars fell fr'm th' skies.

'T was 'long 'bout midnight-time, I guess; I 'd beat my sixteenth game
O' solitaire, an' th' light burned dim, with a sickly sort o' flame,
When Jason Benson up an' 'lowed how I was all t' blame.

I riz right up fr'm off my cheer, an' I fetched him one so free
That I 'low y' could n't count th' stars that Jason Benson see;
An' Jason's cousin (through his first wife) he took a smash at me.

We mixed it purty middlin' warm. Wash Jenkins he struck out
At Jason's cousin (through his first wife), an' fetched him sech a clout
That his nose was flatter 'n griddle-cakes, an' th' blood jes spurted out!

Hamp Hawkins slid down underneath th' table—Hamp was slim;
But some one guv th' lamp a shove, an' overturned th' glim;
Hamp's clothes tuk fire fr'm th' kerosene, an' durn nigh finished *him*.

Win Watson mounted of a cheer, an' jes begin t' shout,
"Peace! Peace!" when Jason Benson he fetched him a rousin' clout
That laid Win len'thwise on th' floor, knocked plumb, completely out.

Then Scruggs he laid a holt o' me, an' Jason grabbed my throat,
Both holdin' on so cussed tight I could n't peel my coat;
An' Jason's cousin (through his first wife) he says: "Le' 's take a vote!"

Then all of 'em voted fer his guilt—ev'ry las' one but me!

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They never had no notion, 't all, of tryin'
t' agree;
So I went back t' solitaire, fer y' can't bluff
Silas Lee.

Now that 's th' livin', gospel truth, fer any
man t' read;
It ain't fixed up t' favor me, an' it ain't no
lyin' screed;
Ez far ez *I* 'm consarned, 'y jing, th' jury
*was* agreed! *James W. Foley.*

BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA.

### Orchestra Seats

"OTHELLO" was the play that night —
Or was it? I would not be sure:
The man's complexion was not light;
But was he minstrel or the Moor?
My eye was on him when he fell —
Whether from slap-stick, sword, or gun,
I was not competent to tell
The night I sat in B O 1!

The stage I looked at through a mist
Of hair in a rebellious swirl,
And when the villain shook his fist,
Or stabbed a man, he pierced a curl
That wandered from a neck so white,
I did not see the dastard done
For, later: I was addled, quite,
What time I held check B O 1.

The meeting at the ruined mill
A dainty nose obscured for me;
And when they found the missing will,
I did not hear — I did not see;
The leading lady pledged her hand,
Likewise declared she 'd wed with none —
Conduct I could not understand,
From the view-point of B O 1.

How could the small tip of an ear
Blot out the whole proscenium?
A few low words that I could hear
Make viols mute and actors dumb?
I let the mortgage be foreclosed,
I failed to find the long-lost son —
Ah, me! I might as well have dozed
The evening through in B O 1.

Society, I 'm told, was out —
A fine array the boxes filled;
The circle was a sight, no doubt —
I cannot say: my senses willed
To know but one delight; and when
The curtain dropped, the crowd withdrew,
Only one memory filled me then:
For you, dear, sat in B N 2!

*Frank Preston Smart.*

BELLEVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA.

### The Skeptic

CAT an' chickens slickin' up,
Geese are all a-squawkin';
Quail are hollerin' "More wet,"
Corns are kind er talkin';
Spider strengthenin' his web —
Knowin' leetle feller;
Weather man predictin' "Fair"?
Gimme my umbreller!

DES MOINES, IOWA. *Edwin L. Sabin.*



Drawn by J. K. Shaver

A PATRON OF MUSIC

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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## FICTION



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# OUT O' DOORS

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From the painting by Dawson-Watson

THE NEW WEST POINT—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE LANDING

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII JULY, 1904 NO. 3

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# THE NEW WEST POINT

## BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

IN the near future the banks of the Hudson at West Point will witness a remarkable transformation. The change will give the great river a feature that, in magnificence of scale, titanic impressiveness, and fascinating picturesqueness, will surpass anything that crowns the crags of the Rhine.

The problem of the reconstruction of the United States Military Academy at West Point embodies one of those large and comprehensive architectural propositions which, in this country, have not been a practical possibility until very recently. The range of the architect, so far as his professional activities were concerned, had passed little beyond the planning of a single building. The execution of a large scheme, embracing groups of related structures, was something hardly to be thought of outside the visionary *projets* of the student period, where, unrestricted by considerations of cost, the incipient architect gave himself up to the designing of stupendous and costly undertakings. The limitations thus imposed naturally led to correspondingly limited habits of professional thought.

The first great suggestion came with the development of the wonderful "White City" of the Chicago World's Fair from the masterly plan of the late Frederick Law Olmsted. In this work a group of the foremost American architects harmoniously coöperated for the realization of a great ideal. Since the event of 1893 not a few propositions of this sort have become realities or have been determined upon.

Particularly notable are the schemes for various important universities, developing some entirely anew and others in the shape of comprehensive extensions. These include the removal of Columbia University in New York to Morningside Heights, the work at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, that at Chicago University and at the University of Virginia, the magnificent plans for the University of California, and the extensive additions to Harvard University, including the costly Medical School group and the contemplated extension of the college yard to the Charles River.

Another remarkable instance is that of the reconstruction of Chautauqua Univer-

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sity in connection with plans for a model summer city by the lakeside. Again, the elaborate plans for the extension of the Naval Academy at Annapolis preceded those for West Point by a number of months.

The West Point reconstruction scheme offers an ideal instance of this sort of architectural planning. It is most significant and most hopeful as an example of public work instituted by the national government under conditions almost beyond praise. The professional, the artistic, and the practical considerations, were most thoughtfully regarded. In formulating the terms of the competition, Mr. Root, Secretary of War, Colonel A. L. Mills, Superintendent of the Military Academy, to whose inception the plans for its enlargement are due, and the Academic Board, all took the enlightened view that makes the artistic synonymous with the practical in a question of architectural design. Mr. Root, in particular, took a deep interest in the undertaking, and regarded it as one of the most important achievements of his administration, one of his last official acts being the approval of the general plan.

The need of enlarging the Academy has been felt for years, and, with the increasing demands upon the institution, had become an imperative necessity. The requirements had been thoughtfully studied by the authorities at West Point. Admirable tentative plans, prepared by Colonel Charles W. Larned, Professor of Drawing, under the direction of the Superintendent, not only served as data for the appropriation, but in various essential elements guided the authors of the successful design.

The appropriation made by Congress was five and a half million dollars. Liberal as this appears,—and the fact that such a sum was allowed indicates an intelligent appreciation of the relations borne by West Point to the interests of the entire country,—it was considerably less than the amount declared necessary to meet the full requirements of the situation. Therefore, for the time being at least, certain much-needed features must remain in abeyance.

II

THE question of architectural style was virtually settled in advance by existing conditions. A determining factor was the circumstance that the most important and distinctive among the present buildings were designed in the Gothic style, some more or less creditably, while two in particular—the Library and the Cadet Barracks—rank as perhaps the most successful American examples of the Collegiate Gothic that was much in vogue for educational institutions in this country half a century ago. The architectural traditions of the Academy had therefore established themselves. This fact was emphasized by Colonel Larned when, in his report upon the requirements for the extension, he said:

"It is not desirable that any scheme should attempt to sweep the field clean and destroy architectural associations made honorable by generations of great men, while it is of the highest importance to preserve intact the structural sentiment which gives character and individuality to the Academy. It would be a great pity to make such a competition the subject of an architectural thesis in which the heritage of the past plays no part."

The architectural history of the Academy, however, began with buildings designed in what we term the "Colonial" style. In its earlier days the West Point group, therefore, bore a general resemblance to the older buildings of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other colleges with a century or more behind them. But, with the exception of the Chapel, these structures had all been demolished; consequently the Colonial had given way to the Gothic tradition.

Hence all the architects who had distinguished themselves in Gothic work were invited to enter the limited competition instituted for the new work. These, however, were extraordinarily few, for the Gothic, outside of ecclesiastical problems, had long been generally discredited among architects as fundamentally unsuited to modern conditions. That style, however, although thus given preference, was not insisted upon; and other leading architects, given to working in the prevailing Renaissance, were included in the competition. But the designs submitted by one of the groups of Gothic practitioners proved to meet all the requirements of the problem. They fitted the peculiar conditions of the site in such masterly fashion as to win the unanimous and hearty approval of

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the eminent architects of the board of judges.

The successful competitors were Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson of Boston. Despite the universality of Renaissance sentiment ever since the passing of Richardson's influence for the Romanesque, these young architects, following the promptings of their own natural sympathies, had distinguished themselves in the Gothic by freedom, flexibility, and originality—qualities exercised with graciousness and imaginative sincerity, and at the same time with full regard to modern conditions. In accordance with the laws of the competition permitting them to associate with themselves a landscape-architect, they chose the firm of Olmsted Brothers, the two sons of the famous and lamented artist, to collaborate with them in determining the lines of the fundamental plan.



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE WEST SHORE RAILWAY-STATION AND ELEVATOR TOWER

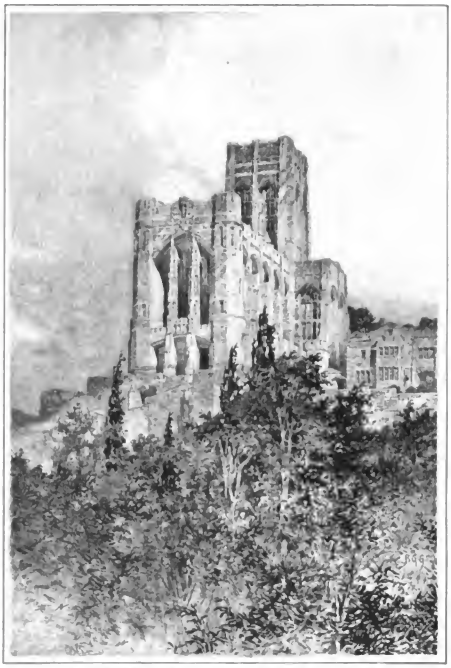
III

In developing the new character of West Point, it has been the aim of the designers, both of the fundamental plan and of the buildings, to preserve the natural features which give to the site an extreme distinction of landscape. To use their own language, they seek to make the architectural style "harmonize with the majority of the existing buildings, prolong rather than

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revolutionize the spirit of the place that has grown up through many generations, emphasize rather than antagonize the picturesque natural surroundings of rocks, cliffs, mountains, and forests, and be capable of execution at the smallest cost consistent with the monumental importance of the work." As to the last consideration, the style chosen peculiarly meets the requirements of economy, for it adapts itself most flexibly to existing conditions of site, whereas, in a more formal style, the site has very largely to be adapted to the architecture.

The ground-plan blends the picturesque irregularity called for by landscape conditions of exceptional wildness with the formality of design necessary to the establishment of logical relations among detached groups of buildings that monumentally make a complete ensemble. Hence there is a system of roads that follow the topographical contours in natural lines, taking the easiest grades and most convenient routes to the points sought. Again, among the individual buildings and separating the several structural groups, there are long, straight avenues, symmetri-



Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE CHAPEL FROM THE NORTHWEST

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cal plazas, and formal open spaces. From these the visitor will enjoy a succession of splendid vistas and stately effects of monumental architecture, the sites so studied as to show each edifice at its best.

In its practical development, both architecturally and pictorially, the work has resolved itself into certain centers. These are the Academic group, the Military Post, a division of Stores and Supplies, and the Public Section—the latter comprising the Landing-Stage, the Railway-Station, the Public Square, the Hotel, and the Principal Restaurant.

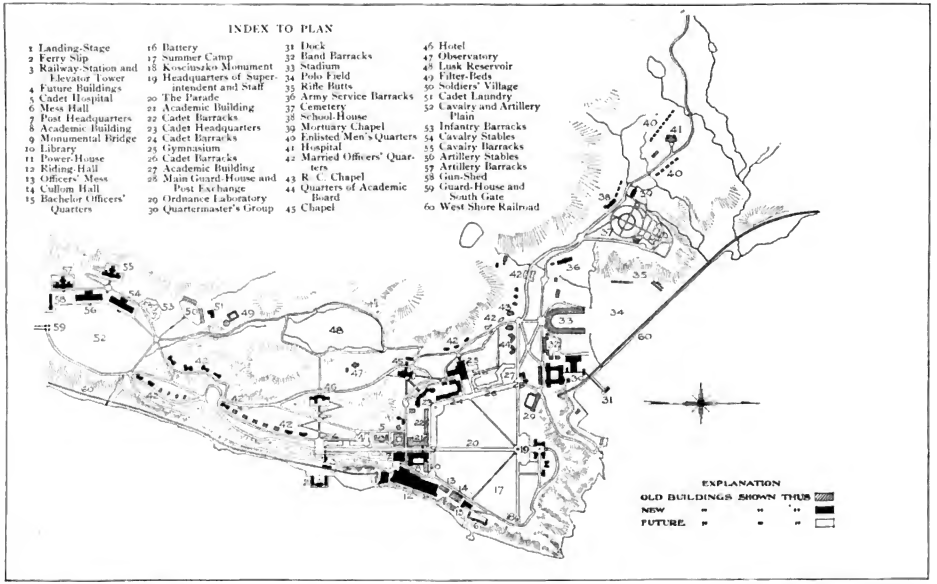
An approach of adequate dignity has been provided. Adjoining the Landing-Stage and the Railway-Station will be the Lower Square. From this point elevators



Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL

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Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, Architects

Olmsted Brothers, Landscape Architects

REVISED GENERAL PLAN SHOWING THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS AT WEST POINT

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for passengers and freight, running in shafts cut within the cliff, will rise to the level of the Upper Square. The latter will form a fine vestibule for the institution, a starting-point for all parts of the reservation. Here a handsome, large restaurant will stand upon a terrace, with a wide view over the

emphasized by several notable monumental features in juxtaposition. Here are concentrated the residences of the Superintendent of the Academy and of members of his staff, on and near the site occupied by the present Hotel.

The Staff Headquarters group fronts



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE NEW WEST POINT—RIVER VIEW FROM THE NORTH

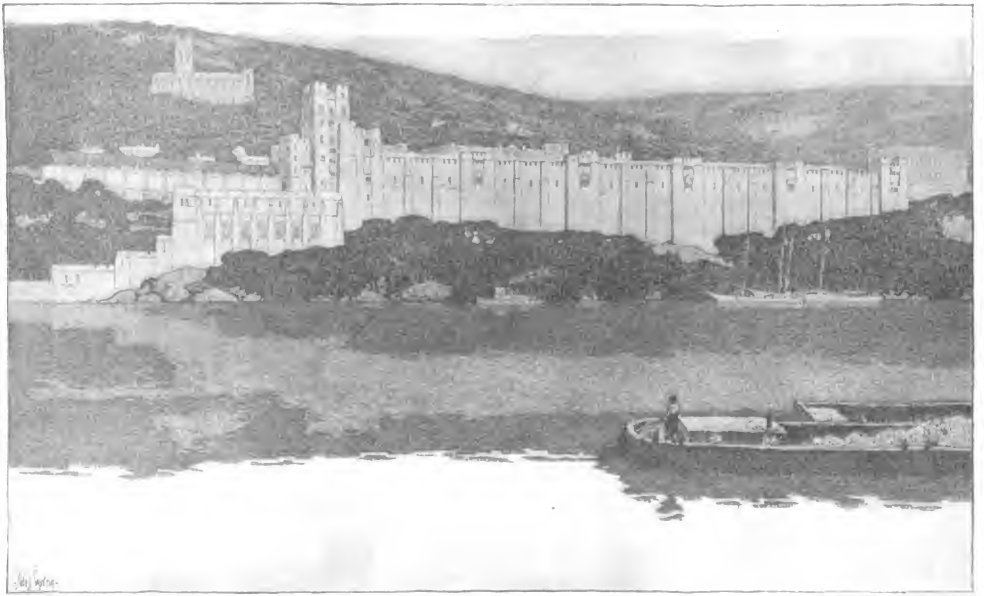
river. An impressive feature of the Square will be the arched gateways providing an entrance to the central group of buildings, or Academy proper. This Public Square is on the axis of two important vistas. One is up the hill, to the stately new Hotel, designed to command magnificent views of the entire reservation, with terraced gardens in front, and steps and ramps leading down to the Square.

The more important vista is along a great promenade, where notable buildings will border only the side away from the river. A high terrace extends along the water-side, with an open view of the Hudson. The Promenade, as such, ends in a new Monumental Gateway at the entrance of the Military Plain, but it prolongs its line across the Plain, where the vista terminates in the striking composition formed by the new Staff Headquarters. The latter embodies an admirable architectural arrangement in a detached group of buildings, impressively

upon an oblong plaza. About this space are concentrated five monumental features. First, at the end of the central avenue across the Military Plain in extension of the Promenade, it is purposed to erect a great equestrian statue of Washington. Flanking this, at the circular ends of the plaza, will rise two memorial columns, one the existing Battle Monument in honor of the officers and men of the Regular Army who died for the Union in the Civil War, the other a duplicate shaft commemorating the Academy's heroes of other wars —frontier Indian campaigns, the Mexican, the Cuban, the Philippine, and the relief of the Peking legations.

Beyond the plaza, on the same axis as the equestrian Washington, and in the center of a square that serves as a court for the Staff Headquarters group, will stand the Flagstaff, decoratively treated, probably as a Venetian mast with an ornamental socket of bronze that will form a

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Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE RIVER-FRONT, SHOWING THE RIDING-HALL, POST HEADQUARTERS, AND THE POWER-HOUSE

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capital subject for sculptural work in relief.

Another element in the monumental scheme is the low square tower on the north side of the Flagstaff square, standing on the same axis as the Flagstaff, and thus terminating the vista across the Military Plain from the Monumental Gateway. It is suggested that this monument be called the Founders' Tower, in honor of Washington, Hamilton, Knox, and the other founders of the Academy. It will be a notable landmark—the first feature to catch the eye in the steamboat journey down the river from the north. This tower, standing three thousand feet from the entrance-gate at the Public Square, will be the terminal feature in the grand avenue that constitutes the main axis of the whole scheme, the Monumental Gateway dividing this avenue about midway.

The tower will also serve as a gate, the first story an archway at the end of the main avenue, which is continued in a secondary drive that loops around near the river, both back to the Public Square and down to the Steamboat Landing and Railway-Station.

This makes a fine pleasure-drive of more than a mile and a half. Altogether there are several miles of drive over the entire reservation, as attractive as a route through a great public park.

The Post Headquarters building is the first on the waterside of the Promenade. This is a very important structure, with an imposing great square tower; it is built around an open court. The lower story is to be occupied by the Quartermaster's Office and the Post-Office, the second story by the offices of the Superintendent and the Adjutant, and also by the Ordnance Museum. In the basement will be a vaulted hall for courts martial. This building will thus be the administrative center of the whole institution, a function fittingly indicated in the dominating character of its design.

Next on the same side comes the new Academic Building, placed directly opposite the old Academic Building, the two joined by the Monumental Arch and Bridge which has been mentioned as terminating the Promenade. This Monumental Arch will be the richest of all the new structures in design, very appropriately concentrating the most elaborate ornament at this focal point.

Next, on the lower plateau, comes the great Riding-Hall, colossally impressive in the simple conception of its huge bulk. At one corner is a large low tower. In its severe massiveness—built of stone from local quarries, to harmonize with the rock of its natural foundation—it will seem to have grown out of the cliff itself. Below the Riding-Hall, between that and the Landing-Stage, is placed the Power-House, designed to supply the entire institution with electricity for light and power, and the central buildings with heat from exhaust steam. Ordinarily in such a building a factory-like look might be taken for granted. Here its design not only accords with its function, but it is made an important element in the whole scheme. Taking its place in the landscape as by natural process, architecturally it ties the upper buildings in the composition to the base, in continuation of the intermediary mass of the Riding-Hall (see frontispiece). The chimney is ingeniously masked by carrying the shaft within the walls of the tower of the Riding-Hall.

Beyond the Riding-Hall the Cullum Memorial Hall, a Renaissance structure, at present stands in isolation at the edge of the cliff. This difficult factor is to be skilfully united to the whole composition by the device of delicately gradual transitions in style as the new buildings approach the Cullum Memorial on the north; and from its pendant, the Bachelor Officers' Mess, similar transitional accentuations, without striking a single violent note, will effect a natural reversion to the dominant style.

Not the least remarkable achievement in the development of the whole extensive scheme is the treatment of this perplexing thematic interlude by including it as a Renaissance episode, a sort of scherzo in what may be called a Gothic symphony.

The problem of the extension of the Cadet Barracks has been a vexed one. Settled very happily at first, later developments involved an entire recasting of that part of the scheme. It having been considered advisable to allow for a probable growth of the Academy to a three-battalion basis, with a Cadet Corps of twelve hundred men, room for such expansion has been provided by assigning the entire westerly side of the Military Plain to the New



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Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

A GROUP OF LIEUTENANTS' QUARTERS

Barracks. These can thus be constructed with economy, from time to time, as extensions may be called for. The greater portion of one of these new sections is to be built at once.

The Old and the New Barracks are joined in one noble group by the new Administration Building of the Cadet Corps, a monumental structure located at the southwesterly angle of the Military Plain. Just above this, on the height beyond, the new Chapel will loom with extraordinary effectiveness, approached from this point by a long line of broad steps that passes under an arch in the center of the Administration Building. Adjoining the proposed Barracks for the future Third Battalion of Cadets, provision is made for a third Academic Building whenever its erection may be demanded.

Athletic requirements are met by replacing and enlarging the Gymnasium upon a sightly new location facing a fine square between the two sections of the new Cadet Barracks. Set back from the Military Plain, the impressive front of the Gymnasium makes the central feature of the long architectural line bordering the Plain on that side. Some distance to the northwest, on the river-bank, a natural amphitheater suggests a future Stadium, with room for twelve thousand spectators, a large portion of the seats following approximately the lines of the natural slope.

The new Chapel has a commanding site on the spur of the hill just above the existing Cadet Barracks, on the west. Actually it will be a great church with seating capacity for fourteen hundred persons, accommodating the entire population of the post. This fortunate site gives convenient access from all parts of the reservation. The stately tower shows impressively above the other structures of the great central group. At the same time, the location, well in the background, avoids giving the ecclesiastical element in the scheme a prominence beyond what is due in a military institution.

At the south end of the reservation is the Cavalry and Artillery Plain, with adjacent Barracks, Stables, and other buildings. The main highway from Highland Falls is extended along the cliff, entering the reservation at a point where the new South Guard-House is to stand. Whenever infantry may be included in the post, it will be accommodated by new barracks at this point. Irregular in course along the heights, the Residential Road is attractively bordered, on the upper side alone, by the pleasantly domestic and agreeably diversi-



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fied new houses for the Married Officers' Quarters, all enjoying a clear view across the river. This road runs all the way from the Cavalry and Artillery Plain, past the Hotel and the Chapel, to the axis of the proposed Stadium, terminating at the formal approach of that structure, where a series of steps ascends from a square at the entrance.

Near the Stadium site, and convenient to the railway and the new dock, is an independent architectural group, imposing in the simple strength of its utilitarian design, formed by the great Quartermaster's Storehouses, Stables, and other allied structures. The Band Barracks, also, will form a part of this group. The Barracks for the Engineer Battalion are retained in the old location to the west of this point.

The terms of the competition were largely governed by the Beaux-Arts procedure, now widely in vogue, which excludes perspective drawings. Designs thus restricted to elevations and sectional drawings are clearly intelligible only to the professional eye. The architect judges how the work will look in realization, much as the trained musician judges an unheard symphony by looking over the score. The professional eye is so trained that in imagination it can perceive from the plans, elevations, and sections how a project will show itself from any point of view, whereas a perspective drawing exhibits the work only under a single aspect. So, although one never sees a building as it is shown in elevation, this procedure is based upon the soundest practice. But such designs give to the layman little idea of the appearance that a work will actually assume. The illustrations accompanying this article, therefore, convey for the public at large, and even for many who are more intimately interested in the project, the first available conceptions of the effects which the transformed West Point is to present. These exhibit various aspects



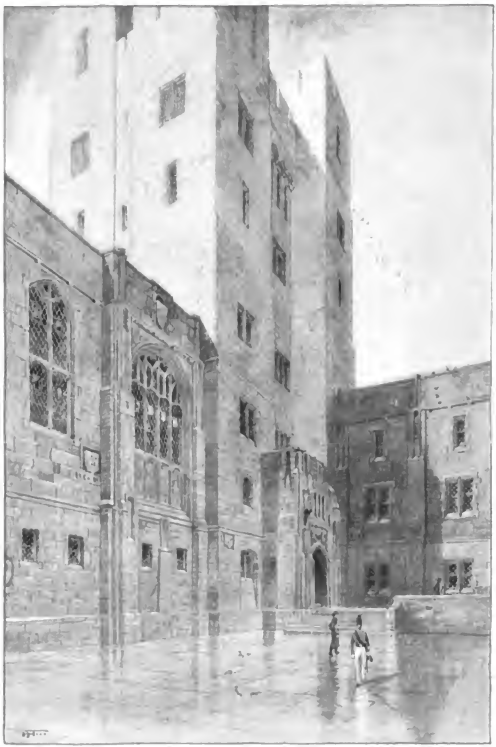
Drawn by Dawson-Watson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FLAG AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS STAFF

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of the scene as a whole and also conspicuous individual features from diverse points of view.

Fifty-two new and old buildings are shown in the plan on page 338. In some instances the alterations and extensions of existing structures will amount virtually to reconstruction. Several of the new structures are to be of monumental character. Such are the great Riding-Hall, the new Chapel, the Post Headquarters, the new Academic Building, the new Cadet Barracks, the Administration Building of the Cadet Corps, and the Hotel. Moreover, the various minor buildings will also contribute to the impressiveness and the unity of the ensemble.



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE COURTYARD OF POST HEADQUARTERS

An underlying motive in the design is

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to give the strongest possible expression to the landscape conditions and the traditions of the Academy, while meeting the needs of a great educational institution of national character that ranks with the foremost of its kind in the world. These conditions chance to give virtually free rein to picturesque impulses, but there is nothing archaic or medieval in the design; neither is there any straining after pictorial effect. As developed, the style chosen indicates the derivation of the institution and the civilization which it stands for from Anglo-Saxon antecedents. In its differentiations it also plainly indicates the military character of the problem involved. But it also, and most felicitously and unmistakably, bears the twentieth-century



Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE HOTEL AND TERRACES

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Drawn by Birch Burdette Long. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE GYMNASIUM, CADET BARRACKS, AND COURT

stamp in its expression of the needs provided for.

An instance of the nicety of this adaptation to modern conditions in the development of structural elements may be cited in the form of the buttresses that give a most distinctive character to the Riding-Hall. Instead of making them strongly salient, as in historic Gothic, where their function is to meet the thrust of heavy vaulting, they are kept broad and flat, to express the arches of structural steel-work within. Again, in the repetitions of their vertical lines they artistically have an impressiveness akin to that of a classic order, and they also perform the invaluable service of reconciling in a marked degree the classicism of the neighboring Cullum Memorial Hall—an exotic amid its surroundings—with the dominant style of the place.

IV

THE problem of embellishment calls for nice attention. A great national institution, monumentally housed, essentially demands the adequate development of decorative possibilities. In such a location these invite the touch of adornment in detail, just as here nature invites it in the mass. West Point, in its new aspect, will be one of the great sights for travelers in the United States. Countless visitors will seek gratification of patriotic sentiment. This makes it desirable that in thoughtful charm of detail, in the associative significance of decorative character, there should be a reinforcement, an accentuation, of the structural impressiveness made by the architecture.

Again, however, there is the consideration that the discipline of the youth here trained is one of almost Spartan-like simplicity. Hence anything in the environment suggestive of "show," of display merely for the sake of beautiful effect, would be in ill accord with the spirit of the institution. Nevertheless, the beautiful as a prime element in human life has its positive value in this relation. Inevitably it makes its appeal in the sublimity of the landscape setting, as in the noble picturesqueness of its architectural expression, inspiring emotions that lift the soul of youth in lofty consecration to the tasks here enjoined. The same appeal is logically continued when spoken in commemorative significance by sculptural adornment and mural decoration, appropriately developed from existing circumstances. This fact, indeed, has long been recognized in the various monuments of diverse artistic quality that from time to time have taken their place about the grounds. It merely remains henceforth to give system, coherent relation, and harmonious expression



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to whatever may be done in this way. Indeed, one of the most notable of the existing buildings, Cullum Hall, is in itself a memorial and was designed to serve as a sort of academic Valhalla, with tablets and portraits in honor of graduates who distinguished themselves in their country's service. In logical continuation of the same idea, the spacious new Chapel is designed with a view to memorial decoration of various kinds—windows of stained glass, tombs, cenotaphs, statues, wall and floor tablets. Another new building where mural decoration is in keeping with its character is the Post Headquarters, as suggested in the design of its Ordnance Museum. At various points about the grounds the plan invites a sculptural embellishment that avoids ostentatious display and fits naturally into the scheme.

In connection with the stately entrance, and with the Monumental Gateway designed for the Parade Ground, a suitable scheme of plastic decoration might be developed, greatly to the enhancement of their significance in the design. The same consideration might apply also to certain salient points in the Chapel exterior. While the character of such decoration should, of course, be determined by the various artists commissioned with the work, in its nature it should have due reference to the history and the traditions of the Academy.

A glance is sufficient to show how rich West Point is in this respect, with its actual academic history of more than a century and an inception that goes back to the early days of the Revolution, in the suggestion for such a school made by Colonel Henry Knox in 1776. The history of the Military Post is inspiring. West Point was one of the most vital points in the scheme of defense for the revolted colonies. It was occupied by the most elaborate and costly fortifications of the war, designed largely by General Rufus Putnam, the great engineer whose work on Dorchester Heights forced the evacuation of Boston. The heroic Kosciuszko was Putnam's associate at West Point. It was the treachery of Arnold—Fort Arnold the fortification at the Point was called until the defection of its namesake, when it became Fort Clinton—which nearly lost this American Gibraltar, that represented a cost of three million dollars and three years' work, and with it almost sacrificed the Revolutionary cause.



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE CADET HEADQUARTERS

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Drawn by Bertram G. Goodhue

MONUMENTAL BRIDGE AND ACADEMIC BUILDING, FROM THE PLAIN

All this ground was hallowed by the presence of Washington, whose headquarters in 1779 were at Moore's house, just across the river, and again at Newburg in the latter campaign. One of the most picturesque of the early traditions of the institution is that associated with "Captain" Molly Pitcher, the heroine of the first Fort Clinton and of the battle of Monmouth. This valiant young Irishwoman was the only female who ever bore a commission in the American army. She was made a sergeant by Washington, regularly wore the uniform above her skirts, and was pensioned for life on half-pay. Living at Highland Falls, she was one of the local characters in the early years of the institution.

Curiously enough, in view of the present development, West Point was the scene of the most elaborate scheme of festal decoration that has ever been carried out in this country. The long struggle was virtually at an end when, on May 31, 1782, the American garrison at West Point joined with its French allies in celebrating the birth of the French Dauphin. Colonel Villefranche, the eminent French engineer, designed a handsome colonnade for the banquet-hall, representing the work of one thousand men for ten days. There were one hundred and eighteen pillars made of savin-trees cut from the neighboring heights. These were hung with garlands, festoons, and emblems of evergreen and flowers, with appropriate inscriptions.[1] The cypress-like spires of the savins, left intact, imparted a striking decorative quality in repeated vertical masses of dark vegetation. Inspired by all the gaiety of French festal



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design, the pavilion somehow seemed to blend certain qualities of the Gothic and the Renaissance in a derivation from native material. Major L'Enfant, the author of the noble plans for the national capital, must have been present with Washington, and he was doubtless associated with Colonel Villefranche in this delightful work. This historic example affords a capital precedent for appropriate decorative schemes to embellish the monumentally developed site where the first great festal occasion to be elaborately observed in the young republic was so charmingly celebrated.

The most enlightened architectural policy as to the execution of monumental projects calls for due allowance for decorative work, mural and plastic, in the additional appropriation that may be necessary to carry the work of extension at West Point to its proper completion. The added interest for visitors to the most beautiful and most famous feature of the Hudson River, as well as its continuous influence in the daily life of the Academy, will amply justify the comparatively slight increase in expenditure. The additional appropriation required does not make the appropriation exceed the amount originally allowed for the work. The plans have proved as satisfactory in that respect as in others. But after the project for reconstruction had been formulated, the probability of a change in the entire basis of the establishment, in its future development, was taken into serious consideration. As noted in connection with the Cadet Barracks, instead of maintaining the one-battalion organization now existing, it is held that the growth of the country will require, at no distant day, the organization of the Academy upon a basis of three battalions. This naturally calls for an enlargement of the great unitary buildings in the group to meet this need. Additional barracks, and the like, can be supplied at any time, as occasion demands. But with the unitary buildings, provision for the new growth must be made at the outset. Hence the necessity for erecting them on a much larger scale than was originally contemplated, and this calls for a larger outlay.

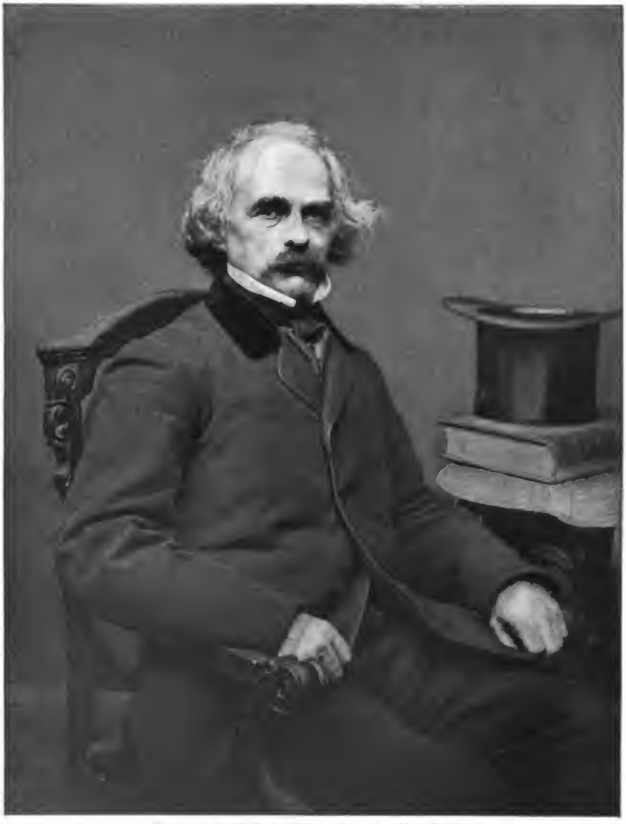
Mention should be made of one important aspect of the scheme of reconstruction. West Point is not only a great military academy: it is an important military post, with a garrison that has been in continuous occupancy since the Revolution.

For the instruction of the cadets, it is essential that they should work with the practical work of the regular army before their eyes. Hence the garrison includes a representation of the engineers, the cavalry and the artillery corps, and for the sake of completion it is proposed that the infantry shall also be included. Therefore the plans make provision for the needs of the Academy and for those of the Military Post as well, with a view not only to housing worthily the world's model military school, but also to showing in connection therewith a model army post, provided with the best equipment that the resources of the twentieth century can supply.





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From a photograph by Brady. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Nath' Hawthorne

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# The Eyes of Hawthorne

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

From whence those eyes, that poignant gaze,
O Spirit wont to walk the ways
Leading, through labyrinthine gloom,
Into those soundless courts of doom,
Where haggard souls not mercy plead,
But that, through stripes, they may be freed
From the keen goad within the breast,
By Conscience ever deeper pressed!

One else there was whose orbs of sight
Envisioned, thus, eternal Night,
With gaze as poignant, as serene,—
One else there was — the Florentine!
In realms from mortal knowledge veiled,
Have ye not, kinsmen, met and hailed—
The spark of swift recognizance
Forth-flashing in one mutual glance!

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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

### XXII

I KNEW what it was as she came toward me. For ten minutes I had watched her talking earnestly with the engineer, and now, with a sign for silence, I drew her out of earshot of the helmsman. Her face was white and set; her large eyes—larger than usual, what of the purpose in them—looked penetratingly into mine. I felt rather timid and apprehensive, for she had come to search Humphrey Van Weyden's soul, and Humphrey Van Weyden had nothing of which to be particularly proud since his advent on the *Ghost*.

We walked to the break of the poop, where she turned and faced me. I glanced around to see that no one was within hearing distance.

"What is it?" I asked gently; but the expression of grim determination on her face did not relax.

"I can readily understand," she began, "that this morning's affair was largely an accident; but I have been talking with Mr. Haskins. He tells me that the day we were rescued, even while I was in the cabin, two men were drowned, deliberately drowned—murdered."

There was a query in her voice, and she faced me accusingly, as though I were guilty of the deed, or at least a party to it.

"The information is quite correct," I answered. "The two men were murdered."

"And you permitted it!" she cried.

"I was unable to prevent it, is a better way of phrasing it," I replied, still gently.

"But you tried to prevent it?" There was an emphasis on the "tried," and a pleading little note in her voice. "Oh, but you did n't!" she hurried on, divining my answer. "But why did n't you?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You must remember, Miss Brewster, that you are a new inhabitant of this little world, and that you do not yet understand the laws which operate within it. You bring with you certain fine conceptions of humanity, manhood, conduct, and such things; but here you will find them misconceptions. I have found it so," I added, with an involuntary sigh.

She shook her head incredulously.

"What would you advise, then?" I asked. "That I should take a knife, or a gun, or an ax, and kill this man?"

She started back.

"No, not that!"

"Then what should I do? Kill myself?"

"You speak in purely materialistic terms," she objected. "There is such a thing as moral courage, and moral courage is never without effect."

"Ah," I smiled, "you advise me to kill neither him nor myself, but to let him kill me." I held up my hand as she was about to speak. "For moral courage is a worthless asset on this little floating world. Leach, one of the men who were murdered, had moral courage to an unusual degree.



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So had the other man, Johnson. Not only did it not stand them in good stead, but it destroyed them. And so with me, if I should exercise what little moral courage I may possess. You must understand, Miss Brewster, and understand clearly, that this man is a monster. He is without conscience. Nothing is sacred to him, nothing is too terrible for him to do. It was due to his whim that I was detained aboard in the first place. It is due to his whim that I am still alive. I do nothing, can do nothing, because I am a slave to this monster, as you are now a slave to him; because I desire to live, as you will desire to live; because I cannot fight and overcome him, just as you will not be able to fight and overcome him."

She waited for me to go on.

"What remains? Mine is the rôle of the weak. I remain silent and suffer ignominy as you will remain silent and suffer ignominy. And it is well. It is the best we can do if we wish to live. The battle is not always to the strong. We have not the strength with which to fight this man; we must dissimulate, and win, if win we can, by craft. If you will be advised by me, this is what you will do. I know my position is perilous, and I may say frankly that yours is even more perilous. We must stand together, without appearing to do so, in secret alliance. I shall not be able to side with you openly, and, no matter what indignities may be put upon me, you are to remain likewise silent. We must provoke no scenes with this man, or cross his will. And we must keep smiling faces and be friendly with him, no matter how repulsive it may be."

She brushed her hand across her forehead in a puzzled way, saying, "Still, I do not understand."

"You must do as I say," I interrupted authoritatively, for I saw Wolf Larsen's gaze wandering toward us from where he paced up and down with Latimer amidships. "Do as I say, and before long you will find I am right."

"What shall I do, then?" she asked, detecting the anxious glance I had shot at the object of our conversation, and impressed, I flatter myself, with the earnestness of my manner.

"Dispense with all the moral courage you can," I said briskly. "Don't arouse this man's animosity. Be quite friendly with him, talk with him, discuss literature and art with him—he is fond of such things. You will find him an interested listener and no fool. And for your own sake try to avoid witnessing, as much as you can, the brutalities of the ship. It will make it easier for you to act your part."

"I am to lie," she said in steady, rebellious tones; "by speech and action to lie."

Wolf Larsen had separated from Latimer and was coming toward us. I was desperate.

"Please, please understand me," I said hurriedly, lowering my voice. "All your experience of men and things is worthless here. You must begin over again. I know—I can see it—you have, among other ways, been used to managing people with your eyes, letting your moral courage speak out through them, as it were. You have already managed me with your eyes, commanded me with them. But don't try it on Wolf Larsen. You could as easily control a lion, while he would make a mock of you. He would—

"I have always been proud of the fact that I discovered him," I said, turning the conversation as Wolf Larsen stepped on the poop and joined us. "The editors were afraid of him, and the publishers would have none of him. But I knew, and his genius and my judgment were vindicated when he made that magnificent hit with his 'Plowman.'"

"And it was a newspaper poem," she said glibly.

"It did happen to see the light in a newspaper," I replied, "but not because the magazine editors had been denied a glimpse at it.

"We were talking of Harris," I said to Wolf Larsen.

"Oh, yes," he acknowledged. "I remember 'The Ring.' Filled with pretty sentiments and an almighty faith in human illusions. By the way, Mr. Van Weyden, you 'd better look in on Cooky. He 's complaining and restless."

Thus was I bluntly dismissed from the poop, only to find Mugridge sleeping soundly from the morphine I had given him. I made no haste to return on deck, and when I did, I was gratified to see Miss Brewster in animated conversation with Wolf Larsen. As I say, the sight gratified me. She was following my advice. And yet I was conscious of a slight shock or

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hurt in that she was able to do the thing I had begged her to do, and which she had notably disliked.

XXIII

BRAVE winds, blowing fair, swiftly drove the *Ghost* northward into the seal-herd. We encountered it well up to the forty-fourth parallel, in a raw and stormy sea across which the wind harried the fog-banks in eternal flight. For days at a time we could never see the sun or take an observation; then the wind would sweep the face of the ocean clean, the waves would ripple and flash, and we would learn where we were. A day of clear weather might follow, or three days or four, and then the fog would settle down upon us seemingly thicker than ever.

The hunting was perilous; yet the boats were lowered day after day, were swallowed up in the gray obscurity, and were seen no more till nightfall, and often not till long after, when they would creep in like sea-wraiths, one by one, out of the gray. Wainwright, the hunter whom Wolf Larsen had stolen with boat and men, took advantage of the veiled sea and escaped. He disappeared one morning in the encircling fog with his two men, and we never saw them again, though it was not many days before we learned that they had passed from schooner to schooner until they finally regained their own.

This was the thing I had set my mind upon doing, but the opportunity never offered. It was not in the mate's province to go out in the boats, and though I manœuvered cunningly for it, Wolf Larsen never granted me the privilege. Had he done so, I should have managed somehow to carry Miss Brewster away with me. As it was, the situation was approaching a stage which I was afraid to consider. I involuntarily shunned the thought of it, and yet the thought continually arose in my mind like a haunting specter.

I had read sea-romances in my time, wherein figured, as a matter of course, the lone woman in the midst of a ship-load of men; but I learned now that I had never comprehended the deeper significance of such a situation—the thing the writers harped upon and exploited so thoroughly. And here it was now, and I was face to face with it. That it should be as vital as possible, it required no more than that the woman should be Maud Brewster, who now charmed me in person as she had long charmed me through her work.

No one more out of environment could be imagined. She was a delicate, ethereal creature, swaying and willowy, light and graceful of movement. It never seemed to me that she walked, or, at least, walked after the ordinary manner of mortals. Hers was an extreme lithesomeness, and she moved with a certain indefinable airiness, approaching one as down might float or as a bird on noiseless wings.

She was like a bit of Dresden china, and I was continually impressed with what I may call her fragility. As at the time I caught her arm when helping her below, so at any time I was quite prepared, should stress or rough handling befall her, to see her crumble away. I have never seen body and spirit in such perfect accord. Describe her verse, as the critics have, as sublimated and spiritual, and you have described her body. It seemed to partake of her soul, to have analogous attributes, and to link it to life with the slenderest of chains. Indeed, she trod the earth lightly, and in her constitution there was little of the robust clay.

She was in striking contrast to Wolf Larsen. Each was nothing that the other was, everything that the other was not. I noted them walking the deck together one morning, and I likened them to the extreme ends of the human ladder of evolution—the one the culmination of all savagery, the other the finished product of the finest civilization. True, Wolf Larsen possessed intellect to an unusual degree, but it was directed solely to the exercise of his savage instincts and made him but the more formidable a savage. He was splendidly muscled, a heavy man, and though he strode with the certitude and directness of the physical man, there was nothing heavy about his stride. The jungle and the wilderness lurked in the lift and downput of his feet. He was cat-footed, lithe, and strong, always strong. I likened him to some great tiger, a beast of prowess and prey. He looked it, and the piercing glitter that arose at times in his eyes was the same piercing glitter I had observed in the eyes of caged leopards and other preying creatures of the wild.

But this day, as I noted them pacing up

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and down, I saw that it was she who terminated the walk. They came up to where I was standing by the entrance to the companionway. Though she betrayed it by no outward sign, I felt, somehow, that she was greatly perturbed. She made some idle remark, looking at me, and laughed lightly enough, but I saw her eyes return to his, involuntarily, as though fascinated; then they fell, but not swiftly enough to veil the rush of terror that filled them.

It was in his eyes that I saw the cause of her perturbation. Ordinarily gray and cold and harsh, they were now warm and soft and golden, and all adance with tiny lights that dimmed and faded, or welled up till the full orbs were flooded with a glowing radiance. Perhaps it was to this that the golden color was due; but golden his eyes were, enticing and masterful, at the same time luring and compelling, and speaking a demand and clamor of the blood which no woman, much less Maud Brewster, could misunderstand.

Her own terror rushed upon me, and in that moment of fear, the most terrible fear a man can experience, I knew that in inexpressible ways she was dear to me. The knowledge that I loved her rushed upon me with the terror, and with both emotions gripping at my heart and causing my blood at the same time to chill and to leap riotously, I felt myself drawn by a power without me and beyond me, and found my eyes returning against my will to gaze into the eyes of Wolf Larsen. But he had recovered himself. The golden color and the dancing lights were gone. Cold and gray and glittering they were as he bowed brusquely and turned away.

"I am afraid," she whispered, with a shiver. "I am so afraid."

I, too, was afraid, and, what of my discovery of how much she meant to me, my mind was in a turmoil; but I succeeded in answering quite calmly: "All will come right, Miss Brewster. Trust me; it will come right."

She answered with a grateful little smile that sent my heart pounding, and started to descend the companion-stairs.

For a long while I remained standing where she had left me. There was imperative need to adjust myself, to consider the significance of the changed aspect of things. It had come at last: love had come when I least expected it, and under the most forbidding conditions. Of course my philosophy had always recognized the inevitableness of the love-call sooner or later; but long years of bookish silence had made me inattentive and unprepared.

And now it had come! Maud Brewster! My memory flashed back to that first thin little volume on my desk, and I saw before me, as though in the concrete, the row of thin little volumes on my library shelf. How I had welcomed each of them! Each year one had come from the press, and to me each was the advent of the year. They had voiced a kindred intellect and spirit, and as such I had received them into a camaraderie of the mind; but now their place was in my heart.

My heart? A revulsion of feeling came over me. I seemed to stand outside myself and to look at myself incredulously. Maud Brewster! Humphrey Van Weyden, the "cold-blooded fish," the "emotionless monster," the "analytical demon," of Charley Furuseth's christening, in love! And then, without rhyme or reason, all skeptical, my mind flew back to a small note in a biographical directory, and I said to myself: "She was born in Cambridge, and she is twenty-seven years old." And then I said: "Twenty-seven years old, and still free and fancy-free." But how did I know she was fancy-free? And the pang of new-born jealousy put all incredulity to flight. There was no doubt about it. I was jealous; therefore I loved. And the woman I loved was Maud Brewster.

I, Humphrey Van Weyden, was in love! And again the doubt assailed me. Not that I was afraid of it, however, or reluctant to meet it. On the contrary, idealist that I was to the most pronounced degree, my philosophy had always recognized and guerdoned love as the greatest thing in the world, the aim and the summit of being, the most exquisite pitch of joy and happiness to which life could thrill, the thing of all things to be hailed and welcomed and taken into the heart. But now that it had come I could not believe. I could not be so fortunate. It was too good, too good to be true. These lines came into my head:

> "I wandered all these years among
> A world of women, seeking you."

And then I had ceased seeking. It was not for me, this greatest thing in the world,

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE SAW WOLF LARSEN'S RIFLE BEARING UPON HIM"

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I had decided. Furuseth was right; I was abnormal, an "emotionless monster," a strange bookish creature capable of pleasuring in sensations only of the mind. And though I had been surrounded by women all my days, my appreciation of them had been esthetic and nothing more. I had actually, at times, considered myself outside the pale, a monkish fellow denied the eternal or the passing passions I saw and understood so well in others. And now it had come! Undreamed of and unheralded, it had come. In what could have been no less than an ecstasy, I left my post at the head of the companionway and started along the deck, murmuring to myself those beautiful lines of Mrs. Browning:

"I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

But the sweeter music was playing in my ears, and I was blind and oblivious to all about me. The sharp voice of Wolf Larsen aroused me.

"What the hell are you up to?" he was demanding.

I had strayed forward where the sailors were painting, and I came to myself to find my advancing foot on the verge of overturning a paint-pot.

"Sleep-walking, sunstroke—what?" he barked.

"No; indigestion," I retorted, and continued my walk as if nothing untoward had occurred.

## XXIV

Among the most vivid memories of my life are those of the events on the *Ghost* which occurred during the forty hours succeeding the discovery of my love for Maud Brewster. I, who had lived my life in quiet places, only to enter at the age of thirty-five upon a course of the most irrational adventure I could have imagined, never had more incident and excitement crammed into any forty hours of my experience. Nor can I quite close my ears to a small voice of pride which tells me I did not do so badly, all things considered.

To begin with, at the midday dinner Wolf Larsen informed the hunters that they were to eat thenceforth in the steerage. It was an unprecedented thing on sealing-schooners, where it is the custom for the hunters to rank unofficially as officers. He gave no reason, but his motive was obvious enough. Horner and Smoke had been displaying a gallantry toward Maud Brewster, ludicrous in itself and inoffensive to her, but to him evidently distasteful.

The announcement was received with black silence, though the other four hunters glanced significantly at the two who had been the cause of their banishment. Jock Horner, quiet as was his way, gave no sign; but the blood surged darkly across Smoke's forehead, and he half opened his mouth to speak. Wolf Larsen was watching him, waiting for him, the steely glitter in his eyes; but Smoke closed his mouth again without having said anything.

"Anything to say?" the other demanded aggressively.

It was a challenge, but Smoke refused to accept it.

"About what?" he asked so innocently that Wolf Larsen was disconcerted, while the others smiled.

"Oh, nothing," Wolf Larsen said lamely. "I just thought you might want to register a kick."

"About what?" asked the imperturbable Smoke.

Smoke's mates were now smiling broadly. His captain could have killed him, and I doubt not that blood would have flowed had not Maud Brewster been present. For that matter, it was her presence which enabled Smoke to act as he did. He was too discreet and cautious a man to incur Wolf Larsen's anger at a time when that anger could be expressed in terms stronger than words. I was in fear that a struggle might take place, but a cry from the helmsman made it easy for the situation to save itself.

"Smoke ho!" the cry came down the open companionway.

"How 's it bear?" Wolf Larsen called up.

"Dead astern, sir!"

"Maybe it 's a Russian," suggested Latimer.

His words brought anxiety into the faces of the other hunters. A Russian could mean but one thing—a cruiser. The hunters, never more than roughly aware of the position of the ship, nevertheless knew that we were close to the boundaries of the forbidden sea, while Wolf Larsen's record as



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a poacher was notorious. All eyes centered upon him.

"We 're dead safe," he assured them, with a laugh. "No salt-mines this time, Smoke. But I 'll tell you what—I 'll lay odds of five to one it 's the *Macedonia*."

No one accepted his offer, and he went on: "In which event I 'll lay ten to one there 's trouble breezing up."

"No, thank you," Latimer spoke up. "I don't object to losing my money, but I like to get a run for it, anyway. There never was a time when there was n't trouble when you and that brother of yours got together, and I 'll lay twenty to one on that."

A general smile followed, in which Wolf Larsen joined, and the dinner went on smoothly, thanks to me, for he treated me abominably the rest of the meal, sneering at me and patronizing me till I was all a-tremble with suppressed rage. Yet I knew I must control myself for Maud Brewster's sake, and I received my reward when her eyes caught mine for a fleeting second, and they said as distinctly as if she spoke, "Be brave, be brave!"

We left the table to go on deck, for a steamer was a welcome break in the monotony of the sea on which we floated, while the conviction that it was "Death" Larsen and the *Macedonia* added to the excitement. The stiff breeze and heavy sea which had sprung up the previous afternoon had been moderating all the morning, so that it was now possible to lower the boats for an afternoon's hunt. The hunting promised to be profitable. We had sailed since daylight across a sea barren of seals and were now running into the herd.

The smoke was still miles astern, but overhauling us rapidly, when we lowered our boats. They spread out and struck a northerly course across the ocean. Now and again we saw a sail lower, heard the reports of the shot-guns, and saw the sail go up again. The seals were thick, the wind dying away; everything favored a big catch. As we ran off to get our leeward position of the last lee boat, we found the ocean fairly carpeted with sleeping seals. They were all about us, thicker than I had ever seen them before, in twos and threes and bunches, stretched full-length on the surface, and sleeping for all the world like so many lazy young dogs.

Under the approaching smoke the hull and upper works of a steamer were growing larger and larger. It was the *Macedonia*. I read her name through the glasses as she passed by scarcely a mile to starboard. Wolf Larsen looked savagely at the vessel, while Maud Brewster was curious.

"Where is the trouble you were so sure was breezing up, Captain Larsen?" she asked gaily.

He glanced at her, a moment's amusement softening his features.

"What did you expect? That they 'd come aboard and cut our throats?"

"Something like that," she confessed. "You understand, seal-hunters are so new and strange to me that I am quite ready to expect anything."

He nodded his head.

"Quite right, quite right. Your error is that you failed to expect the worst."

"Why, what can be worse than cutting our throats?" she asked, with pretty, naïve surprise.

"Cutting our purses," he answered. "Man is so made these days that his capacity for living is determined by the money he possesses."

"'Who steals my purse steals trash,'" she quoted.

"Who steals my purse steals my right to live," was the reply, "old saws to the contrary. For he steals my bread and meat and bed, and in so doing imperils my life. There are not enough soup-kitchens and bread-lines to go around, you know, and when men have nothing in their purses they usually die, and die miserably—unless they are able to fill their purses pretty speedily."

"But I fail to see that this steamer has any designs on your purse."

"Wait and you will see," he answered grimly.

We did not have long to wait. Having passed several miles beyond our line of boats, the *Macedonia* proceeded to lower her own. We knew she carried fourteen boats to our five (we were one short through the desertion of Wainwright), and she began dropping them far to leeward of our last boat, continued dropping them athwart our course, and finished dropping them far to windward of our first weather boat. The hunting, for us, was spoiled. There were no seals behind us, and ahead of us the line of fourteen boats, like a huge broom, swept the herd before it.

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Our boats hunted across the two or three miles of water between them and the point where the *Macedonia's* had been dropped, and then headed for home. The wind had fallen to a whisper, the ocean was growing calmer and calmer, and this, coupled with the presence of the great herd, made a perfect hunting-day—one of the two or three days to be encountered in the whole of a lucky season. An angry lot of men, boat-pullers and steerers as well as hunters, swarmed over our side. Each man felt that he had been robbed, and the boats were hoisted in amid curses, which, if curses had power, would have settled Death Larsen for all eternity—"Dead and damned for a dozen of eternities," commented Louis, his eyes twinkling up at me as he rested from hauling taut the lashings of his boat.

"Listen to them, and find if it is hard to discover the most vital thing in their souls," said Wolf Larsen. "Faith, and love, and high ideals? The good, the beautiful, the true?"

"Their innate sense of right has been violated," Maud Brewster said, joining the conversation.

She was standing a dozen feet away, one hand resting on the main-shrouds and her body swaying gently to the slight roll of the ship. She had not raised her voice, and yet I was struck by its clear and bell-like tone. Ah, it was sweet in my ears! I scarcely dared look at her just then, for fear of betraying myself. A small boy's cap was perched on her head, and her hair, light brown and arranged in a loose and fluffy order that caught the sun, seemed an aureole about the delicate oval of her face. She was positively bewitching, and, withal, sweetly spirituelle, if not saintly. All my old-time marvel at life returned to me at sight of this splendid incarnation of it, and Wolf Larsen's cold explanation of life and its meaning was truly ridiculous and laughable.

"A sentimentalist," he sneered, "like Mr. Van Weyden. Those men are cursing because their desires have been outraged. That is all. What desires? The desires for the good grub and soft beds ashore which a handsome pay-day brings them—the women and the drink, the gorging and the beastliness which so truly express them, the best that is in them, their highest aspirations, their ideals, if you please. The exhibition they make of their feelings is not a touching sight, yet it shows how deeply they have been touched, how deeply their purses have been touched; for to lay hands on their purses is to lay hands on their souls."

"You hardly behave as if your purse had been touched," she said smilingly.

"Then it so happens that I am behaving differently, for my purse and my soul have both been touched. At the current price of skins in the London market, and based on a fair estimate of what the afternoon's catch would have been had not the *Macedonia* hogged it, the *Ghost* has lost about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of skins."

"You speak so calmly—" she began.

"But I do not feel calm; I could kill the man who has robbed me," he interrupted. "Yes, yes, I know, and that man my brother—more sentiment! Bah!"

His face underwent a sudden change. His voice was less harsh and wholly sincere as he said:

"You must be happy, you sentimentalists, really and truly happy at dreaming and finding things good, and, because you find some of them good, feeling good yourselves. Now, tell me, you two, do you find me good?"

"You are good to look upon—in a way," I qualified.

"There are in you all powers for good," was Maud Brewster's answer.

"There you are!" he cried at her, half angrily. "Your words are empty to me. There is nothing clear and sharp and definite about the thought you have expressed. You cannot pick it up in your two hands and look at it. In point of fact, it is not a thought. It is a feeling, a sentiment, a something based upon illusion, and not a product of the intellect at all."

As he went on, his voice again grew soft, and a confiding note came into it. "Do you know, I sometimes catch myself wishing that I, too, were blind to the facts of life and knew only its fancies and illusions. They 're wrong, all wrong, of course, and contrary to reason, but in the face of them my reason tells me, wrong and most wrong, that to dream and live illusions gives greater delight. And, after all, delight is the wage for living. Without delight, living is a worthless act. To labor at living and be unpaid is worse than to be dead. He who delights the most, lives the most,

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and your dreams and unrealities are less disturbing to you and more gratifying than are my facts to me."

He shook his head slowly, pondering.

"I often doubt the worthwhileness of reason. Dreams must be more substantial and satisfying. Emotional delight is more filling and lasting than intellectual delight; and, besides, you pay for your moments of intellectual delight by having the blues. Emotional delight is followed by no more than jaded senses, which speedily recuperate. I envy you, I envy you." He stopped abruptly, and then on his lips formed one of his strange quizzical smiles, as he added: "It 's from my brain I envy you, take notice, and not from my heart. My reason dictates it. The envy is an intellectual product. I am like a sober man looking upon drunken men, and, greatly weary, wishing he, too, were drunk."

"Or like a wise man looking upon fools and wishing he, too, were a fool," I laughed.

"Quite so," he said. "You are a blessed, bankrupt pair of fools. You have no facts in your pocket-book."

"Yet we spend as freely as you," was Maud Brewster's contribution.

"More freely, because it costs you nothing."

"And because we draw upon eternity," she retorted.

"Whether you do or think you do, it 's the same thing. You spend what you have n't got, and in return you get greater value from spending what you have n't got than I get from spending what I have got and what I have sweated to get."

"Why don't you change the basis of your coinage, then?" she queried teasingly.

He looked at her quickly, half hopefully, and then said, all regretfully: "Too late. I 'd like to, perhaps, but I can't. My pocket-book is stuffed with the old coinage, and it 's a stubborn thing. I can never bring myself to recognize anything else as valid."

He ceased speaking, and his gaze wandered absently past her and became lost in the placid sea. The old primal melancholy was strong upon him. He was quivering to it. He had reasoned himself into a spell of the blues, and within a few hours one could look for the devil within him to be up and stirring. I remembered Charley Furuseth, and knew this man's sadness for the penalty which the materialist ever pays for his materialism.

XXV

"You 've been on deck, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen said the following morning at the breakfast-table. "How do things look?"

"Clear enough," I answered, glancing at the sunshine which streamed down the open companionway. "Fair westerly breeze, with a promise of stiffening, if Louis predicts correctly."

He nodded his head in a pleased way. "Any signs of fog?"

"Thick banks in the north and northwest."

He nodded his head again, evincing even greater satisfaction than before.

"What of the *Macedonia?*"

"Not sighted," I answered.

I could have sworn his face fell at the intelligence, but why he should be disappointed I could not conceive.

I was soon to learn. "Smoke ho!" came the hail from on deck, and his face brightened.

"Good!" he exclaimed, and left the table at once to go on deck and into the steerage, where the hunters were taking the first breakfast of their exile.

Maud Brewster and I scarcely touched the food before us, gazing, instead, in silent anxiety at each other and listening to Wolf Larsen's voice, which easily penetrated the cabin through the intervening bulkhead. He spoke at length, and his conclusion was greeted with a wild roar of cheers. The bulkhead was too thick for us to hear what he said; but, whatever it was, it had affected the hunters strongly, for the cheering was followed by loud exclamations and shouts of joy.

From the sounds on deck I knew that the sailors had been routed out and were preparing to lower the boats. Maud Brewster accompanied me on deck, but I left her at the break of the poop, where she might watch the scene and not be in it. The sailors must have learned whatever project was on hand, and the vim and snap they put into their work attested their enthusiasm. The hunters came trooping on deck with shot-guns and ammunition-boxes, and, most unusual, their rifles. The latter were rarely taken in the boats, for a seal shot at long range with a rifle invariably

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sank before a boat could reach it. But each hunter this day had his rifle and a large supply of cartridges. I noticed they grinned with satisfaction whenever they looked at the *Macedonia's* smoke, which was rising higher and higher as she approached from the west.

The five boats went over the side with a rush, spread out like the ribs of a fan, and set a northerly course, as on the preceding afternoon, for us to follow. I watched for some time, curiously, but there seemed nothing extraordinary about their behavior. They lowered sails, shot seals, and hoisted sails again and continued on their way, as I had always seen them do. The *Macedonia* repeated her performance of yesterday, "hogging" the sea by dropping her line of boats in advance of ours and across our course. Fourteen boats require a considerable spread of ocean for comfortable hunting, and when she had completely lapped our line she continued steaming into the northeast, dropping more boats as she went.

"What 's up?" I asked Wolf Larsen, unable longer to keep my curiosity in check.

"Never mind what 's up," he answered gruffly. "You won't be a thousand years in finding out, and in the meantime just pray for plenty of wind.

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you," he said the next moment. "I 'm going to give that brother of mine a taste of his own medicine. In short, I 'm going to play the hog myself, and not for one day, but for the rest of the season—if we 're in luck."

"And if we 're not?" I queried.

"Not to be considered," he laughed. "We simply must be in luck, or it 's all up with us."

He had the wheel at the time, and I went forward to my hospital in the forecastle, where lay the two crippled men, Nilson and Thomas Mugridge. Nilson was as cheerful as could be expected, for his broken leg was knitting nicely; but the Cockney was desperately melancholy, and I was aware of a great sympathy for the unfortunate creature. And the marvel of it was that still he lived and clung to life. The brutal years had reduced his meager body to splintered wreckage, and yet the spark of light within burned as brightly as ever.

"With an artificial foot,—and they make excellent ones,—you will be stumping ships' galleys to the end of time," I assured him, jovially.

But his answer was serious, nay, solemn.

"I don't know about wot you s'y, Mr. Van W'yden, but I do know I 'll never rest 'appy till I see that 'ell-'ound dead. 'E cawn't live as long as me. 'E 's got no right to live, an', as the Good Word puts it, ''E shall shorely die,' an' I s'y, 'Amen, an' d—— soon at that.'"

When I returned on deck I found Wolf Larsen steering mainly with one hand, while with the other hand he held the marine glasses and studied the situation of the boats, paying particular attention to the position of the *Macedonia*. The only change noticeable in our boats was that they had hauled close on the wind and were heading several points west of north. Still, I could not see the expediency of the manœuver, for the free sea was intercepted by the *Macedonia's* five weather boats, which, in turn, had hauled close on the wind. Thus they slowly diverged toward the west, drawing farther and farther away from the remainder of the boats in their line.

Our boats were rowing as well as sailing. Even the hunters were pulling, and with three pairs of oars in the water they rapidly overhauled what I may appropriately term the enemy.

The smoke of the *Macedonia* had dwindled to a dim blot on the northeastern horizon. Of the steamer herself nothing was to be seen. We had been loafing along till now, our sails shaking half the time and spilling the wind; and twice, for short periods, we had been hove to. But there was no more loafing. Sheets were trimmed, and Wolf Larsen proceeded to put the *Ghost* through her paces. We ran past our line of boats and bore down upon the first weather boat of the other line.

"Down that flying jib, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen commanded. "And stand by to back over the jibs."

I ran forward, and had the downhaul of the flying jib all in and fast as we slipped by the boat a hundred feet to leeward. The three men in it gazed at us suspiciously. They had been hogging the sea, and they knew Wolf Larsen by reputation at any rate. I noted that the hunter, a huge Scandinavian sitting in the bow, held

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his rifle, ready to hand, across his knees. It should have been in its proper place in the rack. When they came opposite our stern, Wolf Larsen greeted them with a wave of the hand, and cried:

"Come on aboard and have a 'gam'?"

"To gam," among the sealing-schooners, is a substitute for the verbs "to visit," "to gossip." It expresses the garrulity of the sea, and is a pleasant break in the monotony of the life.

The *Ghost* swung around into the wind, and I finished my work forward in time to run aft and lend a hand with the main-sheet.

"You will please stay on deck, Miss Brewster," Wolf Larsen said, as he started forward to meet his guest. "And you, too, Mr. Van Weyden."

The boat had lowered its sail and run alongside. The hunter, golden-bearded like a sea-king, came over the rail and dropped on deck. But his hugeness could not quite overcome his apprehensiveness. Doubt and distrust showed strongly in his face. It was a transparent face, for all of its hairy shield, and advertised instant relief when he glanced from Wolf Larsen to me, noted that there was only the pair of us, and then glanced over his own two men, who had joined him. Surely he had little reason to be afraid. He towered like a Goliath above Wolf Larsen. He must have measured six feet eight or nine inches in stature, and I subsequently learned his weight—two hundred and forty pounds. And there was no fat about him; it was all bone and muscle.

A return of apprehension was apparent, when, at the top of the companionway, Wolf Larsen invited him below. But he reassured himself with a glance down at his host, a big man himself, but dwarfed by the propinquity of the giant. So all hesitancy vanished, and the pair descended into the cabin. In the meantime his two men, as was the wont of visiting sailors, had gone forward into the forecastle to do some visiting themselves.

Suddenly from the cabin came a great choking bellow, followed by all the sounds of a furious struggle. It was the leopard and the lion, and the lion made all the noise. Wolf Larsen was the leopard.

"You see the sacredness of our hospitality," I said bitterly to Maud Brewster.

She nodded her head that she heard, and I noted in her face the signs of the same sickness at sight or sound of violent struggle from which I had suffered so severely during my first weeks on the *Ghost*.

"Would n't it be better if you went forward, say by the steerage companionway, until it is over?" I suggested.

She shook her head and gazed at me pitifully. She was not frightened, but appalled, rather, at the human animality of it.

"You will understand," I took advantage of the opportunity to say, "whatever part I take in what is going on and what is to come, that I am compelled to take it—if you and I are ever to get out of this scrape with our lives. It is not nice—for me," I added.

"I understand," she said in a weak, far-away voice, and her eyes showed me that she did understand.

The sounds from below soon died away. Then Wolf Larsen came alone on deck. There was a slight flush under his bronze, but otherwise he bore no signs of the battle.

"Send those two men aft, Mr. Van Weyden," he said.

I obeyed, and a minute or two later they stood before him.

"Hoist in your boat," he said to them. "Your hunter 's decided to stay aboard awhile and does n't want it pounding alongside.

"Hoist in your boat, I said," he repeated, this time in sharper tones, as they hesitated to do his bidding.

"Who knows, you may have to sail with me for a time," he said quite softly, with a silken threat that belied the softness, as they moved slowly to comply, "and we might as well start with a friendly understanding. Lively now! Death Larsen makes you jump better than that, and you know it."

Their movements perceptibly quickened under his coaching, and as the boat swung inboard I was sent forward to let go the jibs. Wolf Larsen, at the wheel, directed the *Ghost* after the *Macedonia's* second weather boat.

Under way, and with nothing for the time being to do, I turned my attention to the situation of the boats. The *Macedonia's* third weather boat was being attacked by two of ours, the fourth by our remaining three; and the fifth, turn about, was taking a hand in the defense of its nearest mate.

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The fight had opened at long distance, and the rifles were cracking steadily. A quick, snappy sea was being kicked up by the wind, a condition which prevented fine shooting; and now and again, as we drew closer, we could see the bullets zip-zipping from wave to wave.

The boat we were pursuing had squared away and was running before the wind to escape us, and, in the course of its flight, to take part in repulsing our general boat attack.

Attending to sheets and tacks now left me little time to see what was taking place, but I happened to be on the poop when Wolf Larsen ordered the two strange sailors forward and into the forecastle. They went sullenly, but they went. He next ordered Miss Brewster below, and smiled at the instant horror that leapt into her eyes.

"You 'll find nothing gruesome down there," he said. "Only an unhurt man securely made fast to the ring-bolts. Bullets are liable to come aboard, and I don't want you killed, you know."

Even as he spoke, a bullet was deflected by a brass-capped spoke of the wheel between his hands and screeched off through the air to windward.

"You see," he said to her; and then to me, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you take the wheel?"

Maud Brewster had stepped inside the companionway, so that only her head was exposed. Wolf Larsen had procured a rifle and was throwing a cartridge into the barrel. I begged her with my eyes to go below, but she smiled and said:

"We may be feeble land-creatures without legs, but we can show Captain Larsen that we are at least as brave as he."

He gave her a quick look of admiration.

"I like you a hundred per cent. better for that," he said. "Books, and brains, and bravery. You are well rounded—a blue-stocking fit to be the wife of a pirate chief. Ahem! we 'll discuss that later," he smiled, as a bullet struck solidly into the cabin wall.

I saw his eyes flash golden as he spoke, and I saw the terror mount in her own.

"We are braver," I hastened to say. "At least, speaking for myself, I know I am braver than Captain Larsen."

It was I who was now favored by a quick look. He was wondering if I was making fun of him. I put three or four spokes over to counteract a sheer toward the wind on the part of the *Ghost*, and then steadied her. Wolf Larsen was still waiting an explanation, and I pointed down to my knees.

"You will observe there," I said, "a slight trembling. It is because I am afraid, the flesh is afraid; and I am afraid in my mind because I do not wish to die. But my spirit masters the trembling flesh and the qualms of the mind. I am more than brave: I am courageous. Your flesh is not afraid. You are not afraid. On the one hand, it costs you nothing to encounter danger; on the other hand, it even gives you delight. You enjoy it. You may be unafraid, Mr. Larsen, but you must grant that the bravery is mine."

"You 're right," he acknowledged at once. "I never thought of it in that way before. But is the opposite true? If you are braver than I, am I more cowardly than you?"

We both laughed at the absurdity, and he dropped down to the deck and rested his rifle across the rail. The bullets we had received had traveled nearly a mile, but by now we had cut that distance in half. He fired three careful shots. The first struck fifty feet to windward of the boat, the second alongside; and at the third the boat-steerer let loose his steering-oar and crumpled up in the bottom of the boat.

"I guess that 'll fix them," Wolf Larsen said, rising to his feet. "I could n't afford to let the hunter have it, and there is a chance the boat-puller does n't know how to steer. In which case, the hunter cannot steer and shoot at the same time."

His reasoning was justified, for the boat rushed at once into the wind, and the hunter sprang aft to take the boat-steerer's place. There was no more shooting, though the rifles were still cracking merrily from the other boats.

The hunter had managed to get the boat before the wind again, but we ran down upon it, going at least two feet to its one. A hundred yards away I saw the boat-puller pass a rifle to the hunter. Wolf Larsen went amidships and took the coil of the throat-halyards from its pin. Then he peered over the rail with leveled rifle. Twice I saw the hunter let go the steering-oar with one hand, reach for his rifle, and hesitate. We were now alongside and foaming past.

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"Here, you!" Wolf Larsen cried suddenly to the boat-puller. "Take a turn!"

At the same time he flung the coil of rope. It struck fairly, nearly knocking the man over, but he did not obey. Instead, he looked to his hunter for orders. The hunter, in turn, was in a quandary. His rifle was between his knees, but if he let go the steering-oar in order to shoot, the boat would sweep around and collide with the schooner. Also, he saw Wolf Larsen's rifle bearing upon him and knew he would be shot before he could get his rifle into play.

"Take a turn," he said quietly to the man.

The boat-puller obeyed, taking a turn around the little forward thwart and paying out the line as it jerked taut. The boat sheered out with a rush, and the hunter steadied it to a parallel course some twenty feet from the side of the *Ghost*.

"Now get that sail down and come alongside!" Wolf Larsen ordered.

He never let go his rifle, even passing down the tackles with one hand. When they were fast, bow and stern, and the two uninjured men prepared to come aboard, the hunter picked up his rifle as if to place it in a secure position.

"Drop it!" Wolf Larsen cried, and the hunter dropped it as though it were hot and had burned him.

Once aboard, the two prisoners hoisted in the boat, and under Wolf Larsen's direction carried the wounded boat-steerer down into the forecastle.

"If our five boats do as well as you and I have done, we 'll have a pretty full crew," Wolf Larsen said to me.

"The man you shot—he is—I hope?" Maud Brewster quavered.

"In the shoulder," he answered. "Nothing serious. Mr. Van Weyden will pull him around as good as ever in three or four weeks.

"But he won't pull those chaps around, from the look of it," he added, pointing at the *Macedonia's* third boat, for which I had been steering and which was now nearly abreast of us. "That 's Horner's and Smoke's work. I told them we wanted live men, not carcasses. But the joy of shooting to hit is a most compelling thing, when once you 've learned how to shoot. Have you ever experienced it, Mr. Van Weyden?"

I shook my head and regarded their work. It had indeed been bloody, for they had drawn off and joined our other three boats in the attack on the remaining two of the enemy. The deserted boat was in the trough of the sea, rolling drunkenly across each comber, its loose spritsail out at right angles to it and fluttering and flapping in the wind. The hunter and boat-puller were both lying awkwardly in the bottom, but the boat-steerer lay across the gunwale, half in and half out, his arms trailing in the water and his head rolling from side to side.

"Don't look, Miss Brewster, please don't look!" I had begged of her, and I was glad that she had minded me and been spared the sight.

"Head right into the bunch, Mr. Van Weyden," was Wolf Larsen's command.

As we drew nearer, the firing ceased, and we saw that the fight was over. The remaining two boats had been captured by our five, and the seven were grouped together, waiting to be picked up.

"Look at that!" I cried involuntarily, pointing to the northeast.

The blot of smoke which indicated the *Macedonia's* position had reappeared.

"Yes, I 've been watching it," was Wolf Larsen's calm reply. He measured the distance away to the fog-bank, and for an instant paused to feel the weight of the wind on his cheek. "We 'll make it, I think; but you can depend upon it that blessed brother of mine has twigged our little game and is just a-humping for us. Ah, look at that!"

The blot of smoke had suddenly grown larger, and it was very black.

"I 'll beat you out, though, brother mine," he chuckled. "I 'll beat you out, and I hope you no worse than that you rack your old engines into scrap."

When we hove to, a hasty though orderly confusion reigned. The boats came aboard from every side at once. As fast as the prisoners came over the rail they were marshaled forward into the forecastle by our hunters, while our sailors hoisted in the boats, dropping them anywhere upon the deck and not stopping to lash them. We were already under way, all sails set and drawing, and the sheets being slacked off for a wind abeam, as the last boat lifted clear of the water and swung in the tackles.

(To be continued)

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE: MRS. ANGERSTERN



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# IN THE NATURE OF A HERO

## BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WRIGHT



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"BEHIND HIM CAME BRUNTON, COVERED WITH THE DUST OF THE CHUTE"



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HE came into Captain Meaghan's office about noon,—Captain Meaghan, the foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 0,—carrying his turnout of fire-hat and rubbers in a bran-sack over his shoulder. He wore his cap slanted down on an ear that had been nipped and scarred with fire. He had the face of a veteran from the regular army in the West, deep-eyed and lean, as if heat and exposure had tried him out to bone and sinew. He introduced himself briefly: "I 'm Brunton. I been transferred here." And the captain, the tyrannical and blustering Meaghan, was so absorbed in an admiring scrutiny of this unbeautiful recruit that he did not answer.

From the tales he had heard of Brunton, he had expected a thick-set, burly gorilla; and Brunton was tall and loose. His neck rose from his shoulders, as long as the neck of a plucked turkey; and he had a trick of hitching up his chin, every now and then, with a nervous twist of that neck, as if his collar pinched him.

It was a mannerism that appealed to Meaghan for obscure reasons. (It had been the mannerism of a friend of his earlier days—a red-headed daredevil of a boy who had led the "gang" to which Meaghan had belonged.)

"Feelin' all right again?" he asked affably.

"Yes 'r," Brunton said. "Feelin' fine. Much doin'?"

"No. Not much. What kep' yuh late?"

Brunton replied vaguely that there had been a delay about his transfer papers. The captain accepted that unsatisfactory explanation without suspicion, and swung around in his swivel desk-chair. "Gal-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'DID YUH?'"

legher 'll fix yuh up when he comes in," he said. "Yuh 'll find the boys up-stairs." And having waited for Brunton to go out, he drew a cigar from his pocket and presented it to himself with an air of flattered self-congratulation. For Brunton was the reigning "hero" of the whole fire department.

He had been only two years in service, but already he had been entered seven times on the roll of merit. He had first distinguished himself, as Meaghan remembered, by climbing up the back of a burning house, without a scaling-ladder, from

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sill to shutter and from shutter to cornice, to rescue a child from a third-story window. He had made himself famous in the de-

ing timbers of a house that had collapsed and working there with ax and hand-saw for an hour—a stream of water playing on



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THERE WAS A FLASH OF FIRE AT THE HORSES' HEADS"

partment by diving into the steaming drip of a flooded cellar to bring out a suffocated pipeman. He had made himself famous to the public by crawling among the burn-

him to keep his clothes from catching fire —until he had released a fireman who had been pinned down in the wreckage.

He had been a scout "in th' Injun

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wars," it was said. He could lift the tail of a five-ton truck "with his shoulder." He would go down the leader pipe from a burning roof "like a Guinny's monk'." In short, there was nothing that he could not do—if he had not already done it.

Captain Meaghan, thinking over these things, smoked and smiled. He had no misgivings. He had been receiving all raw probationers latterly as recruits; and it was a new and grateful compliment to have a Brunton transferred to his rolls. He had no suspicions. Brunton had been injured in his last exploit, and had been sent to the Bronx to rest in the comparative quiet of a suburban engine-house; and this was his return to active duty, evidently. The captain smoked and smiled.

He was still smoking when his lieutenant returned from dinner, but the look of complacent satisfaction had left his face, and he was listening impatiently to the shouts of laughter that sounded from the sitting-room up-stairs. (The truck-house humor is as delicate as the slap-stick joke of a Bowery variety show, and the applause that follows it is thunderous.)

"Brunton 's here," he said. "See what 's goin' on up there."

Lieutenant Gallegher hung up his coat and cap, and went to investigate. He was a big, patient, diplomatic Irishman. The noise stopped at once.

He came back with his face divided between a smile and a frown. "It 's just Brunton," he reported. "He 's been showing them a trick of swallowing money—and bringing it up again."

"*Brunton?*" Meaghan said, with a surprised scowl.

Gallegher laughed apologetically. "Well, it was Donnelly's fault, I guess. He was doing it to catch Donnelly."

"Huh!" the captain grunted, mollified. "Donnelly, was it?"—for "Long Tom" Donnelly was the caustic censor of the house.

The lieutenant nodded. "He said Brunton was palming the money and was n't swallowing it. And Brunton stumped him to mark a quarter and give it to him. And he swallowed it all right, but now he says he can't get it up again—and Donnelly 's out twenty-five cents."

The captain's mouth twitched. "Serve him right. Donnelly 's been gettin' too wise round here, anyway. He thinks he knows it all. Serve him right." He reached for his cap. "Give Brunton the bed down by the window, an' move Donnelly up nearer the pole."

He went out for his three hours off duty, —being a "one-mealer,"—and Lieutenant Gallegher drew a package of "fine-cut" from his hip-pocket, and sat down to chew over his doubts of Brunton.

It was evident that the new man was a "peculiar genius," as Sergeant Pim, privately interrogated, had confessed; and it was evident, too, that his reputation gave him a prestige among the men that would be powerful for good or evil. Lieutenant Gallegher was responsible to his captain for the maintenance of discipline in the truck-house, but he had made himself the friend of the crew, and had tempered old Meaghan's absolutism by allowing the men a degree of liberty in their leisure hours and a license of unusual freedom during the captain's absence every afternoon from two o'clock till five. He began to fear that Brunton might lead in an abuse of the company's privileges, and he listened with uneasiness to the growing uproar that began to echo from above stairs.

The sallow Donnelly—"Long Tom" Donnelly—put his head in the door, in the midst of these reflections. "That man 's crazy," he said. "He 's sittin' up there with strips of paper pasted all over his face an' a paper funnel on his nose, makin' faces at himself."

Gallegher recognized the personal bias of Donnelly's report, and said nothing. "Long Tom" shrugged a shoulder and withdrew.

Sergeant Pim dropped in, quite casually, a moment later. "Brunton 's a reg'lar goat!" he laughed. "He 's got Long Tom on the run, pretendin' he 's crazy. It 's 's good 's a minstrel show up there."

"Don't let him get too gay, Pim," the lieutenant said. "He 'll be making trouble for us all with the old man if he ain't careful."

Pim dutifully smoothed out his grin. "Oh, he 's all right. It 's been pretty slow fer 'm up in the Bronx, I guess. He 's feelin' his oats, gettin' back down-town. He 's after Donnelly, that 's all. Donnelly tried to come the lofty on him, an' he would n't stand fer it."

The lieutenant shifted his cud. "Tell him to go slow on it," he said, somewhat reassured.



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"Sure," Pim promised. "He 's all right."

The lieutenant rested on that promise until another of the men, on his way out to dinner, looked in, laughing, to report. "Brunton 's more fun 'n a cage o' kittens," he said. "Pim 's puttin' him on to Donnelly—gettin' back at him fer settin' the cop wise to that trick he played the kike down the street. He 's got Long Tom goin' fer fair."

"*Pim* has?" Gallegher said.

He knew of the bitterness between Sergeant Pim and Long Tom Donnelly. He knew that if Pim saw in Brunton an agent of retaliation, there would be no limit to the fool's play he would instigate. That was the known defect in Pim; he was wise in the affairs of his profession, but outside of them he was as irresponsible and mischievous as a school-boy.

There was nothing now for Lieutenant Gallegher to do—his trusted deputy having failed him—but to wait until the men went beyond bounds and then to repress them with a prompt show of authority.

He waited.

In the meantime, from sleight-of-hand and coin-swallowing, Brunton had gone to uproarious foolery; he had badgered the contemptuous Donnelly until Long Tom had gone down-stairs in disgust to look after his horses; and he proposed now that he should startle Donnelly by sliding down the hay-chute to him, from the store-room to the ground floor, feet first. His audience did not suppose that he would dare do it, and encouraged him jocularly, until—in the face of Pim's warning that he would either stick in the walls and smother, or drop down the two stories and break his legs—he got into the chute, cried, "Here goes nothin'," and disappeared.

The crazy daredeviltry of it left the men standing snickering guiltily at one another. "Gad!" Pim said, "we 'd better go down an' get a hearse." And they dropped down the sliding-poles after him to the ground floor.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

BRUNTON

They were met by Donnelly, who came running to the stairs with the expression of a man who has seen insanity. Behind him came Brunton, covered with the dust of the chute, his shirt-sleeves torn at the elbows and his fingers cut. "I 'll fix yuh," he was saying. "I 'll cut yer heart out. Crazy am I? By Crikey Mike, I 'll fix yuh! Crazy am I? I 'll blow yer brains out! By Crikey Mike!"

He winked at the men, and went after Donnelly, muttering crazily; and the crew dodged behind the truck and struggled with the agonies of their unrelieved laughter, bent double or leaning helplessly against the wall, choking and shaking in silent convulsions.

Donnelly burst in on the lieutenant with a sputteringly excited account of the affair; and Gallegher heard him out without comment. "I can't interfere," the lieutenant said doggedly. "As soon as he does something against rules, I can call him down. But I can't until he does. Leave him alone. Keep away from him."

"Well, I 'm tryin' to keep away from him," Donnelly protested, "an' he 's chasin' me all over the place."

The lieutenant took up his newspaper. "I can't help it," he repeated. "You 'll have to fix it up between yourselves."

Donnelly went back to his persecution, and it proceeded in a conspiracy of silence which all the men joined. It endured without official notice until Captain Meaghan had returned; and the lieutenant was already congratulating himself on the end of the trouble, when Donnelly came back in desperation to the office to report that Brunton was threatening to shoot him. "He 's crazy!" he insisted. "He 's crazy! An' he 's got a gun in his clothes at that."

Captain Meaghan, taken unawares, glared at him in astonishment.

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Lieutenant Gallegher asked: "Did you see the gun?"

"You ask Pim," Donnelly cried. "*He* saw it. He tol' me—"

"Pim 's playing you, I guess," the lieutenant said.

The captain found his voice to demand suddenly:

"Who 's crazy?"

"Brunton is," Donnelly answered. "Pim tol' me—"

Captain Meaghan leaned forward at him, grasping the arms of his chair. "You go 'n' mind yer own bus'ness, see?" he said. "Yuh 're a pinhead. That 's all that 's wrong with *you*. Yuh 're no good. It 'd take a whole crew of *you* an' a battalion chief to make a man like Brunton. You get out of here an' shut yer holler."

Donnelly swallowed and made as if to speak.

"Shut up—an' *get out!*" Meaghan ordered, in a voice that fairly blew Long Tom backward out of the door.

"Blamed yellow cur!" the captain muttered. "Comin' round here with a whine like that!"

Lieutenant Gallegher did not reply. And for the rest of the day Donnelly suffered dumbly an organized persecution that allowed no echo of Brunton's horseplay to reach the office.

II

But at eleven o'clock that night—when peace seemed to have settled down with darkness on the house, and the bunk-room was as quiet as a nursery asleep, and there was not so much as a snore to disturb the dimly lighted repose of the hypocrites in their white cots—a shot exploded on the stillness with a stab of flame and a deafening echo. A scream wailed up after it, horribly shrill. A roar of laughter followed in a tremendous guffaw, and rose in the half light with a volume that shook the walls. The captain's door flew open, and Meaghan shouted into the uproar. Donnelly, crouching in the aisle between the cots, greeted him with an indignant "He 's tryin' to ass-*ass*-inate me!" And the room rang with the haw-haws of men who could no longer struggle against the convulsions that shook and twisted them as if they had all been taken with fits.

Captain Meaghan shouted at them in vain until the lieutenant turned up the gas-jets on the pandemonium, and the men, surprised by the light, smothered themselves in their pillows and choked down their laughter to a suppressed and spasmodic snorting and grunting. The captain—standing in the doorway in his underclothes, his gray hair tousled from the pillow—swore at them in a wrathful bewilderment. Long Tom Donnelly stammered unintelligibly and pointed at Brunton; and Brunton, sitting up in his bed, stared in the wildest amazement.

"Wha—what 's up?" he asked.

At that innocent inquiry, Sergeant Pim rolled out of his bed in his blankets and writhed helplessly on the floor, drumming with his heels on the linoleum. Brunton looked around at him and blinked.

"Who fired that?" Captain Meaghan cried.

"He-e-e did!" Donnelly screamed. "I seen him. I was watchin' him. He 's been threatenin'—"

"Shut up!" Meaghan ordered, and bore down on Brunton with his hands clenched.

"Did yuh?"

Brunton shook his head, open-mouthed. "No," he said. "I was asleep. I—" He looked about him at the men shaking under their bedclothes. "What 's the matter?" he asked mildly.

Sergeant Pim, on the floor, squealed in another spasm, and the men, who had been holding themselves in to listen, went off again into hysterics as if they had been a class of boarding-school girls. Meaghan leaped around at them with the purple face of a man on the verge of apoplexy; and he was still struggling with an oath that stuck in his throat, when the "jigger" on the wall clicked and struck.

If it had been a cry of "Fire!" to a theater audience roaring at a farce, or the warning shot of an outpost to a company of soldiers singing around a camp-fire, it could not have made a more sudden silence. The men started up, on their elbows. The captain stopped with his hand in the air, dropped it, and turned. The bell clanged out its swift strokes and paused—and the men were out of their beds and kicking into their boots and trousers before it could complete the alarm.

Sergeant Pim followed Brunton down the sliding-pole, and leaped with him to the truck.

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"Where 'd yuh get the gun?" the sergeant asked out of the corner of his mouth.

Brunton leaned over to answer, behind his hand: "Up in the Bronx. I had to carry one. Dunk Cooper's gang was after me."

"What 'd yuh do with it?" Pim whispered.

Brunton winked and laughed. "I got it here." And while they were still laughing, the catastrophe began to develop.

On account of the disorder in the bunk-room and the consequent unreadiness of the crew to respond to the alarm, the man on watch had been left unaided to lock the collars and hook the bit-snaps of the three horses as they charged down on him from their stalls; and while he had been still struggling with the last of them, Long Tom Donnelly had sprung into the driver's seat, so excited that he did not wait for the word of command before he jerked on the reins, brought down the harness on the horses' back, and started them out. The watchman had time only to jump aside from their heads; he had not time to make sure that the doors had been slid back to the walls; and the hub of a front wheel struck an edge-strip that was projecting from the door-frame, and smashed through the heavy timber with a noise that frightened the horses and a shock that almost threw Captain Meaghan from his place on the "turn-table." He shouted at Donnelly and confused him the more; and the truck, turning too sharply, swung its rear wheels wide over the sidewalk and dropped them with a jolt from the curbstone to the gutter.

Brunton grunted: "'S worse 'n ridin' strip-saddle." He tightened his belt. In a few moments he added: "Lickety split! Crikey Mike!"—for the horses were leaping along at a furious gallop. He leaned out from the side-step to see the off horse plunging ahead. He heard Meaghan cry: "Hold 'em in! Hold 'em in!"

Donnelly answered through his teeth: "Somethin' 's loose!"

They spun past a corner light, with all the men craning their necks to see. Captain Meaghan shouted: "H——! That bit ain't snapped! The center horse!"

The truck began to swing dangerously from side to side. Lieutenant Gallegher turned to the men. "Look out now, boys," he said.

"What 's the matter?" Brunton asked Pim.

The sergeant answered: "They 're off. 'Baby' in the lead. Her bit ain't snapped."

The three horses, running wild, were pounding out the confused clatter of a stampede over asphalt and paving-stones, instead of that regular pulse of hoof-beats which times the speed of a well-reined gallop. Donnelly, braced and straining, clung to the lines; but the pull was all against him, and the great animals jerked and tore at his arms as they rose and fell. He was being dragged, not they driven; and they were dragging him straight for the water-front, down a sloping street so narrow that it was impossible, going at such speed, to turn a corner from it.

The captain reached forward and hooked the leather strap which held Donnelly to the seat. "Get both feet on the brakes," he said. "Hang on to them."

Long Tom did not need the order. He was bent forward, bareheaded, his face set to the rush of air. He was as cool, now, as a railroad engineer watching the tracks ahead; but the brakes were useless to stop a ten-thousand-pound truck running on ball-bearings behind three deep-chested, mighty-flanked fire-horses gone mad together. They shot past the pillars of an elevated road; and the truck took the car-tracks with the bound of a toboggan. Another electric light whipped past them; the shadows of another dark street leaped to swallow them like the mouth of a tunnel; and there were only two more streets between them and the piers.

Captain Meaghan pushed back his helmet from his forehead and looked around at his lieutenant as if hoping for the suggestion of some aid; and he saw Brunton swing nimbly up from the step to the other side of the turn-table, and peer out at the horses.

"What 're yuh doin'?" Meaghan called.

His voice was lost in that clang and roar and rattle of jolting wheels and ringing pavement and clamoring bell. Brunton did not notice him, but dropped his head into his shoulders like a cat, and went forward around the turn-table until he was crouched at Donnelly's knee.

Then suddenly he jumped forward and disappeared. The captain turned to catch up a lantern, but a lurch of the truck almost threw him from his hold, and he could only cling helplessly to the iron upright and wait for a corner light. As one flashed by, it showed Brunton astride of the off horse,

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working forward to its shoulders. Before the darkness closed again he had reached its mane and stretched himself out along its neck to catch the bridle of the middle horse.

Captain Meaghan understood that he was trying to pull its head around and throw it, as a cavalryman throws his mount. But he also understood that this was the sixteen-hundred-pound filly of a mixed-blood Percheron mare, and as strong in the neck as a bull; and Brunton had not even the purchase of a bit to aid him. When the feeble gaslights of half the block had flowed past them without any slackening of speed, Meaghan gave up hope. "He can't do it," he groaned. "Run 'em into somethin', Tom."

Before Donnelly could answer there was a flash of fire at the horses' heads, and a shot rang out above the noises of hoof and wheel. A second report cut the echo of the first.

The middle horse leaped and fell kicking. It was dragged between the poles, on the asphalt, until it brought down the off horse. The truck swept them forward in a struggling heap with broken poles and snapped harness until the third horse fell too; and then the front wheels jammed into them and stopped the truck with a lurch that shot Meaghan forward as he leaped.

He ran to the pole. "Bring a light," he cried, forcing down the head of the struggling off horse with his knee. "Brunton?" he said hoarsely. "Brunton?"

He got no answer. Lieutenant Gallegher and the men ran up with lanterns. "Loose those flank horses," Meaghan cried. "He must be 'n underneath." The men began to unbuckle the tangled straps. "Cut them! Cut them!" he ordered.

He reached down to raise the head of the bleeding animal which Brunton had shot. Lieutenant Gallegher touched him on the shoulder. "Brunton 's over there, on the curb," he said; and Meaghan turned to see the missing fireman sitting beside the gutter, painfully nursing a bruised shoulder.

It was plain from his expression that he was pretending to be more hurt than he really was; and below his exaggerated grimace of pain there was a sheepish look of guilt. Captain Meaghan stared in surprise and bewilderment, until he remembered that forgotten incident in the truck-house and understood Brunton's expression. He drew a long breath.

In the silence one of the men snickered hysterically. Meaghan shouted at Brunton, "Yuh 're a liar! *You* fired that in the bunk-room!" and threw up his hands and swung a passionate kick into a lantern that stood at his feet.

It rose flaming, fell with a crash of broken glass, and went out. In the darkness, the men heard his profanity choke in his throat. He coughed. He said, in a moment, "Fix those horses an' let 's get out o' here."

THREE hours later, the men had returned to their quarters, a very dark and solemn crew. Captain Meaghan had not spoken a word to them. He had gone up-stairs to his office without even stopping to look at the two lamed horses or to examine the truck; and when Gallegher followed, twenty minutes afterward, he found him sitting dumb before his open journal, a dry pen in his hand, and the lid of his inkwell still unlifted.

Gallegher waited. Meaghan did not move. "Better leave that till the morning, I guess, sir," the lieutenant said.

Meaghan reached out quickly, dipped his pen, and drew a shaky black line through Brunton's name on the roll. "Brunton goes back to the goose-pastures," he growled. "Take Donnelly off the seat an' put him on the tiller again."

Gallegher waited. "What about Pim?"

Meaghan swung around to him. "Pim? What 's *he* got to do with it?"

Gallegher said: "His monkey-shining 's at the bottom of the whole thing. I know he did n't mean any harm, but he started Brunton going in the first place."

Meaghan threw down his pen. "Well, darn my eyes!" he cried. "I 'm captain of a crew of fools. I 'm up against it!"

There was a suspiciously timely tap at the door; and when Gallegher opened it, the shamefaced Pim was standing on the threshold.

"Well?" Meaghan growled.

The sergeant took off his cap and slunk in guiltily. "Cap'n," he said, "if there 's goin' to be any trouble about this thing, I want to take my share of it. I—"

"You get out of here," Meaghan ordered. "You 're the fool that did n't know it was loaded. I 'll lose my job

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through *you* some o' these days, Pim. But it 's no good talkin': yuh 're too old to get sense. Go on. Go to bed."

Pim nodded solemnly. "That 's right, cap'n. That 'll hold me fer a while. That 's right. I 'm a darn ol' fool. That 's what I am. That 's right!" He went out, abusing himself vilely. "Good night," he said, and shut the door.

Captain Meaghan put a cigar in his mouth, rolled it over between his lips, and shook his head blankly. "That 's the second time," he said. "That 's the second time I been up against a man that was n't ascared o' nothin'. An' they don't do—they don't do. I might 've known Brunton could n't 've done the things he 's done an' have good sense. I might 've known it. These here —— heroes—" he shut his journal with a bang—"I don't want no more o' them. They ain't what they 're cracked up to be!"



# THE CONSPIRACY OF KRASS

*by*

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

Author of "The Man Behind the Drums"

PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON.

HARD work reinforced by intrigue had earned for Johann Krass a place among the violins of Wolfgang's orchestra; intrigue backed by hard work had made him concertmeister. Both influences, in perfect ensemble with favor and fortune, had won him the post of assistant conductor. Yet he was not happy, not even passably content; for he cherished one consuming ambition—to succeed Wolfgang and obtain that power over his fellows which the Teuton ever covets.

In a crescendo of bitterness the assistant conductor reviewed the situation over his morning coffee. A fortnight before, an illness of Wolfgang had thrown upon Krass the work of rehearsal and prepared him to expect that the succession was not far off. But the old gentleman had recovered, and of late had gained steadily in health and vigor. It was most disheartening. The veteran might last for years. Here was the new season only a week away—the season that Krass had confidently expected to usher in. The advertisement of the symphony concerts glared up at him from the newspaper beside his plate, but there was no word in it of Krass. It was a blatant wrong that his genius should further be wasted in mere fiddling and in the directing of stupid accompani-

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ments. Suddenly another notice caught his eye:

THE FUTURE DIVULGED!

Advice
Given in All the Affairs of Life

Help by Occult Means
Beyond the Power of Other Clairvoyants

ONE DOLLAR

HABAKKUK 413 Gavel Street

The fingers of Krass sought imaginary harmonics on his Vienna roll as he pondered the advertisement, reading it over and over.

"The future divulged!" What would he not give to know, for instance, how old Wolfgang's health would stand the season? Perhaps there was some other way in which his ambition would be realized. "I will try it!" he cried, with a sudden gesture of determination. "It may be that he will take half-price."

It was thus that after luncheon the assistant conductor found himself in Gavel street. No. 413 was calculated to charm the senses as little by its architecture as by its interior decorations, and the tawdry squalor of the office into which he was admitted led Krass to hope that the medium could do more for the fortunes of others than for his own.

He was a short, pale man, lean and lithe like an underfed greyhound, with eyes that brightened to an uncanny and perfervid intensity as the details of Krass's situation were presented to him.

The medium paced the room restively, his chin buried in a soiled vermilion cravat, and seemed to grapple with diseased nerves as he glowered at the twiddling fingers of the musician. He broke abruptly into Krass's tale of hope deferred.

"What would you make in this new position?"

"An increase in salary of three thousand dollars."

Habakkuk quickened his step as if under the growing excitement of a monumental conception. Then he stopped suddenly, and in a low, rapid mutter, his body vibrant apparently with the power of some suppressed idea, said:

"You came for a prophecy, did n't you? You wished to ascertain what is going to happen this season. Much good *that* would have done you! But you 're in luck to have found me. I do more than foretell events." He drew himself up with an inscrutable and Napoleonic air. "I *make* them happen," he whispered sharply. "If you will obey me," he continued, "I may be able to secure you this position, and soon, too."

He attempted to stare the musician down, but Krass warily regarded the wallpaper.

"See here," he exclaimed, "no assault nor nothink; I can't hear to that."

Habakkuk darted to the door.

"There is the street!" he cried, with a jerk of his disengaged thumb.

"Come," returned Krass, in a softer voice, "I meant nothink out of the way. Be so kind to tell me your plan."

"Just this," replied Habakkuk, shutting the door and again lowering his voice. "You give me the necessary introduction, I do the rest. Lucky for you that I know about musicians. I once played snare-drum and triangle in a the-a-ter. On the day I secure you Wolfgang's position you pay me five hundred dollars. No go, no pay. You see, it all depends on whether I can get the old man under."

"Under what?" inquired Krass, in some alarm.

"The influence."

"What for a thing is that?"

"Hypnotism."

Krass looked blank.

"Speak you German?"

Habakkuk waved the interruption aside.

"What, don't you know what hypnotism is? Why, my friend, it 's the greatest science of the age."

The medium assumed an effective pose.

"I can do more things, O Ratio," he intoned, "than are dreamt of in your philology."

No light glimmered in the German's stare.

"Why," cried the medium, "I think nothing whatever of common ordinary miracles. I can do things that you 'd dream about all the rest of your life. Science is fairly sprinting along these days. Talk about olden times—pshaw! I only wish I had one of them old Hebrew prophets here. *I 'd* show him!" Habakkuk

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suddenly lowered his voice. "Never heard of post-hypnotic suggestion, did n't you? Well, you see it works this way . . . shall I put you under? I won't charge nothing for it."

The medium fixed the musician with a steady glare and advanced upon him.

"*Gott bewahre*," yelled Krass, assuming a hurried posture of defense.

"All right, sir," purred Habakkuk; "I won't do you nothing. I can explain well enough without an object-lesson."

And soon Krass was deep in the mysteries of the weird science of influencing the conduct of "subjects" by "suggestion."

II

THE orchestra was holding its Friday evening *Kneipe*, and the private hall of the Bismarck restaurant was filled with the effusions of those pipes which are dearer to the German heart than even oboe or flute. The conductor presided at the board, smoking a deep-bowled affair, resembling a bass clarionet; and from that the style diminished to the straight, pert American variety, smaller than the tiniest of piccolos. Wolfgang was a sociable old martinet and, scorning the conventional aloofness of conductors, frowned on all of his men who refused to compete together once a week with him over a keg of Munich beer.

The sound of mirth was perceptibly deadened as the concertmeister opened the door, glancing about with his usual air of bored asceticism, and ushering in a stranger. The apparition of Krass in any genial gathering generally produced the effect of a mute on a violin.

"I have taken the liberty to bring here a friend," he announced,—"Mr. Ferrara —gentlemen."

The newcomer, a small man of no obvious nationality, bowed jerkily right and left, and snapped himself into the proffered chair. He was evidently unacquainted with German drinking customs, and after the very first draught, to the huge delight of the company, he neglected to close his stein-lid. With remarkable alacrity, Frauenknecht, the tenor trombonist, lunged across the table and clapped his own stein on that of Mr. Ferrara. In a trice, a dozen more were superimposed, while belated aspirants pranced about on the table-cloth for an opening.

"What 's up?" inquired the stranger of Krass. "Do they want me to drink out o' their mugs?"

"*Nein, nein*, it iss not fair!" exclaimed Wolfgang, starting from his seat. "I shall myself pay de round." Then turning to the stranger with a courteous inclination, he explained the immemorial student custom whereby he who leaves open the lid of his stein must "stand the beer" for all who can pile their own upon it.

The general complexion was of a deeper shade of pink when the voice of the assistant conductor became audible. All stared with some surprise, for Krass usually sat out the revels, indecently sober, and glaring at the merriment through his horn eyeglasses in cynical silence. "As convivial as Krass" had passed into a byword.

"Meine Herren," he began. The noise ceased abruptly, so that old Loewen, at the other end of the room, was distinctly audible.

"He iss a verdammt razgal, I dell you," growled the kettledrummer—"a plotter—a—" surprised by the lull in the proceedings, he pulled up sharply on the last staccato syllable.

Krass moved uneasily, but did not glance in Loewen's direction.

"I have to propose," he continued, "that each of us shall, in turn, make for the company some fun—sing a song, tell a story, or—or do perhaps a trick. Is it good?"

A chorus of "*Ja! Ja!*" was the response.

And so the evening wore on in a revel of jollity. Anecdotes flowed like beer. Profane and unclassical songs were trolled by thoroughly untrained voices. Even Wolfgang consented to desecrate the high places of music by playing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" on the piano in the respective styles of Schumann, Wagner, Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin. The musicians were determined, for once, to be as unprofessional as possible.

At last came the turn of Ferrara, who arose crisply to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he began suavely, appearing to take in the company with a comprehensive eye, "I have no power of elocution, neither can I sing, but I happen to know a trick that may amuse you."

There was a unanimous shout of approval.

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"If you will allow me to examine your foreheads, I will select one of you and make him do whatever I tell him, whether he wishes it or not."

undisturbed somewhere in the depths of every tranquil soul.

"This gentleman," he announced after traveling half-way about the table, and



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'I DO MORE THAN FORETELL EVENTS. I MAKE THEM HAPPEN'"

Loud was the delight of the company as Ferrara glided about the board, scanning face after face and peering with his small, steely pupils to an uncomfortable depth into many a pair of frank and apparently shallow Teutonic eyes. There was something weird and unsettling in his glance, as though he could penetrate into the heart of that darkness which, like a buried bomb, must lie unsuspected and

indicated the tenor trombonist, who, wheeling about, presented a ponderous front, as if defying the newcomer to attempt his worst.

Instantly Ferrara began to make sweeping downward passes close before the eyes of Frauenknecht, crouching tensely before him with every muscle rigid. The lids of the trombonist grew heavy.

"Close the eyes," insinuated Ferrara.



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"Good; now, you see, you cannot open them." The eyebrows of the musician tugged upward in vain. The delight of the crowd was indescribable. "Play us a solo, if you please." Instantly the hands of the trombonist assumed their usual pugilistic attitude. His cheeks began to bulge and redden, his fists to strike out lustily as at an unseen foe, while the encouraging jibes of his friends fell upon his deaf ears.

Under cover of the derisive greetings which met the awakened musician, Krass slipped up to Ferrara. "That 's not Wolfgang, fool!" he hissed. "He 's the old man at the end of the table."

"Shut up and keep off," returned Habakkuk, sharply, behind his hand; "I know my business better 'n you."

Loud were the demands for more, and, much to the exasperation of the hovering Krass, Habakkuk induced Ballschütz, the piccolo, to make ardent love to old Loewen. Then he caused the first hornist to hop about the room in a humble posture, under the apprehension that he was a toad. Krass noticed that Habakkuk took occasion in each case to whisper into the ear of his subject before waking him, and once he could distinguish the singular phrase:

"When I cough—"

At length the entertainer approached Wolfgang.

"I should like to try this gentleman," he announced.

The hall resounded with the groans, shrieks, and howls of the delighted musicians. What! this little fellow subdue the will of that most indomitable conductor? They were convulsed.

The tumult subsided, as Wolfgang said defiantly:

"I bet mit you anyding dat I shall noding do vich you desire."

"Well and good," returned the stranger, never taking his eyes from those of the old man; "what shall it be?"

Wolfgang glared back, and pulling his gold-mounted baton with a sudden and menacing gesture from his coat-pocket, he flourished it before the nose of Ferrara.

"Mein baton against a fife-cent cigar!" he cried.

"As you say," replied the stranger, with composure.

He beckoned Wolfgang to a chair in one corner, backing against a bunch of gas-jets, and placed himself before the old man.

"If the gentlemen will kindly observe a short silence—" He held up a sedative finger.

The light, striking directly on the brilliant whites of his eyes, was reflected with an uncanny shimmer into the inflamed orbs of the old conductor. Try as he might, Wolfgang could not seem to shake off an insidious and alluring drowsiness, while Habakkuk waved at him, with compelling gestures, the baton of a bony hand.

As the eyes of Wolfgang grew dim, the stranger whispered: "Don't obey me now."

It would be impossible to say whether the members of the orchestra could have been more diverted by the success than they were by the apparent failure of Ferrara. For Wolfgang remained inert to all persuasion, and the seemingly discomfited stranger roused him without the accomplishment of a single feat which he had suggested.

Before the return of consciousness the stranger whispered something into the old man's ear. Krass could distinguish only the words:

"When I sneeze—"

"You 're one too many for me, sir," observed the medium in a loud voice, with a grin of humility. "Have a cigar?" Then he treated Krass to a private wink.

III

THE hour for the season's first concert was at hand, and every musician was in his place on the deep and sloping concert-stage. When Wolfgang emerged from the wings the orchestra rose as one man to welcome him. Each player blew, scraped, or pounded his instrument, mindful only to swell to the uttermost the din of acclamation, striving to invent for one minute some particularly raucous dialect of the universal language, to the greater glory of Wolfgang.

The conductor made stately inclinations to the applauding pit and stage; then he rapped on his desk for attention, and turned to survey the unquiet audience. More than one laggard mended his steps under the old German's peremptory gaze, which came to rest impatiently on a very short gentleman, who wore a large, snowy beard and tottered decrepitly to a seat in the foremost row. There was something about him—Wolfgang could not tell what—that

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Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'PLAY US A SOLO, IF YOU PLEASE'"

compelled the attention. Perhaps it was the exceeding whiteness of his beard or the brightness of his eye, or perhaps the discrepancy between the senility of one and the youthfulness of the other. At any rate, Wolfgang experienced a singular difficulty in dropping his speculations to attend to the overture in hand.

The program progressed smoothly. Wolfgang was in his best form, restraining, directing, encouraging, and urging on his forces with his usual easy dignity, reaching his climaxes without strain, securing his nuances without affectation. The music was blessedly free from those usual concomitants of orchestral concerts—the sputtering of French horns, the quacking of clarionets, or the catarrhal phenomena of bassoon solos. The aged man in the front seat did not go to sleep, but stared at Wolfgang's back with singular concentration.

The symphony, the last number on the program, had reached the soft introduction of the *presto* when an alarming sneeze, issuing from immediately behind the conductor, broke the tissue web of tone with an incisive detonation.

Wolfgang started painfully. The expressive and masterful mien of his back seemed subtly to be altered. His feet shuffled slightly under him, although in perfect keeping with the prevailing rhythm. It seemed as though they could not cease. From a shuffle they passed to a sidle, and from a sidle to a hop. The legs of Wolfgang appeared to have recovered their forgotten youth. From a hop he attained to a caper, from a prance to a cavort. His voluminous coat-tails he swirled in perfect time to the music. At every *sforzando* he kicked to a surprising altitude, and pirouetted from time to time upon a square, Teutonic toe.

The performers on the more ticklish wind-instruments found it quite impossible to conform their convulsed lips to the demands of a mouthpiece. Old Loewen, supposing that he saw a specter, collapsed in a heap upon his kettledrums. The little second violinist on the last stand, in the delirium of his mirth, became over-demonstrative. For, as he poked his neighbor's ribs, he hitched his chair too far, and vainly brandishing his violin, shot over the edge of the concert-platform with a sonorous crash. The others played on to the beat of the bow of Krass, which, with commendable presence of mind, he had converted into a baton at the earliest symptom of his conductor's aberration. And the auditors, standing on their seats in a frenzy of excitement, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry at this metamorphosis of the high priest of American music into a common danseuse.



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As the movement reached its climax the steps of the conductor grew more and more extravagant, and with the final chord, Herr

that a caller was forced to employ his boot on the door in lieu of knuckles.

"My congratulations, Mr. Conductor,"



Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE PIROUETTED FROM TIME TO TIME"

Heinrich Wolfgang, Mus. Doc., the veteran of forty classical campaigns, skipped coyly into the wings, blowing kisses to right and left.

IV

Krass, the newly appointed conductor of the —— Orchestra, was so deep in the piano arrangement of a symphonic poem

observed Habakkuk, entering with a smile and a flourish.

"Thanks," said Krass, shortly.

"You may well thank me," returned the medium, rattling his loose coins and glancing significantly at the desk. "There 's no other medium in the Western hemisphere could have done it."

He puffed out his chest.

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"Well?" said Krass, glancing impatiently at his music and strumming a few dismal chords.

"Well?" echoed Habakkuk, jingling a loud coin accompaniment. "Where do I come in?"

"Here," said Krass, nervously, rising to unlock a drawer of his desk.

"Wot 's this you 're givin' us," cried the medium, running rapidly through the roll of bills—"a measly two hundred an' fifty?" In his concern he relapsed somewhat from the precision of professional speech.

"Certainly," returned Krass. "It was the agreement. Be so good to make a receipt."

The eyes of the hypnotist flared unpleasantly.

"An' here 's wot you propose to put off on me for losin' Wolfie his job—makin' every one think he was drunk an' the old boy think himself crazy. W'y, it 's worth *double* the money! An' here 's wot you put off on me"; and the little man shook the roll of bills at Krass with a threatening menace.

"*Dummheit!*" cried the musician, with an oath. "Be off! Not one cent more!"

A sinister calm settled upon Habakkuk.

"Look here, Dutchy," he said, "you are n't bright enough to fool with me. You think because I can't sue you that you have me cold, hey? Now listen here. Habakkuk don't never get into a box without he 's made himself a nice, private little trap-door of his own. Remember that trombone solo?"

With something like a chuckle, he snapped his fingers in the face of the conductor elect and turned to go.

"Bear in mind," he called back, "that I 'm subject to colds."

V

"Ach, could I but understant!" moaned Wolfgang to himself. In the week that had passed since his downfall he had suddenly aged.

He sat alone in his gloomy music-room, miserably reviewing the shadowy details of his calamity, while attempting to create a final order in his affairs.

The busts of Beethoven, of Wagner, of Schubert seemed to observe with lamentable eyes the plight of their servitor, and the plaster hand of Liszt on the table before him impotently to proffer assistance. Only the photograph of Robert Schumann, with its affectionate autograph inscription, regarded him from the walls with warm human sympathy.

"Ach Robert, *mein* friendt," muttered Wolfgang, catching sight of the picture, "hafe I followed you into de vorld of madness?" He caught his head suddenly between his trembling hands. "*Nein! nein!*" he cried convulsively, "I am no longer worthy to be your friendt!"

Since the night when the old gentleman had rushed to his rooms, in all the frenzy of a suddenly realized disgrace, to send the trustees his resignation, he had admitted none of his solicitous callers. The sight of a friend, he felt, would be more than his manhood could bear. To lose the work of forty years in a moment! It was too much.

He began pacing the room.

"De drustees vere kind," he went on more quietly. "Dey t'ink dat I had begome drunk, and vished not dat I resign. *Aber* I knew bedder—"

He paused to count the strokes from a neighboring clock-tower.

"In von hour," he exclaimed, "vill Krass enter upon his gareer. *Ach je!* dey should hafe chosen a bedder gonductor as Krass—a man of more heart. It must go badly mit my dear orchester. *Jammervoll!* And to t'ink dat I shall nefer again hear—" The old man halted abruptly as if struck by a sudden idea.

"Vonce again before I die," he shouted.

VI

The musical world of ——, gathered to witness the advent of the new conductor, treated Johann Krass to tentative applause as he stepped from the wings, bowing with a condescending smile to pit and balcony. It was the supreme moment of his life. In the glow of reaching his goal the means of its attainment troubled him not at all. The old must give place to the young; if they are obstinate, a little tact is necessary. Krass felt that his recent display of "tact" had been of so masterful a variety as to rank well up among the beneficent forces of nature.

An old gentleman, his face obscured in the folds of a cloak, slipped unobserved into a rear seat.

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Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN THE MUSIC, GATHERING TRIUMPHANT VOLUME, SWEPT HIM, ABJECT AND SHAKEN, FROM THE SCENE"

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"Vonce again!" he muttered.

Conductor Krass tapped with his baton—the one which Wolfgang had wielded. The young man had received it in the mail the day before, accompanied merely by the words "Be worthy," written in a trembling hand.

He suspended his arms for a dramatic moment of silence, tense and impressive. A sonorous cough from one of the stage-boxes destroyed the first effect of the career of Krass. There was something ominous and well-nigh articulate about that cough, like the cadence of a far-off and unintelligible threat.

The audience settled itself to enjoy such a rendition of the overture as only the seasoned orchestra of Wolfgang could give. Luxuriously did the connoisseurs anticipate the quiet and deliberate splendors of the religious theme for trombones and horns. Down came the baton sharply, but without firmness, almost as though the new conductor had experienced a nervous shock. The first phrase of the overture startled the knowing, scattered through the vast audience, into erectness. It was as if a squall had struck in an instant all parts of some tranquil tropical lagoon. "The Elect," a fraternity of hearers in the balcony, exchanged glances of consternation. The philistine looked into his program to see whether this were not some new "atrocity" by Strauss. For the tenor trombone and the first horn had led off at a fierce and unwarrantable tempo and were belching forth the melody at the utmost capacity of their capacious lungs. The other performers on horn and trombone, caught suddenly between loyalty and obedience, attempted to reconcile those conflicting claims by holding tactfully the brazen mean between the tempo of Krass and that of their too impetuous brethren.

It is in the midst of such distracting crises that the mind often notices the most trivial incidents; and more than one musician afterward recalled an excitable old gentleman who, leaning from a stage-box, had nodded his head violently and in perfect time to the strains of the tenor trombone.

It was difficult to determine whether the gesticulations of the now frenzied Krass were calculated to quell or further to incite the general panic. The piccolo dashed into the fray with demoniacal shriekings, far before its predestined time, while the first hornist seemed about to develop the apoplexy. And, misinterpreting the now ambiguous signalings of the baton, the entire body of wind and strings surged to the scene of action with the clangor and the stridor of an infuriated army; while above the braying and the snoring of horns, sweeping to the attack with their stern and ecclesiastical chant, the hearers seemed to detect the collapse of the new conductor's musical Jericho.

There was one among that audience to whose fancy no military symbols occurred—an old gentleman who sat with streaming and horror-stricken eyes among the hissers and the scoffers of a rear row. All sense of his own misfortune, of his own disgrace, was swallowed up in the present calamity. To behold the one object of his hopes, the darling of his lifelong nurture, come to such a pass, through the folly and ineptitude of another! He felt like some old sea-captain forced to stand on shore and watch his beloved vessel making for the rocks under the guidance of an imbecile successor.

"*Gott!*" cried the old man, springing up. "It shall not be!"

All at once the new conductor, his baton suddenly wrenched from his grasp, was thrust from his place by a masterful arm; and at the same instant the orchestra, recalled from chaos as if by magic, launched into the final jubilant strain of the overture. The audience rose to its feet by a common impulse of loyalty and delight, while Krass, dazed and overcome, stood inert, regarding with ghastly eyes the opportune appearance of the late conductor. Then the music, gathering triumphant volume, swept him, abject and shaken, from the scene.

As he passed the stage-box a familiar voice reached his ear. It proceeded from a jungle of snowy beard. "It 's worth the money!" quoth Habakkuk.



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Drawn by Irma Dérêmeaux. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'AND THE PREACHER, MISS NIGGER, WHAT DID HE SAY?'"

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# "MISS NIGGER"

## BY ROSE YOUNG

ONCE, a long time ago, I heard her say, "Yass, Ah 'm a nigger. I knows it. Proud of it, proud of it." It was so long a time ago that I had not then lost the finer senses of childhood, and I heard not only the words, but the defiance, perplexity, and trouble in them. After that I called her "Miss Nigger," meaning, in my child's way, that the Miss should somehow make up for the Nigger. I think it did. I think she divined what I was about, and was pleased. Later on it came to pass that everybody at Twin Oaks called her Miss Nigger, and she always responded high-headedly, with an inscrutable smile. My father said that if any one else had given her the name she would have torn him limb from limb, if she could. She liked what I did, however, just as I liked what she did. We understood each other and sympathized with each other.

One late June evening, when the moon was high, I was sitting on our gate-post, trying to kiss my elbow. Miss Nigger had said once that if I ever kissed it,—the extreme, exasperating tip of it,—I would turn into a boy, and I had worried with my elbow a good deal ever since. The grown ones were on the side porch, singing sometimes, and talking and laughing sometimes. There were "ha'nts" in the osage hedge of the long lane. The grown ones did n't know it, but I knew it. Miss Nigger had told me. The air was full of tree whispers and bush whispers and flower whispers. Peering down the long lane watchfully, I was finally rewarded by the sight of Miss Nigger. In the white light of the moon her tall, gaunt figure stood out plainly on the top of Sugar Tree Hill. I scrambled down from my post and hurried to meet her. I had been waiting for her all day. She was, I knew, now on her way to our house to return the handkerchief she had borrowed from Flindy, our cook. Flagtail Cooper, the driver over at Mr. Shanklin's, had been buried that morning, and Miss Nigger had used Flindy's handkerchief at the funeral. When I reached Miss Nigger's side, I slipped my hand into hers in ecstasy. After a funeral she was always finely satisfying.

"Were there many people at the funeral, Miss Nigger?"

I tingled with what was coming, both for her and for me.

"Yass, gre't minny, gre't minny." Her voice was shaking and unsafe. There were low rumblings and mumblings within her.

"Did you have um this morning, Miss Nigger?"

She made no answer, yet I could but infer from her manner that she had had um. We had reached the place in the long lane where the osage hedge would n't grow for a distance of several rods, "to spite the ha'nts." There were wide sweeps of pale light on the wheat-fields on our right. Beyond the wood-pasture the shafts of the Twin Oaks burying-ground rose white and cold against the purple trees. Ahead of us my father's house was gray-green in the shadows. We could not see the milk-gap, where the quiet, commonplace cows stood dribbling. The little spring-house, the chicken-house, Flindy's cabin, all the comfortable home things, were lost among the great trees.

"And the preacher, Miss Nigger, what did he say? What did Br'er Johnson say?"

I often worried the grown ones at my father's house by adopting Miss Nigger's relationships, domestic and religious, as my own.

"Oh, my! Oh, Lawdee!" she crooned, and one of our emotional orgies had begun.



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I shivered and my hand twitched, but I felt glorified. "Oh, Lawd, my Lawd! Br'er Johnson say He conquer death in the worl'. Hoopee, Ah a-gittin' um, Ah a-gittin' um. He say Flagtail soul pass on to glory! Cotch up in the buzzum er the ram! Whay-o, my Lawd, oh, me! Buzzum er the ram!"

Miss Nigger wrenched her hand from mine, and crossing her arms on her breast, rocked her body from her hips with a weird, rhythmic movement. Her eyes were shut. Her head rolled on her chest. "Bress the ram! Buzzum er the ram! Death in the worl'! Pass on, pass on!" she screamed, and jumped straight up in the air and clapped her hands together.

Two bats swooped low. The evening wind sighed mournfully. There were shadows in the trees. The osage hedge was dark with secrets. Far above us two golden stars drifted wildly in an ocean of blue.

"Oh, Miss Nigger, Miss Nigger," I cried suddenly, "go on! You 've got um; go on!" I was frenzied with the feeling of it all, it suited something in me so well—the late evening, death in the world, the remote mystery of the sky and stars, the remoter mystery of Miss Nigger and me, two golden sparks drifting recklessly in the blue mists of a psychiatry unknown to the grown ones at my father's house.

"Whay-o!" intoned Miss Nigger again. "Hi! Hi! Hi! I got um! Git out the way! I got um!" I had to jump from her side, and jump quickly. She no longer knew what she was doing. She was "shouting." The infectiousness of her mood and her actions became irresistible. I, too, began to swing my hands up and down and to scream. The tears poured down my cheeks like rain. "Pass on," I cried. "I got um! Buzzum er the ram! Death in the worl'! Pass on!"

We had forgotten everything, the noise we were making, the increasing nearness of the grown ones at my father's house, everything save the riotous response within us to something we could not name.

"Oh, now, I will be—did n't I say this was not to happen again? Did n't I?"

At the sound of my father's voice, Miss Nigger and I stopped suddenly and stood with lax, exhausted arms. Then I crossed to my father and took up life again as a white child must. "Now you know it is n't her fault, father," I cried, with some of his own impatience. "You know she can't help it. You know I make her do it." There was no heroism in my shouldering of the matter. I knew how I stood with my father.

"But why do you?" he asked, laughing fretfully. "Have n't you any white sense? Where do you get this foolishness? Are you voodoo?"

The lean figure still drooped by the fence, burdened and ashamed. The sight of it made me cry out again hotly: "I don't know why I do it, father. It 's a something inside me. I don't know why. But it is n't Miss Nigger. Let her take me to bed, father. I 'm nearly sick. I want to go to bed."

My father made the face that signifies, "Now, are n't you ashamed?" But Miss Nigger and I knew from his eyes that we were forgiven, and we hurried on to the house. On the side porch my young mother made the face that means, "Now, are n't you ashamed?" But I held my lip steady and said, "It was nothing but a joke." The tears on my lashes brushed off on her soft cheek.

Inside the house Miss Nigger put me to bed quietly. Once and again I turned and clung to her, desperate with fear and nervous reaction. By and by the thing happened that always happened. I heard voices on the side porch. "Oh, I know I do, but she 's the only one I 've got, Margaret." That was my father talking. I lay and waited. Presently through the hall door I saw the straight figure of my father, half in the shadow. But the light fell in a white shaft across his face. His mouth was grave, his eyes danced. I grew quieter at once, knowing that he was near. He seemed so unafraid—of death in the world, of too much feeling, of anything.

"Tha', tha', honeyful! Tha', tha'! Yo' daddy is a-watchin'; he won't never let us git um ag'in lessen you repose yo'se'f. Tha', tha', lamb-baby!" I was quite calm. My father stole from the hall. I could hear him laughing at my mother's raillery when he returned to the porch. Their rocking-chairs creaked softly. By and by I rose from my pillow to ask boldly, "Am I going to camp 'vival with you, Miss Nigger? Say, am I?" I had recovered my mental balance. I was a white child again. I was not afraid of feeling. My eyes lighted up with some of my father's humor. The lamp-glow was kindly. I was not afraid, I was not voo-

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doo. "Am I, Miss Nigger,—going to'vival with you,—in August? Am I?"

"So, so, honeysuckle sugar, tha', tha'!" She leaned over me suddenly and gathered me to her with passionate affection. "Yass, yo' is now, going ev'whur with me, bress the ram!"

One last time I rose from my pillow, troubled by something that would not have troubled me had I not been my father's child. "Miss Nigger," I began deprecatingly, "it was n't bless the ram, was it? Br'er Johnson did n't say bless the ram, did he? Was n't it bless the lamb?"

"'Umph!" grunted Miss Nigger, imperiously, "I ain't puzzackly know. Ram er lamb—sim lak 't wuz some kind er sheep. Tha', tha', sing low! Whay-o, lily-flower! Tha' now, you 's soun' asleep!"



# ROSE LORE

## BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

NOW since it knows
My heart so well,
Would that this rose
Might speak and tell!

You could not scorn
Its winsome grace,
The blush of morn
Upon its face.

Unto your own
You needs must press
The sweet mouth prone
To tenderness;

Then, lip to lip,
With rapture stirred,
You might let slip
The secret word,

With fragrant kiss
Interpreting
The dream of bliss
The rose would bring.

Then to your breast
Take it to be
Your own heart's best
Love-augury,—
A welcome guest,—
To gladden me.

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# THE EVIL EYE AND WITCHES' NIGHT IN ROME

BY

MAUD HOWE

THE strangest thing about life in Rome is that one not only does as the Romans do, but ends by thinking as the Romans think, feeling as the Romans feel. The best illustration I know of this is the mental attitude of the foreign residents toward certain superstitions, notably the belief in the evil eye—the *malocchio* or *jettatura*, as it is indifferently called. I never knew an Italian who did not hold more or less to this superstition. Americans who have lived long in Rome either reluctantly admit that "there does seem to be something in it," or, if they are Roman-born, quietly accept it as one of those things in heaven and earth of which philosophy fails to take account.

In certain respects the Italian is markedly free from superstition as compared with the Celt or the Scot: for instance, the fear of ghosts or spirits is so rare that I have never met with it; on the other hand, the belief in the value of dreams as guides to action is deep-rooted and wide-spread. The dream-book in some families is held hardly second in importance to the book of prayer. The Italian's eminently practical nature makes him utilize his dreams in "playing the lotto," as the buying of lottery tickets is called. To dream of certain things indicates that one will be lucky and should play. The choice of the number is the chief preoccupation of the hardened lottery-player. It is decided by the oddest chance—by the number on a bank-note that has been lost and found again, or the number of a cab which has brought one home from delightful festivity. I remember in Venice once calling on a friend who lives in a noble old palace on the Canale Grande. The pali, the dark posts rising out of the green water for the mooring of gondolas, bear the heraldic colors of the owners of the palace, and the doge's cap, showing that the family gave a doge to Venice. Stepping from my gondola to the water-worn marble stair, I was helped by one of the servants, an old man with the suave, sympathetic manners that make the Italians the best servants in the world. I put him down as a majordomo of the old school whom my friends probably had taken over with the palace, the library, and the historic murder that go with it. I had brought some flowers, which he insisted upon carrying. He led the way across a square courtyard to an outer stairway with a wonderful carved marble balustrade, lions rampant at the top and bottom. Suddenly he stopped and whispered to me:

"Signora,—a thousand excuses for the liberty,—but will you have the inexpressible gentility to tell me your age?"

The question was so startling that he got the right answer before my inevitable counter-question, "Why do you wish to know?" which he pretended not to hear, drowned in a flood of gratitude.

"You have conferred an immense benefit on me. The signora is expecting you."

He had my wrap off and the drawing-room door open in a twinkling. That was not fair play; he had his answer: I would have mine. I put my question to his mistress. She laughed indulgently.

"Beppino is up to his old tricks. I told him this morning I was expecting a lady he did not know; he was on the lookout



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for you. When a stranger comes to the house for the first time it is the greatest possible luck to play in the lotto the figures which make up his age."

Our own servants all played regularly, sometimes winning small sums, always imagining that they would win the *quaterno*.

The lottery and the *monte di pietà*—somehow one associates them together—are now under government control, as formerly they were under the control of the church. It is assumed as a foregone conclusion that men will gamble, that men will pawn their goods; therefore it is expedient that these inevitable concomitants of city life should be administered by the government, in order that the accruing profits should return to the people by helping to pay the expenses of their government.

The lottery always appears to me like a tax offered to the citizens in the form of a gilded pill. The monte di pietà seems to be a really beneficent institution; it is well administered, the percentage charged being as low as is practicable.

The evolution of Christian out of pagan Rome is not more interesting than the evolution, still going on, of Rome, the modern capital, out of that picturesque medieval Rome of the "forties" which my mother has described to me so vividly that it is as if I myself had seen it. The first call that came over our telephone put me in communication not only with my friend Mrs. Z——, but with the Rome of Horace and the witch Canidia as well.

"Can you come to dinner next Monday?" the lady began.

"With leaps and shrieks of joy."

"Wait; do not accept till you hear who else is coming. We are giving the dinner in honor of M. de Gooch."

"So much the better. We like to meet distinguished Frenchmen."

"You are sure you do not mind meeting this particular Frenchman?"

"Why in the name of common sense should we mind?"

"Well, you know what they say about him?"

"Yes."

"And you are not afraid? I am positively grateful to you. We are having the hardest time to fill the eight places at the table."

"What particular variety of heathen are you inviting?"

"American."

That afternoon we had a visit from an American gentleman, a friend of ours and of the Z——s'.

"Shall we meet next Monday at the Z——s' dinner?" I asked.

"No; they were good enough to invite me, but I got out of it."

I stared at him; he is one of the Z——s' greatest friends.

"Yes; the fact is, I will not go where I have to meet that man."

"You? You believe that M. de Gooch has the evil eye?"

"It is all very well for you to look scornful; just wait a little. I used to take your point of view, but so many uncomfortable things happened that I now avoid the man like the plague."

"What sort of uncomfortable things?"

"We were once at a hotel in Naples. The first time that person—it is not well to mention his name—came into the dining-room, a waiter stumbled and dropped a tray full of valuable Venetian glass; every piece was smashed. The second time, the big chandelier fell from the ceiling. That evening the proprietor begged the person to leave the hotel; said all the other guests would go if he did not, as it was evident that he had the malocchio. Enough; let us speak of other things."

After the visitor left I went up to the terrace to feed the goldfish. Pompilia was on her knees, digging about the roots of the big honeysuckle.

"Pompilia," I said, "do you know any one who has the malocchio?"

She turned pale, scrambled to her feet, and made the sign against witchcraft, with the first and the fourth finger.

"Signora mia, what a fright you gave me!" She reflected a moment. "You remember the *carbonaro* who used to bring the charcoal every Saturday? I told you he cheated us; you discharged him. It was not true; he gave good measure. I do not wish to harm him, but every time he came into the kitchen some *disgrazia* happened: the soup was burned, the milk curdled, or the salt got into the ice-cream."

"Do you believe the carbonaro wished to injure us? Did he desire to bring misfortune?"

"It is his misfortune to bring misfor-

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tune," Pompilia reluctantly explained. "One may even be sorry for him, but one spits as one passes him, and makes the *corni* (horns) with the hand behind the back to avert the jettatura. *Ma*, signora mia, for charity's sake, let us talk of other things!"

The Z——s' was one of the best dinner-parties I have seen in Rome. All the guests seemed on their mettle to make it go off well. It was put through with unlimited champagne and conversational fireworks. De Gooch thawed out as I have never known him to do before; he is usually congealed by the chilly atmosphere which he, poor man, brings with him. I asked Mr. Z—— how he accounted for the evil stories. He said:

"Some enemy, who spreads the reports, takes this dreadful way to destroy him."

The dinner was so merry that the coming of the coffee, instead of being a relief, was a surprise. M. de Gooch, after a moment's hesitation, refused the cup offered him.

"I am rather proud of my coffee; change your mind and try a little," said Mrs. Z——.

I was sitting on the other side of De Gooch, and heard him say in a low voice:

"Are you sure of your cook?"

"Perfectly. He is a Piedmontese; he has been with us ten years; his coffee may be trusted."

Do you know what that meant? It meant that De Gooch is afraid of being poisoned. That poison is most commonly administered in coffee or chocolate, see the Roman saying, "*Ha bevuto una tazza di cioccolata*" ("He has drunk a cup of chocolate"). I asked Mr. Z—— if he believed anybody wanted to murder De Gooch. He said:

"I do not believe him in more danger of poison than of lightning-stroke. It is not wonderful, however, that he thinks he is."

"Is not the malocchio very like the voodoo?" I asked.

"It is a horse of the same color. Both come out of darkest Africa, whose shadows fall across the broad earth."

I take back every word I ever said against missionaries.

The next time I was at the Vatican I dropped into the Sala Borgia and took a good look at the charming portrait of Lucrezia Borgia by Pinturicchio, filled with a realizing sense that the Rome of the Borgias was not so far away from my Rome as I had formerly supposed.

It is hard for us to realize the deadly significance to an Italian of the suggestion that one may have the evil eye. I was walking one day with a young American girl to whom I had been unfolding some of the tragedies I have known connected with the superstition. She took it all lightly and joyously, after the manner of her kind; and later, during our walk, when a saucy, tormenting beggar pursued us, she made the sign of the corni as I had described it to her, shaking the hand slightly, with the first and the fourth finger extended. Then the beggar became convulsed with anger and seemed almost beside herself, shrieking out such a torrent of abuse that we were glad to jump into a cab and fly from the wrath to come. The poor creature was not to be blamed: she knew that once the shadow of suspicion falls, it means social excommunication, banishment outside the pale of whatever society one belongs to—a thing, like illness or death, as much to be dreaded by the pauper as by the Pope. Many people, by the way, believed that Pius IX had the evil eye, and made the sign of the corni behind hat or fan as they received his benediction in front of St. Peter's. The Romans generally are not supposed to be as superstitious as the Neapolitans. In Naples most people wear, as a charm, a little hand of gold, coral, or mother-of-pearl, with the fingers in the attitude to avert evil. Even the horses wear horns upon their harnesses! Some of our Roman friends are not without faith in the efficacy of horns. One day, when my painter had occasion to go behind the big canvases in his studio, he found that an artist who had dropped in during his absence had drawn horns with a bit of charcoal all over the backs of his pictures. Later, when the work was finished and the queen came to the studio to see it, the friend claimed some of the credit for the royal visit.

"You owe all your luck to my horns," he said, half in fun, half in earnest.

ST. JOHN'S EVE! Witches' night! In order that no harm may befall one, it is safest to sit up all night. To sit up all night alone or in the company of one's family is rather cold comfort, so the so-

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ciable Romans spend the night in one vast nocturnal picnic.

We left home at ten o'clock; in the Piazza Scossa Cavalli we found every cab gone except the *gobbo's* (hunchback's). This was great luck, to be driven by the gobbo, all the more so as it was by chance: if we had engaged him beforehand it would not have counted.

As soon as we started, J—— sneezed. "Salute, signore" ("Your health, sir," the equivalent of "Bless you"), said the gobbo. This meant more luck. By the time we reached the Via Merulana the gobbo's white horse—a white horse is lucky—dropped into a walk. The crowd of cabs was so great that from there on to the Piazza San Giovanni we were obliged to move at a snail's pace.

"*Vuole spigo, signora?*" cried a vender, thrusting a bunch of lavender into the cab.

"*Bisogna pigliarlo, signora,*" said the gobbo. "You must buy lavender for yourself, for me, even for my poor beast. It is the rule to wear lavender on St. John's eve."

We bought lavender for the party, the white horse included.

A little farther on another vender stopped us.

"How is this?" he said gravely. "You are without red carnations; that is not well."

"He is right, signora," said the gobbo; "we must wear red carnations as well as lavender."

We bought enough red carnations for an army.

"What do the lavender and the carnations signify?"

"Who knows, signora? It is the custom to wear them. One says it brings *buona fortuna*, another that it keeps the witches away; it is well to be on the safe side."

As the cab came to a dead stop for a moment outside a trattoria, a saucy boy sprang on the step and asked for "a soldo to buy a dish of snails."

"Do not refuse," said the gobbo; "he is a good boy. It is the custom on the eve of San Giovanni to eat snails and polenta, as you may see for yourselves."

Over the door of the trattoria hung an illuminated transparency: on one side was a picture of a large snail, on the other a witch riding a broomstick.

"*Aglio*, aglio [garlic]! Who wishes the aglio? There is nothing so good against the *fascino* [fascination] as aglio!"

We bought a pair of long-stemmed garlic-blossoms, in shape not unlike the classic thyrsus.

"*Campanelli*, campanelli! Who wants the campanelli? The witches fly away at the sound of these marvelous campanelli."

Everybody but ourselves had apparently already bought campanelli. All the people in the carriages and on the sidewalk carried these small terra-cotta bells, which they rang violently at one another and at the witches. The bells were of two sizes.

"Buy a large one for yourself, signore, and a small one for the lady," counseled the gobbo.

"And one for you and one for the mare?"

"Naturally. The animal cannot well spare a hand to ring her campanello, so we will tie it about her neck."

Peacock-feathers were next offered. The gobbo was prejudiced against them and advised us not to buy them. There seems to be a divided feeling about peacock-feathers; some people hold that they bring bad luck, others that they avert it. We left the carriage at the piazza, which was lined with booths, illuminated with flaring torches. These stalls extend a considerable distance down the Via Appia Nuova, outside the Porta San Giovanni; some displayed the classic bush, from the earliest time the sign of the wine-shop. Outside one of the most important booths hung a large painted head of the wine-god, crowned with leaves, bearing the words, "A Bacho." At some stalls fried pancakes and *gnocchi di patate* were sold. Gnocchi is one of the delicious Roman dishes. It is made of potatoes and corn-meal, bewitched together into miniature oval croquettes and served with a rich sauce of tomato conserve and Parmesan cheese—truly a dish fit for the gods. Near the gnocchi-booth was a stall hung with evergreens, where a man in white linen clothes and cap stood beside an enormous roasted hog, brandishing a huge knife.

"*Majiale arrosto—ah che bel majiale!*" ("Roast pig—oh, what a beautiful pig!")

At some of the stands toys and dolls were sold. I was kept away from certain of these, as J—— said the toys were indecent. Those I saw were ordinary every-day toys which the elders bought for the chil-

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dren; for when one goes to the *festa* of San Giovanni one takes the whole family along —grandmothers, grandfathers, babies, and all.

The noisy people were all gathered together in the piazza and the Via Appia Nuova; the quieter sort were scattered about in groups on the outskirts of the crowd. On the right-hand side, a little distance from the Church of St. John Lateran, there is a hillside with ancient ilex-trees. This dark hillside was dotted with torches and candles, each the center of a knot of people.

We soon left the turmoil in the neighborhood of the booths and strayed about among the quieter folks. Under a dark gnarled tree a family group had made themselves comfortable. On the trunk above their heads two long garlic-stalks were nailed crosswise to avert evil. Directly below the cross sat a lovely young woman suckling a large baby, certainly eighteen months old. Beside her an aged woman held a four-year-old child in her lap, whose chubby hands were stretched out to touch the nursling; in the shadow behind stood a grave bearded man. The huckster's cart that had brought them was drawn up near by; the donkey could be dimly seen munching a bundle of hay.

"Behold Mary and the Child, St. Elizabeth and St. John, with the good St. Joseph taking care of them all," said Vincenzo, who had seen us and followed us up from the piazza. As we stood entranced before this living Holy Family the moon rose full and yellow over the dark hillside. For a moment we saw it behind the head of that young mother like a halo. It was a group worthy the pencil of Raphael.

"*Che belli fanciulli!*" ("What beautiful children!") I said to Vincenzo.

St. Elizabeth, hearing the innocent words, caught the little St. John behind her, scowling and muttering angrily at me.

"Come away quickly," said Vincenzo, urging me down the hill. "Don't you know that you must never praise a child in that way—of all times on the night of San Giovanni?"

"It is time to go home," said J——.

I begged a few minutes' grace, for just at that moment a heavy car hung with laurel garlands, drawn by milk-white oxen with gilded horns, creaked into the piazza. The car was filled with young men in costume, singing to the music of guitar and mandolin. They were all masked. From the rich trappings of the car and their cultivated voices we fancied them to be persons of some distinction. A high tenor voice pierced the babel of sound: "*Sei la rosa piu bella che c'è!*" ("Thou art the most beautiful rose that is!")

It was near midnight; the fun was growing fast and furious. J——, who from the first had objected to the expedition, backed up by Vincenzo, now declared that it was impossible for me to stay longer. An unwilling Cinderella, I was torn away on the stroke of twelve.

"It is not a seemly revel," I was told; "dreadful things happen; respectable people do not stay after midnight."

To me it was all a wonderful revelation: I was in pagan Rome, where Bacchus and Vesta were worshiped, where Italy's spoiled children, the Roman populace, took their pleasure, as they have done with little change since Rome was, since "step bread" was distributed gratis on the steps of the Capitol, and the costly games of the Colosseum kept them amused and pacific.

Till broad daylight I heard the people coming home, ringing their little terra-cotta bells, singing snatches of the song of the evening: "Sei la rosa piu bella che c'è!" As I look back at that riot of youth and age, where the faces of faun and satyr leered at nymph and dryad, the whole pagan scene is sweetened and purified by that vision of the Holy Family.



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "The Century's American Artists Series" in "Open Letters"

A FAIRY TALE. PAINTED BY SAMUEL ISHAM



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Drawn by Will Grefé

"'NOT YET, ETHEL. FIVE MINUTES MORE'"

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# THE HEART-BREAKERS

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

Author of "The Helmet of Navarre"

WITH PICTURES BY WILL GREFÉ



N the last night of the house-party everybody grew sentimental. Of the two in the window-seat on the stairs, the girl was trying to look innocently unaware that the object in the man's clasp was her hand.

"Really, they 're all saying good night, Harry. I must go."

"Not yet, Ethel. Five minutes more."

She smiled.

"What good are five minutes?"

"It 's five minutes more of heaven—for me." His eyes were dark, and his sigh seemed to come from the depths of a wrung soul. She moved as if to rise. "Don't go," he pleaded. "We 've just begun. I 've a million things to say."

"Well, I 'll grant you time for—let 's see—just two."

"The first is, I 've never seen your eyes look so lovely as they do to-night."

She rose lazily.

"That old story!"

He was on his feet, still clasping her hand.

"Ethel—*dear!*"

A new note rang in his voice She glanced at him, startled. He had both her hands now.

"You witch, you set me on fire! I 'm not easily moved—I 'm a hard-headed, callous-hearted business man. But you—are *you!* Oh, my girl, don't you know how you 've made me love you?"

The instant's silence was intense. Then she murmured:

"They 're shutting the piano. I—"

He leaned toward her, and her voice was muted on his lips.

The group from the music-room, pouring into the hall, found the girl on the landing, the man discreetly at the foot of the stairs. With his good night came the emphatic whisper, "In New York next week."

II

IN the cold light of the morning after, on the westbound train, his prudence spoke to Mr. Harry Beckford:

"See here, my friend, you waded in last night farther than you meant."

"Oh, well, it 's simple enough not to be able to go to New York at present."

On the east-bound train, her conscience to Miss Ethel Maynard:

"Ethel, what did you mean by letting that man kiss you?"

"I did n't go for to do it. It just—happened."

"But you 've been flirting with him for two weeks."

"He was far the most attractive man at 'The Alders.' And he 's no school-boy that can't take care of himself."

"But last night you believed he really loved you?"

"Yes, conscience dear. I knew he did."

"And you let him kiss you, knowing what he would think."

"I was flustered—it was all so quick—I did n't know what I was doing."

"Do you happen to care for Harry Beckford?"

"He 's an awfully nice fellow—"

"But you don't care for him?"



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"Oh, conscience, what a bore you are! Do leave me alone! Well, if you must have it, I do not care a brass token for him."

"But when he said he was coming to see you next week, you gave him a most melting glance."



"PAUSED WITH THE END OF HER PENHOLDER BETWEEN HER LIPS"

"The prisoner at the bar has no defense."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

To decide this question kept Ethel puzzling all her journey home. The woman could not, like the man, turn sentiment out of doors without notice. She enjoyed her emotions too much for that. Both were somewhat ashamed, both desired to be merciful. He, of the sex that hates scenes, decided that the kindest course (not to say the easiest) was to let false hope starve. She, of the sex that loves scenes, nerved herself to an unflinching coup de grâce. She wrote,

MY DEAR MR. BECKFORD:

and paused with the end of her penholder between her lips.

"They tell me I write graceful notes, but, however one expresses it, it is n't pretty to discard a man like yesterday's neck-ribbon. Well, I must say something."

When you spoke of a trip to New York next week, I had forgotten that I must be away then, paying a long-promised visit in—

"What 's a good remote place?"

—Montreal. It is so unfortunate that I shall miss the pleasure of seeing you.

"H-m-m. That 's certainly polite, but is n't it too polite? Suppose he answers that he can just as well come this week?"

"The Alders" by candlelight, with a sweet voice in the distance singing "Annie Laurie," is a sort of dream-country, no relation to this workaday world, and sometimes under the spell of fairyland one says—or implies—more than one means. If you mistook the stuff that dreams are made of for reality, forgive me, and forget those foolish minutes on the stairs.

Sincerely yours,
*Ethel Maynard.*

III

HE hesitated a full minute to open her letter. What he found in it was so unlike what he looked for that he read it through three times without stopping. Then he ejaculated: "The little cat! So she was playing with me!"

He lighted a cigarette, and, puffing thoughtfully, scanned the note a fourth time.

"By Jove, though, suppose she did care, and had the brains to see I did n't, and so shook me before I could shake her? Clever little girl! No, I 'm hanged if she could think I did n't care, for I did—that night."

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He rose to pace the room with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets.

"Yes, I jolly well meant it, that time on the stairs. She 's pretty and merry, and quick as a whip-lash, the dearest little comrade in the world, and if I were a marrying man—" He stood still a moment, his face serious, then laughed and lounged on. "No, Ethel, as Mr. and Mrs. Beckford I don't think we 'd score a hit."

At his desk he read her letter for the fifth time. His emotions, to quote the novelists, were mingled. "I suppose I 'm glad I 'm out of a mess," he mused. "I know I 'm glad the little girl is n't hurt." But a feeling he did not formulate inspired his reply—a distinct sense of injury, of a blow to his dignity, of the beastly impertinence of the little minx to dare hand him his dismissal.

MY DEAR MISS MAYNARD: You need hardly have taken the pains to explain the glamour of candle-light and "Annie Laurie," for only the very young and callow suppose that anything said after dinner is said in earnest. I have already forgotten what happened on the stairs, but I remember that at the time it seemed the proper finale to our fortnight's comedy. A modern comedy, you know, has no epilogue.

Faithfully yours,
*Henry Beckford.*

IV

ETHEL, mastering the contents of his note in one lightning glance, cried out, "The beast!" so emphatically that her mother called from the next room, "Who 's a beast?"

"Parsons won't promise my blue dress for the 15th," Ethel explained, and made her further comments on Harry's letter in silence.

"Well, of all the cads! To let me put myself out to save his feelings, and to answer me that he was just playing!"

She read the letter again, cheeks growing redder and redder.

"Oh, Harry Beckford, I could call that bluff! A proper finale to our little comedy, indeed! When your voice was just a husky



"'NOW, I COULD HAVE HAD THAT GIRL'"

whisper, and your whole big frame trembled! You used to change color when I spoke to you! And you call it a comedy!"

She snatched up the letter again. Her angry flush faded, her expression softened.

"Poor old boy! What if he does try to save his face? What did I expect him to write? 'You have cut me to the heart'? The young and callow, as he says, might do that. Men of the world hide their hurts. I called it a dream, he calls it a comedy. He 's following my lead, accepting like a gentleman whatever line I choose to take. 'I have already forgotten what happened on the stairs.' Nothing could be more generous than that. He 's a dear, sweet fellow. I wish I could have cared for him."

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V

WITH some self-denial, she decided to forgo her woman's privilege of the last word. To her best friend she summed up the story:

"He took it beautifully, Polly, but I shall always feel guilty. He was pretty badly hurt."

Rummaging through his desk one day, Harry came across an old kodak of her. He propped it up against the inkstand, to regard it with some complacency. "Now, I could have had that girl."



RUSSIAN COSSACKS IN MANCHURIA AT THEIR MIDDAY MEAL

# MANCHURIA

BY JAMES W. DAVIDSON, F.R.G.S.

United States Consul at An-tung, Manchuria

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



TO produce a Manchuria out of home material, we should take for the southernmost part, including the territory leased to Russia, ten thousand square miles of the rocky land of Vermont; for that great garden extending from Liao-tung peninsula to Harbin, five hundred miles to the north, the rich grain belt in North Dakota known as the Red River Valley would form a substitute; and for that portion of Manchuria extending from Harbin four hundred and fifty miles to the northern frontier, a likeness might be found in the grassy plains of western Nebraska. This refers to the eastern portion. The western half is mountainous, and, with its heavy virgin forests, resembles the pine-clad hill districts of Oregon. The Khingan range presents the only mountainous scenery found in the western part, but it has nothing of the grandeur of the Rockies, resembling more closely the Blue Ridge of the East.

Manchuria, if placed with its greatest length east and west, would reach from New York to Chicago. With its area of three hundred and sixty-three thousand

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square miles it is nearly eight times the size of the State of New York; and France and Germany combined are about its equal. In latitude it occupies a position corresponding to the territory extending from Washington to Hopedale, North Labrador. The climate differs somewhat, however, from that of the districts mentioned. In southern Manchuria it is colder than at Washington. In central Manchuria the climate is not unlike that of the Dakotas, and in northern Siberia. If one includes the Shilka River, the Amur can be navigated by steamers for more than two thousand miles. The Sungari, which flows into the Amur near the northeast frontier, is in Manchuria throughout its total length, and is navigable for nearly seven hundred miles. The Argun flows into the Amur near the northern frontier, and steamer communication is possible for five hundred miles of its length.

From the south there are two great



RUSSIAN CHURCH AT HARBIN

Manchuria there is a winter of arctic severity, though the snowfall scarcely exceeds that of the South Dakota plains. Cold weather in central Manchuria often comes in October, though continuous frost does not set in until November, and with March comes the first sign of spring. In winter a temperature of 45° below zero is not infrequently registered.

In a country of such vast extent, great rivers are to be expected, and Manchuria is singularly well provided for in this respect. The majestic Amur, one of the great rivers of the world, is fed by streams having their sources far in the interior of Mongolia and in the Baikal districts of streams, the Liao and the Yalu. The Liao flows into Liao-tung Gulf near Newchwang, and can be entered by the seagoing steamers which anchor off the port mentioned. Chinese river junks can ascend the stream for more than a hundred and seventy-five miles. The Yalu River flows into Korea Bay and forms the northwest boundary of Korea. It is navigable for small coasting-steamers for thirty-five miles. Chinese boats, however, can ascend several hundred miles.

### THE HISTORY OF MANCHURIA

MANCHURIA, though a part of China, is considered distinct from the empire proper

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STREET SCENE IN KIRIN, WITH THE SIGN OF A PAWNBROKER ON THE LEFT

in much the same way that Americans regard Alaska, though there is no similarity in their respective positions with regard to administration. Three or four centuries ago the southern part of what is now known as Manchuria was occupied by Koreans and was a portion of their territory. It is not known how far north their rule extended, but there are traces of Korean architecture as far as Liao-yang, which is one hundred and twenty miles from the present Korean boundaries. At this early period the Manchu element consisted of a few powerful tribes, who, though of the same general Mongolian stock, possessed many ethnological points of difference sufficient to distinguish them from the great Chinese race which occupied China proper. The roving life in a wild country where young braves thought it no extraordinary achievement to kill with bow and arrow, single-handed, the fierce Northern tiger, developed the Manchu into a hardy, fearless warrior, with a love for courageous deeds.



IMPERIAL THRONE IN THE MANCHU PALACE AT MUKDEN

The history of the Manchus is one of continued and rapid growth. From a small tribe their influence spread over the great plains of western Manchuria until they became a force which even great China deemed it advisable to conciliate. Their ambitions knew no limit, and early in the sixteenth century they began an invasion of China. A century later, by methods which at times gave evidence of the most crafty and skilful diplomacy, and again were those of a most cruel tyrant, the



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greatest empire that the world has known was acquired by a race of half-savage nomads.

As the home of the Manchu dynasty, Manchuria, in the eyes of the emperor, deserved honored treatment, and the followers of the standard—there was scarcely a Manchu who had not seen service—were specially cared for. It was declared by special decree that all Manchus for time unending should belong to one of the eight banner corps and receive a small monthly stipend. The great home country should remain the exclusive property of all Manchus, and Chinese were forbidden to hold land in it. The Koreans had now been driven to the south, and Manchuria extended virtually to the banks of the Yalu on the south and to the sea on the east.

The Manchu policy, which, in its conception, provided for the continuance and development of a great race of pure Manchus, who would always be at the beck and call of the Manchu dynasty and would be a safeguard against the restoration of Chinese rule, brought on results quite the reverse of those desired. The Manchu found his small wage sufficient at first to provide food, and there was no longer the necessity to live the arduous life of a hunter or herdsman. In a generation or two the race had degenerated into a lazy band of parasites who, in the absence of a strenuous life, had lost all the cunning and the warlike skill which had brought to them a great empire. They maintained a reputation for fierceness, however, and at the time of the late war with Japan it was predicted that the Japanese would find a match in the Manchu cavalry. The first engagement between the two dispelled forever this illusion.



IMPERIAL RESIDENCE IN THE OLD MANCHU PALACE AT MUKDEN

### THE POPULATION AND ITS GOVERNMENT

It was unreasonable to expect that the farmers in overpopulated China would permit an adjoining and sparsely settled land to remain unexploited merely because their own government forbade them entrance, and no sooner had the Manchus completed their subjugation of the unruly south-China spirits than the northern Chinese began a peaceful invasion of Manchuria. True, they could not legally hold land, but by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" they gradually obtained control of the more fertile districts of southern Manchuria. The Manchu thought the life of a farmer too strenuous; if labor was necessary, he preferred that of a huntsman, herdsman, or a gatherer of wild ginseng; besides, it was he who at first profited by the sale of his land. Thus he offered no active hostility, and when at last he was reduced to a mere vagrant, with no income other than his trifling wage as a soldier, which he drew and still draws from the government, the Chinese had arrived in such



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numbers that he was helpless. At the present day more than ninety per cent. of the population in the southern half of Manchuria is Chinese. In the northern half in all Manchuria; but foreign observers double that number, and there are some authorities who believe that 18,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate. Even this



A COLONEL OF MANCHU CAVALRY

the Mongols are most numerous, and the Manchus occupy second place; but the Chinese are working their way in rapidly. The population is variously stated. The Chinese government declares that the census of 1902 revealed only 8,500,000 souls population is not sufficient to supply the demand for labor, and many tens of thousands of Chinese coolies arrive in the spring in Chi-li and Shan-tung provinces and engage in agricultural pursuits or as helpers on the native boats, returning to China

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before winter. In case of war or any other great disturbing factor, these laborers come in fewer numbers, and the high wages demanded by the faithful few work, sometimes, considerable hardship to employers.

The government of Manchuria is a military one, administered by a governor-general responsible only to the emperor. In Mukden, the capital of all Manchuria and



FILING OFF THE TEETH OF A BEAR TO RENDER THE ANIMAL HARMLESS

The natives, living near the northern terminal of the Ussuri section of the Siberian railway, use bears in their religious ceremonies

of Sheng-king province as well, are all the official boards found in Peking with the exception of the civil office. There are three provinces in Manchuria, commonly known as the "three Eastern Provinces," each presided over by a military governor who in some state matters is responsible to the so-called Tatar-general in Mukden.

Before dealing with late events in Manchuria, it is advisable to tell something of the land, its resources, and its principal cities.

### SHENG-KING PROVINCE

Beginning with Sheng-king, the southernmost province, we deal with that division which possesses within its boundaries the richest treasures of the country and the greatest population. It includes all that portion of Manchuria lying to the west of the Yalu River and has an area of some sixty thousand square miles. Kwang-tung peninsula was a part of this province until leased to Russia. The eastern half of Sheng-king is mountainous and contains some virgin forest, which, however, is not of great commercial value. Coal, gold, asbestos, iron, copper, and other minerals have been found in these mountains, but, with the exception of coal in the Yentai district, none have been mined on a profitable scale. In the north of this region is the old imperial hunting-ground. Manchu officers, in order to maintain their warlike spirit and prowess, are expected to make yearly excursions to this wild district and to hunt the big game found there. But the mandarins now find the pleasures of the opium-chamber and the music of the "sing-song" girls far more satisfying, and therefore professional huntsmen are employed to make the yearly expedition. The game killed is sent in great quantity to the em-

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CHINESE BRINGING IN BANDITTI



STREET SCENE IN KUANCHENGTZU

peror at Peking, who is considerate enough not to ask embarrassing questions as to the identity of the slayers.

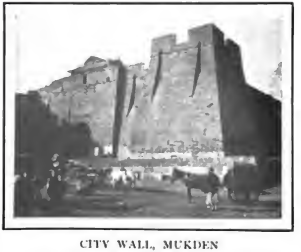
The famous Red River Valley of our Middle West is not more fertile than the valley of the Liao River, which extends north and south through the province. A district larger than the State of New York is drained by this river and its branches, and nearly all of this territory is either alluvial plain or a rich, rolling country. The soil is chiefly a sandy loam, and water in abundance can be obtained a few feet below the surface. The climatic conditions are such that crop failures and their attendant famines, so common in China, are virtually unknown. This district is the first in the world in the production of beans and kaoliang (giant millet), and in addition it produces maize, tobacco, cotton, opium, indigo, and hemp. A large fleet of ocean steamers is maintained in carrying from Newchwang the vast quantity of bean products, which reach in some years to a value of ten millions of dollars. The northern portion of the valley extends into Mongolia, with its vast plains of rich grasses on which subsist the horses, cattle, and sheep for which this land is famous.

All this country would make excellent wheat-land. The natives who are engaged in the growing of this cereal have found it very profitable, and as fast as modern flour-mills are constructed the Chinese will undoubtedly be prepared to meet the demand. Manchuria is destined to become a great wheat-producing country, and Sheng-king province, owing to cheap water transportation to the coast, is advantageously situated to supply a part of the demand for flour in China and Japan.

By treaty between the United States and China, proclaimed January 13, 1904, Mukden has been opened as a place of international residence and trade. The Manchu dynasty, before acquiring China, had its capital at this city for nearly a hundred years, and the imperial palaces are still in existence, though in a very dilapidated condition. The tombs



STREET SCENE IN MUKDEN



CITY WALL, MUKDEN



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of the Manchus are located in a beautiful grove about four miles from the city, and there is buried Narachu, the founder of the Manchu imperial dynasty. At Mukden reside the Tatar-general and the members of the various boards which have their counterpart in Peking. The city, which is the largest in all Manchuria, has a population variously stated at from 270,000 to 300,000. It is a few miles from the Hun River, which flows into the Liao River, and which in summer is navigable to this point for Chinese junks, and gives water communication with Newchwang, the seaport, one hundred and forty miles distant. It possesses a fine wall, and in addition to the big city within there are eight Chinese suburbs, and a Russian settlement at the railway-station two miles distant. Mukden is the leading commercial mart and the greatest fur market in all Manchuria. The larger merchants of Peking, Shanghai, and central China have representatives there who purchase fur and import tea, ginseng, sharks' fins, and birds' nests.

There are many well-known Manchus who, while stationed in other parts of China, still maintain their homes in Mukden, and in many cases their relatives live there. The foreign residents, excluding Russians, are limited to the American consul-general and staff, several British missionaries, and two French priests.

Second in importance in Sheng-king province is the southern port of Newchwang or Yinkow, which was thrown open to the trade of the world in 1861. The old Chinese town of Newchwang is forty miles from the mouth of the Liao River, and Chinese historians declare that two hundred years ago it was a seaport. A few years before its opening as a port, Yinkow was a small village at the mouth of the river; but so rapidly has new land been formed by the tremendous quantities of silt brought down-stream that the city is now thirteen miles from the sea. The land in the vicinity of the treaty port, and in some cases reaching twenty or more miles back from the coast, is all newly made and permeated with salt. It is consequently quite barren, and fresh water is a luxury. During the Boxer war the city was occupied by the Russians, who established a provisional civil administration which is at the present writing still in existence.



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

A SHOE-STORE SIGN

Newchwang in trade ranks fourth among all the treaty ports of China. It contains forty-five bean-oil-and-cake factories and is the greatest bean market in the world. There are, it is said, upward of twenty thousand junks engaged in this traffic on the Liao River, and it sometimes occurs, when all conditions are favorable, that there will be six or eight thousand junks at one time in the port. The total Manchurian export and import trade handled through this one port during the year 1902 reached to the value of forty million dollars. In the import trade the United States occupies an important place. We supplied, in 1902, goods to the value of five million dollars, or thirty-five per cent. of the whole.

The permanent population of Newchwang in 1903 consisted of 50,529 Chinese, 67 Russians, excluding the government class, and a small handful of English, Americans, and Germans. English firms handle most of the shipping and insurance, and there are Russian, Japanese, and English banks. The foreigners import kerosene, coal, and sugar, but the vast bulk of all the trade is in the hands of Chinese merchants. Newchwang



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RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN CAMP AT KIRIN

is the southeastern terminus of the Imperial Chinese Railway, which runs from Tientsin, three hundred and forty-eight miles distant. It is also on a branch line of the Russian Manchurian railway, one hundred and eighty miles from Port Arthur. During the winter the harbor freezes over and all sea communication ceases.

The other important cities in Sheng-king province, with the exception of the Yalu ports, are all on or near the Russian railway.

Haicheng (Seaside City), forty miles from the sea, is the first city of importance as we proceed by rail in a northerly direction. The name of the town would imply that at some remote period it was near the sea. It was at one time held, as was all this part of Manchuria, by the Koreans. There exist to this day two gateways and ruins of an old wall which are believed to have been Korean. In the war with China the Japanese captured the city and occupied it for one year, but did not proceed farther north than this point. It has a population of 22,000 Chinese, including a thousand Mohammedan families. A notable Buddhist idol thirty feet in height is in one of its temples.

Some forty miles north of Haicheng lies the walled city of Liao-yang, the cleanest and most attractive city that I saw while in Manchuria. It is interesting historically. Here, it is said, was located the old capital of Korea. The inability of the Koreans to oppose the advance of the Chinese lost them this rich part of Manchuria, and now we find their capital nearly four hundred miles to the south. Liao-yang was also at one time the capital of the Manchus. There is an estimated population of some 80,000 people in the city, and there is a large Russian settlement at the station. An important trade in Chinese products is carried on from Liao-yang, and the place is famous for the fine grapes which are grown in the near vicinity. At Yentai, some twenty miles northeast of Liao-yang, are the Russian government coal-mines. Among the many coal deposits which have been worked, these alone have really been a success, though the production does not exceed one hundred and fifty tons daily.

Passing through Mukden, and forty miles to the north, is the very thriving walled city of Tieling (Iron Hill City). Within the wall there is a picturesque pagoda erected by the Chinese in commemoration of the retirement of the Koreans. Tieling is a junction-point of several important highways, has water communication by the Liao River, and is fast becoming an important commercial city. The principal trade is in bean products, and there are ten mills engaged in extracting



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the oil and preparing bean-cake. There are also two native distilleries and a Russian vodka-factory. There is a population of 60,000 people, only one third of whom live within the city wall. The Russian settlement is at the station.

In reaching Kuanchengtzu (City of Perpetual Spring), the next important town in the province, we pass through Kaiyuan, with a population of about 20,000. Kuanchengtzu has a population within and without the wall of 80,000. It is on the road to the great inland city of Kirin, and has many Chinese inns to accommodate overland travelers. The principal trade of the city is in beans, of which thirty-six million pounds are shipped annually, and there are also large shipments of indigo, pigs' bristles, horses' tails and manes. Cattle from Mongolia come to this point and are shipped to Harbin. Large native distilleries are in operation here. There are also tanneries and many great mercantile establishments. In the vicinity of this city the Chinese have shown much enterprise in the growing of wheat, and a Russian flour-mill equipped with modern machinery has been in successful operation at this point.

Next in importance to the Liao valley in the province is the Yalu River district. The possession of this river is of greatest importance to the two powers now engaged in war, and doubtless before this appears in print important battles will have occurred in its vicinity.

The Yalu River, unlike most of the streams in Manchuria, is unusually picturesque. For almost its entire length it passes through a mountainous country, well wooded, but with few rapids compared with most mountain streams. It is navigable for Chinese craft to Shinkaihao, a distance of over two hundred miles, but sandbanks and shoals give much trouble to navigators. Steamers, and of these only light-draft coasters, cannot proceed beyond An-tung. The entrance to the Yalu River is not an impressive sight. There is a long vista of sand and mud flats, and at low tide the depth of water is insufficient for even the smallest ocean craft. The river is closed by ice during the midwinter months.

Tatungkao, which lies near the mouth of the Yalu, is reached at low water by small Chinese cargo-boats through a channel with only two feet depth of water. It is a very busy little town, inasmuch as it is the port of transhipment for a portion of the Chinese cargo which goes up or comes down from An-tung (Shaho). There have been stationed here some eighty Russians, employees of the lumber company, but no other foreigners reside here. This port has been lately opened to international trade by the Japanese treaty with China. The China coast in this vicinity is low, and, though sparsely settled, beans, millet, wheat, and barley are under extensive cultivation.

The next place of importance is Yongampo, fifteen miles above Tatungkao on the Korean side of the river. Here have been located the headquarters of the Russian lumber company. The Russians have constructed a bund which extends along the river-bank for twelve hundred yards, and have erected two large storehouses, half a dozen fine brick dwelling-houses, besides many temporary wooden buildings and barrack-like huts for their employees. The main street of the settlement runs parallel with the bank, and there is deep water close inshore. The river at this point forms a right angle and is over a mile wide, and as all shipping must pass within gunshot of the village, the location is one of no little strategical importance. The lumber which is cut along the upper reaches of the river, and floated down in great rafts, is collected here. Sawmills are in course of erection.

Proceeding up-river for eight miles, we come to Santaolantao, on the Manchurian side, where there is a likin station for the collection of this excise from all junks and rafts passing up- or down-stream and loading on the Manchurian side. From this point the river bears away to the northeast, and after a seven-mile stretch, Antung, on the Manchurian side, is reached. This city is of special interest at present, as it has, through the efforts of the United States government, been declared an open port. There is an American consulate here, and doubtless other nations will soon be represented. An-tung is new, the site of the present city having been a millet-field only a few years ago. The Chinese merchants here are enterprising and have constructed large buildings surrounded by high and thick walls, with no windows opening on the street,

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doubtless as a precaution against robbers, who are somewhat numerous here. The streets are unusually wide for Manchurian cities. The population of An-tung is estimated at 15,000, with an additional population of some 12,000 junkmen and rafts-awakening slightly every sixth day, when traders come in from considerable distances with their wares to attend the fair held on that day. If the railway projected from Seoul to Wiju is completed, the city will become one of much importance.



THE GREAT WALL DESCENDING TO THE GULF AT SHANHAIKWAN

men. The port offers shipping facilities superior to those of other Yalu towns, and over five hundred junks have been counted at one time along the bank. Rafts come down from three hundred miles up-river, and junks bring piece-goods, sugar, flour, old iron, paper, kerosene-oil, raw cotton, and Chinese commodities from the whole of the Shan-tung coast. Small steamers keep up communication between the Yalu and Chi-fu, China, which is an important ocean port one hundred and eighty-five miles distant. From An-tung the Great Peking Road leads to Liao-yang, and this is the nearest overland route to the capital.

A few miles above An-tung, on the Korean shore, is Wiju, which has been opened to foreign trade by special treaty with Korea. The town lies in a hollow nearly two miles from the river. It has about 12,000 inhabitants and is a sleepy town,

KIRIN PROVINCE

THE second province in importance in Manchuria is Kirin, which comprises all the territory from east to west between the Sungari River and Sheng-king province. This province has an area of about one hundred thousand square miles. A considerable portion of the western district is a low, hilly country of black adobe and great plains. This province is taking the lead in the production of wheat, for which it is eminently suited. Beans, barley, oats, small millet, corn, hemp, and tobacco are other products extensively grown. The eastern two thirds of Kirin province is a mountain wilderness, very sparsely settled by a few huntsmen and trappers, and, unfortunately, innumerable Hunhuses (banditti). The hills are well wooded, with the exception of a narrow strip on the Tumen River; but few trees are found sufficiently

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large to justify the introduction of modern sawmills.

Kirin, the capital, is the most important city and has a population estimated at about 250,000. It is eighty miles from the Russian railway lines, but during the summer months a small Russian steamer plies on the Sungari River between it and Laosaokao, which is on the Russian railway.

The Chinese government maintained an arsenal and a mint at Kirin, which have been closed since the Russian occupation. The manufacture of Chinese shoes, silver ornaments, cabinets, and coffins are important industries here. It has been the custom since the first establishment of Manchu rule to send from this city every winter, as presents to the emperor at Peking, stag, deer, tigers, frozen fish, furs, and pearls, and these gifts are still forwarded annually. Large droves of pigs are driven from here to Peking, and cattle are sent to Vladivostok. There is also some export of pigs' bristles. A few British missionaries reside in the city, and during the last two or three years many Russians.

Ninguta, the former capital of the province, is about one hundred and forty miles east of Kirin. It is sixteen miles from the Vladivostok-Harbin branch of the Manchurian railway, and at one time was an important Chinese military station.

The town is surrounded by a wall of considerable age, and the business is conducted on one narrow street paved with wood. There are several tanneries, Chinese spirit-distilleries, and a bean-oil-and-cake mill, and a large wholesale trade in furs is carried on. The Russians have a regiment of soldiers stationed here, and there are several Russian shops and a Russian vodka-factory. It has a Chinese population of about 60,000.

Kirin province contains the largest and most prosperous of all Russian towns in Manchuria, Harbin. It is only three years old, and yet it had, in December last, a population exceeding 60,000 people, of whom half were Russians. It is splendidly located on the Sungari River, and is in about the geographical center of Manchuria. It is on the main line of the Russian railway, and the Vladivostok line branches off at this point. We are accustomed to boom-towns in the United States, but I doubt if we can equal the Russian record in the construction of a town with great government buildings, brick and stone business houses, great flour-mills, and factories in one hundred and fifty weeks.

Harbin is the administration center of the whole Manchurian railway system, officially known as the Chinese Eastern Railway, and repair-shops costing $1,258,-500 have been erected. The railway administration building cost $550,000, and there was expended on schools of various kinds, including eight institutions for teaching Russian and Chinese, the large sum of $423,000. In addition to these there was spent $212,000 for a hospital, $185,000 for a railway club, and $81,500 for a hotel. These are the principal items, but $15,-000,000 have, in addition, been expended in municipal improvements, railway buildings, warehouses, residences for employees, road construction, etc. Moreover, Russian enterprise has invested nearly $800,-000 in ten flour-mills, and $500,000 in spirit-distilleries, brick-factories, packing-houses, and a brewery. The Russo-Chinese Bank has just completed a beautiful building at a cost of $150,000.

If the Russians emerge victorious from the present war, and maintain control of the territory originally held by them, Harbin is destined to be the metropolis of all Manchuria. It has already become a large flour-milling center, the ten mills erected there producing over forty-five hundred barrels of flour a day. If the present war does not interfere with agricultural work, the total flour requirements for almost any force that the Russians are likely to maintain in Manchuria can be amply supplied from Harbin.

### HEILUNGCHIANG PROVINCE

THE most northern of the provinces is Heilungchiang. It has an area of about two hundred thousand square miles and is the largest, though the most sparsely settled, of all the provinces. This division is very mountainous, and there are large tracts of barren land. Very few even of the more fertile districts are under cultivation, though there is much land that could be profitably put in wheat. Regardless of reports to the contrary, Russian farmers have not settled this, or any other portion of Manchuria, for that matter. In

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the northwestern part one enters a great plain, a continuation of the valuable grazing districts of Mongolia.

One frequently hears of the great mineral resources of Manchuria, but it is a fact that up to the present time little of value has been discovered. In the western part of Heilungchiang province there are, however, gold-mines of undoubted value. The fields extend along the shores of the Argun and Amur rivers, from the bed of the Hailar to the mouth of the Sungari River.

Until last year only placer-mining had been carried on, but several quartz-mills are now in course of construction, and ore of sufficient richness has been found to make them rank well with the great mines of the world. The most valuable of the districts are owned by Russian companies, and the placer-fields have yielded very large profits.

The most important city in this province is Tsitsikar, which is the capital and the principal military post. Tsitsikar is in the center of a great plain, apparently an ideal wheat-land, though at present little cultivated. It is twenty miles from the Russian railway-station of the same name. It has a population of 70,000, chiefly Manchus and Mongols, though the shopkeepers are mostly Chinese. Thousands of cattle are purchased yearly in this city.

Hailar, in the far northeast, is the only other point of importance in Heilungchiang province. It is a most quaint old Mongol city, and has been an important military station for several hundred years. The Russians have built at the railway-station a bright little town of 1500 people. The old town is only a mile or so distant, is surrounded by a miserable mud wall, possesses but one long street made up of one-story mud houses, and has every appearance of poverty. Nevertheless, it is an important shipping-point for cattle, and there is much more life visible than in more pretentious south-China towns. Cattle, sheep, and horses are reared on the rich grasses in the surrounding districts. Regardless of the extreme cold of this country in winter, camels are used extensively for draft purposes. They are long-haired animals and most hardy.

### RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA

Russia first showed an interest in Manchuria when, in 1860, at the close of the British and French war with China, she obtained a rectification of the Siberian-Manchurian frontier, which gave to her the eastern maritime districts of Manchuria, of which Vladivostok is the principal harbor. This city, valuable possession though it was, did not possess an ice-free harbor, and with the gradual development of eastern Siberia there came, perhaps not unnaturally, a keen desire to acquire a harbor in the Orient open the year around.

At the conclusion of the Japanese-Chinese War Japan emerged victorious, with Formosa and the Liao-tung peninsula as the trophies of war. Russia, however, with the support of France and Germany, induced Japan to restore to China the last-mentioned acquisition, on the plea that it would be impolitic, for strategical reasons, to permit a foreign power to hold a position so near the capital of China.

The original plan for the construction of the Siberian railway included a line following closely the Amur River and connecting the Lake Baikal section with the Ussuri railway, which had Vladivostok as its terminal. This was abandoned, however, for in 1896 the Russo-Chinese Bank, an institution which is reported to be a branch of the Russian Ministry of Finance, obtained from the Chinese government permission to form a company to be known as the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, to undertake the construction of a line through Manchuria, thus connecting the Siberian line with the Ussuri railway by a more desirable route.

In the fall of 1897 China gave permission to Russia to winter her ships in Port Arthur, and the following March granted a formal lease of the two harbors of Port Arthur and Talienwan, as well as consent to the construction of a branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway to extend from Port Arthur northward to Harbin, which was on the line from Baikal to Vladivostok.

Before the completion of the railway the Boxers arose and attacked the Russians throughout Manchuria, and, with the exception of the leased territory in the south, became absolute masters of the whole country. A large Russian force immediately assembled and crossed the frontier, and, after a few weeks of comparatively trifling warfare, were able to reoccupy not only all points held prior to the disturbance, but the leading cities throughout the

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country. The unwillingness of Russia to withdraw her forces from these cities off the railway line has given life to the so-called Manchurian question.

Much has been written regarding the trouble that the Russians have had with the Hunhuses. These mysterious people are not a distinct race or semi-savage people, as is commonly thought. They are only common, every-day Chinese or Manchus who find it more profitable and less arduous to wander over the country, seizing wealthy merchants for ransom, robbing remote farms and villages, attacking travelers, and looting carts on the great highways, than it would be to drive animals or till the soil. Their suppression is not easy, for the vast stretches of wilderness which abound in Manchuria offer secure retreat. So numerous are these banditti, and in some districts so perfect is their organization, that they have constructed fortified encampments and in large bands not infrequently attack Russian stations. They have the impudence to maintain, in important centers like Mukden and Liao-yang, offices where safe-conducts are sold to travelers or shippers by cart. During the construction of the Vladivostok-Harbin line, the Russian engineer in charge at Imenpo paid the Hunhuses for some time one dollar and twenty-five cents a cart as toll on all supplies arriving for his section of the line.

Along the railway line and at Dalny and Port Arthur the Russians have exhibited extraordinary enterprise in building up fine cities and promoting Russian commercial interests. At Port Arthur the Russians found, on their arrival, a wretched little Chinese village, which they ultimately set aside as a site for the administration town. Well-located plots of ground adjoining it were utilized for the construction of a new Port Arthur, which was to consist of the Russian town,—where Chinese were not permitted to live, and where an official board which passed on all building plans was able to insure that the town should possess architectural beauty,—and also a new Chinese town laid out on a sanitary basis. To describe this city further, or to deal with the wonderful town of Dalny, which came into existence three years ago by imperial decree, and stands to-day replete with all that is considered essential to a modern city, would be to go over ground already covered by hundreds of writers.



RUSSIAN COSSACKS IN MANCHURIA

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# RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Late United States Ambassador to Germany

WHILE yet an undergraduate at Yale, my favorite studies in history and some little attention to international law led me to take special interest in the diplomatic relations between modern states; but it never occurred to me that I might have anything to do directly with them.

Having returned to New Haven after my graduation, intending to give myself especially to modern languages as a preparation for travel and historical study abroad, I saw one day, from my window in North College, my friend Gilman, then of the class above mine, since president of Johns Hopkins University and of the Carnegie Institution, rushing along in great haste, and, on going out to greet him, learned that he had been invited by Governor Seymour of Connecticut—the newly appointed minister to Russia—to go with him as an attaché, and that, at his suggestion, a similar invitation would be extended to me.

While in doubt on the matter, I took the train for New York to consult my father, and, entering a car, by a happy chance, found the only vacant place at the side of the governor. I had never seen him, except on the platform at my graduation, three months before; but on my introducing myself, he spoke kindly of my argument on that occasion, which, as he was "pro-slavery" and I "antislavery," I had supposed he would detest; then talked pleasantly on various subjects, and, on our separating at New York, invited me so cordially to go to Russia with him that I then and there decided to do so, and, on meeting my father, announced my decision.

On the 1uth of December, 1853, I sailed for England with Gilman, and in London awaited Governor Seymour, who, at the last moment, had decided not to leave Washington until the Senate had confirmed his nomination; but this delay proved to be fortunate, for thereby opportunity was afforded me to see some interesting men, and especially Mr. Buchanan, who had previously been minister to Russia, was afterward President of the United States, and was at that time minister at the court of St. James. He was one of the two or three best talkers I have ever known, and my first knowledge of his qualities in this respect was gained at a great dinner given in his honor by Mr. George Peabody, the banker. A day or two before, our minister in Spain, Mr. Soulé, and his son had each fought a duel, one with the French ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot, and the other with the Duke of Alba, on account of a supposed want of courtesy to Mrs. Soulé; and the conversation being directed somewhat by this event, I recall Mr. Buchanan's reminiscences of duels which he had known during his long public life as among the most interesting I have ever heard on any subject.

Shortly after the arrival of Governor Seymour, we went on to Paris, and there, placing myself in the family of a French professor, I remained, while the rest of the party went on to St. Petersburg; my



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idea being to hear lectures on history and kindred subjects, thus to fit myself by fluency in French for service in the attachéship, and, by other knowledge, for later duties.

After staying in France for nearly a year, having received an earnest request from Governor Seymour to come on to Russia before the beginning of the winter, I left Paris about the middle of October and went by way of Berlin. In those days there was no railroad beyond the eastern frontier of Prussia, and, as the Crimean War was going on, there was a blockade in force which made it impossible to enter Russia by sea; consequently I had seven days and seven nights of steady traveling in a post-coach after entering the Russian Empire.

Arriving at the Russian capital on the last day of October, 1854, I was most heartily welcomed by the minister, who insisted that I should enjoy all the privileges of residence with him. Among the things to which I now look back as of the greatest value to me, is this stay of nearly a year under his roof. The attachéship, as it existed in those days, was in many ways a good thing and in no way evil; but it was afterward abolished by Congress on the ground that certain persons had abused its privileges. I am not alone in believing that it could again be made of real service to the country; one of the best secretaries of state our country has ever had, Mr. Hamilton Fish, once expressed to me his deep regret at its suppression.

Under the system which thus prevailed at that time, young men of sufficient means, generally from the leading universities, were secured to aid the minister, without any cost to the government, their only remuneration being an opportunity to see the life and study the institutions of the country to which the minister was accredited.

The duty of an attaché was to assist the minister in securing information, in conducting correspondence, and in carrying on the legation generally; he was virtually an additional secretary of legation, and it was a part of my duty to act as interpreter. As such I was constantly called to accompany the minister in his conferences with his colleagues as well as with the ministers of the Russian government, and also to be present at court and at ceremonial interviews: this was of course very interesting to me. In the intervals of various duties my time was given largely to studying such works upon Russia and especially upon Russian history as were accessible, and the recent history was all the more interesting from the fact that some of the men who had taken a leading part in it were still upon the stage. One occasion especially comes back to me, when, finding myself at an official function near an old general who was allowed to sit while all the others stood, I learned that he was one of the few still surviving who had taken a leading part in the operations against Napoleon, in 1812, at Moscow.

It was the period of the Crimean War, and at our legation there were excellent opportunities for observing not only society at large, but the struggle then going on between Russia on one side, and Great Britain, France, Italy, and Turkey on the other.

The main duties of the American representative were to keep his own government well informed, to guard the interests of his countrymen, and not only to maintain, but to develop, the friendly relations that had existed for many years between Russia and the United States. A succession of able American ministers had contributed to establish these relations: among them two who afterward became President of the United States—John Quincy Adams and James Buchanan; George Mifflin Dallas, who afterward became Vice-President; John Randolph of Roanoke; and a number of others hardly less important in the history of our country. Fortunately, the two nations were naturally inclined to peaceful relations; neither had any interest antagonistic to the other, and under these circumstances the course of the minister was plain: it was to keep his government out of all entanglements, and at the same time to draw the two countries more closely together. This our minister at that time was very successful in doing. His relations with the leading Russians, from the Emperor down, were all that could be desired, and to the work of men like him is largely due the fact that afterward, in our great emergency during the Civil War, Russia showed an inclination to us that probably had something to do with hold-

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ing back the powers of western Europe from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

To the feeling thus created is also due, in some measure, the transfer of Alaska, which has proved fortunate, in spite of our halting and unsatisfactory administration of that region thus far.

The Czar at that period, the Emperor Nicholas, was a most imposing personage, and was generally considered the most perfect specimen of a human being, physically speaking, in all Europe. At court, in the vast rooms filled with representatives from all parts of the world, and at the great reviews of his troops, he loomed up majestically, and among the things most strongly impressed upon my memory is his appearance as I saw him, just before his death, driving in his sledge and giving the military salute.

Nor was he less majestic in death. In the spring of 1855 he yielded very suddenly to an attack of pneumonia, doubtless rendered fatal by the depression due to the ill success of the war into which he had rashly plunged; and a day or two afterward it was made my duty to attend, with our minister, at the Winter Palace, the first presentation of the diplomatic corps to the new Emperor, Alexander II. The scene was impressive. The foreign ministers having been arranged in a semicircle, with their secretaries and attachés beside them, the great doors were flung open, and the young Emperor, conducted by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Nesselrode, entered the room. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he gave his address with deep feeling. He declared that if the Holy Alliance made in 1815 had been broken, it was not the fault of Russia; that though he longed for peace, if terms should be insisted upon by the Western powers, at the approaching Paris conference, incompatible with Russian honor, he would put himself at the head of his faithful country,—would retreat into Siberia,—would die rather than yield.

Then occurred an incident especially striking. From Austria, which only seven years before had been saved by Russia from destruction in the Austro-Hungarian revolution, Russia had expected, in ordinary gratitude, at least some show of neutrality. But it had become evident that gratitude had not prevented Austria from joining secretly the hostile nations; therefore it was that, in the course of the address, the Emperor, turning to the Austrian representative, Count Esterhazy, addressed him with the greatest severity, hinted at the ingratitude of his government, and insisted on Russia's right to a different return. During all this part of the address the Emperor Alexander fastened his eyes upon those of the Austrian minister and spoke with a severity much like that which the head of a school would use toward a school-boy caught in misdoing. At the close of this speech came the most perfect example of deportment I had ever seen: the Austrian minister, having looked the Czar full in the face, from first to last, without the slightest trace of feeling, bowed solemnly, respectfully, with the utmost deliberation, and then stood impassive, as if words had not been spoken destined to change the traditional relations between the two great neighboring powers, and to produce a bitterness which, having lasted through the latter half of the nineteenth century, bids fair to continue far into the twentieth.

Knowing the importance of this speech as an indication to our government of what was likely to be the course of the Emperor, I determined to retain it in my mind, and, although my verbal memory has never been retentive, I was able, on returning to our legation, to write the whole of it, word for word. In the form thus given, it was transmitted to our State Department, where, a few years since, when looking over sundry papers, I found it.

Immediately after this presentation the diplomatic corps proceeded to the room in which the body of Nicholas lay in state. Heaped up about the coffin were the jeweled crosses and orders which had been sent him by the various monarchs of the world, and, in the midst of them, the crowns and scepters of all the countries he had ruled, among them those of Siberia, Astrakhan, Kazan, Poland, the Crimea, and, above all, the great crown and scepter of the empire. At his feet two monks were repeating prayers for the dead; his face and form were still as noble and unconquerable as ever.

His funeral dwells in my memory as the most imposing pageant I had ever seen. When his body was carried from the palace to the Fortress Church, it was borne be-

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tween double lines of troops standing closely together on each side of the avenues for a distance of five miles; marshals of the empire carried the lesser crowns and imperial insignia before his body; and finally the great imperial crown, orb, and scepter, the masses of jewels in them, and especially the Orloff diamond swinging in the top of the scepter, flashing forth vividly on that bright winter morning, and casting their rays far along the avenues. Behind the body walked the Emperor Alexander and the male members of the imperial family.

Later came the burial in the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the island of the Neva, nearly opposite the Winter Palace. That, too, was most imposing. Choirs had been assembled from the four great cathedrals of the empire, and their music was beyond dreams. At the proper point in the service, the Emperor and his brothers, having taken the body of their father from its coffin and wrapped it in a shroud of gold cloth, carried it to the grave near that of Peter the Great, at the right of the high altar; and, as it was laid to rest, and beautiful music rose above us, the guns of the fortress on all sides of the church sounded the battle-roll until the whole edifice seemed to rock upon its foundations. Never had I imagined a scene so impressive.

Among the persons with whom it was my duty to deal, in behalf of our representative, was the Prime Minister of Russia, —the Minister of Foreign Affairs,—Count Nesselrode. He was at that period the most noted diplomatist in the world; for, having been associated with Talleyrand, Metternich, and their compeers at the Congress of Vienna, he was now the last of the great diplomatists of the Napoleonic period. He received me most kindly and said, "So you are beginning a diplomatic career?" My answer was that I could not begin it more fitly than by making the acquaintance of the Nestor of diplomacy, or words to that effect, and these words seemed to please him. Whenever he met me afterward his manner was cordial, and he seemed always ready to do all in his power to favor the best relations between the two countries.

The American colony in Russia at that period was small, and visitors were few; but some of these enlivened us. Of the more interesting were Colonel Samuel Colt of Hartford, inventor of the revolver which bears his name, and his companion Mr. Dickerson, eminent as an expert in mechanical matters and an authority on the law of patents. They had come into the empire in the hope of making a contract to supply the Russians with improved arms such as the allies were beginning to use against them in the Crimea; but the heavy conservatism of Russian officials thwarted all their efforts. To all representations as to the importance of improved arms the answer was, "Our soldiers are too ignorant to use anything but the old 'brown Bess.'" The result was that the Russian soldiers were sacrificed by thousands; their inferiority in arms was one main cause of their final defeat.

That something better than this might have been expected was made evident to us all one day when I conducted these gentlemen through the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace. After looking through the art collections we went into the room where were preserved relics of Peter the Great, and especially the machines of various sorts made for him by the mechanics whom he called to his aid from Holland and other Western countries. These machines were not then shut up in cases, as they now are, but were placed about the room and easy of access. Presently I heard Mr. Dickerson in a loud voice call out: "Good God! Sam, come here! Only look at this!" On our going to him, he pointed out to us a lathe for turning irregular forms and another for copying reliefs, with specimens of work still in them. "Look at that," he said. "Here is Blanchard's turning-lathe, which only recently has been reinvented, which our government uses in turning musket-stocks, and which is worth a fortune. Look at those reliefs in this other machine; here is the very lathe for copying sculpture that has just been reinvented, and is now attracting so much attention at Paris."

These machines had stood there in the gallery, open to everybody, ever since the death of Peter, two hundred years before, and no human being had apparently ever taken the trouble to find the value of them.

But there came Americans of a very different sort, and no inconsiderable part of our minister's duties was to keep his

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hot-headed fellow-citizens from embroiling our country with the Western powers.

A very considerable party in the United States leaned toward Russia and sought to aid her secretly, if not openly. This feeling was strongest in our Southern States and among the sympathizers with slavery in our Northern States, a main agent of it in Russia being a certain Dr. Cottman of New Orleans, and its main causes being the old dislike of Great Britain and the idea among pro-slavery fanatics that there was a tie between their part of our country and Russia arising from the fact that while the American republic was blessed with slavery the Russian Empire was enjoying the advantages of the serf system. This feeling might have been very different had these sympathizers with Russia been aware of the fact that at this very moment Alexander II was planning to abolish the serf system throughout his whole empire; but as it was, their admiration for Russia knew no bounds, and they even persuaded leading Russians that it would not be a difficult matter to commit America to the cause of Russia, even to aiding her with arms, men, and privateers.

This made the duty of the American minister at times very delicate; for, while showing friendliness to Russia, he had to thwart the efforts of her over-zealous American advocates. Moreover, constant thought had to be exercised for the protection of American citizens then within the empire. Certain Russian agents had induced a number of young American physicians and surgeons who had been studying in Paris to enter the Russian army, and these, having been given high pay and rapid advancement, in the hope that this would strengthen American feeling favorable to the Russian cause, were naturally hated by the Russian surgeons; hence many of these young compatriots of ours were badly treated,—some so severely that they died,—and it became part of our minister's duty to extricate the survivors from their unfortunate position. More than once, on returning with him from an interview with the Minister of War, I saw tears in Governor Seymour's eyes as he dwelt upon the death of some of these young fellows whom he had learned to love during their stay in St. Petersburg.

The war brought out many American adventurers, some of them curiosities of civilization, and this was especially the case with several who had plans for securing victory to Russia over the Western powers. All sorts of nostrums were brought in by all sorts of charlatans, and the efforts of the minister and his subordinates to keep these gentlemen within the limits of propriety in their dealings with one another and with the Russian authorities were at times very arduous. On one occasion, the main functionaries of the Russian army having been assembled with great difficulty to see the test of a new American invention in artillery, it was found that the inventor's rival had stolen some essential part of the gun, and the whole thing was a vexatious failure.

One man who came out with superb plans brought a militia colonel's commission from the governor of a Western State and the full uniform of a major-general. At first he hesitated to clothe himself in all his glory, and therefore went through a process of evolution, beginning first with part of his uniform and then adding more as his courage rose. During this process he became the standing joke of St. Petersburg; but later, when he had emerged in full and final splendor, he became a man of mark indeed, so much so that serious difficulties arose. Throughout the city are various *corps de garde*, and the sentinel on duty before each of these, while allowed to present arms only to an officer of lower rank, must, whenever he catches sight of a general officer, call out the entire guard to present arms with the beating of drums. Here our American was a source of much difficulty, for whenever any sentinel caught sight of his gorgeous epaulets in the distance the guard was instantly called out, arms presented, and drums beaten, much to the delight of our friend, but even more to the disgust of the generals of the Russian army and to the troops, who thus rendered absurd homage and found themselves taking part in something like a bit of comic opera.

Another example was also interesting. A New York ward leader—big, rough, and rosy—had come out as an agent for an American breech-loading musket company, and had smuggled specimens of arms over the frontier. Arriving in St. Petersburg, he was presented to the Emperor, and after receiving handsome testimonials, was put in charge of two aides-de-

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camp, who took him and his wife about, in court carriages, to see the sights of the Russian capital. At the close of his stay, wishing to make some return for this courtesy, he gave these two officers a dinner at his hotel. Our minister declined his invitation, but allowed the secretary and me to accept it, and we very gladly availed ourselves of this permission. Arriving at his rooms, we were soon seated at a table splendidly furnished. At the head of it was the wife of our entertainer, and at her right one of the Russian officials, in gorgeous uniform; at the other end of the table was our host, and at his right the other Russian official, splendidly attired; beside the first official sat our secretary, and beside the other was the place assigned to me. The dinner was successful: all spoke English, and all were happy; but toward the end of it our host, having perhaps taken more wine than was his wont, grew communicative, and, as ill luck would have it, the subject of the conversation became personal courage, whereupon he told a story. Recalling his experience as a deputy sheriff of New York, he said:

"When those river pirates who murdered a sailor in New York harbor had to be hanged, the sheriff of the county had n't the courage to do it and ordered me to hang them. I rather hated the business, but I made everything ready, and when the time came I took an extra glass of brandy, cut the rope, and off they swung."

The two Russians started back in consternation. Not all their politeness could conceal it: horror of horrors, they were dining with a hangman! Besides their sense of degradation in this companionship, superstitions had been bred in them which doubled their distress. A dead silence fell over all. I was the first to break it by remarking to my Russian neighbor:

"You, may perhaps not know, sir, that in the State of New York the taking of life by due process of law is considered so solemn a matter that we intrust it to the chief executive officers of our counties,—to our sheriffs,—and not to hangmen or executioners."

He looked at me very solemnly as I announced this truth, and then, after a solemn pause, gasped out in a dubious, awe-struck voice, "Merci bien, monsieur." But this did not restore gaiety to the dinner. Henceforth it was cold indeed, and at the earliest moment possible the Russian officials bowed themselves out, and no doubt, for a long time afterward, ascribed any ill luck which befell them to this scene of ill omen.

Another case in which this irrepressible compatriot figured was hardly less peculiar. Having decided to return to America, and the blockade being still in force, he secured a place in the post-coach for the seven days and seven nights' journey to Warsaw. The opportunities to secure such passages were few and far between, since this was virtually the only public conveyance out of the empire. As he was obliged to have his passport viséd at the Russian Foreign Office in order that he might pass the frontier, it had been sent by the legation to the Russian authorities a fortnight before his date of leaving, but under various pretexts it was retained, and at last did not arrive in time. When the hour of departure came he was at the post-house waiting for his pass, and as he had been assured that it would duly reach him, he exerted himself in every way to delay the coach. He bribed one subordinate after another; but at last the delay was so long and the other passengers so impatient that one of the higher officials appeared upon the scene and ordered the coach to start. At this our American was wild with rage and began a speech in German and English—so that all the officials might understand it—on Russian officials and on the empire in general. A large audience having gathered around him, he was ordered to remove his hat. At this he held it on all the more firmly, declared himself an American, and defied the whole power of the empire to remove it. He then went on to denounce everything in Russia, from the Emperor down. He declared that the officials were a pack of scoundrels; that the only reason why he did not obtain his passport was that he had not bribed them as highly as they expected; that the empire ought to be abolished; that he hoped the Western powers in the war then going on would finish it—indeed, that he thought they would.

There was probably some truth in his remark as to the inadequate bribing of officials; but the amazing thing was that his audience were so paralyzed by his utterances and so overawed by his attitude that they made no effort to arrest him.

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Then came a new scene. While they were standing before him thus confounded, he suddenly turned to the basket of provisions which he had laid in for his seven days' journey to Warsaw, and began pelting his audience, including the official above named, with its contents, hurling sandwiches, oranges, and finally even roast chickens, pigeons, and partridges at their devoted heads. At last, pressing his hat firmly over his brows, he strode forth to the legation unmolested. There it took some labor to cool his wrath; but his passport having finally been obtained, we secured for him permission to use post-horses, and so he departed from the empire.

To steer a proper course in the midst of such fellow-citizens was often difficult, and I recall multitudes of other examples hardly less troublesome; indeed, the career of this same deputy sheriff at St. Petersburg was full of other passages requiring careful diplomatic intervention to prevent his arrest.

Luckily for these gentlemen, the Russian government felt, just at that time, special need of maintaining friendly relations with the powers not at war with her, and the public functionaries of all sorts were evidently ordered to treat Americans with extreme courtesy and forbearance.

One experience of this was somewhat curious. Our first secretary of legation and I, having gone on Easter eve to the midnight mass at the Kazan cathedral, we were shown at once into a place of honor in front of the great silver *iconostas* and stationed immediately before one of the doors opening through it into the inner sanctuary. At first the service went on in darkness, only mitigated by a few tapers at the high altar; but as the clock struck the hour of midnight there came suddenly the roaring of the fortress guns, the booming of great bells above and around us, and a light, which appeared at the opposite end of the cathedral, seemed to shoot in all directions, leaving trains of fire until all was ablaze, every person present holding a lighted taper. Then came the mass, celebrated by a bishop and his acolytes gorgeously attired, with the swinging of censers, not only toward the ecclesiastics, but toward the persons of importance present, among whom we were evidently included. Suddenly there came a dead stop, stillness, and an evident atmosphere of embarrassment. Then the ceremony began again, and again the censers were swung toward us, and again a dead stop. Everything seemed paralyzed. Presently there came softly to my side a gentleman who said in a low tone, "You are of the American legation?" I answered in the affirmative. He said, "This is a very interesting ceremony." To this I also assented. He then said, "Is this the first time you have seen it?" "Yes," I answered; "we have never been in Russia at Easter before." He then took very formal leave, and again the ceremony was revived, again the clouds of incense rose, and again came the dead stop. Presently the same gentleman came up again, gently repeated very much the same questions as before, and receiving the same answers, finally said, with some embarrassment: "Might I ask you to kindly move aside a little? A procession has been waiting for some time back of this door, and we are very anxious to have it come out into the church." At this Secretary Erving and I started aside instantly, much chagrined to think that we had caused such a stoppage in such a ceremony; the doors swung open, and out came a brilliant procession of ecclesiastics with crosses, censers, lights, and banners.

But all of our troubles were not due to our compatriots. Household matters sometimes gave serious annoyance. The minister had embraced a chance very rare in Russia,—one which, in fact, almost never occurs,—and had secured a large house fully furnished, with the servants, who, from the big chasseur who stood at the back of the minister's sledge to the boy who blew the organ on which I practised, were serfs, and all, without exception, docile, gentle, and kindly. But there was one standing enemy—*vodka*. The feeling of the Russian peasant toward the rough corn-brandy of his own country is characteristic. The Russian language is full of diminutives expressive of affection. The peasant addresses his master as *Batushka*, the affectionate diminutive of the word which means father; he addresses the mistress of the house as *Matushka*, which is the affectionate diminutive of the Russian word for mother. To his favorite drink, brandy, he has given the name

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which is the affectionate diminutive of the word *voda*, water—namely, vodka, which really means "dear little water." Vodka was indeed our most insidious foe, and gave many evidences of its power; but one of them made an unwonted stir among us.

One day the minister, returning in his carriage from making sundry official visits, summoned the housekeeper, a Baltic-province woman who had been admirably brought up in an English family, and said to her: "Annette, I insist that you discharge Ivan, the coachman, at once; I can't stand him any longer. This afternoon he raced, with me in the carriage, up and down the Nevsky, from end to end, with the carriages of grand dukes and ministers, and, do my best, I could not stop him. He simply looked back at me, grinned like an idiot, and drove on with all his might. This is the third time he has done this. I have pardoned him twice on his solemn pledge that he would do better; but now he must go." Annette assented, and in the evening after dinner came in to tell the minister that Ivan was going, but wished to beg his pardon and say farewell.

The minister went out rather reluctantly, the rest of us following; but he had hardly reached the anteroom when Ivan, a great burly creature with a long flowing beard and caftan, rushed forward, groveled before him, embraced his ankles, laid his head upon his feet, and there remained mumbling and moaning. The minister was greatly embarrassed and nervously ejaculated: "Take him away! Take him away!" But all to no purpose. Ivan could not be induced to relax his hold. At last the minister relented and told Annette to inform Ivan that he would receive just one more trial, and that if he failed again he would be sent away to his owner without having any opportunity to apologize or to say good-by.

Very interesting to me were the houses of some of the British residents, and especially that of Mr. Baird, the head of the great iron-works which bore his name, and which, at that time, were considered among the wonders of Russia. He was a very interesting character. Noticing among the three very large and handsome vases in his dining-room the middle one, made up of the bodies of three large eagles in oxidized silver with crowns of gold, I was told its history. When the Grand Duke Alexander—who afterward became the second emperor of that name—announced his intention of joining the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, a plan was immediately formed to provide a magnificent trophy and allow him to win it, and to this plan all the members of the club agreed except Baird. He at once said: "No; if the grand duke's yacht can take it, let him have it; if not, let the best yacht win. If I can take it, I shall." It was hoped that he would think better of it, but when the day arrived, the other yachts having gradually fallen back, Mr. Baird continued the race with the grand duke and won. As a result he was for some years in disfavor with the high officials surrounding the Emperor—a disfavor that no doubt cost him vast sums; but he always asserted that he was glad he had insisted on his right.

On one occasion I was witness to a sad *faux pas* at his dinner-table. It was in the early days of the Crimean War, and an American gentleman who was present was so careless as to refer to Queen Victoria's proclamation against all who aided the enemy, which was clearly leveled at Mr. Baird and his iron-works. There was a scene at once. The ladies almost went into hysterics in their deprecation of the fearful position in which they had been placed. But Mr. Baird himself was quite equal to the occasion: in a very up-and-down way he said that he of course regretted being regarded as a traitor to his country, but that in the time of the alliance against the first Napoleon his father had been induced by the Russian government to establish his works, and this not merely with the consent, but with the warm approval, of the British government; in consequence the establishment had taken contracts with the Russian government and now they must be executed; so far as he was concerned his conscience was entirely clear; his duty was plain, and he was going to do it.

On another occasion at his table there was a very good repartee. The subject of spiritualism having been brought up, some one told a story of a person who, having gone into an unfrequented garret of an old family residence, found that all the old clothing which had been stored there during many generations had descended from the shelves and hooks and had assumed kneeling postures about the

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floor. All of us heard the story with much solemnity, when good old Dr. Law, chaplain of the British Church, broke the silence with the words, "That must have been a family of very *pious habits*." This of course broke the spell.

I should be sorry to have it thought that all my stay in the Russian capital was given up to official routine and social futilities. Fortunately for me, the social demands were not very heavy. The war in the Crimea, steadily going against Russia, threw a cloud over the court and city and reduced the number of entertainments to a minimum. This secured me, during the long winter evenings, much time for reading, and in addition to all the valuable treatises I could find on Russia, I went with care through an extensive course in modern history.

As to Russian matters, it was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Atkinson, the British traveler in Siberia. He had brought back many portfolios of sketches, and his charming wife had treasured up a great fund of anecdotes of people and adventure, so that I seemed for a time to know Siberia as if I had lived there. Then it was that I learned of the beauties and capabilities of its southern provinces. The Atkinsons had also brought back their only child, a son born on the Siberian steppe, a wonderfully bright youngster, who afterward entered the British navy. He bore a name which I fear may at times have proved a burden to him, for his father and mother were so delighted with the place in which he was born that they called him after it, "Alatow-Tam-Chiboulak."

The general Russian life, as I thus saw it, while intensely interesting in many respects, was certainly not cheerful. Despite the frivolity dominant among the upper class and the fetishism controlling the lower classes, there was, especially in that period of calamity, a deep undertone of melancholy. Melancholy, indeed, is a marked characteristic of Russia, and, above all, of the peasantry. They seem sad even in their sports; their songs almost without exception are in the minor key; the whole atmosphere is apparently charged with vague dread of some calamity. Despite the suppression of most of the foreign journals, and the blotting out of page after page of the newspapers allowed to enter the empire, despite all that the secret police could do in repressing unfavorable comment, it became generally known that all was going wrong in the Crimea. News came of reverse after reverse: of the defeats of the Alma and Inkerman, and, as a climax, the loss of Sevastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet. In the midst of it all, as is ever the case in Russian wars, came utter collapse in the commissariat department; everywhere one heard hints and finally detailed stories of scoundrelism in high places: of money which ought to have been appropriated to army supplies, but which had been expended at the gambling-tables of Homburg or in the Breda quarter at Paris.

Then it was that there was borne in upon me the conviction that Russia, powerful as she seems when viewed from the outside, is anything but strong when viewed from the inside. To say nothing of the thousand evident weaknesses resulting from autocracy,—the theory that one man, and he, generally, not one of the most highly endowed, can do the thinking for a hundred millions of people,—there was nowhere the slightest sign of any uprising of a great nation, as, for instance, of the French against Europe in 1792, of the Germans against France in 1813 and in 1870, of Italy against Austria in 1859 and afterward, and of the Americans in the Civil War of 1861. There were certainly many noble characters in Russia, and these must have felt deeply the condition of things; but there being no great middle class, and the lower class having been long kept in besotted ignorance, there seemed no force on which patriotism could take hold.

(To be continued)

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A FEW OF IRENE'S "FATHERS"

# THE ANCESTRY OF IRENE

## (STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: II)[1]

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

IN her heart Irene was confident that, though among the Madigans, she was not of them.

The color of her hair, the shape of her nose, the temperamental quality of her disposition, the difficulty she experienced in fitting her restless and encroaching nature into what was merely one of a number of jealously frontiered interstices in a large family—all this forbade tame acceptance on her part of so ordinary and humble an origin as Francis Madigan's fatherhood connoted.

"No," she said firmly to herself the day she and Florence were see-sawing in front of the woodshed after school, "he 's only just my foster-father; that 's all."

How this foster-father—she loved the term, it sounded so delightfully haughty—had obtained possession of one whose birthright would place her in a station so far above his own, she had not decided. But she was convinced that, although poor and peculiar and incapable of comprehending the temperament and necessities of the nobly born, he was, in his limited way, a worthy fellow. And she had long ago resolved that when her real father came for her, she would bend graciously and forgivingly down from her seat in the carriage, to say good-by to poor old Madigan.

[1] See "Cecilia the Pharisee," in THE CENTURY for June.



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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE GLANCED UP THE INCLINE OF THE SEE-SAW TO THE HEIGHT WHENCE IRENE LOOKED DOWN"

"Thank you very, very much, Mr. Madigan," she would sweetly say, "for all your care. My father, the Count, will never forget what you have done for his only child. As for myself, I promise you that I will have an eye upon your little girls. I am sure his Grace the Duke will gladly do anything for them that I recommend. I am very much interested in little Florence, and shall certainly come for her some day in my golden chariot to take her to my castle for a visit, because she is such a well-behaved child and knew me, in her childish way, for a noble lady in disguise. Cecilia? Which one is that? Oh, the one her sisters call Sissy! She needs disciplining sadly, Mr. Madigan, sadly. Much as he loves me, my father, the Prince, would not care to have me know her—as she is now. But she will improve, if you will be very, very strict with her. Good-by! Good-by, all! No, I shall not forget you. Be good and obey your aunty. Good-by!"

The milk-white steeds would fly down the steep, narrow, unpaved streets. On each side would stand the miners, bowing, hat in hand, hurrahing for the great Emperor and his beautiful daughter—she who had so strangely lived among them under the name of Sprint Madigan. They would speak, realizing now, of certain royal traits they had always noted in her—her haughty spirit that never brooked an insult, her independence, her utter fearlessness, the reckless bravery of a long line of kings, and—and even that very disinclination for study which they had stupidly fancied indicated that Sissy Madigan was her superior! What would Princess Irene want with vulgar fractions, a common denominator, and such low subjects?

"What makes you wrinkle up your nose that way, Sprint?" Florence's voice broke in complainingly on her sister's reverie. She glanced up the incline of the see-saw to the height whence Irene looked down, physically as well as socially, upon her faithful retainer and the straggling little town clinging to the mountain's skirts.

Irene did not answer. She was busy dreaming, and her dreams were of the turned-up-nose variety.



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"Don't, Sprint! It makes you look like a—what Sissy just now called you." The smaller sister's eyes fell, as though seeking corroboration from the middle of the board, where Sissy had been so lately acting as "candlestick"—lately, for the incident had ended (no game being enticing enough to hold these two long in an unnatural state of neutrality) in Sprint's washing Sissy's face vigorously in the snow, and Sissy's calling her elder sister "nothing but an old Indian!" as she ran weeping into the house with the familiar parting threat to get even before bedtime. No Madigan could bear that the sun should set on her wrath; she preferred that all scores should be paid off, so that the slate might be clean for to-morrow's reckonings.

"Fom," said her big sister, slowly, when she was quite ready to speak, "I think you 'd better call me 'Irene.' You 'd feel gladder about it when I 'm gone."

"Where?" At this minute it was Fom's turn to be dangerously high, and she wriggled to the uttermost end of the plank to counterbalance her sister's weight.

A mysterious smile overspread Irene's face. It became broadly triumphant as she rose presently on the short end of the board, her arms daringly outspread, her toes upturned in front of her, her agile body well balanced, her spirit exulting in the sense of danger without and superiority within.

"When?" asked Florence, with that amiable readiness to consider a question unasked, so becoming to the vassal. "When are you going?"

"To-night—maybe." Her own words startled Irene. She loved to play upon Fom's fears, but she had not really intended committing herself so far. "He may call for me to-night," she added, with qualifying emphasis.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SPRINT AS THE PRINCESS IRENE

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"Who? Not—not—"

"Yes, my father. I must be ready at any time, you know."

Fom looked alarmed. She had heard long ago and in strict confidence about Sprint's lofty parentage. She had even accepted drafts upon her future, rendering services which were unusual in a Madigan fag, with the understanding that when the Princess Sprint should come into her own, she would richly repay. But she had never before heard her speak so positively or set a time when their relationship must cease.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'I WANT YOU—COME!' THE INDIAN PRINCESS ANNOUNCED"

A feeling of utter loneliness came over Sprint's faithful ally. She saw the balance of power in the Madigan oligarchy rudely disturbed. She beheld, in a swift, dread vision, the undisputed supremacy of the party of Sissy. Dismay entered her soul and shook her body, for with the brunette of the twins emotion and action were synonymous. "Oh, don't go, Sprint!" she begged, squirming unhappily at her end of the plank. "Don't go!"

High up in the air, Sprint smiled superbly. There was *noblesse oblige* in that smile; also the strong teasing tincture which no Madigan could resist using, even upon her closest ally.

"Oh, Sprint—o-o-oh, Sprint!" wailed Fom, forgetting in her wriggling misery how close she already was to the end of the plank.

A crash and a bump and a squeal told it to her all at once. She had slid clear off, getting an instantaneous effect of her haughty sister unsupported at a dizzy eminence, before Sprint came bumping down to earth, the see-saw giving that regal head a parting, stunning tap as the long end finally settled down and the short one went up to stay.

It was never in the ethics of Madigan warfare to explain the inexplicable. Florence was on her feet, flying as though for her very life, before Sprint, shaken down from her dreams, quite realized what had happened. And she was still sitting as she had fallen when Jim, the Indian, came for the sawbuck.

Jim limped, his eyes were sore and watery, and it took him two weeks to conquer the Madigan woodpile, which any other Piute in town could have leveled in half the time.

"Him fall, eh?" he asked, dismantling the see-saw with that careful leisureliness that accounted for the Chinaman Wong's contempt for Indians.

"Not him; *her*, Jim."

Sprint possessed a passion for imparting

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knowledge, of which she had little, and which was hard for her to attain.

Jim grinned.

"She no got little gal like you teach her Inglis," he said, gently apologetic.

"Not she, Jim; *he*. How old is your little girl?" Sprint remembered that a genteel interest in the lower classes is becoming to the well-born.

"He just big like you," Jim responded mournfully, drawing the back of his brown hand across his nose. "But he all gone."

"Dead?" Sprint crossed her legs uneasily as she squatted, and lowered her voice reverently.

"He no dead," Jim said, lifting the sawbuck and easing it on his shoulder. "One Washoe squaw steal him—little papoose, nice little papoose. Much white—like you, missy. So white squaw say no sure Injun."

"Jim!"

"Take him down Truckee valley. Take him 'way. Jim see squaw one day long time 'go — Washoe Lake — shoot ducks. Heap shoot squaw. He die, but he say white Faginia man got papoose."

"Jim!" It was the faintest echo of the first terrified exclamation.

"Come Faginia, look papoose. No find. Chop wood long time. Heap hogady—not much dinner. Nice papoose—white, like you."

Jim paused. He expected sympathy, but he hoped for dinner. When he saw he was to get neither, he hunched his lame hip, scratched his head, balanced the sawbuck, and shuffled away.

Too overcome to move, Sprint sat looking after him. Her father! This, then, was her father! She was dazed, helpless, too overwhelmed even to be unhappy yet.

There came a shrill call for her from Kate, and Sprint, with unaccustomed meekness, staggered obediently to her feet. What was left for her but to be a slave? she said stonily to herself. She was an Indian like—like her father! And Sissy had noticed the resemblance that very afternoon!

"It 's the bell, Sprint," explained Kate, who was reading "The Spanish Gypsy" in the low, hall-like library.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by K. C. Collins

"THEY HAD COASTED ONLY HALF A BLOCK"

She had begun to read it for the reason that no one in her class at school had read it—usually a compelling reason for the eldest of the Madigans; but the poetic beauty, the extravagance of the romance, had whirled the girl away from her pretentious pose, and she was finishing it now because she could not help it; chained to it, it seemed to her, till she should know the end.

"Shall I go?" asked Sprint, humbly.

Kate looked up, too surprised by her sister's docility to do anything but nod. She had anticipated a battle, a ring at the door-bell being the signal for a flying wedge

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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"GOOD-BY, JACK"

of Madigans tearing through the hall, with inquisitive Irene at its apex—except when she was asked to answer it.

The sisters' eyes met: those of the elder, in her thin, dark, flushed face, hazy with romantic happiness; those of the younger bright with romantic suffering, demanding a share of that felicity which transfigured her senior.

"What 're you reading, anyway, Kate?" she asked.

As well tap the bung of a cask and ask what it holds. Kate began chanting:

"'Father, your child is ready! She will not
Forsake her kindred: she will brave all scorn
Sooner than scorn herself. Let Spaniards all,
Christians, Jews, Moors, shoot out the lip and say,
"Lo, the first hero in a tribe of thieves!"
Is it not written so of them? They, too,
Were slaves, lost, wandering, sunk beneath a curse,
Till Moses, Christ, and Mahomet were born,
Till beings lonely in their greatness lived,
And lived to save their people.'"

It poured from Kate's lips, the story of the lady Fedalma and her Gipsy father, a stream of winy romance, a sugared impossibility preserved in the very spirits of poetry.

Again the old bell jangled, and again. Kate was glutted, drunk with the sound of the verbal music that had been chorusing behind her lips; while for Irene every word seemed charged with the significance of special revelation. The light seemed to leap from her sister's eyes to kindle a conflagration in her own.

"Read it again—that part—Kate! Read it!" she cried.

And Kate, not a bit loath, turned the page and repeated:

"'Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
And make it spread its wings and poise itself
For the eagle's flight.'"

Sprint breathed again, a full, deep breath of satisfaction. An Indian—she, Sprint Madigan? Perhaps; but an Indian princess, then, with a mission as great, glorious, and impossible as Fedalma's own.

When at last she did turn mechanically to answer the bell, she saw that Sissy had anticipated her and was showing old Professor Trask into the parlor. Ordinarily

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Irene loved to listen at the door while Sissy's lesson was in progress; for Trask was a nervous, disappointed wreck, whose idea of teaching music seemed to be to make his pupils as much like himself as harried youth can be like worried age. But on this great day the joy of hearing the perfect Sissy rated had not the smallest place in her enemy's thoughts. A poet's words had lifted Irene in an instant from child hell to heaven, had fired her imagination, had rekindled her pride, had given back her dreams.

Reality was not altogether so pleasant, she found, when she went into the kitchen, skirmished with the Chinese cook for Jim's dinner, and went out to the woodpile to give it to him herself.

She did not wait to see him eat it—she was not quite poet enough for that; besides, that impersonal, composite father, her tribe, was calling her.

Pulling on her hood and jacket, with her mittens dangling from a red tape on each side, she flew out and down the long, rickety stairs which a former senator from Nevada had built up the mountain's side, when he planned for his home a magnificent view of the mountains and desert off toward the east.

Sprint did not look at either, though they shone, the one like a billowy moonlit sea, the other like a lake of silver, for the snow that covered them. She half ran, half slid down the hilly street till she came to a box-like miner's cabin, where Jane Cody, the washerwoman, lived with her son. In front of it she halted and called imperiously:

"Jack!"

For this same Jack was her own, her discovery, her possession, who acknowledged her thrall and was proud of it.

But the green shutters over the one window remained fast, and the door tight closed.

"Jack?" There was a suggestion of incredulity in Sprint's voice.

The whistles burst forth in a medley of throaty roars (it was five-o'clock "mining-time"), but the bird-like whistle of Jack was missing.

"Jack Cody!" Sprint stamped her high arctics in the snow.

The door was opened a little, and a round black head was cautiously thrust forth.

"I want you—come!" the Indian princess announced. "And get your sled."

"I can't," replied the head.

"But I want you."

The head wagged dolefully.

"Why not?"

The head hung down.

"Tell me."

The head's negative was sorrowful but determined.

"If you don't tell me I 'll—never speak to you again 's long as I live, Jack Cody!"

The head stretched out its long neck and sent an agonized glance toward her.

"Tell me—right now!" she commanded.

"Well—she 's took my clothes with her," wailed the head, and jerked itself within, while the door was slammed behind it.

Sprint walked up the stoop.

"Jack," she called, her mouth at the keyhole, "who took 'em? Your mother? Why? But she can't keep you in that way. Never mind. What *have* you got on?"

The door was opened an inch or two, and the head started to look out. But at sight of Sprint so near it withdrew in such turtle-like alarm that she laughed aloud.

"What 're you laughing at?" growled the boy.

"What 's that you got on?" said she.

"My—my mother's wrapper."

A peal of laughter burst forth from the Indian princess. But it ceased suddenly. For the door was thrown open with such violence that it made Jane Cody's wax flowers shake apprehensively under their glass bell, and a figure stalked out such as might haunt a dream—long, gaunt, awkward, inescapably boyish, yet absurdly feminine, now that the dark calico wrapper flapped at its big, awkward heels and bound and hindered its long legs.

Sprint looked from the heavily shod feet to the round, short-shaven black head, and a premonitory giggle shook her.

"Don't you laugh—don't you dare laugh at me! Don't you, Sprint—will you?" The phrases burst from him, a threat at the beginning, an appeal at the end.

"No," said Sprint, choking a bit; "no, I won't. You don't look very—" she gulped—"very funny, Jack. And it 's getting so dark that nobody 'd know—really they would n't."

"Sure?"

Sprint nodded.

"Get your sled quick, the big, long one,

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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'OH, YOU NEED N'T GLARE AT ME!' EXCLAIMED BEP"

the leg-breaker, and take me down—I 'll tell you where. Get it, won't you?"

"In this, this—like this?" Jack faltered.

"It 's so important, Jack. Please! It 's always you that asks me, remember."

The boy threw his hands out with a gesture that strained the narrow garment he wore almost to bursting. He began to talk, to argue, to plead; then suddenly he turned and ran, a grotesque, long-legged shape, toward the back of the house.

When he whistled, Sprint joined him, and together they plowed their way through the high snow to the beaten-down street beyond. At the top of the hill, Sprint sat down well to the front of the low, rakish-looking leg-breaker. Behind her the boy, hitching up his skirts, threw himself with one knee bent beneath him, and, with a skilful ruddering of the other long, untrousered leg, started the sled.

They had coasted only half a block—Virginia City runs downhill—when they heard the shrill yelp of the Comstock boy on the trail of his prey. As Jack stopped the sled a swift volley of snowballs from a cross-street struck tne figure of a tall, timid, stooping man in an old-fashioned cape, such as no Comstock boy had ever seen on anything masculine.

"It 's Professor Trask," breathed Irene, keen delight in persecution lending to her aggressive, bright face that savage sharpness of feature which Sissy Madigan called Indian. "Don't you wish you had n't got that dress on, Jack?" she asked, as the tall, black mark for a good shot still stood hesitating to cross the polished, steep street, down which many sleds had slipped for days past. "You could get him every time, could n't you?"

Despite the ignoble garment that cramped it, the boy's breast swelled with pride in his lady's approval.

"You could just fire one at him from here, anyway," suggested Irene, adaptable as her sex is to contemporary standards and customs.

"Ye-es," said the boy, hesitating; "but he 's such a poor old luny."

Sprint turned her imperial little hooded head questioningly.



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"He is—really luny," said the boy, apologetically. "Since his little girl wandered away one day from home and never came back, he gets spells, you know. He was telling ma one day when she went over to do his washing. But—but I will land one on him if you want, Sprint."

But Sprint had suddenly pivoted clear around and sat now facing him, an eager, mittened hand staying his hard, skilful, obedient fingers, already making the snowball.

"How—how old would that little girl be, Jack?" she gasped.

"Why, 'bout twelve—thirteen. Why?"

"And what would be the color of her hair?"

"Red, I s'pose, like his; not—not like yours—Sprint," he added shyly, glancing at the brown fire of the curls that escaped from her hood.

But Irene was no longer listening. She was looking over to the other side of the street, where that shrinking, pitiable old figure in its threadbare neatness trembled; not daring to seek safety across the dangerously smooth street, or daring to remain exposed here, where he ducked ridiculously every now and then to avoid the whizzing balls that sang about him.

Irene breathed hard. A coward for a father, a scarecrow, a butt for a gang of miners' boys! This, this was her father! Why, even crippled old Jim, the woodchopper, seen in retrospect and haloed by copper-colored dreams of romantic rehabilitation—even Jim seemed regrettable.

But she did not hesitate, any more than Fedalma did. She, too, knew a daughter's duty—to a hitherto unknown, just-discovered father. A merely ordinary, everyday parent like Francis Madigan was, as a matter of course, the common enemy, and no self-respecting Madigan would waste the poetry of filial feeling upon any one so realistic.

"You wait for me here, Jack," she said, with unhesitating reliance upon his obedience.

"Where 're you going? I thought you were in a hurry to get down to the wickiups."

She did not hear him. She had spun off the sled, and with the sure-footed speed of the hill-child she was crossing the street.

Old Trask, his short-sighted eyes blinking beneath his twitching, bushy red eyebrows, looked down as upon a miracle when a red-mittened hand caught his and he heard a confident voice—the clear voice children use to enlighten the stupidity of adults:

"I 'll help you across; take my hand."

"Eh—what?"

He leaned down, failing to recognize her. Children had no identity to him. They were merely brats, he used to say, unless they happened to have some musical aptitude. But he accepted her aid, his battered old hat rocking excitedly upon his high bony forehead, as he ducked and turned and shivered at the oncoming balls. "Bad boys—bad boys!" he ejaculated. "Boys are the devil!"

"Yes," agreed Sprint, craftily. "Girls are best. Your little girl, now—father—" she began softly.

"Eh—what!" he exclaimed. "Who 's your father? My respects to him."

"I have no father," she answered softly. A plan had sprung full-born from her quick brain. She would win this erratic father back to memory of his former life and her place in it—somewhat as did one Lucy Manette, a favorite heroine of Sprint's that Sissy had read about and told her of. That would be a fine thing to do—almost as fine, and requiring the center of the stage as much, as rehabilitating the Red Man.

"I have no father," she murmured, "if you won't be mine."

"What? What? No!" Trask was across now and brushing the snowy traces of battle from his queer old cape. "No; I don't want any children. I had one once—a daughter."

Sprint's heart beat fast.

"She was a brat, with the temper of a little fiend, and no ear—absolutely none—for music; played like an elephant."

How terribly confirmatory!

"And what—what became of her?" whispered Sprint.

"She ran away two years ago and—"

"Two years!"

"I said two, did n't I?" demanded the old professor, irascibly.

Disgusted, Sprint turned her back on him. Why, two years ago Sissy had first called her an Indian; how right she had been! Two years ago she, Sprint, was making over all her dolls to Foin. Two years ago she had already discovered Jack Cody's fleet strength, his wonderful aptness



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at making swift sleds, in which her reckless spirit reveled, his mastership of other boys of his gang, and—her mastery of him.

She turned and beckoned to him. His sweet whistle rang out in answer like a vocal salute, and in a moment she was seated again in front of him, with that deft, tail-like left leg of his steering them down, down over cross-street, through teams and sleighs and unwary pedestrians; past the miners coming off shift; past the lamplighter making his rounds in the crisp, clear cold of the evening; past the heavy-laden squaws, with their bowed heads, their papooses on their backs, their weary arms bearing home the spoils of a hard day's work, and the sore-eyed yellow dogs trudging, too, wearily and dejectedly at their heels, toward the rest of the wickiup and the acrid warmth of the sage-brush campfire.

In short, swift sentences, as they hurdled over artificially raised obstructions, or slid along the firm-packed snow, or grated on the muddy cross-streets, Princess Sprint told her plan—with reservations. She was not prepared to admit to so humble a worshiper the secret of her birth, but the magnanimous self-sacrifice of a beautiful nature, the heroine concealed beneath a frivolous exterior—these she was willing Jack Cody should suspect and admire.

"We 'll lift them up, you and I, Jack. I 'm going 'to—to be the angel of a homeless tribe,' or something like that," she quoted, as it grew darker and the sled slowed down a bit, where the slant of the hill-street became gentler and she need not hold on tight. "You 'll be their general and I their princess. You 'll teach them to be fine soldiers, so that the people in town will be afraid of them and have to give them back their lands—and the mines, too. They 're theirs, and they shall have them and be millionaires. And, of course, so will we. We 'll own all the stocks and brokers' offices, and after a few years, when they 're quite civilized, we 'll come up to town to live. We 'll take Bob Graves's Castle and—Jack! Ah!"

A long scream burst from her. Never in her life had Sprint Madigan screamed like that. For an incredibly fleet instant she actually saw above her head a struggling horse's hoofs. In the next, her calico-wrappered knight had thrown himself and his lady out into the great drifts on the side. Sprint felt the cold fleeciness of new-fallen snow on her face, down her neck, up her sleeves. She was smothered, drowned in it, when with another tug the boy whirled her to her feet, and swaying unsteadily, she looked up into the face of the man whose horses had so nearly crushed her life out.

It was her father—she knew it was. Else why had fate so strangely thrown them together? Yes, this was her true father. No other girl's father could have so handsome a fur coat as that reaching from the tips of this very tall man's ears to his heels. No other could have a sleigh so fine, and silver-belled horses fit for a king. No other could have such bright brown eyes beneath heavy sandy brows, such red, red cheeks, and so long and silver-white a beard which the sun could still betray into confession of its youthful ruddiness. What if he did have, too, a brogue so soft, so wheedling that men had long called him Slippery Uncle Sammy?

Sprint waked with a humiliating start from her lesser, less genteel dreams. Of course this bonanza king driving up from the mine was her real father, and she a bonanza princess, happier, more fortunate than a merely political one; for princesses have to live in Europe, where Madigans cannot see and envy them.

With the mien of one who has come at last into her own, Sprint accepted his invitation to carry her up to town, and, with a facetious twinkle in his eyes that added to his likeness to a stately Santa Claus (though his was not a reputation for benevolence), he lifted her and set her down under the silky fur rugs.

Sprint nestled back in perfect content: at last she was fitly placed.

"Hitch on behind, Jack," she cried patronizingly, and the bonanza king's sleigh went up the hill with its queer freight: queer, for this was that one of them whose strength was subtlety, whose forte was guile, whose left hand knew not the charitable acts of his right—and neither did the right, for that matter.

Thoroughly sophisticated are Comstock children as to the character of the masters of their masters, and Sprint Madigan knew how foreign to this man's nature a lovable action was. All the more, then, she valued the distinction which chance—fate—had made hers. And all the more did a some-

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thing fierce and lawless and proud in herself leap to recognize the tyrant in him. Kings should be above law, as princesses were, was Sprint's creed; else why be kings and princesses?

"An' where would ye be a-goin' to, down this part o' the world so late?" she heard the unctuous voice above her inquire.

Sprint was silent. That the daughter of a bonanza king should have fancied for a moment that Indian Jim could be her father!

"An' who 's the gyurl with ye—the witch ye call Jack?"

"'T is n't a girl." That virility which Sprint's wild nature respected and admired forbade her denying the boy his sex. "It 's a boy—Jack—Jack Cody."

King Sammy laughed. His was rich, strong laughter, and men who heard it on C street (they had reached the main thoroughfare now, so fleet were these kingly horses of Sprint's father) knew it—and knew, too, what poor, mean thoughts lay behind it.

"An' this Cody," he said, turning his handsome head to look down at the boy on his sled behind. "Cody—Cody, now," he continued, with royalty's marvelous memory, "your father killed in the Ophir—eh? Time of the fire on the 1800—yes—yes! An' I was goin' to give him a point that very day. Well—well!"

"Ye did!" The boy looked up resentful, and met those smiling, crafty eyes.

"No! An' he sold short? Too bad! Too bad! I thought sure that stock was goin' down. My, the bad man that told me it was! I hope he did n't lose?" he chuckled.

"All we had," said the boy.

"Tut—tut—tut! What a pity! Have n't I always said it 's wicked to deal in stocks!" The king shook his sorrowful old head, then turned to the princess beside him. "An' it 's out for a ride ye 'd be, sweetheartin' on the sly, eh?"

"He 's not! I was not!" Sprint's cheeks grew hotter. He was her father, this splendid, handsome king, yet never had she felt for poor Francis Madigan what she felt now for the man beside her.

"What, then?"

"I was going down for—for a reason," she stammered.

"To be sure! To be sure!" chuckled his old Majesty. "An' ye 've told your father an' mother ye were goin', no doubt."

"No, I—did n't. I—could n't."

"Coorse not; coorse not, but ye—"

"Let me out!" cried Sprint.

The sneer in his voice had set her aflame. She rose in the sleigh, cast off the furs, and, stamping like a fury, tried to seize the reins.

"Ho! Ho!" The old monarch's bowed broad shoulders shook with laughter as he caught her trembling hands and held them. "What a little spitfire! A divvle of a temper ye 've got, my dear. Cody, now, does he like gyurls with such a temper?"

"Will you let me out?" Her voice was hoarse with anger.

"Can't ye wait till we get t' a crossin', ye little termagant?"

"No—no!" She tore her hands from him, and, with a quick, lithe leap from the low sleigh, landed, a bit dazed, in the snow banked high on the side of the street.

Uncle Sammy stared after her a moment. Then he remembered the boy behind.

"Hi—there!" he cried, looking over his shoulder as he reached for his whip. "Git!"

But Cody had the street-boy's quickness. All he had to do was to let go the end of rope he held, and the leg-breaker slipped smoothly back, while the king's runnered chariot shot ahead, drawn by the flying horses on whose backs the whip had descended.

"Ugh!" shivered Sprint, as she made her way out of the drift. "It 's cold, Jack. Let 's run."

Together they hauled the leg-breaker up the hill, parting at the snow-caked, wandering flights of steps, which seemed weary and worn with their endless task of climbing the mountain to Madigan's door.

Irene mounted them quickly. She was cold, and it had grown very dark and late; so late that the lamp shone out from the dining-room, warning her that it must be dangerously near to dinner-time. She had reached the last flight when Sissy came flying out along the porch to meet her.

"Sprint—ssh!" she cautioned, with a friendliness that surprised Sprint, who remembered how well she had washed that round, innocent face in the snow only a few hours ago—the face of Sissy, the unforgiving. "Dinner 's ready," she went on, "but father is n't down yet. Go round

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the back way, and you can get in without his knowing how late you are."

Sprint did not budge. The sight of Sissy had made her a Madigan again, prepared for any emergency the appearance of her arch-enemy might portend. "What are you up to?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Oh!" Sissy turned haughtily on her heel. "If you want to go in and catch it—go."

But Sprint did not want to catch it. Her day's experience had made her content to bear the eccentricities of her humble foster-father, but she was by no means anxious to be the instrument that should provoke a characteristic expression of them.

She slipped around the back way, passing through Wong's big kitchen, the heat and odors of which were grateful messages of cheer to her chilled little body. She flew up-stairs and tore off her wet clothing, and was out in the hall, buttoning hastily as she walked, when the door-bell rang.

In some previous existence Sprint Madigan must have been a most intelligent horse in some metropolitan fire department. It was her instinct still to run at the sound of the bell; every other Madigan, therefore, delighted in preventing that impulse's gratification. But this time Bessie came hurriedly to meet her and even speed her on her errand.

"Quick—it 's your father, Sprint!" she cried.

Sprint looked at her. She trusted Bep no more than she did Sissy, whose lieutenant the blonde twin was.

"Oh, you need n't glare at me!" exclaimed Bep, her guilty conscience sensitive to accusation by implication. "Fom told me all you told her about him. She was 'fraid you were coming after her for letting you fall off the see-saw, and she told me the whole thing. She said you expected him to-night—don't you?"

"How—do you know it 's—my father that 's at the door?" demanded Sprint, all the warier of the enemy because of her acquaintance, with her secret.

"Why!" Bep opened clear, china-blue eyes, as shallow and baffling as bits of porcelain. "Has n't he been here once for you already, while you were out?"

Sprint turned and ran down the hall. In the minute this took she had lived through a long, heart-breaking, childish regret—regret for the familiar, apprehension of the unknown. It was so warm and snug in this Madigan house; she seemed so to belong there. Why must that unknown parent come to claim her just now, when her spirit was still sorely vexed with the failings of the various fathers she had borne with in one short afternoon!

She got to the top of the staircase that led down to the front door, when she saw that some one had preceded her. It was Madigan, who was on his way down to dinner; poor old Madigan, with his slippered, slow, but positive tread, his straight, assertive back expressing indignation, as it always did when his door-bell was rung. Oh, that familiar old back! Something swelled in Sprint's throat and held her choking, as she grasped the banister and gazed yearningly down upon him. For a moment she had the idea of flying down past him to save him from what was coming. But it was too late; already he had his hand on the door-knob. Did he know who it was for whom he was opening his door? Sprint gasped to herself. Did he anticipate what was coming? Some one ought to tell him—to break it to him—to—

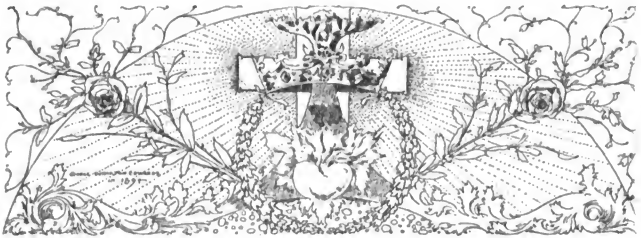
But evidently Sprint herself could not have done this, for in almost the identical moment that Madigan resentfully threw open the door, a stream of water was dashed into his astonished face.

From her point of vantage on the stairway Sprint saw a paralyzed Sissy, the empty pitcher in her guilty hand, the grin of satisfaction frozen on her panic-stricken round face; while, before she fled, her eyes shot one quick, hunted glance over Madigan's dripping head to the joyous enemy above.

And Sprint was joyous. Her explosive laugh pealed out in the second before fear of her father stifled it. So this was how Sissy had planned to get even; so this was the plot behind Bep's baffling blue eyes! And only the accident of Madigan's going to the door had saved Sprint—and confounded her enemy.

Oh, it was so good to be a Madigan! Standing there dry and triumphant, Sprint hugged herself—her very own self—her individuality, which at this minute she would not have changed for anything the world had to offer. To be a Madigan, one's birthright to laugh and do battle with one's peers and win, sometimes through strength, sometimes through guile, sometimes through sheer luck—but to win!

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# THE MOST POPULAR BOOK IN THE WORLD

## CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE PRINTING, SALE, AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE BIBLE

BY HENRY RUTHERFORD ELLIOT

ON Wednesday, March 7, 1804, "a numerous and respectable meeting of persons of various denominations" was held at the London Tavern, and a society formed "to promote the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the principal living languages." At that time the Bible, or portions of it, could be obtained in about forty living languages, spoken by two tenths of the race. During the century since the meeting at the London Tavern adjourned, and very largely from the machinery then and there started, the Scriptures have been translated into four hundred and fifty languages and dialects, understood by seven tenths of the race. By the London society alone 180,000,000 copies have been distributed, at an expense of $70,000,000. If we add to this total the 70,000,000 copies already distributed by the younger American Bible Society, and the unknown millions printed and sold by private enterprise, we find ourselves inside a safe estimate if we hold that certainly 300,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, in whole or separate books or portions, have gone into circulation during the last century.

Amazement attends the study of the Bible, whatever the point of view or the course pursued. But nothing about the Bible is more amazing than its continuous, universal, and utterly unparalleled popularity. In nearly every, if not every, country on earth where books are sold, more Bibles are sold than any other book. Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society alone distributed 5,943,775 copies, the majority by sale, in three hundred and seventy languages, covering every part of the globe. And the issue by the American society for the year amounted to 1,993,558 Bibles and portions.

### THE BIBLE'S TRAVELING SALESMAN

How is this distribution accomplished? In many ways, but chiefly through a unique machinery known as colportage. The whole world is covered by a network of salesmen, generally natives of the country in which the distribution is made, ac-



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quainted with its language and customs, and animated by a zeal in the cause which has often risen to the heights of martyrdom. These colporteurs, or Biblemen and Biblewomen, as they are sometimes called, are employed by the societies on a salary. They are given large discretion in the matter of sales. Where it is possible, they get the list-price for Bibles or portions of the Scriptures, which price never exceeds cost. But, if necessary, they are permitted to sell their books at a reduction, and under certain circumstances to give copies away. In general it is estimated that forty per cent. of the cost of the entire annual output of Bibles is recovered from sales.

Often the payments are made in curious substitutes for money, such as cowry-shells in Uganda, copra and arrowroot in the New Hebrides, swords, daggers, sandals, amulets, straw hats, pieces of silk, eggs, butter, rotten cheese, dogs' teeth, sea-birds' eggs, and other picturesque circulating media. Occasionally, even, Bibles are stolen; but thieves do not much affect this sort of treasure, and have been known to return it when taken under a misapprehension of the facts.

The colporteur travels by all conveyances, under all social and political conditions, and is literally a ubiquitous feature in the world's traffic. There is no speech or language where his voice is not heard. By railroad, carriage, boat, bullock-wagon, sleigh, bicycle, wheelbarrow, on mule, jinrikisha, or afoot, he goes with his pack of books or pamphlets to the remotest corners of the globe. As a publication of the British and Foreign Bible Society says: "Though the Jew and the Chinaman have almost overrun the earth, the colporteur is even more ubiquitous. North and south, east and west, he is wending his way,—through tangled forests, over frozen steppes or parched deserts,—almost invariably a solitary figure. No corner of the earth is too danger-haunted or too unhealthy for the society's Biblemen. We find them at the most northerly outpost in Siberia, among the workers in the awful sulphur-mines of Sicily, in the malarial regions of Africa, on the desolate plains of Mongolia, in the opium-dens of the far East, among the lumber-camps of the West, among the negroes of the Slave Coast and the miners of Klondike—everywhere perils and hardships are being faced by hundreds of faithful workers, whose names are unknown to the world."

The London society employs altogether eight hundred and fifty of these colporteurs, and, in addition, six hundred and fifty Biblewomen, mostly in those countries of Asia where women are secluded beyond the reach of ordinary approach. The American society employs four hundred and forty-seven colporteurs. The force is well organized by means of a system of agencies or district managers, to whom reports are sent regularly by the colporteurs, and who keep in close touch with them.

Next to the colporteur, the two leading methods of distribution are through the local agents and auxiliary stations and in connection with missionaries in their pastoral journeys. It is a significant fact that the two Bible societies furnish the bulk of all the Bibles used in Protestant missions. Sectarianism has not invaded the citadel of Scripture. Thus the London society supplies all the foreign missionary societies of the Established Church, the various undenominational societies like the China Inland Mission, and the nonconformist missions almost entirely. The American Society is equally catholic in its functions.

### HOW BIBLES ARE PACKED AND SHIPPED

THE shipments are made to the agents, and thus distributed. One can readily understand that this work is of a most polyglot description. Not the least amazing feature of the work is the packing-room where Bibles in hundreds of languages are stored. Often they must be packed so as to meet local requirements. For example, consignments to Madras are packed in water-tight boxes, to protect the books against damage as they are landed through the surf. Books for Annam are put up in boxes of fifty-six pounds in weight, as that is the standard burden for the coolies. Other books are securely packed to defend them against tropical insects and dampness. The packing-room of the London society is one of its most interesting sights. Between six and seven thousand volumes are received and despatched daily, and it is a very microcosm of the world in its varied activities. Generally about two million copies of books or portions are on hand, embracing books in about three hun-

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dred and seventy languages, and of every variety of size and bindings, ranging from the complete Bible at a sixpence to large and sumptuous copies. The American Bible Society contains in its catalogue of Bibles and Testaments seven hundred and eighty different titles, some of which include two or three variations, so that the whole number of editions slightly exceeds eight hundred. The English list mounts up to more than two thousand titles. And the editions due to private enterprise are almost innumerable.

### THE BIBLE AS A COMMODITY

MANY guesses have been made as to the distribution of the Bible by private enterprise. It is a tempting topic for speculation, but no reliable statistics are within reach. Such is the judgment of men as well qualified to speak in the matter as the secretaries of the American Bible Society. Naturally, the various publishing-houses are unwilling to make public the volume of their business, and even were they disposed to do so, it would be next to impossible to collect anything like a complete list of editions of the Bible, in whole or part, which are continually issuing from the press.

Take the Sunday-school output alone, with its countless millions of lesson sheets and other printing, then add the religious periodicals which contain in their successive issues the current lesson, the editions of responsive readings, copies of the Psalter, portions of Scripture on programs for special occasions, and one soon finds himself out of all depths of computation. And there is still to be considered the oral distribution, through the stated reading of the Scriptures in the hearing of tens of millions of church, prayer-meeting, and Bible-class attendants on Sunday and through the week. Nor has the "family Bible," with its portion "waled" and read "with judicious care," quite gone out in this hurrying and secular age.

It is perhaps enough to say on this point that the Bible is the best-selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade, without regard to what may be called the official distribution. Every book-store which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern, which till recently issued cheap editions of the Bible, said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have forty or fifty thousand copies on hand, it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."

### CIRCULATION OF OTHER SACRED BOOKS

A WORD on the comparative distribution of the Bible and other sacred books. Inquiry of Professor Lanman of Harvard elicits the fact that within a few years an important movement has been instituted in India, looking to a popular distribution of the sacred books of that country. The late P. C. Roy of Calcutta founded an institution very like the tract and Bible societies, and already the output has mounted to a total distribution of fourteen million printed forms. While statistics of the various publications are lacking, Professor Lanman writes: "It is, however, safe to state that the reproduction of their sacred books by the press is now rapidly reaching enormous proportions."

In regard to the distribution of the Koran, the Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, the veteran missionary in Syria, writes to THE CENTURY as follows:

> There is no Koran society in the sense of any Bible societies. The most orthodox Moslems prefer manuscript copies. It was only within fifty years that the Koran was allowed to be printed, and even now they prefer to lithograph it, as they object to subject the name of Allah to pressure!
>
> The Egyptian government have lithographed thousands of copies which have been sold cheaply to Mohammedans. They will not sell the Koran in their shops to Christians. Even in Beirut we find it difficult to buy copies. Copies found in baggage are confiscated.
>
> Strictly speaking, it is unlawful to translate the Koran, but paraphrases have been printed

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in Persia, India, and the East Indies. It is the duty of every Mohammedan to learn to read the Koran, and, if possible, to commit it to memory, and this is the more easy as it is all in rhyme.

It would be impossible to estimate the distribution of the Confucian classics. Though these are not, strictly speaking, in the category of sacred books, they deal with the religious institutes of the Chinese. In the aggregate the distribution of these books is very large, and is entirely a matter of business. No organization exists for the spread of Confucianism by means of the printed page.

In general, it may be said that the Bible alone, of all books claiming a divine authorship and authority, is distributed systematically and on a large scale, not only among those who wish copies, but among indifferent or even hostile communities. And the supplementary statement may now be added that to-day there is not a land or language of importance on the face of the earth where this distribution is not carried on with system and success.

### HOW THE BIBLE CREATES LANGUAGES

THE Bible societies, however, by no means rest contented with their present horizons of conquest. Both the London and New York societies are very much engaged upon translations and revisions, and missionaries throughout the world are busy with similar tasks. In scores of instances the Bible is the only literature of a language. Often a language is first reduced to literary form in order to produce a Bible. Often, also, the Bible actually creates a language, in the proper sense of that term. The ideas, the topics of thought, the point of view, are not in the local speech. Take, as an example, the translation just made for the Sheetswa tribe in east Africa. They had no word for Supreme Being, or home, father, heaven, house, and other ideas equally fundamental. "Our Father which art in heaven" was absolutely unintelligible to them. Yet, little by little, the missionaries persevered till they have now compiled a dictionary of eighteen thousand words, a grammar, and a translation of the New Testament that can be used by three million people. Other recent translations have been into Maré (one of the French Loyalty Islands), Uganda, Persian, Labrador-Eskimo, Kongo Baldo, Murray Island (Torres Straits), Wedan (New Guinea), Fang, Madarese (South Malaysia), Nogogu (New Hebrides), etc. That much work still remains to be done, however, appears from the statement that in the borders of the Indian Empire alone one hundred and eight languages, in use by seventy-four million souls, have as yet no version of the Scriptures. Translations and revisions are now going forward in over one hundred languages.

### WHAT THE DISTRIBUTION COSTS

THE financial aspects of this world-wide circulation are impressive. The income of the London society for 1902–3 amounted to £232,239, of which £93,458 came from sales, and £138,781 from gifts and other free income. The receipts of the American society for the same period were $412,406. Reducing the pounds to dollars, at 4.865, we get a total annual income of $1,532,248 for the two societies. The grants and disbursements were slightly in excess of this amount, and we need not say that there is an urgent call for increased funds. One feature of the centenary of the British society, which fell on March 6, was an effort to obtain a special fund of 250,000 guineas, to enable the society to extend its work along inviting lines without undue risk or embarrassment.



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# AN IMPORTANT ART TREASURE OF NEW YORK

## BY CHARLES DE KAY

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

STROLLING through the Fifth Avenue wing of the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, one comes upon a small inner gallery where a chariot of bronze occupies a great glass box all to itself. This is a grand prize in the lottery of the excavator, just such a prize as the Louvre or the British Museum would like to draw, since neither in their marvelous collections, nor at Berlin, nor in the many museums of Italy, is its equal to be found. Twenty-five, perhaps thirty, centuries has this specimen of a long-forgotten fashion in war lain beneath the soil of Umbria, the wooden parts under the bronze rotting slowly away, the weight of the earth above gradually crushing in the shell, and only the protective layer of oxidation on the surface of the bronze preventing a total disintegration of car-body, wheels, and pole. Near it lie two curving sheets of metal, all that remains of the wooden yoke with bronze covering-plates, and in a dish a shimmering mass of ivory flakes hints of a rail that graced the curving front.

In such a car, so small, yet so lavishly embellished with hammered and deftly fitted bronze reliefs, may Lars Porsena of Clusium have celebrated many a triumph which the narrow pride of Roman historians has suppressed. With the exception of a fragmentary bronze car at Perugia, this is the only example known of the war-chariots of the mysterious people who civilized and gave kings to Rome.

The relic was found last year in a forgotten burial-ground near the modern Norcia (ancient Nursia), crumpled up, broken, and disfigured. The wheels were best preserved by their sheathing of bronze, but elsewhere the wooden floor and sides had disintegrated, and the fronts and side-wings of thin bronze, the wheel-tires and pole, had become caked with earthy deposits. The owner of the land is said to have informed the proper authorities and obtained the necessary permit for export. That may be. Certain it is that when the news reached Italy of a bronze chariot from Italian soil which was offered in Paris, sent to New York, and bought by the Metropolitan Museum, the failure to secure it for a national museum was mooted in Parliament, and the inspector responsible for its export was dismissed.

A glance at the chariot, now supplied with new wooden floor and car-body, is enough to warrant the belief that it was not intended for actual war, but belonged to the family treasure of a prince or petty king such as the twelve historic cities of the Etruscan federation boasted, having its abiding-place in some temple, whence it was taken on high days and festivals, or when a triumphal procession was on, or when the deity of the temple, personified by a favored citizen, rode forth with his cortège of warriors and priests, clad in their best harness of war and religious robes. Small may well have been the horses that drew this vehicle, yet its size tells us little in that respect, because the racing-chariot which appears in mosaics found in Italian soil that belong to a period later than this by many centuries is a surprisingly small construction, affording little more than a foothold for the driver. And the chariot as it appears on the walls of tombs,



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RIGHT SIDE OF THE CHARIOT

painted on vases, carved on coffins of stone, and chiseled on the pedestal of a bronze bust of a woman found at Vulci, scarcely admits more than two standing figures, one being of course the charioteer and the other the warrior. In later times, however, when the Gauls and the Romans had reduced the Etruscans, and the Romans had begun to allow to victorious generals the pomp of triumphs, a much larger, higher chariot was used for this function, obviously for the purpose of showing the conqueror better to the people.

There is cause for congratulation that we have this unequaled specimen, and there would still be cause if the chariot had been a plain one, like the late Roman example which may be seen in the Vatican. But the reliefs with which it is embellished on three sides add an extraordinary value. Its great age is apparent not only by reason of its condition when found and from the primitive way in which the artist has placed the eyes flat on the side of the head,—a method of very early ages,—but by the fashion of covering the wood with plates instead of using wood to back a large piece of cast bronze. This primitive way of making bronze objects was practised in very early days in Greece, for a statue of Jupiter kept in the acropolis of Sparta was made of thin plates of bronze hammered into shape and finished with the chisel. Judging by such evidence, it would not be far out of the reckoning if we placed this chariot in the eighth or ninth century before Christ.

If we follow those who argue that the



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LEFT SIDE OF THE CHARIOT

Etruscans belonged not to the Aryans but to the Turanians, and were an offshoot of the great "yellow" race that includes Finns, Turks, Mongolians, and Chinese, then we have a specimen of bronze-work from one of the most western of Turanian peoples, to compare with the bronzes of the most eastern, the Japanese—one of the earliest civilized may be compared with the latest.

What mean these figures and groups on the bronze chariot from Norcia? Is it Hercules who is delivering up to Queen Omphalé his shield and helmet, on the dash-board or front of the car? Is it Hercules, again, who drives winged steeds and the little war-chariot over a prostrate woman, carefully draped? Is it he who fights a duel with a man and is helped by an eagle or a raven that strikes full on the enemy's spear and diverts that enemy's aim? Another view may be Homeric. Perhaps the deer lying dead at the feet of the goddess or priestess may be the clue to this interpretation: the warrior Agamemnon has obeyed the will of the gods and prepared to slay his daughter, when Diana relents and substitutes for Iphigenia a deer.

Most obvious of all explanations is the story of Achilles as told in the Iliad. Then the woman is his goddess-mother Thetis, who is handing to him the new armor forged by Vulcan. Achilles, perhaps, on the side of the chariot, is driving his supernatural steeds, the prostrate woman being a symbol of Troy trampled underfoot. The other side-relief might be some duel before Troy not recorded in the Iliad or the



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Odyssey, in which Achilles was assisted by a deity in the shape of an eagle. The fallen man under the combatants may be Patroclus, placed there by artistic license, and the duelists may be Achilles and Hector. Who will explain?

However this may be, the little chariot, with its pole, emerging from the jaws of a boar, tipped by an eagle's head, its axle ending in bear or lion masks, its helmet in relief with a crest of a ram's head, is a priceless specimen of art thirty centuries



BRONZE DASH-BOARD OF THE CHARIOT FOUND NEAR NORCIA

Were one to hazard another explanation of a most delightful puzzle for archæologists, then the prostrate woman on the side-board of the car is Aurora, and the smiling charioteer is Phœbus Apollo, riding her down with his celestial winged steeds, while the warrior who is getting his death-stroke from the spear of Achilles on the other side of the car-body is Aurora's son Memnon, unfairly treated by the gods, since one of them, in the shape of an eagle, has thrown him off guard by a sudden attack.

ago, when caldrons of bronze were riveted together, not cast, and the Greeks were not free from many primitive artistic traits. With its strong Greek leaning, its obscure suggestion at once of Egypt, in the small figures where the side-boards join the front, and of Assyria, in the eyes and beards of the male figures, this chariot represents well the genius of the Etruscans, which was not original, but a composite of the art ideas of various peoples.

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# "THE WHITE FEATHER"

## BY MARGARET DELAND

RICHARD PHILLIPS sat at his work-table, staring blankly at the letter lying open on the writing-pad. The pounding in his ears, and the curious, muffled feeling in his throat, were subsiding; but he was still conscious of his body—of a tingling in his hands, and a sense of weakness about his knees.

"I 'm not surprised," he said; "of course I 'm not surprised."

Then, in the midst of the profound surprise of body and soul, he was aware of a small surprise at hearing his own voice. For he had spoken his thought aloud. He picked up the letter again, and, to his annoyance, saw that his hand was not steady. Holmes had said that the work bore the traces of a fatigued body—and here was evidence of that fatigue: his hand was unsteady. Plainly, his nerves were playing a preposterous trick upon him, making him act like an hysterical school-girl. The shame of it made his hand shake all the more. He put the letter back on the table, sharply, and thrust his hands down in his pockets, with a faint laugh. Then he drew a long breath and looked about the darkening room as though to find something to distract his thought. It was not a winning room, but it was not bad—as rooms in flats go. It was small, and looked out on the well-way; on a bright day Phillips could see shadows of blowing steam from an escape-pipe on the roof chasing down the blank white wall opposite the window. In the early morning the sun pointed a thin finger across this well-way and touched Phillips's inkstand, striking a fleeting glitter from the silver top. There were other silver things on his table—Agnes presented him with some new and useless "furnishing" every Christmas; but the litter of letters and old proof-sheets and stray pages of manuscript hid them. It was a most untidy work-table—more or less dusty, and of a confusion that would have been distracting to anybody but the owner, who maintained, against his womenkind, that the "arrangement" of his papers was the most convenient that could be devised. The walls of the room were lined with books; on chairs and stands piles of pamphlets and magazines grew into dusty towers, a little taller and more toppling each month. There was an ill-smelling collection of pipes on the mantelpiece; and Richard insisted, for reasons best known to himself, on keeping various shoes and slippers in a corner behind the letter-press.

"It 's perfectly disgraceful!" Agnes Phillips used to sigh. "He will not have a thing done to that dreadful study of his! I offered to dust it myself, so that Sarah should n't mix his papers up; but he won't let me touch it."

"My dear," her husband would say, with his whimsical smile, "your part of the flat is immaculate—do be content; only man is vile."

"But you like it," she protested, with displeasure.

And as it was the only spot in the house where this mild creature, tall and thin, with keen, gentle brown eyes, felt himself absolute master, he would reply, with distinct satisfaction in his tone, "Yes, I do like it." And Agnes, who, when she was not displeased or worried about anything, had a pretty wit of her own, would say that she believed he gloried in his shame.

But, in spite of confusion and dust, it was generally not an entirely bad little room, because there was an open fire, chuckling and winking behind the rusty iron dogs. This afternoon, however, the fire had gone out; a log had burned



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through in the middle, broken, and fallen apart in two charred points. It was growing dark now, in the early winter dusk; and the dead ashes, the confusion of papers, the dusty mantelpiece, and pipes and pamphlets, brought a certain bleakness into the room that fell cold upon the man's heart, where already the letter lay like a weight. And yet, for sound, warm, honest friendship, the letter was like the clasp of a hand—a surgeon's hand, perhaps, just before he begins his dreadful and beneficent work. For there was surgery in that letter: it bore the imprint of the editorial rooms of a periodical of serious distinction in literature.

DEAR PHILLIPS [it began]: I have read the MS. with most anxious concern. I have been counting on it, as you know, for the 18— serial, and your hint of your own dissatisfaction with it caused me a little uneasiness, for I think you are the only man I know whose opinion of his own work has really critical value. When I finished it I was compelled to believe that your judgment was correct. "The White Feather" is not up to your own standard—a standard, my dear fellow, which, as you very well know, ranks you as among the first men of letters in this country. "The White Feather" bears (as you said you feared) the marks of the physical strain of these last two years: the work is *sick* work; the work of a man staggering from a physical experience which has not yet transmuted itself (as it will) into a spiritual one. In this temporary condition it is obvious that "The White Feather" has been written. When I say that we must not use it for our serial next year, I speak as much for your sake as for our own. You cannot afford, my dear Phillips, to put mediocre work on the market. Your most valuable asset is the absolute integrity of your artistic sense. I don't know that it will mean much to you, but I can't help telling you that you are the only literary man of whom (in my opinion) that can be said to-day. In these times of century runs, so to speak,—of panting advertising efforts for popularity,—your work stands out from the vulgar herd of books as a star above a fog-bank. (Now, for a poor hack of an editor, I think that 's rather a fine phrase.) Of course your next book will find you on your legs, and I do hope it will be possible for us to avail ourselves of it. Pray let me know what it is to be about, and when I may hope to see it.

Then followed one or two commonplaces about some mutual friends, and the hope that Mrs. Phillips and Rosamond were well, and the assurance that the writer was his old friend and admirer.

But when Richard Phillips read this letter he felt the blood buzz in his ears. He had known that the work was not up to his own mark; Agnes knew it, too, and said so, candidly. And yet he had taken it for granted that Holmes would want it. Possibly because he had never since his salad days—never, at least, since he had seriously entered the profession of letters—had any work "rejected." He had come to think of his writing as a merchant thinks of the commodity he has to sell; as a staple—as so much sugar or cotton. Prices might fluctuate, of course; but sugar and cotton always sell. So with his work. For twenty years it had had a market value. To sell a manuscript was a matter of course; the only element of uncertainty in the transaction was the price; better or worse, as the case might be. When he wrote Holmes that he was not quite satisfied with "The White Feather," the idea of its not being published never occurred to him. And just now he was in rather more of a hurry to publish than usual. His long illness of two years ago had been a strain upon his resources, in that it had meant nearly a year of unproductiveness. He had, to be sure, a little income from his savings, but his capital was very small, for the Phillipses were of those easy folk who live, with perfect placidity, up to the limit of an income produced by labor; for them the rainy day was always too far off to make it seem worth while, in fair weather, to raise clouds of economy. But Richard always finished a novel every eighteen months or so, and that meant the sale of serial rights for a comfortable sum; and the book sales were satisfactory, though never phenomenal. He had very much more than a *succès d'estime*, but he did not belong to the period of million-copy sales. However, he earned enough, taken in connection with stray articles and one or two short stories (which always pay well), and with that small and pleasant sum from his investments, to get along very well. People thought him much richer than he was; but certainly he managed to live in the kind of flat Agnes liked; and they were able to give Rosamond a "coming out" tea; and Agnes dressed the girl charmingly—and all this on a sum that is large or small according to which side of it you place your own income. But Phillips's long illness had hampered them a

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little; and the writing of "The White Feather" had been a *tour de force* to meet the exigencies of the situation. As he sat there in the little darkening room, staring at the dull white of the opposite wall, he said this to himself, as an explanation and excuse. But as he said it, it seemed as if something cool spread over his whole body —a wave of fear; for the book was as good as he could make it. He had written hurriedly, to be sure, and under pressure; but he had never scamped his work or been slipshod about it. He had done his best: that was the desperate truth. What was lacking was— What was it? Had sickness touched him so that virtue had gone out of him? Was some spring cut? The mechanism, technically excellent, was motionless; there were words, and words, and words; but the divine voice of human experience and passion was silent. Yet he had done his best! He knew it; and that was why his soul sickened within him.

Agnes had hurried him a little toward the end, for she was a practical creature. "We should have to move if it were not for 'The White Feather,'" she used to say, with a sigh of comfortable assurance that they would not move. Once, before the story was quite done, she suggested that he should ask his publishers for an advance. "People do that," she said.

"I don't," Richard said mildly.

But there was no manner of doubt in Agnes's mind of the ultimate sale of the book. "Only, you ought to get five times as much as you do," she declared. "They say that woman who wrote 'The Isle of Dragons' made forty thousand dollars."

"But, my dear, I could n't write an 'Isle of Dragons,'" Richard said, with a droll look.

"I don't suppose you could," she admitted regretfully. But she was proud of his work, or, rather, of his reputation. She kept all the newspaper clippings about his books or himself; and it was she who supplied his publishers with photographs of "Phillips at work in his library," "Phillips on his yacht" (which was a pleasant old tub of a cat-boat), "The apartment-house where Richard Phillips, the distinguished author, spends his winters." Time was when these things had made Phillips wince; then he had got used to them, and after a while forgotten them. But he was aware that Agnes took notoriety very seriously; to her it meant fame. Of his laborious pages, of the dignity and humanity and sweetness of his delicate insight which set him among the elect, she was affectionately ignorant; but she was absolutely sure of his literary rating.

"How am I going to tell her?" he asked himself, blankly, looking at the sheet of paper on his blotting-pad. The room had grown so dark that he could not see to read the writing; but he knew just where, near the top of the third page, Holmes had written in his small, precise hand, "When I say that we must not use it—"

"Good God!" Phillips said, under his breath, "I 'm a back number!"

II

THE telling Agnes was a bad moment. Her astonishment and unbelief and anger were very bad. He told her, with an attempt to be casual, when she came into the study to say good night. Rosamond had come before her, and, balanced on the arm of her father's chair, kissed the thin hair on the top of his head, and told him about her work that day in the life class at the academy.

"It was n't good, daddy, and I felt pretty discouraged."

"It will be better to-morrow, Rose of the World," he said.

"Yes, it shall be better to-morrow," she agreed cheerfully.

Phillips looked at the end of his cigar, his eyes narrowing. Would his work be better to-morrow? Probably not. "I did my best—my *best*," he said to himself again, with that sick sinking of the heart. If only he could have reproached himself for carelessness; but no, he had done his best. And it was bad.

When Rosamond went off to bed, Agnes came in; and after he had listened to her complaints about the janitor and the outrageous coldness of the flat,—"They are just simply robbers, the way they keep the steam-heat down," she declared,—Phillips absently turned his cheek for her good-night kiss and took up his pen. Then, as if it were an afterthought:

"Oh, by the way, Holmes does n't want 'The White Feather.'"

"Does n't *want*—'The White Feather'?" She was shrill in her astonishment.

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"Well, it 's rather below par, I think myself," he said, with elaborate carelessness.

"But, Dick, he told you he wanted it. He 's got to take it!"

"No, he did n't. Holmes is too canny to buy a pig in a poke. He said he 'hoped he could have it.' That 's a different story."

"And he does n't want it? He 's crazy," she said.

Phillips put down his pen and turned around in his creaking swivel-chair. "You are very flattering, my dear; but the honest truth is, it is n't good. Holmes would be a poor editor if he could n't see that, and a poor friend if he did n't tell me so."

"It 's good enough," his wife said decidedly, sitting down in front of the fire, and turning her skirt back so that it should not be scorched; her honest, round face, usually rosy and contented, was a little pale, and her sensible gray eyes, behind her gold-rimmed glasses, were distinctly angry. The fact was, any delay in the sale of the manuscript was an inconvenience. "It 's good *enough*," she said. "I don't know what that man Holmes wants. I believe he 's jealous. He simply is a disappointed man himself; he could n't write a popular book to save his life, and so he took to editing a magazine—a sort of hanging on to the skirts of literature. I never did like him. Not want 'The White Feather'? He could n't write a book like that to save his life—or 'The Isle of Dragons,' either."

Richard laughed out loud. How Holmes would appreciate that! If only some other woman had said it, so that he could, with decency, repeat it! "No," he said, "no, my dear; I 'm inclined to think Holmes could not have written 'The Isle of Dragons.'"

"Well," Agnes said abruptly, "what are you going to do about it?"

Phillips was silent.

"It 's very annoying to have Mr. Holmes act this way," she said. "But of course it does n't make any real difference; the only bothering thing is the delay. Of course you will place the story somewhere, right off. Any of the big magazines will jump at it. And I don't know, Dick, but what, on the whole, it will be better for you. Mr. Holmes's silly old magazine has fallen off dreadfully of late. He never has any timely articles on liquid air and things; he 's 'way behind the times. Do you know, I should n't wonder a bit if the whole thing simply means that they are in a bad way financially and can't afford to pay your price, and this is their way of getting out of it."

Phillips laughed drearily. "I think our butcher and baker and candlestick-maker would be satisfied with their credit, Agnes, if not with ours. Oh, yes; I 'll write 'The Caravel' about 'The White Feather' tomorrow, and ask if they want it. But—it 's pretty poor truck, Agnes. That 's where the shoe pinches. Bad work! Bad work!"

"Oh, nonsense, Richard! Mr. Holmes's letter has got on your nerves. It is n't anything of the kind—bad work. Perhaps it is n't the very best thing you 've ever done, but I don't know why you should expect to be always up to concert pitch. Nobody ever is; and it 's good *enough*. You will see that the other magazines won't be so particular."

He winced. "That 's just it," he said moodily.

"Now, Dick, you really are absurd. Come! Go to bed; you will be more sensible in the morning." She got up, anxious to cheer him, but a little impatient, too. "You must n't be foolish, Richard," she said decidedly.

He slowly turned down the student's lamp on the writing-table, and then blew it out. She heard him sigh. "I wish I did n't have to publish it at all," he said. At that his wife was genuinely disturbed.

"I believe you 're not well, Richard. Have you taken cold? You 've just got to stop wearing those low shoes in December. And I 'll tell you what—you 've got to take some quinine. I know you 've taken cold."

"Oh, I don't want any quinine," he remonstrated.

But Agnes was firm. "Yes, you do. I 'm perfectly certain you 've taken cold."

"Oh, really, my dear," he protested, "I would rather—"

"My dear, it is n't a question of what you 'd rather do," Agnes interrupted reprovingly. And when they went to their room she counted out eight grains, which Richard, faintly amused, swallowed for the sake of peace.

III

THE next morning things did look brighter. Perhaps it was the quinine; perhaps it was

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the beautiful, endless drift of blowing shadows on the opposite white wall; perhaps it was Rosamond's quick-hearted courage about his book. Her mother had told her of Mr. Holmes's letter before Richard came in to breakfast; and afterward she slipped into the study and gave him a quick squeeze and hurried kiss.

"I 'm late and I 've got to tear; but I know just how you feel, daddy. And the next book, I do believe, will be the finest thing you ever did in all your born days, because, you old stupid, darling father, what have you told me sixty times about my silly drawing? '*When you can see it is bad, you can make it better. It 's when it seems perfect that you are lost.*' What is sauce for the goose, sir—"

"Well, the goose is saucy enough, anyhow," he retorted, laughing. "Come, clear out, Good-for-nothing!"

When she had left him, he did feel the comfort of knowing that his dissatisfaction was his salvation. He knew "The White Feather" was poor work. But there was a deeper depth, which, thank Heaven! he had not reached—the depth of not knowing it was poor; the deepest deep, of thinking it was good. No; his critical faculty was unimpaired; therein, he said to himself, was his hope; therein, also, was his agony.

For, taking the manuscript up that morning, with a view to seeing how he could improve it, he saw that it could not be improved. It was a body of death. By a trick of style it was galvanized, now and then, and made the gestures of life. But it was dead. The situation was not one which labor could remedy. One may toil endlessly to polish a pine board. Richard Phillips had seen color and texture and noble grain come to the surface under his careful, polishing hand too often not to realize that time would be wasted here. He groaned under his breath after a while and sharply threw the thing down on the table. "No use!" he said to himself. He put the manuscript away, as if anxious to get it out of his sight, and called to his wife that he was going out to walk. But she delayed him a moment to remind him of a tea to which he must take Rosamond that afternoon.

"I can't go," she said. "I have a cold, and I won't go out in this horrid weather; though I 'm sure I might as well go out as live in this barn. Those steam-heaters are like ice."

"We might use them for refrigerators," he said whimsically. "Agnes, I think I won't go to the tea. Rosy won't mind going by herself."

"*I* mind for her," Agnes said, with decision. "And, anyway, Richard, you really ought to go. It 's good for your books; you must be seen about, you know; especially now."

"Oh, I can't go, Agnes," he said wearily. "I loathe teas; they are of the devil."

"Now, don't be foolish, Dick," she said impatiently. "What difference does it make whether you enjoy them or not? Enjoyment is n't everything, my dear. You want to sell your books, don't you? You go to one of these things, and people see you and talk about you; and then your books sell. Rosamond will meet you there at five. And do stay, Dick; don't dart out the minute you have said 'How do you do?' I know you," she ended, laughing.

"Well," he said helplessly, "tell Rosamond I 'll be there at five." Then he went out to take his walk. The fresh air, and later the flattery of some deference from a stranger whom he met at the tea, brought a certain rebound of hope; in fact, his spirits had sunk so low that a rebound was inevitable, and he argued that he could not be a good judge of his own work. As for Holmes—he winced; well, he had, perhaps, unconsciously prejudiced Holmes just a little. The work was not his best; but it was not—not so very bad. Anyhow, it was only fair to himself to get another opinion. He would try some other magazine.

"And I 'll abide by their judgment," he told himself. "If they don't want it—" But imagination turned sick at that.

He went home and wrote his letter. Did Messrs. So-and-so care to consider a novel of his, just finished, for serial publication in 18—, etc. The reply was prompt and flattering: Messrs. So-and-so would be extremely glad to see the manuscript of Mr. Phillips's new novel; and they begged to assure him that they greatly appreciated his courtesy in writing them. They would send an immediate reply.

"What did I tell you?" cried Agnes, triumphantly.

"My dear," he said, "don't count your chickens—"

But his wife laughed. "Dick, you really

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are a great goose. You have never had a thing refused in your life, and here you are as scared as a school-girl who sends her first poem to an editor. Did you tie your manuscript up in pink ribbons? That is what the school-girl does."

But Phillips would not be cheered; he had sunk back into the melancholy of his own judgment. "Very likely they 'll take it," he admitted; "but the sale of a work of art does not imply its worth."

At which Agnes lost her patience a little. "My dear, there 's too much talk about art. I prefer common sense and a bank-account. Don't you, Rosy?"

Rosamond laughed and said that, fortunately, Daddy was able to combine all these important things.

"Well, to come back to earth," Agnes said good-naturedly, "Richard, you must go down-stairs and blow the clerk up. I rang for the elevator five times—*five* times, if you please—before that wretched Charley saw fit to come up. He was loafing down in the cellar with the engineer. I won't stand it. It 's perfectly outrageous. And he treats us so only because we 're on the top floor and he thinks we 're not important tenants. I want you to go down and just make a fuss. I 've talked till I 'm tired."

"Oh, I guess it won't happen again," Phillips said vaguely.

"No; because we will make a row. Now go, dear, right off."

"I—don't believe I shall," he said, hesitating. "I guess it will be all right."

"Richard, that is very wrong in you," she told him, seriously. "It 's just the American man all over. He refuses to kick, and everything goes wrong. You ought to have more sense of responsibility. Now, do go—and just make things unpleasant for that horrid boy."

"But, Agnes, really, I—I 'd rather not; I—"

"Oh, Dick, now don't be silly! You are so weak-minded in such things. And, really, I must say, considering the annoyance to me and that boy's impertinence, you ought to put a stop to it. Rosamond rang three times yesterday before he came up."

Phillips sighed. "Well," he said, "I 'll go." He got up, but he made two or three pottering excuses before he wandered down to the entrance-hall. There, leaning on the counter, fingering a magazine, he told the clerk that it was a cold day; then he gave him a cigar, and observed that Charley was a nice boy.

"We keep him busy, don't we?" he said. "Sometimes he seems rather long getting up to our cockloft."

The clerk laughed and said that was a new name for the top floor. And after a while Richard sneaked up again to his writing-room, avoiding the parlor for fear Agnes would want a report of the row. When she did ask for it, at dinner, her wrath had cooled, and he was able to leave it to her imagination after a word or two to the effect that he "guessed Charley would do better now."

"That 's good," Agnes said approvingly; "a good blowing-up once in a while always makes things better." Then she looked at him solicitously, and said he was pale. "You are worrying about 'The White Feather,'" she said; "it will be all right, dear. Now, don't think of it."

"Oh, yes, it will be all right," he agreed quickly. He did not want to talk about it. He was still sore from the shock of Holmes's letter, and he preferred to forget "The White Feather" until he heard from McDonald, which, indeed, he was long in doing. Nearly a month passed before a reply came. Richard was not used to such delay, and it fretted him; once he had a sudden cold perspiration of fear that the answer would be a rejection. But that was at night,—at midnight, in fact,—when he was lying awake thinking of the story.

"If McDonald has any literary sense, he *will* decline it," he said heavily to himself.

And the very next day McDonald's literary sense was displayed. He was very sorry, but he felt that just at present it was undesirable to publish a serial on the lines of "The White Feather." The book was most charming (as was all of Mr. Phillips's work), and he was very greatly obliged to him for permitting him to see the manuscript; but he had hoped that the work was on Mr. Phillips's usual lines, in which case he would have been exceedingly glad to publish it; as it was, he feared he must decline, though with very great regret. He hoped Mr. Phillips would permit him to consider his next novel, and he was, sincerely, Mr. Phillips's "obt. servt."

Richard Phillips put the letter back into the envelop and handed it to his wife, in

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silence. While she read it he stood at the window with his back to her, watching the blowing shadows on the opposite wall. He heard her pull the type-written sheet out of the envelop and unfold it. Then he heard a quick, indrawn breath.

"McDonald shows his sense," he said.

"He 's crazy," Agnes said.

He turned and looked at her pityingly. Her pride was hard hit, and he was sorry for her. He felt dully indifferent himself. McDonald had shown his sense.

"I have a higher opinion of that young man than I had," he said listlessly. But he was sorry for Agnes.

"Well, all is, we 'll try So-and-so," she said violently. "I believe it 's Mr. Holmes's fault; he has told McDonald, and McDonald—"

"Now, Agnes, you know Holmes would n't do that. My dear, it 's poor work, that 's the amount of it. And Holmes sees it, and McDonald sees it, and you see it, and I see it. What 's the use of bothering with it?"

"Use?" she said hysterically. "In the first place, I *hate* them for daring to criticize you."

Richard laughed and came and put his hand on her shoulder kindly; it was like the old days—days not more loving, perhaps, but more expressive.

"Who will take it?" she said, after a pause.

"The Lord knows. If I were an editor I would n't."

"Oh," she said sharply, "how can you be so foolish? You know your name would carry it, even if it were—twice as poor."

"To sell it on my name would be like passing a bogus check."

She did not answer, for she hardly heard him; she was frowning nervously, evidently trying to make up her mind. "Where shall we send it next?"

"I 'm not going to send it anywhere."

"Richard!"

Then he tried to explain.

"To take money for poor stuff is dishonest."

"If a magazine wants poor stuff, that 's not your business."

"Is n't it?" he said gently.

"Anyway, it 's not poor stuff."

"Yes, it is," Phillips said, "and I 'm not going to print it at all. I don't think any magazine of standing would take it. Of course I could publish it at once in book form; but I won't."

"Oh, book form!" she said. "That does n't pay nearly as well."

"That 's not the point," he said. "I don't want to sell—trash."

She looked at him blankly. For a curious minute the man and the woman, face to face in the grimy, cluttered little room, stared at each other like two strangers. Then she began to protest violently. At that he turned away, wincing, with a cringing, sidewise look, even with a faint snarl—like a dog who would not be parted from his bone.

"I won't publish it in any form. We are not really hard up; we are not in debt. If we were in debt, why, perhaps—well, I might exchange one kind of honesty for another. But you need n't worry. I 'll earn the money. I can go into an office and do clerical work; I know fellows that would give me a job. We may have to retrench a little, but I can earn the money. I will do any decent work you want me to; but I won't publish 'The White Feather.'"

His tall, thin figure wavered as he spoke, and his hands opened and shut nervously. Had Agnes had the presence of mind to strike some quick blow, had she burst into tears, perhaps he might, through mere physical weakness, have surrendered. But she was not the crying kind. She grew white and dared not trust herself to speak for a minute, then she said:

"I hope you will see this more reasonably in the morning, Richard," and left him in his dark little room, before the dreary disorder of his work-table.

For several days the Phillipses were very wretched. Richard shut himself up in the study from morning until night. He told Rosamond that he had begun a new book.

"It will take him a year to write it," Agnes said, with a frightened look. "What shall we do?"

"Move," Rosamond said gaily.

"I 'll never consent to it," her mother declared, her round, anxious face reddening slowly with anger. "We are just settled here, and we are going to stay. If your father would only push about, he could place 'The White Feather.' But he won't."

Rosamond looked grave. "I don't see

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how he can push about. If it is n't father's best work (and maybe it is n't), why, ought he to publish it? It might be bad for his reputation."

"He cares more for his reputation than he does for us."

"Oh, mother, you know he does n't."

"Well," Mrs. Phillips amended moodily, "I sometimes think he cares more for what he calls his *art* than he does for us."

Rosamond was silent.

They did not move, after all. Agnes was so bitterly opposed to it that she ventured the extravagance of experimenting with various economies instead. For a time their table was distinctly less good, and she dismissed the second servant, and mentioned the fact daily to her husband. As for Phillips, he set himself heart and soul upon his new book.

It was about this time that they had news of the mine in which Richard had rashly (and most characteristically) invested nearly two thirds of his savings; a dividend was to be passed. Agnes grew keenly anxious. She hurried her husband a good deal on the new story, for they were getting a little straitened. Occasionally she harked back to "The White Feather," and fretted because he did not bring it out in book form; and sometimes she burst out that if he would only push about he could get one of the magazines to take it. Indeed, secretly, she offered it to one periodical, only to have it returned—returned, too, with a comment which made her pale with rage. She never told Richard of this experience, but she ceased to prod him about the magazines.

"You could bring it out in book form, but you won't," she would say over and over.

"No, I won't," he would answer doggedly.

Then she would begin to argue. This was terrible to Richard: for twenty years it had been his gently indolent habit to buy his peace by yielding; and now, suddenly, he found himself bankrupt of the price of peace—he could not yield. And peace passed him by. In the struggle between the husband and wife, Agnes's rosy, sensible face aged perceptibly; and as for Phillips, his very soul panted with the deadly wrestling—wrestling with long-atrophied spiritual muscle. During their arguments (in which, indeed, too often they could not speak the same language) Agnes generally seemed to get the better of him. She, somehow, always drove him into a final corner, where, at bay, his back to the wall, he could only make a frantic declaration of artistic honesty. When this point was reached he would repeat dully, "Well, I won't do it—so there!" When a mild, sweet-natured man gets to the point of saying to his wife passionately, "*So there!*" things are in a bad way. Richard would follow this dogged assertion by flight to his study and a vicious snapping of the bolt.

Then, one day, something happened. The letter came in the morning mail with a sheaf of bills, and Agnes, frowning, gathered them up to open when she was by herself. The imprint on the upper left-hand corner of the envelop did not move her to any attention, as she took it for granted that it was the usual circular or leaflet; she opened it idly and rather by chance. But the engraved letter-heading caught her eye, and gave her a shock of interest. She read breathlessly, turning a little pale, and at the end suddenly burst out crying. She ran with it to Richard's study, and dropping down on her knees beside his chair, put her arm around him, half sobbing and half laughing.

"There! What did I tell you? Seven thousand dollars for entire rights!"

"What?" Phillips said, with a dazed look, putting down his pen and coming out of his dream-world. "What?" He took his glasses off, and blinked and rubbed his hand across his eyes as if he were waking up.

"Look! Read that!" she said, putting the letter down on the sheet of yellow manuscript paper on which he was at work and smoothing it out with a trembling hand. Richard fumbled for his glasses and put them on again. The letter was brief and to the point:

DEAR SIR: We are informed that you have lately finished a novel. We should be glad to purchase book and serial rights for the sum of $7000. Yours truly,

——— ———.

"Oh, Dick," Agnes said, "what a relief it is! Oh, I—I can hardly believe it! Just think! I thought it was a circular or something, and almost threw it into the waste-basket."

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Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'AGNES, I CAN'T HELP IT,' HE SAID PASSIONATELY. 'OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND!'"



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The bitterness and misunderstanding which lay between them like some dull and heavy fog seemed suddenly to clear and roll away; her ruddy, resolute face, in its relief and pride, was full of the kindness of all their married life.

"But, Agnes," he said, "Agnes—"

"Will you take it to their office this afternoon? Or would you rather send a messenger? Perhaps it is more dignified to send a messenger."

"Agnes," he said, "don't you see these people simply want my name?"

"Your name? Well, I suppose they do. I should think they would. It will make them seem a little more respectable. Of course it is n't one of the very first-class magazines."

"And how will it make me seem?" He took his glasses off again and looked at her steadily.

"*Richard!*"

"Why, Agnes, what difference does this offer make? We 've gone all over it. This does n't alter things. Don't you see? It does n't make any difference."

"Do you mean—is it possible you dream—when we need—Richard, you are insane. It 's just what I said: you value your *name*, as you call it, more than—than Rosamond and me!" The fog shut down; she drew away from him in a sort of cold horror. "You have no excuse now for not publishing it. If anybody wants it, that is their business."

"My business is to sell straight goods," he said, trying to smile.

But her face was hard.

"To refuse to take money when we need money is wicked. It is like throwing it away; it 's like burning it up. And it is cruel to Rosamond. I don't say anything about myself—that would n't influence you."

"Agnes, I can't help it," he said passionately. "Oh, if you could only understand!" He dropped his face in his hands; she felt him shiver.

She rose from her knees beside him, and stood by the table; once her lips parted to speak, then she set them hard together, and a moment later, without a word, left him.

Alone, in the exhaustion of his soul, he dropped his head on his arms on the desk and sat quite motionless for a long time. Then it came over him, with a sudden terror, that she might come back. He had not the strength for another struggle. So, after a while, he got up and went stealthily into the little entry, fumbling about on the settle in the half-darkness for his coat and hat; finding them, he noiselessly let himself out on to the landing. There was a minute's wait for the elevator, and it came into his mind that he wished he had blown Charley up for his slowness. He looked over his shoulder once or twice, nervously, but no one called after him; and in the gilded and mirrored cage he dropped swiftly down to the entrance, whose magnificence was the sign of the grandeur and fashion of the building, which meant so much to Agnes. On the outer steps, in the darkening afternoon, the drizzle of fine rain came like a cool hand against his hot eyes. He drew a great breath of relief; and then, forgetting to put up his umbrella, he stepped out on to the wet pavement, into the hurrying crowd. Drifting with it, the momentary calm of great fatigue fell upon him. Once or twice he drew a deep breath, as if he had run a long distance and was pausing for strength before entering the race again—for, indeed, the goal was not reached. Would it ever be reached? With that offer open, would Agnes ever give up? A black stream of bobbing umbrellas jostled and poked one another and pushed him to the edge of the crowd; he found himself standing before a brilliant shop-window, staring in at the array of color and electric lights and Christmas holly.

"I will not," he said to himself. "*She will make me*," something else said, in the back of his mind.

Then he began his aimless walk again, carried along with the crowd, brushed, sometimes, by an eddy into a doorway or round a corner; hustled a little, and turned about occasionally; looking absently into the brightly lighted windows, or watching the sudden, sizzling flare of the arc-lamps far up in the rainy darkness overhead: the long lines of the street-lights, gleaming and glittering on the wet pavement, gave him a certain faint pleasure. The mist had thickened into rain, and he was suddenly aware that his coat was very wet; he put up his umbrella in a shame-faced way, for he must have looked like a crazy man, standing about with a closed umbrella. With this bit of common sense, courage began to stir.

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"I will not do it," he said; but still there was the whisper underneath, "*She will make me.*"

He began to drift with the crowd: up one side of the street, back on the other side; a dozen blocks down; across; then slowly back again to the square. Then he noticed that it was growing colder; the rain was changing into snow — wet, heavy flakes that could not be shaken off. He stopped under an electric light and held out his arm to let them fall upon his sleeve. He stood there a full minute, forgetful of the surge of human life, looking in absorbed joy at those exquisite hexagonal stars of purity and law; he even, in the bliss of watching this vanishing beauty, forgot Agnes's face. But that was only for an instant; her set lips and sensible eyes, hard and determined, behind her glasses, came into his mind like a blow. The dazzle of the street-lamps had softened into a whirl of white, and he shivered, realizing that he was very damp and chilly; but still he stood there, under the great arc-lamp that set vast shadows see-sawing across the crowding clamor of the square, and watched the big flakes settle on his sleeve.

"I will not," he said. "*She will make me*," came the terrified answer.

By and by, automatically, he began to drift again, and this time the misery of the wet cold pushed him toward the vast and foolish façade of his hotel. But when he reached it, he turned and walked the length of the block and back; and as he walked he suddenly paused, and standing stock-still, laughed aloud. A man, passing, looked at him curiously through the snow, and Phillips, realizing what he had done, laughed again under his breath. The panic had gone out of his face; but it left tragedy behind it.

When he finally entered his hotel and crept into the elevator, the man in charge was plainly displeased with him.

"That there umbrella of yours is soakin'," he said, looking at the puddle on the floor.

Phillips looked at it, smiling vaguely.

"So it is," he said.

He let himself into the flat with his pass-key as noiselessly as he had gone out; but there was a different look in his face. He went to his own door, opening and shutting it without noise. The study was quite dark, except for a wink of fire on the hearth. He did not stop to take off his wet coat and hat, but went hurriedly to the drawer into which "The White Feather" had been thrust after its last fruitless journey. He felt about in the darkness until his hand touched the manuscript. Then he crouched down on his heels in front of the fire, and thrust some paper and a stick of pitch-pine against the spark that was flickering under the half-burned log; he fumbled about for the bellows and blew softly until the spark winked and widened and died down; then the paper caught, and there was a sudden flame and a little roar. In a minute or two the room was jocund with lurching lights and shadows. Phillips put the bellows down, and took up "The White Feather." As he laid it on the log, and a page caught, scorched, and broke into flame, he smiled and drew a long breath.

By and by he got up; but, still in his dripping coat, with one hand on the mantelpiece, he stood and watched the burning. Page after page curled as the fire ran licking across it; sometimes he could see a word or even a whole line. It took a long time to burn. Twice he had to stir it and turn it over and loosen the pages with the poker so that it would catch again and roar into flame. When it was done, a black, crumpled, brittle mass lay on the ashes, moving and rustling a little in the draft of the chimney. Circles of red spread in it here and there, and then charred into blackness; once he saw, suddenly, some typewritten letters shining in faint purple, then vanishing, as the thought for which they stood had vanished.

It was done. He brought the poker pown on the curling heap, and it broke into flying, black flakes. He stirred them up, pushing them back under the log and hiding them as best he could.

"I will not," he said to himself, triumphantly.

And this time there was no response.



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Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'MAY I VENTURE TO ADDRESS YOUR SERENE HIGHNESS?'"

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# FLOYD AND THE ARCHDUCHESS

## BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IN Floyd's case, four years of college training had resulted in no conformity to the conventional mold. On his graduation, without honors, at twenty-one, he bore no discernible resemblance to the smooth-faced, broad-shouldered young man who is supposed to handle a classical vocabulary and the technicalities of the foot-ball field with an equally easy familiarity, and who is the popular conception of the commencement hero. Floyd, whose chief quarrel with fate was that he had not been born several centuries earlier, sympathized as little with what he considered the parched formality of classical pursuits as with the crude savagery of college sports. It was his limitation to be exclusively medieval, romantic, in his predilections; and though genealogically he was of undiluted New England blood, he fondly believed himself to be temperamentally a remarkable variant from the parent stock. A psychological anachronism, he liked to call himself.

It would have delighted Floyd to caparison himself in shining armor and, mounting a snow-white horse at sunrise, to ride forth into the grim forest in search of whatever deed of daring might await him. He was conscious of an unshaken intrepidity. Or he would have loved some great torch-lit hall where, in the shadow, cunningly set, fiery-hearted jewels gleamed on fair ladies' bosoms, and helmets flashed in the firelight; while a wandering minstrel told, in lyric measure, tales of picturesque daring and romantic love. Floyd felt that under these circumstances he could have played with equal success the rôle of troubadour or knight.

There chanced to be several conspicuous milestones in this imaginative young man's remarkably uniform and consistent development. One was his awakening to his own personal picturesqueness. True, he had always been pleasantly aware of an uncommon number of good points; but the day came when a painter of some distinction asked him to sit for a portrait, and from that time Floyd adequately realized his own ornamental value. His wide-set brown eyes had no suggestion of nervous American energy in their indolent outlook upon life; and it was a marvel that the chill winds of the New England coast should have failed to temper the bloom of his dusky skin. So when the brown curls that had been his mother's delight in infancy were at last permitted to cluster quite unhampered about his placid, oval face and smooth, boyish neck, and the dark pencilings of a mustache and beard were encouraged to make their first appearance, it is perhaps not surprising that his next acquirements should have been black, wide-brimmed hats capable of much artistic expression, low collars, and flowing scarlet ties. In this garb, which became him strikingly, Floyd was not infrequently mistaken for a European—a delicious circumstance that gave to the rather inordinate number of hours that constituted his leisure a new value.

A very slight circumstance determined, a year or so later, Floyd's first trip to Europe. He did not, of course, contemplate entering a profession. His moderate income permitted him to indulge to the utmost his contempt for so cut-and-dried a career. His mind, therefore, was fertile soil for chance suggestions. Consistently with his intolerance of the modern spirit, the young romanticist had up to this time concerned himself but little with modern literature. There were passages in Swinburne, Rossetti, Tennyson, from which he did not withhold his tempered approbation; but among contemporary prose-



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writers he knew of none that had drunk at what he held to be the fountain of romance. It was an affectation of his always to carry a book in his hand,—the "Morte d'Arthur," Petrarch, or some half-forgotten French chansons,—but in general he devoted little time to the undeniably commonplace pursuit of reading. So astonishingly personal, indeed, were his interests that he could not care deeply for poetry because he himself was not a poet; nor for pictures because he knew that his fingers were incapable of the painter's magic.

An absurd chance, however, placed in Floyd's hands, at a particularly idle moment, a just published novel. Amused by its only too apparent inconsistencies, yet caught by certain of its phrases and descriptions, Floyd read on to the end. It was the story, only too familiar to habitual novel-readers, of a beautiful princess, immured in her ancestral castle, the slave of a despotic relative, the fiancée of a boorish cousin whom she detested, and the prize at last of the young, strong, handsome, brave, cool-headed American who, through subjecting himself to as many perils as the novelist had ingenuity enough to invent, outwitted the despotic relative and the boorish cousin, slew any chance human obstacle, and rescued and married the princess, who had loved him from the first.

The suggestion that this harmless piece of fiction gave Floyd did not in the least depend upon a serious acceptation of its merits. He perceived plainly that the dauntless young American was sawdust, the beautiful princess a mere wraith. Nevertheless, he reflected, and continued to reflect for days afterward, Might there not be a pattern of modern knighthood as yet unrealized? The din of dollars might have made the troubadour's tinkle forever inaudible, but was not the soul of music deathless? The steam-engine, the growth of printing, and the atrocious invention of sight-seeing, might have destroyed the spirit of romance, but could love and beauty really perish? To a man of temperament and perception, as well as personal valor, might there not come the opportunity for an hour of keen living in some shadowy corner of that Europe still fragrant in association with its magic past?

Floyd prided himself upon his bold following of impulse. The next week he sailed for Liverpool.

In England he found it bleak and chill as to climate and insufferably Anglo-Saxon as to population. Paris, again, he found offensively modern. There he experienced perhaps his keenest pleasure in the fact that he was rarely recognized as an American. Perhaps in Italy— But before leaving for the South, Floyd capriciously determined to visit Munich, where he had letters to some artists.

His first German city enchanted him for the day or two that he spent in assimilating his first rich impressions. He felt able to retard time by more than one century and quite to overlook his ancestry. Floyd expanded, saturated himself with delicious emotion, began at last confidently to anticipate adventure.

One day Floyd took abrupt leave of the man with whom he had entered into an agreeable intimacy. It was his plan to spend a week alone in the country, after which he was to rejoin his friends for an Italian summer.

A few days later he was quartered at an inn which he had chosen from a whimsical fancy for its architecture, and from which it was his purpose to make brief walking-tours in search of—well, avowedly in search of characteristic bits of local character and landscape. The daily pilgrimages that followed, though wholesome and freshening, were comparatively fruitless. Floyd began to get just a little bored.

"Off for Italy on Thursday," his Munich friends telegraphed him suddenly. "Join us to-morrow."

And with a distinct sensation of relief, Floyd telegraphed his acquiescence. In the light of his now imminent departure, his last day at the Weisser Hase assumed a new value. Floyd confided to his amiable Wirthinn that he should not return until late.

"Gnädiger Herr intends at last to visit the Schloss?" suggested she.

Floyd smiled dreamily. "I 've—I 've other plans for to-day," he falsely replied. And with a luxurious sense of utter purposelessness, he struck out into the crystal morning.

However, as the midday glow began to dissipate that rare lightness of spirit which the cool radiance of the morning had imparted, Floyd confessed to himself a tem-

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porary satiety with the joys of the road. For his four-hour pilgrimage through the dust, he had been rewarded only by three or four really tolerable sections of landscape and one undeniably pretty peasant girl, whose unromantic waist and ankles, however, impelled the fastidious young chevalier not to dally beyond the exchange of a fleeting smile. It takes an uncommon degree of patience, reflected Floyd, to achieve an adventure nowadays. Time was when a sturdy spirit and a handsome face had not to go a-begging for the graces that are their complements. Time was when the beckoning finger of romance lured with equal enticement from mountain, forest, or hedge-row. Yet in these degenerate days what was there for the unarmored knight to do but open his knapsack—Floyd had insisted upon a knapsack—and satisfy his unromantic hunger by the wayside? Still, why by the wayside? Over yonder lay a park that promised shade, at least. Doubtless it belonged to the sleepy old Schloss whose towers overtopped the dense leafage, possibly the same Schloss in which his landlady had repeatedly professed so immoderate an interest. With a spurt of boyish enthusiasm, the knight of the road, by climbing up one tree and down another, evaded the difficulties that the wall might otherwise have presented, and found himself in a grove of mighty oaks that might have been already old when his favorite period of history began.

Following the first pathway that he encountered, Floyd shortly came upon precisely what he sought—a drinking-fountain, above which there sharply pointed a Gothic canopy of time-darkened stone. Chance had really begun to display a touching indulgence toward the wanderer, who sank down on a soft bank with a wholly agreeable sense of fatigue. His luncheon despatched with the eagerness of hungry youth, medieval or modern, Floyd disposed himself with accustomed and almost unconscious picturesqueness upon the bank, drew out an ancient copy of Walther von der Vogelweide, and looked with lazy curiosity about him.

An incredibly small portion of the noonday glare penetrated through the compactness of the branches above him to the narrow open space where Floyd lounged, luxuriously content. The hushed atmosphere was saturated with a vaguely green light, illusory, almost mystical. Pale shafts of sunlight, piercing with an occasional hardiness to the very heart of the forest, dappled the vivid green moss and the dark-purplish tones of the tree-trunks.

Suddenly a flash of sunlight fell for a tantalizing instant on something tall and white, which, now that he looked more sharply, was to be discerned, being not more than ten yards away, as marble wrought into a shrine—a bit, it seemed, of rather dainty sculpture. A white marble Virgin in a curiously medieval dress, a gold crown upon her head and holding at her breast a tiny marble babe, stood within a niche of darker stone. Meanwhile, a second fleeting sunbeam disclosed, at the foot of the shrine, what seemed to be a gold vase containing a single white lily.

Keenly interested by his discovery, Floyd quite unreasonably awaited further revelations, and was therefore conscious of no surprise when there floated suddenly past him, through the velvet quiet, a graceful young woman dressed in white. Her blonde hair was massed low at the back, and she picturesquely wore a golden necklace and carried a lily in her hand. With no uncertainty of step, she went to the marble shrine and knelt there. It was a singularly pretty spectacle, except that for one brief instant, as she turned her eyes toward Floyd, that discerning young man beheld in them a look of dire unhappiness.

Now Floyd had no laggard fancy. Without an instant's questioning, the significance of what he had seen became clear to him. The gray Schloss, in the reticent distance; the historic old park; the shrine with the marble image of the Virgin; the lovely young woman with sorrowful eyes, flitting through the forest to discharge her pious errand—what did they all indicate but the tragedy of some young noble-woman, some Gräfinn or Herzoginn, forced to suppress her sorrow until these sweet stolen moments when she came to cast her burden of woe upon the holy bosom of the Virgin?

This much, at least, was as plain as the alphabet. Floyd beamed blissfully. The facts once accepted, he turned them over gloatingly in his mind. How appropriate it was, after all, that he, Floyd, should have happened to invade her domain at just the time when she, the—the arch-

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duchess, chanced to be in so pitiful a situation! For of course she was an archduchess—her walk determined that. And of course Floyd intended to rescue and protect her—his habit of mind determined that. Nor would it be difficult, considering that she was young, lovely, and oppressed, and he young, handsome, and gallant, to discover both the difficulty and the means of its alleviation. For a grief that would cloud the eyes of a youthful archduchess would be, in the stalwart handling of Floyd on his mettle, a mere trifle to be crushed and tossed away. Probably, he reflected with ripe wisdom, the lovely creature had a sweetheart whom she was forbidden to see. That was usually the case with unhappy young archduchesses, and it was a case to which Floyd felt that he would be fully equal, once he had gained her girlish confidence. Nor did he fail to consider that the adventure was one in which he would shine with true knightly magnanimity.

Or there was the other possibility that the hypothetical archduke and oppressor was to be reckoned with in the capacity, not of parent or relative, but of jealous husband. Yes, it was quite possible that the archduchess was the victim of the brutal nobleman whom she had been forced to marry in her ignorant girlhood. Well, that would give him a more complex part to play. He was by no means sure that it would be a less engrossing one. To take a high hand in the domestic affairs of an archducal family, while not his original ambition, was not a rôle to be neglected by a young man who scorned a narrow and immature prudishness and who reduced everything in life to terms of sentiment. Floyd affected a scholarly interest in the minnesinger's lays, and hoped that the archduchess would notice him.

Apparently she did not. Her prayers over, she placed in the golden vase the fresh lily she had brought, and slipped away into the forest darkness with the same graceful indefiniteness that had marked her coming.

The close of this shadowy episode disappointed Floyd seriously, considering that he felt his interest in the lady at the shrine to be wholly impersonal. He did not know precisely what he had hoped: possibly that after her devotions she would approach him and demand the reason for his intrusion. And he would have explained; at all events, he would have succeeded in interesting her, in compelling her confidence, in receiving, ultimately, the delicate mission of her rescue. Why had she gone away, ignoring him?

However, capriciousness is the acknowledged key-note of woman's character. An archduchess who is blind, or affects to be, to-day, may choose to see plainly to-morrow—particularly if she be a lonely and ill-used archduchess and an interesting foreigner, lurking in her forest, furnish the possibility of an agreeable hour. The conventions of the bourgeois world do not of course exist for lonely archduchesses.

Something in this fashion ran Floyd's reflections as he reluctantly left the dim, still forest and made his way back to the Weisser Hase.

"Gnädiger Herr has had an agreeable day?" ferreted the old Wirthinn, as she served his supper.

"Fairly so, thank you." Floyd was taciturn.

"Wunderschöne Gegend!" she commented, with a deep sigh of admiration.

Floyd agreed.

"Had he visited the castle?"

"No, he had not." Floyd was on his guard.

"Foreigners were admitted," she cheerfully reminded him, "in case they could present proper letters, and at a time when the archduke and archduchess were both away. She was not sure, but she believed such to be the case at present. It was a pity that Herr Floyd was leaving in the morning. But he would return?"

Floyd tried to look politely grateful. Inwardly he smiled complacently at his superior accuracy of information. The archduchess away! Letters of introduction! The castle an object of sight-seeing! He exulted in the contrast between the gaping tourist for which this stupid old lady evidently mistook him and the hero of adventure for which he now knew himself.

"It is a pity that Herr Floyd is leaving in the morning," repeated the old lady.

"Oh, by the way," said Floyd, carelessly, "I am not leaving yet, after all." And he mumbled something about receiving an important message. Wantonly, he was missing his last opportunity to make

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the Italian trip—sacrificing it for what was surely the most indefinite of hazards!

For his second intrusion into the castle grounds, the next morning, Floyd accoutred himself with more than usual care. It was not without some hesitation, however, that he swung over his shoulder, as the final touch, an old lute that he had recently come to affect and that had been his chief bit of extravagance in Munich. Feeling that this was almost too decorative, it occurred to him to balance it, as it were, by providing himself with some kind of weapon—who knew what the issue of his hardihood might demand! Not a pistol, of course; Floyd abhorred firearms. But choosing a long, sheathed knife of antique design, Floyd thrust the murderous instrument into his pocket and set forth.

As usual, his Wirthinn called shrilly after him to know if his destination were the castle. On the first day of his arrival she had directed him to the archducal seat with a medley of voluble colloquialisms which he had quite failed to understand.

"It is possible," Floyd now called back to her.

"Dummer Kerl!" declared the old lady to herself. "He does not know where he went yesterday, nor where he is going to-day. God preserve us if the fellow be a rogue!"

With swift strides Floyd covered the road leading to the spot that he already thought of as a trysting-place. The wayside scenes that before had tickled his fancy, the slope of valley or the bend of river which he otherwise would have lingered to contemplate, were to-day passed by without a glance. Even the pretty peasant girl with the stout ankles, who to-day smiled at him in confident coquetry, he dismissed with a nod. Indeed, the dusty road flew beneath the feet of this ordinarily indolent young man, as if his playing interloper in the oak forest were a matter of honor or of life.

The simple exercise of his agility again brought Floyd within the high wall. In his eager enthusiasm of yesterday, he had failed to orient himself thoroughly, and there were no guide-posts to point the way to the shrine of the marble Virgin. So, carefully protecting his lute, he plunged through first an open space, then a stretch of underbrush, with a zeal that led him completely to forget that he was tired, hungry, and hot. Now and then he made sure that his pocket still held the weapon that was to play so valiant a part. And as his eyes peered eagerly ahead through the dim stretches, his lips repeated, in the most painstaking German composed on the way with the surreptitious aid of a pocket-dictionary, various effective forms of address to a lovely archduchess in distress by a gallant gentleman at her service.

Finding himself at last on the path that led to the shrine, Floyd decided to follow a custom he had recently acquired and kneel for an instant before the gracious marble figure, risking the not wholly formidable possibility of being surprised by the archduchess in the proceeding.

A moment later there was a soft footfall beside him. Floyd thrilled with satisfaction, but conceded to decorum an extra moment of devotion. Then, rising, he made way for—yes, of course it was the archduchess. Discreetly lowering his eyes, he retreated, but not too far. Again, he saw, she was dressed in trailing white. Again her slight figure drooped—from the burden, it was plain, of that hidden tragedy of hers. Again she sank before the shrine in a very passion, it seemed, of religious ecstasy.

For the better observation of these details Floyd boldly retained his vantage-point. It is impossible to deny that his feeling toward the kneeling lady had buoyantly advanced from impersonal speculation to romantic adoration; and he now fondly noted that her pose was one of ravishingly graceful lines, even as her movements the day before had been slowly harmonious, like a chant or the rhythmic swinging of a censer. Distinctly unmodern, he admiringly thought her, in every line.

As she repassed him, yesterday's lily in her hand, Floyd stood, his wide hat in one hand, his lute in the other.

"May I venture to address your Serene Highness?" He had industriously culled and combined in a single sentence fully a dozen terms of conventional flattery, to no one of which a translation can do justice. "But I suspect that I have stumbled upon your Highness's lute. May I be permitted to—"

Her Serene Highness stopped short and looked decidedly interested. A faint smile dimpled—or this may have been but an accident of her beauty—the corners of her pretty mouth. Her manner was very direct

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and her German far less elaborate than Floyd's.

"Why, I have no lute," she said. "Can you have found it here? And do you—do you belong to the castle?"

"It lay near the fountain," said Floyd, brazenly. "A string is broken, as you see; its music dead. But there seemed still to cling to it a faint something, perhaps an echo, that told me—"

"How extraordinary!" she interrupted, with a cheerful composure for which the intruder was little prepared. "Now, no German would have said that," she went on, with a most surprising frankness. "I take it, you are a foreigner."

"By birth, alas!" said Floyd, goading himself desperately to what he considered an appropriate conversational pitch. "But not in spirit, not in loyalty to your illustrious house, not in devotion to your most illustrious person."

"Thank you!" said the archduchess. "And are you—just at hazard—an Italian?"

"Madam," Floyd rhetorically assured her, "I am a citizen of the world, and of no one country. I am the slave of beauty, the champion of distress—"

"Ach, schade!" easily exclaimed the archduchess, who seemed curiously unresponsive to these protestations, and no nearer than ever to confiding her unhappy love-story. "Do you know, I almost suspected for a moment that you were an American! It seemed so unlikely that any one else would have found his way here." She looked at him keenly.

"And if I were—"

"Oh, if you were," said the archduchess, "you could really, stranger though you are, be of service."

It had come at last! An uncontrollable excitement seized Floyd.

With great intensity and significance, "Then pray command me!" said he, in English; and fervidly added, "and completely rely on my discretion!"

"Then I have some discernment, after all," and Floyd wretchedly perceived that her accent and her laugh were cheerfully American. "I won't even ask you, then, how you got here; some courtesy is due a countryman!" She held out her hand. "Do you happen, I wonder, to be a New-Yorker as well? I am Miss Craig,—I suspect you 've been mistaking me for somebody of much more importance,—and my father and brother and I are doing our best to live up to these surroundings for a summer. It 's all so deliciously medieval. You have n't seen our Schloss, I suppose? It 's adorable. And there are the most enchanting bits all through this park of ours. That shrine has actually made a convert of me. I come here, every day, just for the sensation. Are you—traveling?"

"My name is Floyd," was the limp confession that this elicited, "and I am from Boston. I ought to apologize for being here. But, as you suggested, I was considerably—in error. I trust that some other time—"

He writhed miserably between his apologies and his adieus.

"Why, you offered to make amends for your invasion!" Miss Craig thought that the strange young man had been seized by a fit of timidity. "Have you forgotten already?"

"If you will be so good as to let me know—"

"It 's very simple. We have been trying for weeks—our friends won't visit us this summer—to find an American man to play poker with my father, to make a third with him and my brother. You know how impossible Germans are. As soon as I saw you, I thought, 'Now, perhaps we have found him at last!' My father is a semi-invalid, and it would delight him so. Do say that you will play with him!"

"It will be a great pleasure." Floyd summoned a weak smile.

There was only an instant for readjustment, only an instant to let slip forever his valorous dreams of the morning, and to summon in their stead an amiable readiness to play poker. For in the next breath Miss Craig was saying:

"My father is sitting in the garden now. He will be glad if you will come up with me and have a chat with him."

Dazed, feebly acquiescent, Floyd accepted the invitation. The horrors of card-playing were unspeakable. But she who had so lately been the archduchess was not without charm. And there was this one amelioration of the crushing sense of humility and renunciation under which Floyd the picturesque, Floyd the romantic, walked beside his vivacious young countrywoman through the dim pathway to the castle.

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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.
Author of "Hugh Wynne"

IV



LIKE all Virginians, I was disturbed during this time by the news of the insolence of the French on the frontier, and began to feel that my brother's money, put into the Ohio Company, was in peril, for we were like to be soon cooped up by a line of forts, and our trade in peltries was already almost at an end, and about to pass into the hands of the French. We learned with pleasure that the royal governors were ordered to insist on the retirement of these overbusy French, who claimed all the land up to the Alleghanies, but I did not dream that I was soon to take part in the matter.

About that time, or before, there had been much effort to secure the Six Nations of Indians as allies. One of their chiefs, Tanacharisson, known as the Half-King, because of holding a subsidiary rule among the Indians, advised a fort to be built by us near to the Forks of the Ohio, on the east bank, and Gist, the trader, set out on this errand. A Captain Trent was charged to carry our king's message to the French outposts; but having arrived at Logstown, one hundred and fifty miles from his destination, and hearing of the defeat of our allies, the Miamis, by the French, he lost heart and came back to report. The Ohio Company at this time complained to the governor of the attacks on their traders, and this gentleman, being concerned both for his own pocket and for his Majesty's property, resolved to send some one of more spirit to bear the king's message ordering the French to retire and to cease to molest our fur-traders about the Ohio.

It was unfortunate that Governor Robert Dinwiddie, who was now eager to defend his interests in the Ohio Company, had lost the prudent counsel of its late head, my brother Lawrence. He would have made a better envoy than I, for at the age of twenty-one a man is too young to influence the Indians, on account of a certain reverence they have for age in council. I was ignorant of what was intended when I received orders to repair to Williamsburg. To my surprise, and I may say to my pleasure, I learned that I was to go to Logstown. I was there to meet our allies, the Indians, and secure from them an escort and guides, and so push on and find the French commander. I was to deliver to him my summons, and wait



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an answer during one week, and then to return. I was also to keep my eyes open as to all matters of military concern.

Whatever distrust I had in regard to my powers as an envoy, I said nothing, for in case of an order a soldier has no alternative but to obey. Had I been in the governor's place I should have sent an older man.

I received my credentials at Williamsburg, and rode away the day after, October 31, 1753, intending no delay.

Van Braam was assigned to me as my French interpreter, and I gathered my outfit of provisions, blankets, and guns at Alexandria, and horses, tents, and other needed matters at Winchester, and was joined near Wills Creek—where now is the settlement called Cumberland—by Mr. Gist and an Indian interpreter, one Davidson.

The same day, November 13, to my pleasure, Lord Fairfax rode into camp and spent the night. It was raining and at times snowing, but Gist soon set up a lean-to, and with our feet to the fire we talked late into the night, his lordship smoking, as was his habit.

I have many times desired to be able to make drawings of the greater trees, but, although I could plot a survey well, beyond this I could never go. I speak of this because of my remembrance of that night, and how mighty the trees seemed by the camp-fire light around the clearing. It was his lordship who called my attention to the trees. He had a way, most strange to me, of suddenly dropping the matter in hand before it was fully considered. He would be silent a space and speak no more, or turn presently to another matter most remote. All of this I learned to accept without remonstrance, out of respect for this great gentleman, as was fitting in one of my years. I never got accustomed to his ways, for it has been always my desire to deal with the subject in hand fully and to an end. Nor did I see this wilderness as his lordship saw it; for, while I made note of trees for what logs they would afford, and as to the soil and the lay of the land, his lordship I have seen stand for ten minutes looking at a great tree as though he found much to consider of it. In like manner I have seen him stop when the hounds were in full cry, a thing most astonishing, and sit still in the saddle, looking down at a brook or up at the sunrise.

As we lay by the fire he remained without speaking for a long while, until the men, having found some old and dried birch logs, cast them on the fire, and a great roaring red flame lighted the woods and was blown about by the cold wind. His lordship said, "See, George, how the shadows of the trees are dancing"—a thing very wild, that I never should have much noticed had not he called on me to observe it. After this he was silent until suddenly he began to ask questions as to my men and my route, and what I meant to do and say in the French camps. At last he said, "You are going to stir up a nest of hornets," and, finally, that the former messenger, Trent, was a coward.

When he had again been silent a long while, he said that this time, at least, he was not responsible for my appointment, and Dinwiddie was a fool to send a boy on a man's errand. This was my own opinion, but I made no reply. At last he filled his pipe again, and called for a coal, and said, "But by George, George, you never were a boy, not since I knew you." I ventured to say that but for his former influence this office would not have come to me. To this he made no answer, but bid me distrust every Indian, especially the Half-King, who was not treacherous but uncertain, and not less every Frenchman, and added that I was so young that they would think that I could be easily fooled. I said that might be an advantage, for I meant to see all there was to see, and had told Van Braam to keep his ears open.

His lordship laughed, and said I might thank Heaven there were no women in the business, and with this, bidding me have the fire made up for the night, we lay down to sleep in the lean-to.

I find it interesting now in my old age to discover myself thus able to recall, little by little, what his lordship said. I was pleased at the notice he took of me, but a lad, and lay long awake under the lean-to, thinking upon such counsels as his lordship had been pleased to give.

As I turn over the diary in which I recorded my journey through this wilderness, I find myself remembering many little incidents which I never set down.

It rained or snowed almost daily. The rivers were swollen, so that we had to swim

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our horses, an art which soldiers should be taught. Although Van Braam much enlivened the way by his songs and very doubtful tales of his wars, I was very tired and my new buckskin coat in tatters when we arrived at the mouth of Turtle Creek on the Monongahela. There we found Frazier, a trader whom the French had driven out of the Indian town of Venango. With two canoes he lent me I sent our baggage down the Monongahela to the fork where, with the Alleghany River, it joins the Ohio, and set out on a bad trail to meet them.

We got to the Forks of the Ohio before the canoes. There, I settled in my mind, was the place for a fort, nor could I better that judgment to-day. It came afterwards to be chosen by the French engineer Mercier to be Fort Duquesne. On the rise of ground we made camp, and paid a visit to Shingiss of the Delawares, who pretended to favour us, but proved later a savage foe.

Gist insisted that he could tell from their faces how the Indians felt towards us, but to me they told nothing like the faces of white men.

We got to Logstown, fifteen miles down the Ohio, on November 24. Here I met the Indian known as Half-King. He was angry at the French claims, and I did not too strongly put forward those of the king, which were not much better founded; but that was for my superiours to decide. I found him hard to satisfy, but if I spoke of the French he was at once angered, and eager to help. I watched with interest as he drew with charcoal on birch bark the plan of their forts at French Creek and on Lake Erie, while Davidson interpreted his words.

The nearest way was impassable because of marshy savannas, and I found I must needs travel north so as to reach the lake, by passing through Venango. This, the Half-King informed me, was five sleeps distant, and expressed it by five times drawing up his hands, as a man does when pulling up his blankets before sleeping.

It was fortunately arranged that the Half-King, White Thunder, and two more chiefs should go with me. It was but seventy miles to Venango, but the weather could not have been worse, and so it was December 4 before we rode into the clearing the French had made around the big log house out of which they had driven the trader John Frazier.

I recall, what is not set down in my diary, the anger and shame with which I saw the flag of France flying over the big cabin. As I came out of the woods, a lean, dark-faced man came forward with three French officers, and I learned that he was Captain Joncaire, the worst enemy we had, for he was a half-breed and had the tongues of the Indians. He said he had command on the Ohio, but we must push on to see his general. He was very merry, and laughed every minute or two, but was on his guard like the others.

Three days passed before I could get away, with La Force, the guide they gave me, and three soldiers for escort. Meanwhile Joncaire entertained us at a supper. I never had better cause to be thankful for my sobriety, which was a rare virtue at that day, and even later, among all classes. The big log cabin had a great table set out with game and French kickshaws, such as were strange to me. None of the French spoke English except those of our own party, and of my people Van Braam alone had any French. They all dosed themselves freely with wine and brandy, and pretty soon the French felt it and began to give their tongues license and to brag and talk loosely. I was never more amused in all my life, for as Joncaire boasted of what they meant to do, Van Braam, who was an old soldier with a head used to potations, chattered what seemed to be a kind of French, which set the drunken fools a-laughing. Amid all the noise, and the smoke which nearly choked me, Van Braam now and then spoke to me, telling me what they said, and of their mind to seize and hold the country. Next day he was still more full as to their talk, and did me a service, which, in spite of the hurt he innocently did me later, I never forgot.

I was glad to get away at last, for when Joncaire found the Half-King, who was hid away in my camp, which I made in the woods at a distance, he got the poor savage drunk with rum and loaded him with gifts. Four days later, and very tired, I was at French Creek, where was a great fort, fifteen miles from Lake Erie. Much against my will, Joncaire had sent with me La Force, as great a lover of mischief as could be found. This fellow was the leanest man I ever saw, and saddle-coloured. When he



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spoke to me he stared constantly, which is as unpleasant as to avoid entirely to meet a man's gaze. He made no end of trouble, and had later his reward, and perhaps more punishment than he deserved.

I met at this station many educated French officers, such as I was to make welcome at another time. I could not avoid to be pleased with the commandant, by name Legardeur de St. Pierre, a chevalier of St. Louis. He was an old soldier, very tall and straight, and with much gray hair, and had lost an eye in battle. This gentleman was most courteous, and had brisk, pleasing ways, very frank and outspoken. He desired to be remembered to Lord Fairfax, whom he had known in Paris long ago.

The chevalier, by good fortune, spoke English enough to make his company very agreeable, and I became sure, as I spent some days in his society, that he made no attempt to deceive me; for nothing could have been more plain than that he meant to hold the country for his king.

He was pleased to relate his campaigns in Europe, and, although he was apt, like old soldiers, to be lengthy as to these, I found him to be instructive.

He talked lightly of women, but so did his officers, and in a manner we in Virginia should have considered to be unmannerly or worse. Also he told me that the French encouraged their soldiers to take wives among the young squaws, a thing our people never inclined to do. He seemed to have known many English gentlemen who had been in Paris, and even why Lord Fairfax had left England, all of which story I could have heard from him if I had thought proper so to do, which I did not. He did say, and was very merry about it, that if a woman drove his lordship to America, another might drive him back, for, after all, we were only shuttlecocks, and were knocked to and fro by the women—and I might say so to his lordship with the chevalier's compliments.

I remember that when, after this journey, I had returned home, my sister Betty was agreeably interested to hear what the chevalier had said of the old lord, who was the only person who could keep Betty quiet for five minutes. I had to answer that I had not seen fit to inquire further. Upon this she declared that some day she should ask his lordship all about it. When I laughed and made no other reply, she declared that I was as silent as my lord, and that I had lost a fine opportunity. I contented myself with the chevalier's compliments to Lord Fairfax, who said if that was all the old fellow had said he must have changed, for he was a gossiping old reprobate and fit to corrupt me. But for my part I liked him and found him a gallant gentleman, and only of a mind to serve his king, as I was to serve mine.

There was no unreasonable delay, for the chevalier made clear to me that nothing could be done until after they had held a council. I arrived on the 12th, and on the 14th they were able to give me a sealed reply to the governor's summons. Meanwhile I had been left free to inspect the fort and count the canoes made ready for use in the spring. I must admit that they seemed careless as to what I saw. There were many Indians and French and half-breeds coming and going. The fort was square, of logs, with palisadoes, a forge, and a chapel, all very neat and clean, and much ceremony when we came in and went out.

I was now very eager to go, but notwithstanding the polite ways of the commandant, I found needless delays as to guides and supplies. This was to gain time to win the Half-King, who was of our side to-day, and the next had what the Indians call "two hearts." I cannot say that ever in my life I suffered as much anxiety as I did in this affair. The Half-King, being half drunk, assured me the chevalier was keeping him. That officer swore that he was ignorant why we did not go, but this I determined not to do without Tanacharisson. One day a gun was promised the savage, another day all my sachems were dead drunk. I was in despair, for to lose the Half-King to the wiles of the French would be a serious matter, and I was resolved not to fail. But here was I, a lad of twenty-one, playing a game with old, astute men for the prize of a drunken Indian!

Finally Gist succeeded in keeping him sober a day, and yet, as he said, reasonably intoxicated with promises of great gifts; and so at last, on December 16, we gladly bade farewell and set out in our birch canoes to go down French Creek.

A cannon was fired, and the officers assembled on shore saluted us politely as we left the fort. The commandant sent one

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canoe loaded with strong liquors to be used on the way, and at Venango to overcome the wits of Tanacharisson.

Each of us, Gist and Van Braam and Davidson, was seated very comfortably in the middle of a canoe of birch bark; at the bow and stern were Indians or half-breeds, and as the water was very rapid most of the way, they used poles of ash to hold and guide the canoes. On the 18th December we were no longer comfortable. The ice was thick, and we had all of us to wade and, in places, to portage. On the 22d we came to a strong rapid. Gist advised to land and portage the provisions. This we did, and, being arrived before the French canoes, stood to watch them descend, a fine sight. About half-way the man on the bow of one canoe—that with the liquors—caught his pole between two rocks. He should have let it go; but as he did not, the boat slued square to the stream and, filling, turned over, so that all the brandy was lost, to my satisfaction. The men got out, with no great ease, swearing oaths, both French and Indian.

It rained and froze, and when, at fall of night, we came to Venango on December 22, we were cased in ice like men in armour. I was never more glad of a fire.

Here Captain Chabert de Joncaire set to work again to convince my Half-King with the bottle. But by good luck the sachem was much disordered in his stomach because of the rum he had of St. Pierre, and when Gist persuaded him the French had bewitched the liquor, he would none of it. Here we found our horses, but very lean, and, after a rest, set out by land from Venango, over a bad trail, this being about December 25.

It was a horrible journey, the men getting frozen feet and the packhorses failing, until, in despair at the delay, on the third day, against Gist's advice, I left Van Braam to follow me with the horses and men, and determined to strike through the woods by compass to the Forks of the Ohio, and thus be enabled the sooner to report to the governor.

For this venture Gist and I put on match-coats, Indian dress, thick socks, and moccasins. We carried packs, with my papers tied up in tanned skin, and as much provision as we could manage. With our guns, and thus cumbered, we left the camp and struck out through the woods, where to move by compass is no easy matter, because to go straight is not possible where every tree and bit of swamp must turn a man to this side or that. But by taking note of some great pine in front of us, and, on reaching it, of another, we made good progress, and for part of the way we had an Indian trail.

On the third day, the snow being deep, we struck up the southeast fork of Beaver Creek. Here were a few Indians camped, who seemed to expect us, but how they could have done this I never knew; but there is much about Indian ways of communication of which I must confess myself ignorant.

They were too curious to please Gist; but as we were now in midwinter, and to pass through a wilderness with no trails, we engaged, for we could do no better, an Indian as guide and to carry my pack. Gist mistrusted him, and I soon shared his opinion.

We left at break of day, and after ten miles were in doubt as to our route, I with one foot chafed and the most tired I ever was in my life, on account of plunging through drifts, where, on his snow-shoes, the Indian was at ease. At this time he would have carried my gun, but I refused. When we said we would camp and rest, he declared the Ottawas would see our fire-smoke and surprise us. Upon this we kept on, as he said, toward his cabin. Once he told Gist he heard whoops, and then a gun, and kept turning northward, to our discontent.

Notwithstanding my fatigue, I found the loneliness and silence of these woods to my taste, being open and free of undergrowth. I was startled at times by the sharp crack, like a pistol-shot, of huge limbs breaking, but there was no other sound.

At last I declared that I must camp at the first brook we met, and so kept on, stumbling, and ready to fall down with fatigue. At this time, being come some two miles farther into warm sunlight and an open glade, all the brighter for the whiteness of the snow, I came to a stand and said, "Here is our stream; let us camp." At this time Gist and I were near together, and the Indian about twenty paces away. Of a sudden he turned and fired at us. I cried out to Gist if he was shot. He said no, and we ran in on the fellow before he

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could load, and seized him and took his gun. Gist was for killing him at once, but this I would not allow, and we contented ourselves with taking his gun, and made him walk on in front. Gist, who was much vexed, said if we did not shoot him, which was the better way, we must contrive to fool him. At last it was agreed to pretend we believed his excuses as to the shooting being an accident, and to let him go to his cabin. He said he knew we would never trust him further, and was pleased to be told he might go home and get some jerked venison ready, and that we would camp that night and follow his tracks in the snow at morning. We returned his gun, but took all his powder. We gave him a cake of bread, and Gist followed him until he had gone a mile. After my companion came back to me, we moved on rapidly for an hour and made a big fire, and, as it was night, took, by the light of the blaze, a course by compass, and set out, leaving, to my regret, the great warm flame behind us.

It was now clear and very cold. All night long we pushed on, now and then making a light with flint and steel to see the compass, and trying to observe the stars. We were well assured that we should be pursued, and on this account never halted the next day, and hardly spoke a word until, at evening, we came upon the Alleghany River.

There we made camp, and were up at break of day.

The ice lay out some sixty feet from the two shores, and between were masses of ice afloat and a great flow of water. Having only one hatchet, and that not very good, we were all day contriving to build a raft. At sundown we pushed it over the shore ice and got afloat. Midway we got caught in the jam of ice-cakes, and as I pushed with my setting-pole, the swift current and a block of ice caught it, and I was cast into the deep water. I caught on to a log of the raft, and Gist giving me a hand, I crawled on to the raft. I had lost my pole, and to go to either shore was not possible, and when we drifted on to an island I was thankful enough, and the raft swept away in the flood.

Very soon Gist had a great fire burning, and by this I dried myself; but to keep warm was impossible, for the cold was the greatest I have ever known, and so intense was it that Gist would not allow me to sleep, but made me walk about, although I was ready to drop, saying if we slept and the fire should die, so should we. By good fortune there was a large jam of drifted wood on the upper end of the island, and thus we had fuel sufficient.

What with fatigue and the cold increasing as the night went on, even Gist, who was of great endurance and hopeful, was concerned lest we should have been followed, and, as the island afforded small shelter, be shot from the shore. This troubled me less than to keep warm, for there was not snow enough to build a hut, than which there is no better shelter.

About ten o'clock that night we found that the river was rising, so that it would take little more to flood us. What I found worst of all was the delay. I said things could hardly be worse, but that the cold was such as would freeze the river by daylight. He said that was true, and we went back to the fire and shared a part of a flask of brandy St. Pierre gave me. Fortunately we had food enough. Gist kept me and himself awake with amazing stories of Indians and French, and of great bears. But, contrive as we could, Gist had his toes froze, and had to have them rubbed with snow to save them. I was well pleased at last to see red in the sky to eastward, and when we found the ice-cakes froze hard together we made haste to cross to the shore. There, being out of shot and the sun warmer every minute, we built another fire and ate breakfast, and took, each in turn, an hour's sleep.

As we walked away, Gist said there was small fear of Indians either in the darkness or in great cold, for they liked neither, and he thought the cold had perhaps saved us from pursuit.

This was the case at Valley Forge in '78, when, although my soldiers suffered greatly, the snows and the cold were such as to keep Sir William Howe in his lines.

From the top of a hill, as I looked back on the river, Gist said: "You will never again, sir, be in a worse business than that, nor ever see the like again." But this I did, when, on the night before Christmas, in 1776, I crossed the Delaware in a boat with General Knox, amid as great peril of ice, on our way to beat up the Hessian quarters at Trenton.

While we were in danger, Gist had been silent; but now that we were released from

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anxiety and on a clear trail, he talked all the time, whether I made answer or not. I remember little of what he said, being engaged in thinking how soon I should be able to reach Williamsburg. I recall, however, his surprising me with a question as to whether I had ever before had a man shoot at me. I said never, and having my mind thus turned to the matter, felt it to be strange that so great an escape and such nearness to death had not more impressed me. But, in fact, I had no time to think before we caught the man, and after that the great misery of the cold so distressed me that how to keep warm employed my mind.

We were now on a good trail, and by nightfall came to the cabin of Frazier, a trader in furs; and this was where the Turtle Creek falls into the Monongahela. Here I wrote up my diary.

As there was hope of packhorses coming hither which might be used on our return, I waited, pleased to be fed and warmed, but hearing bad news of massacres by the Ottawas. Near by I visited the Queen Aliquippa, and made her presents of a match-coat and a bottle of rum I had of the trader, asking, too, her advice as to the Indians, all of which pleased her mightily.

I was surprised to find a woman with rule over Indians, but she was said to be wise in council. I never heard of a King Aliquippa. The queen was old and fat and as wrinkled as a frosted persimmon. She smoked a pipe and had a tomahawk in her belt, and I did not think she would be a comfortable partner in the marriage state.

At last, as we failed at this place to get horses after a three days' rest, we left on foot, January 1, reaching Gist's home on the Monongahela, a sixteen-mile tramp. There I left Gist, and, buying a horse, pushed on, passing packhorses carrying stores for the new fort begun at the Forks.

I had no more appetite for adventure, and was glad to reach Williamsburg on January 16, 1754, where I delivered my sealed reply, and conveyed to the governor my views, and remembrance of what I had seen and heard, with maps I had made and drawings of the forts.

Looking back from the hilltop, as General Hamilton once said to me, must often surprise a man with knowledge of mistakes made by the way; but considering this journey from the summit of years, I seem to have done as well as so young a man might.

Van Braam, who came in later, told me that the elder French officers were rather amused that a boy should be sent on an errand which might bring about a war. I think it was their imprudent indifference which left me free to observe all I wished to learn which might bear upon military action in the future. It appeared to me that they felt so secure of their own power as to be altogether careless.

I proposed to myself on starting to be as full of wiles as the Indians, and to be very careful as to what I said to them and to the French. I perceive to-day that my disposition to look down on the Indians was a mistake, and that I had been wiser to have treated the Half-King more as an equal. My disposition to be what is called diplomatic with the French in command was needless, for the commander was very frank. I have learned, as years went by, that in treating with men or nations the simplest way is the best.

The answer made to the governor was plain enough. The Frenchmen were there to obey orders, and meant to hold the lands. They would, of course, send our summons to Marquis Duquesne. The chevalier said in his despatch polite words of me, which I still recall with satisfaction, for I have never been insensible to the approbation of men, and the words of the courteous French officer were not lost upon me.

The governor thought, and so did his council, that the answer was evasive and was meant to gain time. It seemed to me remarkably straightforward, and I was sure that in the spring they would descend the Ohio and take possession. I had to prepare my report hastily in two days, which was printed and distributed through the colonies. It appears to me, as I read it over, to have been well done for so young a man, with no time allowed to correct and improve the language. I am more surprised, as I now read it, that I should have had the good sense to see, as the French engineers saw later, that where the Monongahela and Alleghany join was the best place for a fort, and a better than where the Ohio Company intended.

It seems strange to me, as I look back on this time, to see what share I, but a

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young man, had in the historical events of the day. My report was not only read throughout the colonies, but in England and even in France, so that at this time, and again soon after, my name became known both among ourselves and on the other side of the ocean, although the matters in which I was engaged were in themselves, to appearance, of little moment. To be so widely spoken of was not then unpleasant, and the less so because it was a source of gratification to my friends.

I had been through the winter wilderness and delivered the hostile message of the king's governor. It was seemingly no great matter. But as I reflect, I perceive that whatever I did then or later gave me such importance in the eyes of men as led on to my being considered for the greater tasks of life. Mr. J——, who much disliked General H——, once wrote of him that he was like a pawn in the game of chess, and was pushed on by mere luck, until he suddenly found himself on the far line of the board with the powers of royalty. This was said with bitterness not long ago, when I insisted he should command under me, at the time we were threatened with a French war. I am not, however, of the opinion that good fortune alone presides over the destinies either of men or nations, for often in after days I have had cause to believe that an intending Providence was concerned in the events of the great war.

As soon as I had made an end of my business with the governor, I visited my mother, and thence rode to Mount Vernon. There I found Lord Fairfax, and was pleased to be rested and to hear his lordship speak well of my conduct of a difficult affair. When we were alone next day on horseback, he rode long in silence, as was his way. When he spoke he said: "George, I have sent for copies of your report to send to my friends in England. It is well done. I am pleased that you would not talk much of it last night to Colonel Willis and Mr. Warner. The men who do not talk about themselves are the most talked about by others." Silence often insures praise. Indeed, even thus early and since, I have been averse to speak of what I had done. I replied that I should remember his lordship's advice, upon which he went on to talk of the chances of war with France. I was not left long idle.

The governor was now fully decided to resist the French aggressions, and convened the House of Burgesses after much delay. I was offered full command of a force of three hundred men in six companies, forming a regiment. I consulted his lordship and my half-brother Augustine as to this, and not feeling secure of my fitness for so great a position, and they agreeing, I chose rather to serve as second under Colonel Frye. This being settled, I went about the business of recruiting as lieutenant-colonel.

In considering the new duty to which I was called and what it led me to do, I have asked myself whether I could have done it better, considering the want of supplies and of sufficiency of men.

Mr. John Langdon at one time wrote to me, when commenting on the character of General A——, that what he had been as a very young man he continued to be ever after, and that, although education and opportunity might give a man of strong character the tools for his purposes, they would not seriously alter his nature; he would only be more and more that which he had been.

As I sit in judgment upon the particulars which occasioned the affair at Great Meadows, and later my disaster at Fort Necessity, I am inclined to believe that I could have done no better at fifty than I did at twenty-two. I perceive also that the conditions which at that time surrounded and embarrassed me were on a lesser scale the same as those with which I had to struggle in the later and more important days, which made me old before my time. Such comparisons as these do not readily occur to me, as I am inclined to dwell most upon the needs of the present and upon the possibilities which the future may have in store.

On one occasion, during the march to Yorktown, when bivouacked at the head of the Elk, Colonel Scammel and Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Wynne, both at that time of my military family, led me into expressing myself as to these earlier events, and one of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Wynne, I think, remarked that I had then to encounter the same kind of obstacles as those which had perplexed me at the Valley Forge and Morristown, and indeed throughout the War of Independency. I did not encourage such further discussion by these young officers as might readily

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lead on to the impropriety of criticisms upon Congress. But now recalling what was then said, I am led to see how remarkably alike were the conditions I had to meet at two periods of my life. Nor can I fail to observe that what General Hamilton liked very often to call "the education of events" was valuable in teaching me moderation and such control of temper as I was to need on a larger field.

While I went about my military preparations, the governor and the House wrangled over the ten thousand pounds he asked for the fitting out of troops. I have observed that men engaged in agriculture as the masters of slaves acquire a great independence of thought and are hard to move to a common agreement even when, as at that time, there is an immediate need for united action.

There was also much distrust of Governor Dinwiddie, and indeed we rarely submitted with entire good will to any of the royal governors. He got his grant at last, but a committee was to confer with him as to how it was to be used—a measure not altogether unwise, but which made him swear we were getting to be too republican and, he feared, would be more and more difficult to be brought to order.

As to my recruiting, the better men were indisposed to join, and I got chiefly a vagabond crew of shoeless, half-dressed fellows, but most of them hunters and good shots. I did better when the governor offered a bounty in land, which as yet we had not, for it was to be about the fine bottoms at the Forks of the Ohio, which were in the hands of the French and the Indians.

I made Van Braam a captain, and thereafter obtained more men and better, for the old warrior promised, I fear, an easy time and all manner of agreeable rewards, with such accounts of the lands they were to have as much delighted the hard-working farmers' sons.

On April 2 I left Alexandria, with orders to secure tools and build roads, for Colonel Frye to follow me with the artillery and a greater force.

In what I was thus set to do I knew I was to have difficulty, and this it was hard to make Governor Dinwiddie understand, nor do I think he or our rulers in England could form any idea of the country to be traversed, even up to the Forks of the Ohio. From our outlying farms westward to the Mississippi was a great forest land with savannas, and beyond the Ohio vast meadows where buffalo grazed. Through our own hills there were old Indian trails, and as far as to the Ohio were horse-paths used by the traders and their men. There were also many crossing-trails made by horned game to reach water, and apt to mislead any but men accustomed to the woods. Very few knew this mighty wilderness, nor was it easy to make persons unused to the woods comprehend the obstacles and risks an army would find on traversing them with wagons and artillery.

As I have said, I had long ago fixed upon the Forks of the Ohio as an excellent station for a fort. The French were also of this opinion, and in their hands it became at last Fort Duquesne, and in 1759 was lightly given up by them to General Forbes. At this earlier date our governor, resolving to take my advice, made choice of Captain Trent to build a fort at the Forks, where we prepared to follow and support him. Having failed on a former and easier errand, it was foolish to have expected better things of this man in a more difficult matter. He was given only fifty men, as it was supposed he would not be attacked.

While I was on my way to Wills Creek from Winchester, Contrecœur dropped down-stream from Venango with a great force and took the half-finished fort, Captain Trent being absent at the time. I was near to Wills Creek when I learned of this disaster. Colonel Frye and other detachments were to follow me, but I saw that we were now in a way to be devoured in bits by the larger French forces. Everything I needed was lacking. I had been cursed along the border for my taking of wagons, horses, and food, and when I would have picks, shovels, and axes, it was worse.

I heard while here from Mr. Fairfax, desiring me not to neglect having divine service in the camps for the benefit of the Indians. I did on one occasion, but as Davidson told me they considered it some form of incantation, I did not repeat it. I had also a letter from my mother, meant to have found me earlier. It seemed strange amid anxieties like mine to be asked to send her a good Dutch servant and, if I remember correctly, four pounds of good Dutch butter. I had far other business.

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At the Ohio Company's post at Wills Creek, nothing was ready; only Captain Trent, full of excuses for the failure of horses and boats, and much cast down at the news of the loss of the fort. I sent back for wagons and horses sixty miles to Winchester, and waited as patiently as I could.

On April 23 came the men of Trent's party, released by the French. The ensign, Mr. Ward, was the only officer with them, and to surrender was all he could do. He told me of hundreds of Chippewas and Ottawas coming to join Contrecœur, and of another force descending the Ohio. To add to my troubles, Trent's men were disorderly, making my men uneasy by their stories.

At this time I was decently housed in a small log hut, and here, retiring by myself, I fell to thinking of what I had heard and what I ought to do. The situation demanded serious consideration, but also speedy action.

I had been sent forward to build bridges, to corduroy swamps for the cannon, and to make roads. I was not to bring on hostilities, but I was to assert the king's title and, at need, to resist the French. The orders were well fitted to get me into trouble, but the capture of Trent's fort and men somewhat aided my decision, for this was an act of open war. While thus occupied, a runner fetched me letters, and among them one from Lord Fairfax.

As adjutant of the Northern Division since I was nineteen, I was prepared for much that his lordship's letter conveyed, but it went in some respects beyond what I then knew or was prepared for, and, I may add also, much beyond the views which his lordship came later to entertain, when men were obliged to elect as between loyalty to the king and disloyalty to human rights.

This letter now before me runs as follows:

*Greenway Court.*

MY DEAR GEORGE: Yours received from Alexandria, and thank you for the attention when you were so busily engaged. I am always pleased to be acquainted with anything to your advantage, and was gratified at your being chosen to be of the force. I desire you, however, to understand that your worst enemies will not be the French or the fickle Indians, but those in the rear.

There is of late years a great desire for freedom in all the colonies, and men are disposed to dispute the too royal sense of prerogative on the part of the governors. Whenever, as now, money is to be voted, the houses in the several colonies are apt to use the occasion to dispute it, and to bargain for something else as a reward for their grant of supplies. The withholding of money has been the chief means of governing kings by our own Commons. I blame it not. But this present reluctance is without cause—foolish, and at a wrong season. As to the difficulty of disciplining our people you know enough, and will know more; but they will always fight, which may console for other defects. The want of an organized commissary you will feel of a surety, but less than with regulars, who do not know as do our people how to diet their English bellies, or how to forage at need on wood and river. Prepare, too, for desertion and drunkenness, which is the curse of the land. But I must forbear, lest I discourage you, although that I consider not to be easy. I would that you smoked a pipe. It confers great equanimity in times of doubt, and the Indians hold it to be helpful in council; for while a man smokes he cannot discourse, and thus must needs obtain time for sober reflection, for which reason it would be well that women took to the pipe, a custom which would greatly conduce to comfort in the condition of armed neutrality known as the married state. Charles Sedley once said in my company that the pipe was the bachelor's hearth, and I have found it a good one. Indeed, my dear George, when I reflect upon the many statues of worthless kings and the monuments to scoundrels in graveyards where the dead lie and the living lie about them, I am inclined to set up a fine memorial at Greenway Court to the unknown Indian who invented this blessing of the Pipe. He must have been a great genius.

Wishing you the best of luck, and that I were young enough to be with you, I am,

Yours,

*Fairfax.*

P.S. You will at some time have to serve with regulars or with colonial officers appointed by the crown. Your sense of justice and of what is due to a gentleman will, I am assured, revolt at the want of parity in pay and at other claims to outrank gentlemen of the colonies serving in the militia. As to this I counsel moderation and endurance. Your first duty must be to the crown.

*F.*

It was raining heavily as I sat that night and considered what I should do. To fall back I had no mind. I had been set to the slow work of preparing roads, and had made them up to the

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west branch of the Youghiogheny, about four miles a day, and here meant to make a bridge. As I sat in the log cabin alone, deciding what next to do, came in Van Braam with a warning from the Half-King, and, just after, a trader who had been driven out by the French and who told me that a force sent from Duquesne was at least eight hundred in number. This I was sure could not be the case, and until I knew more I could not decide what to do. I asked to be alone, and with a candle and a rude map considered the situation. I concluded that the French would make no considerable move forward until they had made secure the excellent position they had taken from Trent. I was of opinion they would meanwhile send out small parties to scout.

After a council with my officers, we resolved to go on to fortify a post of the Ohio Company at Redstone Creek, near the Monongahela, and after sending back urgent letters we set out, doing the best we could as to the road. On May 9, at Little Meadows, we were met by many traders, driven in by the French, with tales which much discouraged my men—in all some two hundred; and still I pushed on to the Youghiogheny, and there kept the men busy with the bridging of it. Leaving them occupied in this manner, I explored the Youghiogheny for a better way by water than over the hills, but found it impracticable, and so came back to do as best I could with the road over the mountains.

That night I was again called on for a decision. I remember I walked to and fro, considering how it was but an outpost, with nothing near in the way of succour, and before me the French and the wilderness.

Van Braam, whom I had sent out to scout, had before this appeared, bringing news that, eighteen miles below, the French were crossing by a ford, their number unknown; also that several of our men had deserted and that there was much uneasiness in the camp. I was myself quite uneasy enough. Many times since I have been in as doubtful and perilous situations, where the fate of an empire was concerned, but then I have had with me officers of distinction. I was alone, hardly more than a boy, and surrounded by men who were becoming alarmed.

I said to Van Braam that we must not be caught here, but that I would not fall back very far. The old trooper smiled, and I confess to having been pleased by this sign of approval. My mind was made up not to return to the settlements except before an overwhelming force.

(To be continued)



# SIGNALS

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE prophet Star, the Maiden Dawn, the Sun—
So Light begins his reign;
Then Sunset, widowed Twilight, and anon
The prophet Star again.



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# MISS CLEGG'S ADOPTED[1]

## BY ANNE WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

IT was an evening in early October—one of those first frosty nights when a fire is agreeable to contemplate and more than agreeable to sit in front of. Susan Clegg sat in front of hers, but she did not take any time to contemplate it: she contemplated the stocking that she was knitting instead, and if her eyes ever wandered from its gray stitches, they wandered, not to the fire, but to the face of her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Lathrop, who had come in to sit for an hour, and was comfortably established opposite her hostess.

Mrs. Lathrop's work was less arduous than Susan's. She was matching scraps of silk and satin for a "crazy" sofa-pillow, and the contrast between her placid approval or disapproval of different combinations and the younger woman's rapid motions was suggestive of the wide chasm between their respective temperaments.

Mrs. Lathrop *had* once upon a time intended to make a whole crazy-quilt, but the silk and satin resources of her friends had fallen so far short of her expectations that the quilt had shrunken quickly into a pillow, and stood more than a slight chance of ending as a pincushion. Mrs. Lathrop kept the pillow for "pick-up" work, and she picked it up so rarely that now, after more than eighteen months of "matching," it was not yet matched. This did not trouble her at all, however, as she never hurried, and liked to stare thoughtfully at work while she enjoyed the sensation of being busy.

Susan knitted furiously, and made her stocking twirl wildly about whenever she had occasion to alter the position of her needles. Susan, being herself the embodiment of energetic activity, had naturally very little patience with her friend's deliberativeness. Therefore, just as Mrs. Lathrop was mildly disposing a bit of green silk alongside of a yellow stripe, she addressed her with a sudden sharpness which caused her to start violently and let the bit of silk fall to the floor.

"Now that the house-cleanin' 's all done with," she began—"now that the house-cleanin' 's all done with, 'n' I 've got time to settle down, I 've been a-thinkin' as to this winter an' tryin' to make up my mind over suthin' that 's been a-roamin' my head for a good many months. I ain't said nothin' about it, because, in the first place, I ain't given to discussin' my own affairs, an', in the second place, I c'n afford to do it if I want to, an' so I did n't feel no great reason for askin' anybody's advice. 'S far 's my observation 's extended, no one don't ask for advice unless they 've pretty well made up their mind not to take it if they don't like it; an' when I make up my mind, I 'm goin' to do the thing anyhow, so there ain't no use wastin' breath askin' somebody what they think about it. A woman 's rich as I be don't need to take anybody's advice nohow—not unless she feels so inclined; an' the older I get, the less I incline."

Mrs. Lathrop had picked up the bit of green and was now essaying it with the yellow again; she did not appear to consider that any reply was expected of her, and Susan did not appear to consider so

[1] See also "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," in THE CENTURY for November, 1903.



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"SUSAN KNITTED FURIOUSLY, AND MADE HER STOCKING TWIRL WILDLY ABOUT"

either; she merely changed her needles, whirled her stocking, took a fresh breath, and continued:

"I 've been lookin' this subjec' straight in the face, 's well 's behind an' before an' upside down, for a good long time. It ain't noways new to me, however it may strike you an' the community in general. Fact is, I was thinkin' of it 'way back in the spring—even afore Mrs. Shores run away an' left her baby, an' every one said, 'How c'd she be so cruel as to leave it!' An' then she sent back an' kidnapped it, an' every one said, 'How c'd she be so cruel as to take it!' That just shows how, when a woman branches out, every one 's ready to go for her. Mrs. Shores never c'd seem to suit: the baby was all wrong when 't come, because Mr. Shores wanted a boy so he could name it after him; an' then he went 'most mad when she took it away (they say they thought they 'd have to lace him to the ironin'-board the first night); an' now he goes aroun', an' I 've heard folks say that most of the time he don' know which end up he 's walkin'. I guess the fact o' the matter is, her elopin' with the clerk leaves him to tend both sides o' the store 't once, an' he ain't spry enough to hop over the counter like that young fellow used to. He 's got to go 'way back among the calicoes every time, or else climb into the window-seat over that squirrel 't they 've got in the cage there advertisin' fur-lined mitts an' holiday nuts. I don' blame him for bein' some dazed under the circumstances. But then, what 'd he marry for if he did n't want trouble? That was what I said to the minister's wife right in the first of it. She come to call, an' it was jus' a day or two after I 'd first begun to think that maybe I c'd see the way to beginnin' to make up my mind. I won't say 't if she had n't called jus' then an' there I would 'a' gone on an' decided; but I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, that she cert'nly did put me pretty well out with the whole idea. I 'd thought that mornin' of perhaps sayin' suthin' to you that night, but after she went I had n't no desire to



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do nothin' for a while, 't any rate. I don't say but what there 's a big difference between one an' nine,—any one can work *that* out with their fingers fast enough,—but her talk was terrible discouragin' jus' the same. Poor thing! she ain't never had time to crimp her hair since her weddin'-day—she told me so with tears in her eyes. I cheered her up all I could. I told her she only had one to blame herself for, an' she ought to be thankful that she had n't had eight same as him. She said she had n't been married but a year, so she could n't have eight. 'Well,' I says, 'I don't see no great sense in that; he had eight the day you was married, 's far 's that goes, did n't he?' She told me she never had no idea how many children eight was until she turned aroun' from the altar an' see 'em all sittin' there in the front pew, all in one long uneven row. I told her, 's far 's my observation extended, quite a few things looked different comin' down from the altar from what they did goin' up, an' I could n't help but think 't if I 'd run after any man as hard as she run after the minister my self-respec' would shut my mouth up tight afterwards. It 's all well enough to talk 's long 's you stay top dog in the fight an' single, but if I 'd ever let any man get the better o' me, I cert'nly would try to keep folks from knowin' how I was fooled. I c'd 'a' given her a real good talkin' to, but she looked so peaked 't I made her some tea instead. An' then it turned out that, after all her talk about them nine children, what she really come for was to borrow the clo's-wringer. I was clean out o' temper for a minute to think o' me bein' so sympathetic, an' the tea, an' all for my clo's-wringer; but there are people jus' like that, Mrs. Lathrop. They talk an' talk, an' wander all over every subjec' in creation to come, an' never get aroun' to the point until you 're clean gi'n out with listenin'. If the minister's wife had n't come that day I sh'd probably 'a' told you that night what, as a consequence o' her comin', I ain't never told no one yet. But she used me all up, an' it 's only jus' lately I 've begun to think of it any serious again. For I *was* thinkin' of it very serious afore Mrs. Shores run away,—an' after she run away, too,—an' what I was thinkin' about I 'm now goin' to tell you, Mrs. Lathrop; for I 'm thinkin' it some more now, an' if I did it, you 'd always have it to take care of when I was out, or preservin'; an' so it 's only right that you should know 't when Mrs. Shores run away I was thinkin' of adoptin' a baby."

Susan paused for short-winded reasons, and Mrs. Lathrop laid the bit of green aside and took up a piece of purple to try instead.

"Was you thinkin' of adoptin' Mrs. Shores's baby?" she asked.

"*Mrs. Lathrop!*" Miss Clegg ceased knitting so that she might concentrate all her strength into the extreme astonishment which she desired to render manifest in those two words. "*Mrs. Lathrop!* Me adopt Mrs. Shores's baby! Me! Adopt the baby of a run-off woman! Well, I guess not. The idea never entered my head, an' I can't see why nor where it ever entered yours. Only I know 'f I was given to havin' many ideas 's senseless 's that one, I 'd keep my mouth shut an' let people 't knew more do the talkin'."

Mrs. Lathrop turned the piece of purple upside down.

"Who was you thinkin' of adoptin'?" she inquired meekly.

"I was n't thinkin' of adoptin' nobody. I only said that I was thinkin' o' maybe adoptin' somebody. I sh'd think 't you c'd see the difference; anyway, even if you can't see the difference, there *is* a difference just the same. My sakes alive! it 's a serious enough matter, decidin' to adopt some one for good an' all, without hurryin' the doin' of it any. If you was as rich as I be, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd understand that better. An' if you was 's rich 's I be you might not be in no more of a hurry 'n I am. I ain't in a hurry 't all. I ain't in a hurry an' I don't mean to be in a hurry. I 'm only jus' a-gettin' on towards makin' up my mind."

Mrs. Lathrop laid a piece of sky-blue between the yellow and the green, and turned her head a little on one side to judge of the effect. Susan altered her needles with a fierce fling, and went on:

"You see, you don't know nothin' 't all about it, Mrs. Lathrop; but when you come right square down to it, adoptin' a child is a good deal to consider. When a woman 's married, it 's the Lord's will, an' out o' the Bible, an' to be took without no murmurin''s to your own feelin's in the matter. Every one 's sorry for married people, no matter how their children turn out, because, good

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"'ALL SITTIN' THERE IN THE FRONT PEW, ALL IN ONE LONG UNEVEN ROW'"

or bad, like enough they done their best, an' if they did n't, it was always the other one's fault. But no one 's goin' to try an' make my child a bed o' roses for me,—every one 's goin' to lay the whole blame on me,—an' if it has a pug-nose or turns out bad, I can't lay none of it to the Lord. I 'll jus' have the whole community sayin' I 've got myself an' no one else to thank. When you know for sure 't you can't blame nobody else but jus' yourself, you go pretty slow, an' for that very reason I 'm thinkin' this subjec' well over afore I decide. There 's a good many questions to consider: my mind 's got to be made up 's to whether boy or girl, an' age, an' so forth, afore I shall open my lips to a livin' soul; for you know 's well as I do I don't count you 's anybody, Mrs. Lathrop."

Mrs. Lathrop was feeling in her work-bag for some pins, and her gaze dwelt ruminatively upon Susan as she felt.

"Would you take a small baby?" she asked—perhaps with some mental reference to the remark that dowered her with the occasional charge of the future adopted Clegg.

"Well, I dunno. That 's a very hard thing that comes up first of all every time that I begin thinkin'. When most folks set out to adopt a baby, the main idea seems to be to try an' get 'em so young that they can't never say for sure 's you ain't their mother."

Mrs. Lathrop finished feeling for the pins, filled her mouth with them, and nodded an acquiescence, mute but emphatic, in the wisdom of her friend's views.

"So I don't believe that I shall try for a real young baby. I 'll be content if it coos. I remember Mrs. Macy's sayin' once that a baby was sweetest when it coos, an' I don't want to miss nothin', an' we ain't never kep' doves for me to be dead sick o' the noise, so I want the cooin' age. I c'n see that, generally speakin', it 's a wise thing that folks jus' have to take 'em as they come, because when it 's all for you to choose, you want so much that like 's not I can't be suited, after all. It 's goin' to be pretty hard decidin', an' when I 've all done decidin', it 's goin' to be pretty hard findin' a baby that 's all that I 've decided. An' then, *if* I find it, then comes the raisin' of it, an' I expect that 'll be suthin' jus' awful."

"How was you goin' to find a child?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"Well, I 've got to go to town to look 'at winter coats, an' I thought that when I 'd found what I wanted, I 'd jus' glance through two or three orphan asylums afore comin' home."

Mrs. Lathrop pinned the purple to the yellow, and shut one eye so as to judge of the combination from the single standpoint of the other.

"I thought that your coat was pretty good," she said mildly, as Susan altered her needles.

The stocking started violently.

"Pretty good! It 's 'most new. I ain't had it but four years, an' then only for church. You know that as well 's I do."

"You *said* that you was goin' to get another," Mrs. Lathrop remarked, unpinning



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the purple as she spoke and replacing it in the bag.

"*Mrs. Lathrop!* if you don't beat anythin' that I ever saw for puttin' words that I never even dreamed of into other folks's mouths! 'S if I should ever think o' buyin' a new coat an' the price-tag not even dirty on the inside o' mine yet! I never said that I was goin' to buy a coat. I never thought o' goin' to buy a coat. What I did say was that I was goin' to *look at* coats; an' the reason that I 'm goin' to look at coats is because I 'm goin' to cut over the sleeves o' mine. I thought all last winter it was pretty queer for a woman 's rich 's I be to wear old-fashioned sleeves, more perticularly so where I c'n easy cut a new sleeve crossways out o' the puffs o' the old ones. An' *that 's* why I want to look at coats, Mrs. Lathrop, for I ain't in the habit o' settin' my shears in where I can't see my way out."

Mrs. Lathrop fingered a piece of rusty black silk and made no comment.

"When I get done lookin' at coats, lookin' at orphans 'll be jus' a nice change. If I see any I think might suit, I 'll take their numbers an' come home an' see about decidin'; an' if I don't see any I like, I 'll come home jus' the same."

The clock struck nine. Mrs. Lathrop rose.

"I mus' be goin' home," she said.

"I was thinkin' that very thing," said Susan, rising too. "It 's our thinkin' so much the same that keeps us friends, I guess."

Mrs. Lathrop sought her shawl and departed.

It was about a week later that the trip to town took place. The day was chosen to suit the opening of a most unprecedented fire sale. Miss Clegg thought that the latest styles in coat sleeves were likely to bloom broadcast on so auspicious an occasion, and Mrs. Lathrop herself was sufficiently infected by the advertising in the papers to dare to intrust her friend with the whole of a two-dollar bill to be judiciously invested, if bargains should really run as wildly rife as was predicted.

Susan departed very early and did not get back until very late—so late, in fact, that her next-door neighbor had the time to become more than a little anxious as to the possibility of some mischance having befallen her two-dollar bill.

But toward eight o'clock signs of life next door appeared to the anxious watcher in the Lathrop kitchen window, and one minute later she was on her way across. She found the front door, which was commonly open, to be uncommonly shut, and was forced to rap loudly and wait lengthily before the survivor of the fire sale came to let her in.

"My heavens alive, Susan, whatever is the matter with you?"

"I 'm worn to a frazzle—that 's all!"

They turned into the parlor, where the lamp was burning, and Mrs. Lathrop gave a little frightened scream.

"Susan! Why, you look half dead!"

Susan collapsed heavily upon the hair-cloth-covered sofa.

"I guess you 'd better make me some tea," she suggested weakly.

Mrs. Lathrop had no doubt whatever on the subject. Hurrying out to the kitchen, she brewed a cup of the strongest possible tea in the fewest possible minutes, and brought it in to the weary traveler. The latter drank with a relish, then leaned back with a sigh and closed her eyes.

"It was a' auction!" she said at last.

Mrs. Lathrop could restrain herself no longer.

"*Did* you get anythin' with my money?" she asked.

"Yes; it 's out in the hall with my shawl. It 's a parrot."

"A parrot!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Without any head."

"Without any head!"

Susan opened her eyes.

"There ain't no need o' bein' so surprised," she said in that peculiar tone with which one who has spent another's money always defends his purchase. "It 's a stuffed parrot—a stuffed parrot without any head."

"A stuffed parrot without any head!" Mrs. Lathrop repeated numbly.

Susan stirred a little and sat up.

"How much did it cost?" her friend asked.

"I bid it in for one dollar an' ninety-seven cents. I was awful scared for fear it would go over your two dollars, an' it was n't nothin' that *I 'd* ever want, so I could n't 'a' taken it off your hands."

"I wonder what I can do with it?" Mrs. Lathrop said feebly.

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"You must hang it in the window so high that the head don't show."

"I thought you said it did n't have no head."

Susan quitted the sofa abruptly and came over to her own chair; the tea appeared to be beginning to take effect.

"It *has n't* got no head. If it had a head, where would be the sense in hangin' it so high that it would n't show? 'F it had a head, where 'd be the need in hangin' it high at all? It 's your good luck, Mrs. Lathrop, that it has n't got no head; for the man said if it had had a head it would 'a' brought four or five dollars easy."

Mrs. Lathrop went out in the hall and sought her parrot. Her expression was more than dubious as she examined it by the light of the lamp.

"What did *you* get?" she asked at last.

"I did n't get nothin'. I did n't see nothin' I wanted, an' I learned long ago that an auction 's generally a good place for buyin' things you ain't got no earthly use for. Now take that parrot o' yours! I would n't have him if you was to offer him to me for a gift. Not to speak of his not havin' no head, he looks to me like he had moths in him. You look at him by daylight to-morrow an' see if it don't strike you so, too."

Mrs. Lathrop was silent for a long time. Finally she said:

"Did you go to the orphan asylum?"

"Well—no, I did n't. I would 'a' gone, only I got on the wrong car, an' ended in a cemetery instead. I had a nice time there, though, walkin' roun' an' readin' ages; an' jus' as I was goin' out I met a monument man that had a place right outside the gate, an' he took me to look at his things, an' then I remembered father—two years dead an' not a stone on him yet."

Mrs. Lathrop laid the parrot aside with a heavy sigh, and concentrated all her attention upon her friend's recital.

"The man was about as nice a man 's ever I met. When I told him about father, he told me he took a' interest in every word, whether I bought a monument of him or not. He said he 'd show me all he had an' welcome, an' it was no trouble, but a pleasure. Then he took me all through his shop an' the shed behind, an' really I never had a nicer time. I see a lamb lyin' down first, an' I thought that would be nice for a little; but the further back we went, the finer they got. The man wanted me to take a' eagle grippin' a pen an' writin' father's name in a book he 's sittin' on to hold open while he writes. I told him 'f I bought any such monument I cert'nly would want the name somewhere else than up where no one but the eagle could read it. He said I could have the name below an' let the eagle be writin' 'Repose in Peace'; but I told him father died of paralysis after bein' in bed for twenty years, an' that his idea o' heaven was n't reposin' in peace; he always looked forward to walkin' about an' bein' pretty lively there. Then the man said maybe suthin' simple would be more to my taste, an' he took me to where there was a pillow with a wreath of roses on it; but—my gracious! I 'd never be so mean 's to put a pillow anywhere near father after all them years in bed. An' as to the roses, they 'd be jus' as bad or worse, for you know yourself how they give him hay-fever, so 's we had to dig up all the bushes years ago.

"But I 'll tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, what I did see that nobody on the wide earth c'd help wishin' was on top o' their grave the minute they laid eyes on it. It 's a lion—a weepin' lion, kind o' tryin' to wipe his eyes with one paw. I tell you, I never saw nothin' one quarter so handsome over no one yet; an'—if I was n't thinkin' to adopt a child, I 'd never rest until I 'd set that lion on top of father. But, of course, as it is, I can't even think how it might look there; the livin' has rights over the dead, an' my child can't go without the necessaries of life while my father gets a weepin' lion that, when you come right square down to it, he ain't got no more use for 'an a cat has for two tails. No; I 'm a rich woman, but all incomes has their outside fence. If a man 's got a million a year, he can't spend two million, an' I can't start in child-raisin' 'n' tombstone father all in the same year. Father 'll have to wait, an' he got so used to it while he was alive that he ought not to mind it much now he 's dead. But I gave the man my address, an' he gave me one o' his cards, an' when I go in to the orphan asylum, I may go back an' see him, an' maybe, if I tell him about the baby, he 'll reduce the lion some. The lion is awful high—strikes me. He 's three hundred dollars. But the man says that 's because

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his tail 's out o' the same block. I asked him if he could n't take the tail off, but he said that would hurt his reputation. He said 'f I 'd go up the ladder to his second floor 'n' look down on the lion I 'd never talk about sawin' off his tail, an' he said, anyhow, cuttin' it off would only make it cost more, because it was cut on in the first place. I saw the sense o' that, an' I remembered, too, that even if folks in the cemetery never can see the tail, father 'll have to look at it from higher up 'an the ladder to the monument man's shed, an' I don't want him to think I economized on the tail of his tombstone. I tell you what, Mrs Lathrop, I cert'nly do want that lion; but I can't have it, so I 've decided not to think of it again. The man c'd see I wanted it, an' I c'd see he really wanted me to have it. He felt so kind o' sorry for me, he said he 'd do me a weepin' fox for one hundred an' fifty, if I wanted it; but I did n't want no fox. Father did n't have nothin' like a fox: his nose was broad an' kind o' flat. He had n't nothin' like a lion, neither; but I 'd like to have the only lion in the cemetery ours."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded her head sympathetically.

Miss Clegg sighed and looked pensive for a moment, but it was soon over.

"An' I 've decided about my child, too," she continued briskly. "I 've decided to have it a boy. I decided goin' in on the train to-day. I 'd been sorter thinkin' that I 'd leave it to chance; but ordinary folks can't do no more 'n that, an' where 's the good o' me bein' so open an' aboveboard 'f I dunno whether it 'll be a boy or girl, after all? I might 's well 'a' married the minister, an' Lord knows Mrs. Shores's troubles ought to be warnin' enough to no woman in this community not to marry no man, for one while at any rate. If Mrs. Shores had n't married Mr. Shores, she c'd easy 'a' married his clerk when she fell in love with him. No woman that 's goin' to fall in love ever ought to begin by marryin' a-nother man first. It mixes everything all up. But Mrs. Shores was a fool, or she never would 'a' married him to begin with. I told him that the first time 't I see him after she was gone. I thought 't if it was any comfort to him to know that there was one person in the community that looked on his wife as a fool he was welcome to the knowin'. So I told him, an' I used those very selfsame words, too—an' I cert'nly did ache to tell him that he was jus' as big a fool himself to 'a' ever married her; but I did n't think that would be jus' polite.

"That was before she took the baby. It was the baby that used him all up. An'



"HER EXPRESSION WAS MORE THAN DUBIOUS AS SHE EXAMINED IT BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP"

that seems kind o' queer, too, seems to me, for if my wife run away I 'd be glad to make a clean sweep o' her an' hers, an' begin all fresh; I 'd never have no injunctions an' detectives drawin' wages for chasin' no wife an' baby that left o' their own accord. But that 's jus' like a man, an' I must say I 'm dead glad 't no man ain't goin' to have no right to interfere with my child. I c'n take it an' go anywhere 't I please, an' never be afraid of any subpenny comin' down on me. 'S far 's I 'm concerned, I only wish 't she 'd send back 'n' abduct him too, an' then the community 'd have some peace on the Shores subjec'. There ain't nothin' left to

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say, an' every one keeps sayin' it over an' over from dawn to dark."

"What made you decide on a boy?" Mrs. Lathrop asked, taking up the parrot again.

"I did n't decide. I c'd n't decide, an' so I shook a nickel for heads an' tails."

"An' it come a boy."

"No; it come a girl. An' the minute 't I see it was a girl I knew 't I 'd wanted a boy all along, so—'s the good o' me bein' free to act 's I please is that I do act 's I please—I decided then an' there on a boy."

Mrs. Lathrop turned her parrot over.

"'F you was so set on a boy, whatever did you toss up for?" she asked.

"What do folks ever toss up for? To decide. Tossin' up always shows you just how much you did n't want what you get. Only, as a general thing, there 's some one else who does want it, an' they grab it an' you go empty-handed. The good o' me tossin' is I c'n always take either side o' the nickel after I 've tossed. I ain't nobody's fool, an' I never was, an' I never will be. But I guess I 've got to ask you to go home now, Mrs. Lathrop. I 've had a hard day, an' I 'm 'most too tired to pay attention to what you say any longer. I want to get to bed an' to sleep, an' then to-morrow maybe I 'll feel a little like talkin' myself."

THE third morning after Miss Clegg's trip to town she astonished her neighbor by tapping on the latter's kitchen window at the early hour of seven in the morning. Mrs. Lathrop was getting breakfast, and her surprise caused her to jump unduly.

"Well, *Susan!*" she said, opening the door, "whatever *is* the matter?"

"Matter! Nothin' ain't the matter, only I 've had a letter from the monument man. It come last night, an' the minister took it out o' the post-office an' sent it over by little 'Liza Em'ly when she come with the milk this morning. I dunno whether to thank the minister for bein' so kind or whether to ask him to mind his own business. It 's got 'Important' on the corner, an' sometimes I don't go to the post-office for two days at a time; but, just the same, it strikes me 't I ain't altogether in favor o' the minister's carryin' my mail home with him any time 't he feels so inclined. If I 'd 'a' married him, I never 'd 'a' allowed him to interfere with my affairs, an' 's long 's I did n't marry him, I don't see no good reason for his doin' so now."

Susan paused and looked at the letter, which she held in her hand. Mrs. Lathrop slid one of the kitchen chairs up behind her, and she sat down, still looking at the letter.

"It 's from the monument man," she said again, "an' I don't know whatever I shall do about it, I 'm sure."

Mrs. Lathrop was all attention.

"It 's about the lion. He says that he 's been an' took some black chalk an' marked around under him, 'Sacred to the memory o' Blank Clegg,' an' he says it looks so noble he 's had an offer for the monument, an' he wants me to come in an' see it afore he sells it to—to some one else."

There was a short silence, broken at last by Mrs. Lathrop.

"Your father's name wa'n't Blank," she said; "it was Henry."

Susan knit her brows.

"I know; an' that 's one thing that 's been troublin' me. It 's written out in good plain letters—'Blank Clegg'; an' I 've been tryin' an' tryin' to think what I *could* 'a' said to 'a' made him suppose 't it could 'a' been Blank. That 'u'd be the last name in the wide world for anybody to name anybody else, *I* sh'd suppose, an' I can't see for the life o' me why that monument man sh'd 'a' hit on it for father. I 'm cert'nly mighty glad that he 's only marked it on in black chalk an' not chopped it out o' the bottom o' the lion. Of course, 'f he 'd chopped it out I 'd 'a' had to 'a' taken it, an' it 'u'd just 'a' made me the laughin'-stock o' the whole community. I know a lot o' folks that are plenty mean enough 's to say that lion was weepin' because I did n't know my own father's name."

Mrs. Lathrop looked sober.

"So I guess I 've got to go to town by to-day's ten-o'clock. I ain't no intention o' takin' the lion, but I *shall* like to stand off a little ways an' look at the part o' the name that 's spelt right. Later maybe I 'll visit a few asylums; I ain't sure. But, anyway, I thought I 'd jus' run over an' let you know I was goin', 'n' ask you if there 's anythin' I can get for you while I 'm in town."

"No, there is n't," said Mrs. Lathrop, with great firmness.



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Susan rose to go.

"I 'm thinkin' o' buyin' the Shores baby outfit," she said. "I guess Mr. Shores 'll be glad to sell it cheap. They say he can't bear to be reminded o' the baby, an' I don't well see what else the crib an' baby-carriage can remind him of."

"I wonder if the sewin'-machine reminds him o' Mrs. Shores," said Mrs. Lathrop. "I 'd be glad to buy it if it did."

"I dunno why it sh'd remind him o' her," said Susan; "she never sewed none. She never did nothin', 's far 's I c'd make out, except to sit on the front porch an' talk to his clerk. My, but I sh'd think he 'd hate the sight o' that front porch! If it c'd be got off I 'd like to buy that of him. My front porch 's awful old an' shaky, an' I 'll need a good porch to wheel my baby on. He c'd take my porch in part payment. It 's bein' so old an' shaky would n't matter to him, I don't suppose, for I 'll bet a dollar he 'll never let no other wife o' his sit out on no porch o' his—not until after he 's dead an' buried, anyway; an' as for sittin' on a porch himself—well, all is, I know if it was me, it 'u'd scorch my rockers."



"SENT IT OVER BY LITTLE 'LIZA EM'LY'"

"What time do you think you 'll get back?" asked Mrs. Lathrop.

"I ain't sure. 'F I should get real interested huntin' orphans, I might stay until it was too dark to see 'em good. I can't tell nothin' about it, though. You 'd better watch for the light in the kitchen, an' when you see it burnin', I wish you 'd come right over."

Mrs. Lathrop agreed to this arrangement, and Miss Clegg went home to get ready to go to town.

SHE returned about five o'clock, and the mere general aspect of her approaching figure betokened some doing or doings so well worthy of neighborly interest that Mrs. Lathrop forgot her bread in the oven and flew to satisfy her curiosity.

She found her friend warming her feet by the kitchen stove, and one look at her radiant countenance sufficed.

"You found a baby!"

Susan upraised supremely joyful eyes.

"No," she replied; "but I 've bought the weepin' lion!"

Mrs. Lathrop sat down suddenly.

"You never saw anythin' so grand in all your life! He rubbed the 'Blank' off with a wet cloth an' wrote in the 'Henry,' with me standin' right there. I never see anythin' that went right through me that way before. Puttin' on 'Henry' seemed to bring the lion right into the family, an' —well, you can believe me or not, jus' as you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I jus' begun to cry right then an' there. The monument man made me sit down on a' uncut block an' lean my back up against a 'No Cross, no Crown,' an' while I sat there he chalked in father's birth an' death an' 'Erected by his devoted daughter Susan,' an' at that I stood right up an' said 't I 'd take it; an' it was n't no hasty decision, neither: for after I 'd made up my mind, I could n't see no good reason for continuin' to sit there an' draw frost out o' granite an' into my shoulder-blades jus' for the looks o' the thing."

"But about the baby?" said Mrs. Lathrop.

"Oh, the baby 'll have to go. I told you all along 't it had to be one or t' other, an' in the end it 's the lion as has come out on top. I guess I was n't cut out to be a mother like I was to be a daughter. I know I never wanted a baby for myself half like I 've wanted that lion for my dead-an'-gone father. Do you know, Mrs. Lathrop, I do believe I had a persentiment the first time I ever see that lion. Suthin' sort o' crep' right up my back, an' I 'm jus' sure 't folks 'll come from miles aroun' to see it. I guess it 's all the finger o' Fate. When you come to think o' it, it 's all for the best jus' the way 't it 's come out. The baby 'd 'a' grown up an' gone off somewhere, an' the lion 'll stay right where you put him, for he 's so heavy that the monument man says we 'll have to drive piles all down aroun' father. Then, too, may be I c'd n't 'a' managed a boy, an' I can

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"'PUTTIN' ON "HENRY" SEEMED TO BRING THE LION RIGHT INTO THE FAMILY'"

scour that lion all I want to. An' I will scour him, too; nobody need n't suppose I 've paid three hundred dollars for anythin' to let it get mossy. I 've invited the monument man an' his wife to come an' visit me while he 's gettin' the lion in place, an' he says he 's so pleased over me an' nobody else gettin' it 't he 's goin' to give me a paper sayin' that when I die he 'll chop my date in for nothin'. I tell you what, Mrs. Lathrop, I cert'nly am glad I 've got the sense to know when I 'm well off, an' I cert'nly do feel that in this perticular case I 'm mighty lucky. So all 's well 't ends well."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded.

# EVENING

## BY EDITH IVES

NIGHT dulls the western hill,
Night darkens on the grass:
Oh, slow upon the purple plain
The sheep and shepherd pass.

O country of the shadows,
O poplars, evening kings!
You sing to me of sorrow
And the grief of twilight things.

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# THE RICH WIDOW OF SPANISH TOWN

## BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Author of "Aladdin O'Brien," "Tom Beauling," etc.

THERE lived in Spanish Town by the Sea, in the county of San Mateo, California, an old Spaniard named Garcia, who, having gathered riches, took unto himself a young wife, died without issue, and was gathered to his fathers.

The widow Garcia went into deep mourning and rejoiced, but not openly, over her freedom and her riches. She would travel, she would entertain, she would be gay. Meanwhile she would wear mourning, observe the decencies, and have thousands of masses said for the salvation of her husband's soul.

One day a tramp knocked at the back door of the widow Garcia's house, and said that he was hungry and would do any of a hundred odd jobs for a meal. The maid sent him about his business. But Mrs. Garcia, who had observed through the curtain of her bedroom window that he was a handsome young fellow, albeit unshaven, ran to the front door and called after him down the dusty white road.

He came back and stood before her very politely, with his cap in his hands. Mrs. Garcia did not know why she had called him back or what she should tell him to do. But, as the pause grew awkward, she glanced about her garden and thought that it needed putting to rights.

"I want some things done to my garden," she said at length. "Can you do them?"

The fellow, who was Irish, said that he could.

"There 's that bed of periwinkle," she said. "It ought to be cut close down to the ground and given a fresh start."

"I can do that," said the tramp.

"Then I 'll get you the hedge-scissors," said Mrs. Garcia. "But"—for she observed how handsome and hungry he looked—"perhaps you would rather have your dinner first."

During the afternoon the tramp razed the periwinkles to the ground. Meanwhile Mrs. Garcia had thought of something else for him to do.

"All these violets," she said, "need to be dug up, separated, and replanted. Can you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am—but not in the dark."

"Well, you can come back in the morning and do it."

"Come back from where, ma'am?"

"Why, from where you were going."

"But I was n't going anywhere."

"But you must have been going somewhere."

"I was going as far as the first job and no farther."

"Oh, then you would like to stay here to-night. Well, you can sleep in the barn."

The next morning, about nine, Mrs. Garcia walked in her garden to see how the tramp was getting on with the violets. The bed was finished, and the tramp was wiping his smooth brown brow.

"Have you had your breakfast?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. And if you have nothing else for me to do I 'll just be going along."

"Wait," she said; "there must be something else. Yes. Those sweet peas look very ragged; suppose you take them all up and spade the plot all over."

So the tramp earned his dinner.

After that he was set to trimming the dead limbs from the walnut-trees, and so he earned his supper.

After a number of days the garden was in apple-pie order, but still the widow Garcia continued to find employment for the handsome young Irishman.

One day she said to him:



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"Are you quite comfortably lodged in the barn, Denny?"

And he answered:

"Not more than *quite*, ma'am."

"I 'm sorry," she said. "There 's a little room that you might have in the attic, but I 'm not sure that I ought to let a man sleep in the house. But, after all, I don't know why not, for you would be a protection, would n't you? And I 'm dreadfully afraid of burglars."

So Denny took up his abode in the attic.

Mrs. Garcia had reason to be pleased with the new arrangement, for the man was as respectful and as handsome as ever. She and the maid no longer feared burglars.

A month passed, and Denny did not work for meals, but for wages, and high wages at that; for his mistress doted on him. Gradually she trusted him with this thing and that, until he came to be the overseer of all her late husband's affairs—the big cattle-ranch up in the hills, the cement-mine, and the dairy. He proved a notable manager, discharged incompetents, and found good men to take their places. But when the summer came, restlessness seized him, and he wearied of life in general and of his own in particular. A great longing for the happy, shiftless road, the odd jobs for meals, and the nights under the stars came upon him, or so it seemed. In reality he was sick of work. So one morning he said to his mistress:

"I 've come to give notice, ma'am."

"*You* going to leave me, Denny—*you?*"

"Yes, ma'am."

She turned faint at the thought.

"Why, Denny, what 's wrong? Are n't you comfortable—well paid? What 's the matter? Tell me, and I 'll set it right."

"It 's nothing, ma'am. I 'm tired of work. I want to play. I was born so. Tramp I was when you took me in, and now I 'm thinking of the long lazy road, and its tramp again I want to be."

"And is that all?"

"That 's all, ma'am. You 've been verra kind."

"But I can't get along without you, Denny. I mean—I 've come to depend on your judgment and everything. What can I do to make you stay?"

He looked very handsome and brown.

"Will you come back when you get tired of tramping, Denny?"

"It may be, ma'am. There 's One who knows."

"Listen to me, Denny. I don't want you to go. There, now I 've said it. Will you stay?"

"To be honest, ma'am," said Denny, "I 'm not comfortable here. The sun beats on the roof, and whan I go to bed at night the heat is intolerable and I cannot sleep."

"Why, of course," she said, "it must be dreadful in that little attic of yours. But—"

Words failed her, and she turned scarlet.

There was a sound of deliberate steps on the gravel without.

"Who is it, Denny?"

"It 's Father Anselmo, ma'am."

Father Anselmo knocked upon the door.

"Denny," said Mrs. Garcia, hastily and under her breath, "I know what you want—you want to travel. S-so do I."

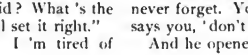
Denny moved toward the door.

"Denny—you—I just said something."

Denny turned, his hand on the knob of the door.

"I heard what you said," he said. "I 'll never forget. You said, 'Denny—Denny,' says you, 'don't keep the priest waitin'.'"

And he opened the door.



# THE TOILERS

BY CARLYLE McKINLEY

ALL day the toilers sigh for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
The sun sinks in the darkling west,
And they forget their care;
Tired hands are folded on each breast:
The Lord hath heard their prayer!

Through all our lives we pray for rest,
Nor find it anywhere.
Then comes the Night, with balmy breast,
And soothes us unaware.
I wonder much—"And is it Death,
Or but an answered prayer?"

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# THE CENTENARY OF HAWTHORNE

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

Author of "On the Threshold," "Essays for the Day," etc.



HE approaching centenary of Hawthorne's birth closes up, in a literary way, the period that embraces the real literature of the country. There was almost none before it; what remains of the first order has nearly passed away. The group in which Hawthorne stood in the front rank was composed of four or five poets, an essayist who was also a poet, several novelists and writers of history, and two theologians, all of whom wear the badge of genius. They form a distinct class—the product of the soil, breathing the air of the New World, true voices heralding the ideas of their age. Hawthorne is among them but not of them, because his genius was of so distinct a cast and his life was so far aloof from the thought of the day. Though a holder of public office and faithful to its duties, his only real thought was fixed upon moral problems and was embodied in four novels and a few brief stories. This is all, save several volumes of notes which record chiefly close observation cognate to his great themes; but small as it is, it places him at the head of his group, and renders him at home and abroad the most highly esteemed American author, though not the most widely read, Longfellow having that place.

In this country he is named only in comparison with Emerson, but while both deal with themes that are akin, they are far apart. Emerson covered a broader range of topics, but Hawthorne went deeper into one that is greater. To illustrate their relative positions, we might say that Emerson stands for all the other plays of Shakspere, but Hawthorne for "Hamlet" alone. We often differ with Emerson and resent his impulsive leaps from the path of sober thought; but we never differ with Hawthorne, except on some slight points, for he holds relentlessly to the unfolding of universal laws as written in our nature and in the terms of human life.

The centenary celebration of Emerson filled a fortnight and engaged the attention of the nation. Hawthorne's will be simply named by lovers of literature,—as in these few lines,—and all will be over; yet in the ranks of literature he stands higher and may be longer remembered. Emerson's career was in every way larger; his influence was broader; his contact with the world was at a thousand points. Hawthorne's was at one only, but by that will he be remembered when Emerson (except for a few poems of imperishable nature) has become a name—of high worth indeed, but not as belonging to that high circle which will never be forgotten; the reason being that along with faultless style and indescribable charm Hawthorne dealt with subjects that have always held the attention of the world, and always will until man escapes from his conflicts of will with temptation and from the sufferings of remorse. It is often said that Hawthorne is the product of Puritanism. No mistake can be greater. Puritanism afforded the stage on which his somber part was played, but the play itself was the soul of man in all ages and places, and Donatello answered his purpose as well as Dimmesdale.

There are two conditions that insure lasting remembrance in the world of letters: perfect literary form and a problem involving the human soul. He who reveals the soul in the depths of misery that springs from evil-doing, and charms the reader while he tells the pitying tale where every touch is truth itself—such a writer will be remembered and read while generations of brilliant essayists and singers and orators pass by into quick forgetfulness.

We have no space for rehearsing the special points of Hawthorne's power, beyond naming one that may surprise some



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of our readers, but will be understood by others. His books are sad, but there is a charm in sadness if it is so treated that it awakens the better part of our nature. We say, therefore, that *charm* is his most persuasive quality. There is a pervading grace far beyond that of a faultless style —an assumed sympathy on the part of the reader with himself, as he unwinds the coil of evil he has discovered, an unspeakable depth of pity for all who are involved in it as he traces the steps of the doom not to be avoided: it is this confiding sympathy between writer and reader that yields this charm, whatever may be the theme discussed. One seldom disagrees with Hawthorne, as we have said, although he deals with questions over which men are always debating. He does not so much debate as depict them, inviting the reader to sit beside him as he states the case, and winning his assent because both stand on the common ground of the eternal laws of moral rectitude. No other reader cares for or can understand Hawthorne.

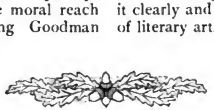
But there are times when the charm is forgotten in the terrific culmination of the central point of the tragedy, as in the scaffold scene in the revelation of "The Scarlet Letter," and the description of Judge Pyncheon's death in "The House of Seven Gables." In these pages Hawthorne is at his greatest, and is great beyond any one else in American literature. They stand unique, like the soliloquies of Hamlet. Reader and author are overwhelmed in the absolute and awful realities brought before them. Great as Hawthorne is in point of charm,—such as only writers of the first order can command,—it is in tragedy that he fully reveals his genius. It is because along with incomparable powers of description he deals with universal law and its infraction, rather than with some tragical accident or strange conjunction of events that are without special significance.

Hawthorne himself had no conception of the greatness of his work, and perhaps but slight conception of the moral reach of such stories as "Young Goodman Brown" and "Ethan Brand"; nor have the people of this generation yet measured the unspeakable value of these writings for their moral worth. They are not mere unfoldings of Puritan dogma, but revelations of eternal law. To what extent Hawthorne the seer was sunk in the literary artist does not matter. He was a prophet whose message was greater than he knew, and he simply felt the wind of inspiration blowing through him; all the truer was it because of his unconsciousness, and the more divine its authority.

Two things are to be remembered and made mention of in this centenary celebration of Hawthorne.

First, the glory he reflects upon American literature. Little has been done by us in letters or art that is quite of the highest order, except the works of Hawthorne. These have the clear promise of perpetuity. The themes are of supreme and universal moment; he rises to their meaning and depicts them in commensurate form. He is not a preacher to cry aloud, but an artist who paints, yet not without a heart that throbs in pity, and a fancy that muses over the wonder of it, and will not suffer the pall of darkness to hang over it forever. That we have in Hawthorne an author whose work in these high fields of thought is crowned with unimpeachable honor and is sure of perpetual remembrance, is a constant satisfaction as the years go by.

But Hawthorne has a wider claim upon our gratitude, namely, the fact that he has set the seal of glorious achievement in letters upon the moral laws of our nature. The greatest things done in literature have been of this sort; they alone, from Job down, are remembered and cherished in the ages. Hawthorne is our only exponent of genius in this field, and how superbly has he filled it! His message is that of Dante and St. Paul and all great moralists—whatever a man does to another he does to himself, whether it be good or evil. Men will forever dwell on this truth, and will never forget those gifted souls who see it clearly and set it forth in perfect forms of literary art.



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# THE MAGNA CHARTA OF JAPAN

BY BARON KENTARO KANEKO

Member of the House of Peers, formerly Minister of State for Agriculture and Commerce, and one of the four authors of the Japanese constitution; Bachelor of Laws and Doctor of Laws, Harvard University

THE commonly received opinion among American and European jurists hitherto seems to have been that constitutional government was not compatible with the social and political status of Oriental nations. Therefore when a constitution was tried in the Ottoman Empire, no surprise was expressed by Western observers that the experiment resulted in a fiasco. And when the Emperor of Japan announced by imperial edict in 1881 that at the end of ten years constitutional government would be established in Japan, Western scholars and statesmen naturally thought the attempt would prove as abortive in Japan as in Turkey.

Nevertheless, in 1890 the first Japanese Parliament was convened in accordance with the terms of the constitution, which had been promulgated the year before, and during the fourteen years that have intervened since that time twenty sessions have been held. In spite of boisterous meetings and stormy discussions,—which are not, after all, so uncommon in European and American legislative bodies,—constitutional restrictions have been respected and constitutional prerogatives upheld, until now, it seems to me, it can be justly claimed that constitutional government has passed the experimental stage in Japan and has become an integral part of the body politic.

After the imperial restoration, in 1868, his Majesty the Emperor, in the solemn oath which he then took, proclaimed five liberal principles, one of them being to this effect:

"We shall henceforth seek knowledge and wisdom in the civilized world and establish the National Assembly, where the important affairs of state shall be decided by public opinion."

This is the fundamental principle of our national policy, in accordance with which all subsequent reorganization and changes, both social and political, have been undertaken and consummated. Under its guidance in 1875 the judicial system was perfected by the establishment of the Court of Cassation to maintain a uniform interpretation and application of the law. We already had courts of first instance and courts of appeal, but there was no court superior to all others—a court of final appeal wherein all judicial matters could be decided and unified.

In the same year, also, an imperial edict was issued creating a Senate, or House of Peers, and clearly providing that in future all contemplated legislation should be submitted by the cabinet to this body for discussion. Thus, even at that early day, a system was established in Japan resembling the organization adopted by some Western nations of coördinate governmental branches, the executive, legislative, and judicial. This may be termed the first step taken by the imperial government to pave the way for the adoption of the constitutional system.

In the way of educating the people in the conduct of public affairs, the Senate in 1879 passed a law establishing an assembly in each of the provinces of the empire, consisting of representatives elected by the taxpayers and empowered to discuss and vote upon the annual estimates of local revenue and expenditure submitted by the governors of the provinces. This was in effect a system similar in principle and in operation to local self-government as found in Western countries.

This exercise of the right to discuss and vote upon provincial taxation and expenditures led to vigorous demands for the crea-



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tion of a parliament, it being urged that such action was the only means of establishing zealous public interest in the welfare of the country. It was pointed out also that a parliament would be in accord with the principle enunciated in the imperial oath of 1868. Public speeches and newspaper discussions intensified the popular demand, and as a result the famous imperial proclamation of 1881 was issued, announcing that a constitution would be promulgated and the Parliament opened in 1890. Discussion of the question showed that public education and capacity for this important change had reached a more advanced stage than some had thought would be possible; and, in consequence of a voluntary purpose, his Imperial Majesty decided that he might, with due regard for the national welfare, fix a definite time when the intention graciously announced at the time of the restoration would be carried into effect.

As it was, nothing was done by haphazard or in haste. Ample time was given for the preparations that had to be made, and systematic steps were taken to make those preparations complete. The Emperor appointed Marquis Ito to go abroad for the purpose of studying the constitutions of European countries, thereby intrusting him with the important task of preparing the draft of the constitution. In 1884, after four years devoted to close study of the constitutional systems of Europe, the marquis returned to Japan, and soon thereafter a commission was appointed to prepare the draft under his guidance. This commission consisted of three persons, of whom I had the honor to be one.

Until 1888 the work of the commission proceeded under the personal direction of Marquis Ito, when it was finally completed and submitted for the imperial sanction. Thereupon, in the spring of 1888, the Emperor organized the privy council and opened meetings for the consideration of the draft, which began in May and continued until January. His Imperial Majesty presided at all of these meetings. After this careful deliberation the constitution was promulgated by the Emperor in person on the 11th of February, 1889.

The ceremony was splendid and impressive. It took place in the throne-room of the imperial palace and was attended by the imperial family, the ministers of state, the privy council, the diplomatic corps, all high officials, and the governors and representatives of the provinces, and was followed by national festivities of a most elaborate character.

There is an important difference between the constitutions of Western nations and that of Japan. The former are the outcome of popular uprisings against the tyranny of rulers—in other words, of a demand, as of natural right, by the people. Consequently, even in monarchical Europe, constitutions are drawn in such terms as to lay the greatest stress upon popular rights, while, at the same time, curtailing the power of the sovereign. The Japanese constitution, on the other hand, emanated from the Emperor, the fountain-head of all power. Before the people dreamed of popular rights or of a parliament, the Emperor had already marked out the grand policy of establishing constitutional government in the future, because of his evident desire and purpose to elevate the country to an equal place among the civilized nations of the world, not only because he wished it, but also because that course was in strict accordance with the national policy bequeathed by his imperial ancestors. Following that policy, our constitution was drawn up with close adherence to and careful preservation of the fundamental principle of the imperial government from time immemorial.

In form, however, it is similar to Western constitutions, with this difference, that the text of our constitution contains only the fundamental principles of state, namely, the prerogatives of the Emperor; the rights and duties of the people; the powers of Parliament; the powers and duties of ministers of state and judiciary and finance. These are all embodied in seventy-six articles. Matters of detail, such, for example, as provisions relating to the rules and proceedings of Parliament, the laws for the election of members, the national budget, etc., are separated from articles enunciating fundamental principles, and are embodied in laws supplementary to the constitution and enacted at the same time. It may be asked, why was such a separation necessary? Because, when the first Parliament was opened, the government, as well as the members, in deliberating upon national affairs, might find it necessary to make changes in the laws relating to such sub-

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jects as those just enumerated. If such changes had to be made in the text of the constitution, opportunity might be afforded for unscrupulous politicians to attempt to secure other changes affecting fundamental principles; and even if the attempt proved a failure, it would certainly lessen the authority of the constitution. But when matters of detail are separated from the constitutional text, amendments, rendered necessary by changing conditions, can be easily made. This has been found to be the case especially with regard to the law relating to the election of members, in which the provisions concerning qualifications of members and other details have been modified from time to time in order to conform to the progress of the people and to changes in national conditions. This feature of our constitution was highly commended by the late James G. Blaine, whom I visited in 1889 at his summer residence at Bar Harbor. He was kind enough to say that it was, in structure, the most perfect constitution he had ever read. During his long service in Congress, the constitutions of various States, newly admitted to the Union, had come under his observation, and he had been impressed with the idea that it would have been both wise and expedient if the framers had separated principles from details and had enumerated only the former in the text of the instruments.

In February, 1890, I spent many a pleasant and instructive hour at the Athenæum Club discussing with the late Herbert Spencer the Japanese constitution. He considered it an almost miraculous feat that the new constitution of Japan did no violence to the traditions and history of so ancient a race.

In 1890 I presented Mr. James Bryce with a copy of the constitution. He was generous in his praise of it, and some months later I received a manuscript, almost a monograph, by way of comment. Like Spencer, he looked upon the work of grafting a constitutional form of government upon the traditions, history, and usages of a people whose memories reached back into the days of the gods as an extraordinary success.

Summing up the work of our Parliament during the fourteen years of its existence, we can safely say that the adoption of a constitutional form of government in Japan has elevated the country and educated the people to a higher and a better sense of their power and responsibilities in the body politic and of their duties to the state.

There are in every country people who are dissatisfied with the party in power, and in a national assembly the persons representing that class can bring in any bill, propose any question, even attack the government if they desire. Thus Parliament will supply a vent for dissatisfaction, and will remove any good reason for it. Moreover, Parliament furnishes the best means possible for educating the people to discriminate between the course that should properly be pursued so far as concerns the foreign policy of the nation and that which should be followed in connection with internal affairs. It must result from this process of education that, however dissatisfied the members of a parliament may be with the management of internal affairs, the moment that a serious and important question affecting foreign politics is brought before them, they will lay aside for the time being their attitude of dissent and dissatisfaction and rally together for the defense of the country.

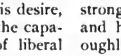
This desirable result is possible in its fullest sense only in countries that have parliaments. If it had not been for the Parliament in Japan, we could never have fought the Japanese-Chinese War to a successful conclusion. Before the declaration of war in 1894, Marquis Ito, then the premier, was violently attacked on the floor of the House of Representatives, where his policy had few if any supporters, and where, every bill introduced by him having been defeated, he was twice compelled to dissolve the Parliament.

When the news of these political troubles reached Europe and America it was thought that Japan was becoming politically bankrupt under the burden of parliamentary difficulties and that China would have but little difficulty in striking an effective blow against an adversary whose domestic affairs were in such an unfortunate condition. As soon, however, as war was declared, the clamorous assembly rallied to the united support of Marquis Ito.

By adopting a constitutional form of government we have given to the whole world the strongest evidence that it is our earnest desire to follow closely in the footsteps of civilized nations; and the record

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of the last fourteen years of our Parliament has proved that, in addition to this desire, we have shown that we possess the capacity to master the mechanism of liberal government; that Japan, by her earnest study of modern science, her keen appreciation of the benefits of civilization, her strong perception of national responsibility, and her perseverance in mastering thoroughly the principles of right conduct accepted by civilized nations, has justly earned a place in the family of nations.



# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## THE DANGERS OF PARTY PREPONDERANCE IN STATES AND CITIES

OUR Presidential campaigns, it is generally considered, occur too frequently in regard to the peace of mind and business interests of the community, and too frequently in consideration of executive convenience and opportunity. The excitement and turmoil of a Presidential campaign are annoyances; but such annoyances do not constitute a valid objection to the speedy recurrence of the event. The serious objections to this frequency are, as already intimated, based upon the fact that Presidential campaigns, as now conducted, are a great drain upon the resources of many; and, more important, that they have a decided tendency to depress business, and thus temporarily militate against the general welfare; and, furthermore, it is realized more and more keenly that a four-year Presidential term is too brief a period for effective administration, especially amid the complications of modern demands upon the chief executive of a nation as enormous and "imperial" as ours. A President and his cabinet need at least six months at the beginning to learn mere details; and during the last four months, if the chief is not reëlected, they are comparatively ineffective.

The consolation for the inconvenience of the too-soon recurring Presidential campaign is its educational character. It is the time of our great debate, when the principles and problems of our national government are multitudinously discussed in "the forum of public opinion." The party in power must then valorously defend its record, and give new promise of useful performance. The party out of power must show just cause for its return. The spokesmen of each party, on the platform and in the press, vie with one another in devotion to the national welfare; and while certain principles are shared in common by each set of advocates, each side insists upon the peculiar doctrines which are supposed to distinguish the respective parties.

This general excitation has a wholesome effect upon the body politic, and, at proper intervals, is highly desirable. It is a time when the whole nation goes to school. Interest in public affairs is quickened; the people's imagination is aroused to a sense of nationality, and to a personal responsibility with regard to that nationality. Great questions, about which there has been much hazy and inconsequent thinking, are made clear in the cross-fire of criticism and the light of lucid and earnest statement.

In proportion as we prize the good effects of a Presidential campaign, or of any political campaign, conducted educationally, we must deplore the local conditions which to a great extent eliminate, in many parts of our country, the educational influences above referred to. There are whole States where the preponderance of a single party is so great that political campaigns become mere struggles within the party, on the part of candidates, and their friends on their behalf, for the "nomination which is equivalent to an election." Political meetings in many States, even those which lead up to the nomination, in primaries, of members of both houses of Congress and of Presidential electors, consist mainly of personal appeals by rival candidates for the suffrages of their constituents. Such meetings are useful in promoting direct contact between the people and their would-be servants; but their tendency is to be purely and often pettily personal in their scope. Unfailingly human and often refreshingly humorous,

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they are apt to contain little of stimulus to a broad and truly national patriotism. A witty candidate for governor or Congress may be excruciatingly funny in unmasking the agricultural pretensions, for instance, of a rival; a speaker may announce himself as a "candidate for matrimony as well as for Congress," and make appeal for the good wishes of all the likely young women present who desire to make a wedding trip to Washington with said candidate: but such campaignings are local and personal, and of the least possible educational value. One hears some crude and unenlightening talk about trusts, perhaps, but most of the harangues dwell chiefly upon the impeccableness of the candidate's public record, and upon that record's totally unheroic and uninspiring quality of party "regularity."

In the far northeastern States of the Union, where there is great party preponderance, there is still much interparty campaign debate. But in many of the Southern States the unfortunate legacy of slavery and reconstruction days is the overshadowing negro question. The consequence is the reduction of political contests to factional fights, or personal contests within the lines of the preponderating party. This not only interferes with instructive political discussion: it prevents individuals from dividing into antagonistic political parties according to their honest convictions. It brings about a political solidity which, as to opinion, is solid only in one particular—the dread of some evil recurring or arising from the colored element in the population.

We see the dangers of party preponderance in a great neighboring city and State, where it is seldom that reform movements are radically successful, because the interests of local manufactures are supposed to be so bound up with the protective features of the tariff that there is a dread in the community of any political action which might endanger the supremacy of the party in power. An honest and intelligent Philadelphian, belonging to the dominant party, said not long ago, "What we need in this State is an effective opposition party."

Our readers in different parts of the country will have recalled to their minds instances of the evils which often accompany in our American communities the unthreatened domination of a single party. It is unfortunate for the country at large when a party in opposition announces such principles and candidates as to make it a hopeless minority in national elections. Every administration needs an intelligent and honest criticism of and check upon its activities from a party out of power, whose possible accession to power would not, in the minds of thoughtful citizens, be a public menace.

We have referred especially to the lack of the natural interplay of party opinion and action throughout a large part of the South. It is a deplorable condition of affairs, the cure and conclusion of which should be helped on by wise men both below and above "the line." Schemes of education, especially industrial education, for the poor white as well as for the poor black, are doing much toward a solution; and not a little part of this education is the education as to Southern conditions obtained by visitors from the North, traveling on business or pleasure or in search of information or health.

White immigration, partly from the Northwest, will in course of time help to a solution in some of the Southern States. As to the race question in general, as remarked recently by a Northern college professor traveling in the South, it is a hopeful sign in the direction of a final correct solution that whereas before the war and during the dreadful reconstruction period there was, in the revolt against slavery, much talk of "human rights," and little appreciation of the fact that there was a race problem at all, there is now a deep sense, North and South, of the existence, and tremendous importance, of a problem of race. It is a problem which must be studied dispassionately, scientifically, sympathetically, honestly, and fearlessly.

## THE UNIMAGINATIVE VIEW OF FICTION

THE recent arrest of an estimable woman of Louisville for assault upon a visitor engaged in a too assiduous search for the "original" of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been widely discussed in the press, sometimes by writers in a too assiduous search for a moral. Certain editors, whose daily business includes the unwarranted invasion of private life, have

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wept crocodile's tears over the sincerely regrettable annoyance of a humble working-woman by the curious; while the cynics do not hesitate at the vulgar assumption that the incident has been promoted by the advertising spirit. The relative rights of authors and their "subjects" have been solemnly weighed and pronounced upon as though this were the first instance in which hero-worship had degenerated into sentimental curiosity or vandalism—as though no initials had ever been carved upon the Pyramids or scribbled on the dome of St. Peter's. If we are to hold an author responsible for the silly or thoughtless doings of readers intent on the identification of his characters, where shall we begin or end? Even assuming that the character were nothing more than a literal transcription from real life (which would be preposterous, since, interesting as life is, it rarely arranges itself for the convenience of novelists), nobody has ventured to say that anything in "Mrs. Wiggs" is degrading to the protagonist. The simple art and wholesome humor of Mrs. Rice's unpretentious books have added not only to the gaiety of the nation, but to its good cheer—so notably, indeed, as to produce a wide-spread and complimentary interest in her chief character, mistakenly manifested in the annoyances to which the supposed "original" has been subjected.

In all that has been said we have not seen any comment on what seems to us the chief significance of the incident, namely, that it accentuates an unimaginative view of fiction which is widely held, and which is an obstacle to a proper estimate of the function and object of that class of writing.

The fundamental error in this view is the estimate of a story or novel of locality or period by its truthfulness to fact. Many look upon fiction as a kind of history, and its inventions as a sort of false witness. To such, a rain-barrel in the narrative argues a rain-barrel in real life. (On the other hand, the newspaper reporter likewise confounds the two when he calls his stickfuls of police news a "story.") Naturally each community knows more of its life and history than the novelist has space or purpose to use, and, missing something from the narrative, considers it at fault. Mr. Cable writes delightfully of old Creole days, and is compared, to his discredit, with Gayarré's "History of Louisiana." Bret Harte wrote immortally of the gold-hunters, and we were referred for a corrective to Mr. Hubert Bancroft's chronicles of California. "Very charming stories, of course, those of Harte's," the writer was once told, "but glaringly untrue to California life." Again—and we might multiply instances—one complains that Hawthorne's soul-searching romances—whose scene is the world and whose period is of all time—fall far short of the whole truth about—not penitence, but Puritanism!

But softly! may it not be that the novelist's business is not with the whole truth? Is not this a case when a part is greater than the whole? All things are better for being well done, but in the perspective of literary values is it to be regarded as much of a literary vice that the local color is not correct, or as much of a literary virtue that it is? The most that one should expect is that it should seem to be so—not for the sake of the local color itself, but that incongruities may not distract from the important and enduring qualities. Like proof-reading, we should take no note of it but by its loss. It counts, but, in the artistic view, it counts but slightly.

See how plain is the demonstration of this thesis. Take "Les Misérables": the verdict of three generations of readers moved to tears and admiration proclaims it a great epic of human nature, when all of a sudden some dry-as-dust discovers the local color and chronology to be in error! Must the verdict be reversed? Is our enjoyment thus to be vitiated? Have we "palpitated with the wrong emotion"? Must there be a sea-coast to Bohemia to justify the poetry and comedy of "The Winter's Tale"? If so, then let novels be written only for the communities with which they deal, and those the author's contemporaries—people who know all the related facts; let no one aim at the universality of human nature. Lowell thought humor the antiseptic of all literature. Why not say it is imagination—and that the nearer a novel approaches to history the farther it is from its true function? Not that the realities of life should be disregarded. A negro must, of course, be represented as speaking like a negro and not like a German, for all the world knows the difference. But, in such matters, where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.

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The method of the historian is, first, to take all the known facts into consideration, and, secondly, to present the most important of them in proper perspective and significance, so as (in the words of Froude) "to sound across the centuries the eternal note of right and wrong." This also is part of the province of great fiction. But its method, as that of all other arts, is selective. It chooses certain facts for the definite purpose of producing a pleasing result; for to please, on some plane or other, is its inescapable purpose. The author who holds himself above pleasing has no call to write. The highest ambition of the story-teller should be to charm.

The unimaginative view of fiction is fostered by the unimaginative writers of the note-book class,—fictiographers they might be called,—who collect with the industry of a keen eye and with startling accuracy a thousand details of time or place, but add to what already exists nothing of the vivifying light of universality which comes of deep insight and broad sympathy. We have too many who cleverly reflect the prose of life, too few who in the self-revelation of the artist rouse the nature to fine issues. In its last analysis, fiction is a kingdom of the heart, and, like the kingdom of God, cometh not with observation.

## OPEN LETTERS

**The Century's American Artists Series**

SAMUEL ISHAM

SAMUEL ISHAM, whose painting "A Fairy Tale" is reproduced on page 393, is well known as a painter of portraits, figures, and landscape. He was born in New York city in 1855. He was graduated from Yale College in the class of 1875, and had his first instruction in drawing in the Art School under Professor Niemeyer. After graduation he traveled in Europe for three years, passing two winters in Paris and drawing in the mornings in the studio of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse. This work was done with no idea of becoming a painter, but as a matter of general education. Mr. Isham returned to New York in 1878, and took up the study of law, but five years later abandoned it and once more turned to art. In 1883 he went again to Paris, and entered the Académie Julian, and studied four years under Boulanger and Lefebvre. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1888, and has since been represented in both the "old" and the "new" Salons, as well as in many exhibitions in the United States and elsewhere. He is an Associate of the National Academy of Design and a member of the Society of American Artists, of which he has been treasurer for many years. He was a member of the Art Jury of the Pan-American Exposition.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**My A'-the-Year Lass**

MY sweetheart 's awa by the bonnie blue sea;
She 's left naethin' but tumblin' an' tossin' for me,
For thinkin' o' her sets my wits all aglee;
Weel I know she 's the lass o' the place!
I can see her wee tracks on the glintin' wet sand,
I can feel her tight grip on some ither mon's hand,
An' an airm not my ain that 's aboon her waistband,
As she 'tins wi' the saut waves a race.

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Odds! She 'll break a' the hairts o' the girls at the dance,
And she 'll steal their swains' love if she haes ony chance,
An' she 'll coo an' she 'll smile while the bubbly-jocks[1] prance,
An' she 'll hae them a' at her shoon-lace.

But when she comes hame frae the bonnie blue sea,
She 'll be thinkin' o' nae one but hersel an' me,
For my airm will be holdin', an' she winna flee;
Weel she knows she 's the lass for the place!

*Charles McIlvaine.*




Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

PROVING AN ALIBI

LAWYER: Gentlemen of the jury: We have positive proof that this crime was committed in midwinter, when my client was fast asleep.

**To a Dandelion Puff**

YOUNG hoary-head,
Why art thou gray?
What happened overnight?
When yesterday
I went this way,
Thou wast yellow-bright.
What dainty freak of elfin fun
Hath made thee moon, thou mimic sun?

*Elizabeth Hill.*

**Fishing**

SOMEHOW I 'd like to pause a bit, before I get much older,
Ere farther sunk 'neath stocks and bonds is boyhood's precious lore;
And with a swaying fishing-pole athwart my careless shoulder
Go trudging up the dusty road, the blue skies arching o'er:
The road that leads 'twixt meadows lush where bobolinks are singing,
And sentineled by poplars whence the locusts clamor loud;
The road across whose velvet breast the butterflies are winging,
Or hither, thither drifting in a happy, dancing cloud.

Twelve feet of pole all wound with line, which many jaunts has weathered;
A rusted baking-powder can containing earthy bait;
No jointed, patent, split bamboo, and barbs grotesquely feathered,
As mark my pilgrimages now, in day degenerate.

[1] Turkey-gobblers.

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My two side-pockets stuffed with lunch by
mother's hands provided:
Brave buttered squares of home-made
bread, with sugar sprinkled well,
Which met their fate, forsooth, whene'er my
rampant pangs decided,
And through my empty chambers sounded
nature's dinner-bell.

I 'd like again to drop my hook exactly in
that mooring
Presumed to be the "lucky spot" by count-
less canny lads,
And bide the destined harvest from the angle-
worm alluring,
And watch the bobber twinkling 'mid the
isles of lily-pads.
No fish there used to be so small it merited
despising;
No pumpkin-seed or bullhead did I jerk
to land for naught;
No fish too large to swim those depths in
manner tantalizing,
And daily wax in inches by refusing to be
caught.

I sniff the vagrant incense borne from distant
scenes of haying;
I note the little ripples flash beneath the
breeze and sun;
I hear the wise kingfisher laugh, and ken
what he is saying;
The turtles and the dragon-flies, I greet
them every one:
Until, when eastward bush and tree cast
shadows far and slender,
With joyful pride I hoist aloft my scaly,
dangling load,
And midst the crickets' lullabies, and evening
voices tender,
Go trudging back to home and bed, adown
the dusty road.

Then long before my feet have reached the
dear, familiar wicket,—
That portal through whose swinging way
so many times I 've been,—
I glimpse my mother peering out, an anx-
ious, patient picket
Of vague forebodings, sure her boy at last
has "fallen in."
As oft my trips, so oft her fears, despite my
frequent wishing
That she would cease to hold me aught
but self-sufficient, quite;
Yet now I know—ah, well I know!—the
sweetest part of fishing
Was mother's eager, waiting face, to see
me come at night.

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

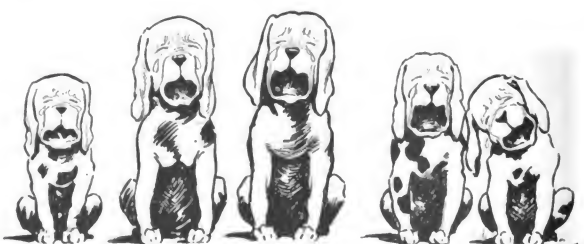
### A Feat of Memory

"THE Widow Blake, they say, is engaged.
No, not what you 'd call *young*.
To whom? Why, to old—what's-his-name?
'T was just upon my tongue!

"Please wait; I *almost* had it then—
If you won't speak to me!
The only thing I 'm *sure* about
Is—it began with G.

"Not Gray,—no, no; nor Green, nor Geer;
Not Gladstone—wait a bit.
Gloucester? No. G— Simmons! Yes!
Old Simmons! That is it!"

*Tudor Jenks.*



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

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# THE AUGUST CENTURY MAGAZINE



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# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII AUGUST, 1904 No. 4

## VISITING IN COUNTRY HOUSES

### A PLEA FOR THE GUEST

BY ELIOT GREGORY ("THE IDLER")

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

"YOU slept well, bishop, I hope," says the hostess.

Bishop Jones, who has passed a sleepless night on a strangely lumpy bed, murmurs a few vague words of politeness. As he is speaking, an expression of horror dawns on the lady's face.

"Good gracious! Did I put you in the blue room? Why, all my silver is hid between the mattresses of that bed while the safe is being mended!"

This veracious tale was told me once upon a time by a venerable prelate, who added, with a sigh: "It was n't a very comfortable bed, that 's true, but I have slept in worse. One sees some queer sides of life visiting about as we are forced to do. I sometimes think I should edit a book for the guidance of hostesses, on the lines of the complete letter-writer. It might do an immense amount of good. If I ever do write it, the first chapter will begin: 'All ladies who really care for the comfort of their guests should sleep at least one night a season in each of their spare rooms.' When I think of the suffering that would be avoided were this simple custom to become general, I am tempted to begin on that volume at once."

When, a few months later, being a bit done up from overwork, I went to pass a week with this divine at his summer home among the mountains, these remarks of his came vividly back to my mind. "He has visited so much," I said to myself, "that his housekeeping is sure to be quite perfect in its way."

At first view it did seem as if the well-ordered house was a paradise of comfort and tranquillity, the very spot in all the world wherein to recuperate one's tired brain and nerves. Alas! a serpent lurked in that Eden, as in most others, in this case disguised as a German governess with a taste for thorough-bass. My quarters were located directly over the school-room, and

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Half-tone plate engraved by Walter M. Aikman

QUIET ENTERTAINMENT IN A PLEASANT OUTLOOK ON THE WATER

my tormentor chose from 6 to 8 A.M. to go through her exercises. Like Thackeray's Miss Wirt, my musical spinster possessed fingers of such muscular power and activity that slumber fled shuddering before them. During two awful mornings I lay and planned a society for the prevention of cruelty to guests, but before the third day dawned I had left, and the hospitable bishop probably does not know to this day the cause of my departure.

These two anecdotes have been jotted down here, not for the frivolous amusement of the reader, but with a lofty purpose. For years the world has heard too much about the grievances of hosts, and has been told too many tales, more or less true, of the selfishness and ingratitude of visitors. It seems about time for some one to say a few words on the other side of the question, and call attention to the growing casualness of the average host, pointing out, before it is too late, what the results are going to be to him if he continues in his heedless course, making victims of his guests and causing unnecessary suffering among a worthy and respectable class.

In most old-fashioned homes the "spare" room is simply the family hospital for its aged and decrepit furniture and bric-à-brac. All the things which are too good to throw away, but which none of the family want, accumulate in the cheerless retreat. The furniture (with the exception of the bed) has quite evidently migrated from the parlor when that apartment was redecorated, and is therefore about as well adapted to one's comfort as the contents of an antiquity-shop would be. On mantel, desk, and dressing-table are the discarded Christmas gifts of half a century, and fancy work in its dotage hangs on every gas-fixture and curtain-hook. Who does not recognize, as an old enemy, the adamantine pincushion peculiar to such rooms, and know at a glance the inevita-



A STONY-FACED MENIAL.



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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"WHO DOES NOT RECOGNIZE, AS AN OLD ENEMY, THE ADAMANTINE PINCUSHION?"

ble (empty) cologne-bottles and the monumental inkstand entombing a defunct fly?

As might be expected, the junk-shop guest-chamber is sure to prove a pitfall to the unwary. Having not long ago to put the finishing touches to a portrait, I went into the country to pass a couple of days with my sitter, a mere acquaintance. At dinner the first evening, wishing to start the conversation pleasantly, I asked:

"Whose portrait is that in my room? Such a charming face!"

After a chilly silence my hostess answered:

"That is my husband's first wife."

The conversation rather languished during the rest of our meal, but I made no further efforts to revive it.

Many annoyances belonging to the old school of entertaining are, however, disap-



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pearing with the growth of large establishments and the wholesale hospitality of the last decade. Alas! it is often but a change of base. There are even days when one regrets those earlier ills, for they were unexpected, whereas an awful certainty overhangs the present. One custom among many modern ones, now in vogue, is trying to a fussy visitor. You are enjoying a quiet talk with your hostess half an hour or so after your arrival, when a stony-faced menial appears, holding out a tray for your keys. These you surrender *la mort dans l'âme*, for experience has taught you that confusion and destruction will surely follow. Murmured words of warning as to boots and bottles are useless; there is a glitter in that footman's eye which means trouble. Being a servant and English, he is doubly your enemy, and intends to make the most of his opportunity, working his own sweet will among your belongings. When, later, a smiling host conducts you up-stairs and, looking about the room, says, "I hope Charles has made you comfortable," you murmur a hypocritical "Oh, yes," with a sinking heart, for traces of the destroyer's hand are visible all over the place. As a result of his ministrations, your dinner toilet that first evening degenerates into a wild game of hide-and-seek. With malice prepense he has laid out clothes you do not need, and hidden away in improbable drawers and cupboards those you must have quickly. He has put the wrong studs in your shirt, mislaid your favorite collar-button, secreted socks and ties, and walked off down-stairs beyond the reach of bells with your only pair of pumps.



"FOR A TIP"

Bad as all this is, and trying to the sweetest temper, it is only the smaller half of one's misfortune. When you leave, the above process is reversed with ever-increasing havoc, for now the destroyer knows that you will be far away before his crimes come to light. So all the "things" he does not forget entirely are bundled gaily in together; he rolls your muddy shooting-boots in fresh dress-shirts; folds tooth-paste in your handkerchiefs, and puts shaving-cream in with your silk ties—in short, accomplishes all the destruction possible before he comes smiling ironically to the door for a tip.

The hardest trials, however, that a visitor has to encounter in the course of his wanderings, and those which most severely try his endurance and good humor, come not from material, but from moral causes. Grandly first among the latter stalks what the French call the *tour du propriétaire*.

All—or almost all—hosts are addicted to this trying habit in one form or another. The majority—praise be given to the saints!—confine themselves to a harmless little barnumism that does not last beyond the first hour or two of one's visit.

But there are hosts who hold a victim-guest resolutely on this particular rack from the moment he enters the "trap"—suggestive word—that has met him at the station until (a hundred hours later) he waves his executioner an exhausted farewell from the train window. To such a host a visitor is not a human being endowed with tastes and opinions of his own and needing hours for rest and recuperation, but simply a mechanical contrivance wound up to give forth automatic admiration of his host's belongings for sixteen hours each day.

A really good specimen of the showman type of host is without pity or compassion; he knows neither time nor season, respects neither youth nor age. He will lie in wait for an unwary visitor as he descends to breakfast and carry him off for a tour of the stables before he is given a bite or sup; will point out each horse, mention his price, and sketch his pedigree. As soon as coffee and rolls have been swallowed, all the guests are marched off, willy-nilly, to inspect the graperies, where he keeps them till they are in a fine perspiration, and then

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Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"AND CARRY HIM OFF FOR A TOUR OF THE STABLES"

hurries them to the model dairy, where a chill awaits them. After luncheon, with their digestion incomplete, they are driven in ill-assorted fours or sixes to see the land which their host is thinking of buying, and on the way are told the whole story of his quarrel with Smith, his next-door neighbor, and the iniquities of Farmer Jones across the way. To cheer the five-o'clock cup, he will read them all Smith's letters and his own replies. Nothing short of bed-time will save you from the clutches of such an Ancient Mariner. Going to your room "for a nap before dinner" is useless. Before you are in dressing-gown and slippers there will be a rap at the door, and your host will enter, saying, "I thought it would interest you to see these photographs my daughter made of our prize pigs." Or, "Here are those plans I promised to show you for my new chicken-houses." Upon which he unrolls numerous sheets of foolscap across the table, and discourses cheerfully till dinner-time.

Old gentlemen of this stamp, bores as they are, and often cruelly indifferent to the well-being of their guests, exhibit a sort of fierce logic in their acts and words. Having toiled for years, accumulating wealth enough to erect fine châteaux and lay out model stock-farms, it is only natural that they should enjoy exhibiting their costly belongings to the less fortunate. It is perhaps rather too much like counting one's bonds for the entertainment of a visitor, but it is natural, and one finds it in one's heart to forgive such egotism.

The people whom it is much harder to pardon are those who force unwilling and incredulous guests to perform a "proprietary tour" through the family circle. One household of really intelligent people whom I have in mind might stand for a type of this class. No sooner are you well inside of their front door than the inmates begin their little game. Each member of the family will corner you in turn and enlarge on the cleverness of all the others. Sister Jane will confide to you that "brother Tom" is a genius of the first order. "He perfected the art of balloon direction at the age of five, you know, —long before Santos-Dumont was even heard of,—and was prevented from taking out patents only by his tender age." Half an hour later this phenomenal youth carries you off to another corner and assures you that "sister Jane's" collection of eighteenth-century nail-files is the most complete in existence, the envy of amateurs all over Europe. He also mentions in passing that "Aunt Eliza's" sonnets are considered finer than Petrarch's (by those who can appreciate them). Even the grandparents of this complacent family are members of the Mutual Praise League, and will descant to the unwary on the merits and talents of their descendants even unto the third and fourth generation. In such a house the hearthstone is a private altar before which visitors are expected—nay, compelled—to swing incense and join in continual hymns of praise.

Allied to this group is the host in his



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anecdotage, who asks people to stop with him simply because he cannot in any other way secure an audience for his prosy old tales and reminiscences. Bed and board are offered to you as an equivalent, so to speak, for playing audience. Such an amphitryon will gladly decant his best 1812



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SO ALL THE 'THINGS' . . . ARE BUNDLED GAILY IN TOGETHER"

port or Madeira on the condition that you listen to the history of each bottle—the number of journeys it has made around the Cape, the name of the ship that brought it, and the dates of its recorking. As an anecdote goes with each glass, and each anecdote suggests a story, the sittings are apt to be unduly prolonged.

Many hosts, however, free from all egotism and far too well bred to discourse at length on themselves or their belongings, fall (often from pure good nature) into an error almost as trying, and seem possessed by a sort of nervous fear that the people gathered under their roof-tree will not be sufficiently "entertained." On arriving, you discover with dismay that a program has been prepared for your amusement that would disconcert a traveling sovereign. Every hour of every day and evening is marked out in advance for some form of recreation. No escape is possible for the distracted prisoners. "Male and female inviteth he them," and they are expected to disport themselves in pairs like Noah's animals. No dropping out is allowed, for that would leave some "odd" man or girl unmated. The exercise of a chain-gang is unlicensed freedom compared with your movements while under the benevolent lash of such an overseer.

As an offset to the too attentive host, it is only fair to mention the "invisible hostess." The lady who ignores her guests is a purely modern type, a product of our triple-expansion existence, to be found mostly at Newport or other large watering-places. An invitation to stay at her house means absolutely nothing, and carries with it little obligation of any kind for either guest or hostess. The former is expected to bring his own servant, provide himself with a "trap," and, above all, to hustle for his own invitations and amusements. No one welcomes the newcomer on his arrival, for the family are all dining out or closeted in some far-away drawing-room playing "bridge," and not to be disturbed. They and every one else in the building have engagements two weeks ahead for every waking hour of the twenty-four. A visitor may consider himself lucky if from time to time he catches a glimpse of some member of the household hurrying through the hallway or across the lawn. It would be useless to ask such a hostess who was staying with her. As two or three people arrive and depart by each boat, she is never quite sure who is under her roof for the moment. The other evening a man with whom I was chatting at a small dance suddenly jumped up, saying: "Excuse me a moment. There 's Mrs. B——; I must go and speak to her. I 've been stopping there since Monday, you know, but this is the first time we 've met."

These snap-shots would not be complete without a picture of the literary-sentimental hostess, the kind of lady—generally passé, but not resigned to the fact—who makes rendezvous with her men guests in remote

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE HAPPY HOURS PASSED AT CERTAIN FRIENDLY HEARTHSTONES"

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"MOST OF OUR TRUEST FRIENDSHIPS DATE FROM THE OCCASION OFFERED BY A VISIT"

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parts of the grounds, to read them verses of her own composition, and consult them on the complicated love-crises through which she is (supposed to be) passing. Such a one can add even playfulness to her other attributes. I once visited in a house where a note from the hostess appeared each morning on the tray with my matutinal coffee. (If I remember aright, Mme. de Staël or Mme. Récamier had this habit.) My lady being, like *Hamlet*, fat and scant of breath, it was a bit of a shock, on opening one tiny, scented envelop, to read, "Meet me in the library at ten, and we 'll go for a scamper." Would it be possible, I ask, for any man to live one whole day up to the key of that note?

If these varieties of "hospitality" are to increase and spread, one may well tremble for the future. All about us great country houses are being erected and vast estates laid out. But where, one asks one's self in dismay, where will the guests come from? We read that toward the end of the Roman decadence the Roman nobles found it harder and harder each year to procure the gladiators and martyrs necessary to add zest to their sports and pastimes. It begins to look as if history might repeat itself, and just such a state of affairs occur here.

Visitors cannot be treated *en masse*, as a colonel manœuvers his men, but must be made to feel they have been asked for more personal reasons than simply to fill out a round number of men and women.

The annoyances resulting from lack of comfort have been laughingly pointed out above. It is not enough, however, to provide people with board and lodging, no matter how superior the quality may be; a hostess must do far more than this: she must give something of herself, some minutes of her time, to the friends she has gathered under her roof.

When a man is asked to stop with you, he should be given the impression (if he is to carry away a pleasant souvenir of his visit) that he was bidden at that particular date to meet a certain group of people for some nice and flattering reason, that his presence has in some way added to the general pleasure and, above all, has been a personal gratification to his host. It is this and the hope of being with congenial associates that tempts one to visit; not the material benefits, much as their absence may annoy.

A really good hostess (which, after all, is only another name for a woman of the world) will contrive, during the days she has friends staying with her, to have some quiet little talks with each, which she will make quite personal and intimate, appear-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"BEFORE YOU ARE IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS"

ing for the moment as though the rest of the world did not exist for her.

If only the people who ask us to their homes would realize that this is the most subtle compliment which can be paid a visitor, there would be fewer amphitryons wondering why their entertainments have so little "go" and why their guests seem so pleased when Monday morning arrives.

A tranquil manner, an avoidance of the showman spirit, a real, not an assumed,



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pleasure in gathering their friends about them, are the essentials without which no mortal, though he be the owner of the most splendid establishment and have the wit of the de Mortemarts, can achieve real success as an entertainer.

When these stately châteaux are no longer cheered by the sound of laughter and the clinking of dinner-plates, when the heedless billionaires find themselves living in awful and solitary splendor, they may remember with regret these humble words of warning.

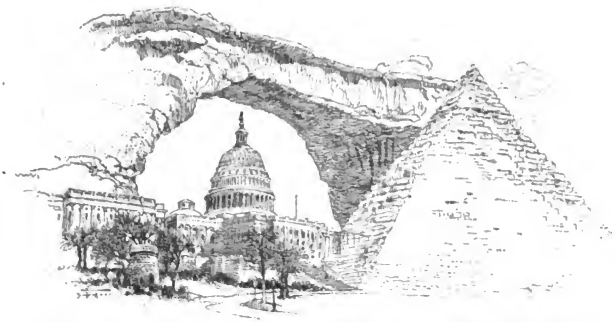
Yet, when one comes to think of it, there are many friendly firesides, where the wanderer is treated with gentleness and consideration; these certainly will be saved by their virtues from the general desolation. Personally I can count up at least a dozen, and, to tell the truth, conscience is rather pricking me as I glance back over these lines and think of the happy hours passed at certain friendly hearthstones. Perhaps it is the memory of the tactful hospitality of these very homes that makes one critical of the others, where the hospitality is so mechanical and the welcome so casual.

After all is said and done, visiting friends must always be the most delicate of pleasures. Of all forms of social enjoyment, a well-chosen house-party is perhaps the most complete and satisfactory. It is only during such short vacations (and on board ship) that the galling harness of every-day routine drops completely from one's weary shoulders; it is there only that we escape entirely from the myriad little cares and worries that lie in wait for us outside. On looking back, many of us will be surprised to find how most of our truest friendships date from the occasion offered by a visit. One may go on meeting people for a decade at formal entertainments, and at the end of that time know less of their real selves than is revealed by one short "week-end" passed together under a congenial roof—especially if it be a home where the welcome is sincere and the liberty is complete, and where the host and hostess have taken the trouble to sleep from time to time in their guest-chambers.



REMEMBER—WITH REGRET—THESE HUMBLE WORDS OF WARNING!!!—

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THE AUGUSTA NATURAL BRIDGE (SEE PAGE 507), COMPARED WITH THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON AND THE GREAT PYRAMID

# THE COLOSSAL BRIDGES OF UTAH

## A RECENT DISCOVERY OF NATURAL WONDERS

BY W. W. DYAR

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the winter and spring of 1902 Mr. Horace J. Long was engaged, with a party of miners, in prospecting and placer-mining in the uninhabited region along the cañon of the Colorado River in southeastern Utah. During one of his lonely trips of over fifty miles to the nearest post-office at Hite, Utah, Mr. Long fell in with a cattleman named Scorup, who, a few years before, had ranged his cattle toward the borders of Colorado, over the barren and broken country in the angle between the San Juan River and the Colorado.

In the course of conversation, Scorup spoke of certain very wonderful "arches" which he had seen near the head of White Cañon in San Juan County. Long had often heard the term "arches" applied in that region to overhanging cañon-walls in places where they had been undermined by erosion, and masses of rock had fallen out, leaving sheltered shelves or recesses on which cliff-dwellers' ruins are often found. He therefore naturally supposed at first that these were the sort of arches that Scorup referred to, and took but little interest in the matter. But as Scorup continually recurred to the subject, and described the objects more particularly, it gradually became clear that his arches were natural bridges, spanning a wide and deep cañon from side to side.

Mr. Long's curiosity was aroused, and he soon became convinced that these arches or bridges greatly exceeded in size and grandeur any similar natural curiosities then known to exist in any part of the world. From Scorup's statements it seemed probable that they had never been seen by any of the white race, save perhaps a half-dozen cattlemen and cow-boys and possibly an occasional fugitive from justice. So far as Scorup knew, they were first discovered by Emery Knowles, in 1895. Scorup himself saw them in the fall of the same year, in company with two cow-boys, Tom Hall and Jim Jones. Lack of water made the region about the head of White



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Cañon almost inaccessible by ordinary means, except in the early spring, when the melting of the light snowfall afforded a temporary supply.

Scorup greatly desired to revisit this remarkable region, and wished especially to obtain photographs of the bridges. He believed himself to be the only person then living in Utah who knew their exact location. He offered to conduct Mr. Long thither, but annexed to his offer the condition that one of the arches should be named the "Caroline" in honor of his mother.

On March 13, 1903, Scorup and Long set out from Dandy Crossing, on the Colorado River. They had two saddle-horses, and two pack-animals carrying provisions and supplies for a week's journey. They traveled in an easterly direction, following a scarcely discernible trail over barren wastes of rocks and sand. They camped the first night at Fifteen Mile Crossing, which is about three miles beyond Copper Point. Fifteen Mile is a small wash or gulch opening into White Cañon, and, like all the smaller watercourses in that region, is entirely dry most of the year. They took their horses down into White Cañon for water, cooked their supper by a fire of desert scrub, and slept in their blankets on the bare sandstone bed-rock. The next forenoon, at a place called Soldiers' Crossing, they came upon the graves of two soldiers of the regular army, killed in some nameless skirmish with the Ute Indians. A rough inscription on a slab of sandstone recorded their names, —Worthington and Higginson,—and the fact that their bodies were buried by F. M. Chandler, March 30, 1885.

At noon of this day the travelers camped at a place called Fry Cabin. The cabin had entirely disappeared, but a fine spring welling from the foot of an overhanging ledge of rocks marked the spot where a lonely ranchman had had for a time his ephemeral dwelling in the desert. Between Fifteen Mile and Soldiers' Crossing the country was almost entirely barren of vegetation. For long stretches the flat bed-rock of the plateau had been swept clean of sand by the fierce desert winds, so that there was no footing for even the hardy sage-brush. In all this distance not an animal or a bird was seen. Beyond Fry Cabin, however, desert scrub and small pines were again encountered, the surface of the country became rougher and more broken with outcropping ledges and buttes, and by mid-afternoon the travelers descried the Elk Mountains, with dark masses of pines upon their slopes. Toward evening they passed through an opening in a rocky ridge stretching like a wall across the country, and descended the tortuous course of a small wash leading into the chasm of White Cañon. That night they camped on a cliff-dwellers' ledge, which, contrary to the usual habit of that wary people, was only about thirty feet above the bottom of the cañon and easily accessible. The foundations of the ancient dwellings were still easily traceable, and near them was a large, flat stone for grinding grain. The most perfectly preserved structures were large, round underground receptacles like cisterns, which probably served as granaries. The interior walls were covered with a hard, perfectly preserved cement, and there were large, flat stones cut to fit the circular openings. These stones, when in place, formed part of the floor of the dwelling.

On the morning of March 15, Long and Scorup were early in the saddle. They were in the immediate vicinity of the bridges, and Long has confessed to a rising excitement as they turned their horses' heads up the cañon. Scorup himself showed signs of nervousness, as if apprehensive that his memory had magnified the size and grandeur of what he had seen nearly eight years before, and had thus prepared a disappointment for them both. The cañon varied from perhaps three hundred to five hundred feet in width, and had many curves and abrupt changes of direction. The walls rose to a perpendicular height of about four hundred feet and in many places far overhung their bases. The bottom was very rough and uneven, and at that season a considerable stream of water was flowing in a narrow channel cut in most places to a considerable depth below the average level. Wherever a bed of gravel or finer debris covered the scoured-out bottom of the cañon, bushes and small trees had found a footing, and here and there were clumps of large cottonwoods.

Pushing their horses as rapidly as possible up the cañon, and eagerly making their way around the masses of debris, which in many places had fallen from the cliffs above, the travelers proceeded about a mile when they rounded a short curve in

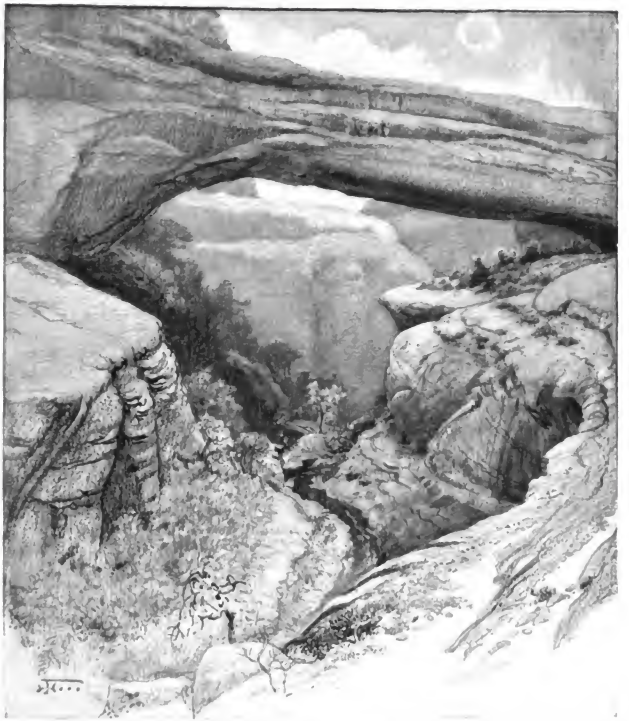
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Color drawing by Harry Fenn, from a photograph

THE AUGUSTA BRIDGE

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Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE CAROLINE BRIDGE

the cañon-wall and had their first view of one of Scorup's arches. Extravagant indeed must have been their expectations to experience any disappointment at sight of the colossal natural bridge before them. Yet, from the scenic point of view, this bridge was the least satisfactory of the three which they visited. Its walls and buttresses are composed of pinkish sandstone, streaked here and there with green and orange-colored moss or lichens. But its outlines are quite irregular; the projecting walls of the cañon interrupt the view, and the tremendous mass of stone above the arch tends to dwarf the height and width of the span. The travelers had with them no scientific instruments for making accurate measurements, but by a series of rough triangulations Long obtained results which are doubtless correct within narrow limits. This bridge, which they named the Caroline, in compliance with Scorup's stipulation, measures two hundred and eight feet six inches from buttress to buttress across the bottom of the cañon. From the surface of the water to the center of the arch above is a sheer height of one hundred and ninety-seven feet, and over



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the arch at its highest point the solid mass of sandstone rises one hundred and twenty-five feet farther to the level floor of the bridge. A traveler crossing the cañon by this titanic masonry would thus pass three hundred and twenty-two feet above the bed of the stream. The floor of the bridge is one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide,

Remounting their horses, Long and Scorup passed under the mighty mass of the Caroline and pushed on up the cañon. At a distance of three and a half miles they found themselves in the presence of what is doubtless the most wonderful natural bridge in the world—a structure so lofty and magnificent, so symmetrical and beau-



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

THE LITTLE BRIDGE

so that an army could march over it in columns of companies, and still leave room at the side for a continuous stream of artillery- and baggage-wagons.

Unfortunately, owing to the winding course of the cañon at this point and the consequent lack of perspective, it was impossible to obtain photographs conveying to the eye any adequate impression of the magnitude of these dimensions. It will help the mind to realize them, however, when it is known that the forked cottonwood-tree standing apparently under the arch, but really well in the foreground, is nine feet in circumference and of a corresponding height, and that the small ant-like objects seen in one of the views to the left of the tree and still farther in the foreground are the saddle-horses of the explorers.

tiful in its proportions, as to suggest that nature, after completing the mighty structure of the Caroline, had trained herself for a finer and nobler form of architecture. Here, across a cañon measuring three hundred and thirty-five feet seven inches from wall to wall, she has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone, sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening three hundred and fifty-seven feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of

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the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the cañon-wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

Here again the curving walls of the cañon and the impossibility of bringing the whole of the great structure into the narrow field of the camera, except from distant points of view, render the photographs unsatisfactory. But the lightness and grace of the arch is brought out by the partial view which Long obtained by climbing far up the cañon-wall and at some risk crawling out on an overhanging shelf. The majestic proportions of this bridge, however, may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are one hundred and eighteen feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the cañon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

Emulating the example of Mr. Scorup, Long named this bridge the "Augusta," in honor of his wife; and it is fortunate that the lady was so appropriately christened.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.

Our explorers were unable to scale the walls of the cañon in the immediate neighborhood of either of these two bridges, and their time was too limited to permit an extended search for a ravine or wash that would lead them to the top of the cliffs. After a day of severe labor in making measurements and taking photographs, they were therefore reluctantly compelled to retrace their steps without the sensation of crossing the cañon by these lofty highways.

They spent the night at the cliff-dwellers' ruins, and on the following morning rode down the cañon in search of the third bridge which Scorup remembered having seen. This they found at a distance of about five miles. Long, in his rough notes of the trip, calls this the "Little Bridge," and we may well retain this designation. Its dimensions, however, are small only as compared with the gigantic proportions of the Caroline and the Augusta; for it has a span of two hundred and eleven feet four inches, and the under side of the arch is one hundred and forty-two feet above the bottom of the cañon. The crown of the arch is eighteen feet eight inches thick, and the surface or roadway thirty-three feet five inches wide. The slenderness of this aërial pathway, and the fact that the cañon here opens out into a sloping valley beyond, rendered it possible for the camera to give a proper impression of loftiness. Indeed, judging from the photographs alone, one might suppose this to be the highest of the three bridges, whereas in fact it has but little more than one third the altitude of the wonderful Augusta arch. It was comparatively easy to reach the top of this bridge, and among Long's notes I find the following: "Rode our horses over. I am the first white man who has ever ridden over this bridge."

On the way back to camp they visited another cliff-dwellers' village, situated on a sheltered ledge three hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon. While searching among the ruins, which were extensive and in some places well preserved, Long stumbled over the rim of a vessel just projecting above the sand. By scraping away the debris with his hands, he uncovered a splendid earthenware vase, beautifully molded, of a capacity of about four gallons, and in a perfect state of preservation. This magnificent specimen of ancient pottery he carried back to their camp, where they spent still another night. By means of cords and straps they made a sling for the vase, and the next morning started on their return journey, Long carrying this precious relic on his back like a huge but exceedingly uncomfortable knapsack. They slept that night under the ledge at Fry Cabin. Early in the morning they parted, and during the day Long rode alone clear through to Dandy Crossing, a distance of over forty miles, without a moment's relief from his heavy burden, being unable to take it from his back without assistance.

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEY WERE SHOOTING AT US WITH ONE OF THE SMALL CANNON"

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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

### XXVI



HERE was need for haste. The *Macedonia*, belching the blackest of smoke from her funnel, was charging down upon us from out of the northeast. Neglecting the boats that remained to her, she had altered her course so as to anticipate ours. She was not running straight for us, but ahead of us. Our courses were converging like the sides of an angle, the vertex of which was at the edge of the fog-bank. It was there, or not at all, that the *Macedonia* could hope to catch us. The hope for the *Ghost* lay in that she should pass that point before the *Macedonia* arrived at it.

Wolf Larsen was steering, his eyes glistening and snapping as they dwelt upon and leapt from detail to detail of the chase. Now he studied the sea to windward for signs of the wind slackening or freshening, now the *Macedonia;* and, again, his eyes roved over every sail, and he gave commands to slack a sheet here a trifle, to come in on one there a trifle, till he was drawing out of the *Ghost* the last bit of speed she possessed. All feuds and grudges were forgotten, and I was surprised at the alacrity with which the men who had so long endured his brutality sprang to execute his orders. Strange to say, the unfortunate Johnson came into my mind as we lifted and surged and heeled along, and I was aware of a regret that he was not alive and present; he had so loved the *Ghost* and delighted in her sailing powers.

"Better get your rifles, you fellows," Wolf Larsen called to our hunters; and the five men lined the lee rail, guns in hand, and waited.

The *Macedonia* was now but a mile away, the black smoke pouring from her funnel at a right angle, so madly she raced, pounding through the sea at a seventeen-knot gait—"'sky-hooting through the brine,'" as Wolf Larsen quoted while gazing at her. We were not making more than nine knots, but the fog-bank was very near.

A puff of smoke broke from the *Macedonia's* deck, we heard a heavy report, and a round hole took form in the stretched canvas of our mainsail. They were shooting at us with one of the small cannon which rumor had said they carried on board. Our men, clustering amidships, waved their hats and raised a derisive cheer. Again there was a puff of smoke and a loud report, this time the cannon-ball striking not more than twenty feet astern and glancing twice from sea to sea to windward before it sank.

But there was no rifle-firing, for the reason that all their hunters were out in the boats or our prisoners. When the two vessels were half a mile apart, a third shot made another hole in our mainsail. Then we entered the fog. It was about us, veiling and hiding us in its dense wet gauze.

The sudden transition was startling. The moment before we had been leaping through the sunshine, the clear sky above us, the sea breaking and rolling wide to the horizon, and a ship, vomiting smoke and fire and iron missiles, rushing madly upon us. And at once, as in an instant's leap, the sun was blotted out, there was no sky, even our mastheads were lost to view, and our horizon was such as tear-blinded eyes may see. The gray mist drove by us like a rain. Every woolen filament of our garments, every hair of our heads and faces, was jeweled with a crystal globule. The shrouds were wet with moisture; it dripped from our rigging overhead; and on the under side of our booms, drops of water took shape in long swaying lines,



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which were detached and flung to the deck in mimic showers at each surge of the schooner. I was aware of a pent, stifled feeling. As the sounds of the ship thrusting herself through the waves were hurled back upon us by the fog, so were one's thoughts. The mind recoiled from contemplation of a world beyond this wet veil which wrapped us around. This was the world, the universe itself, its bounds so near that one felt impelled to reach out both arms and push them back. It was impossible that the rest could be beyond these walls of gray. The rest was a dream, no more than the memory of a dream.

It was weird, strangely weird. I looked at Maud Brewster and knew that she was similarly affected. Then I looked at Wolf Larsen, but there was nothing subjective about his state of consciousness. His whole concern was with the immediate, objective present. He still held the wheel, and I felt that he was timing Time, reckoning the passage of the minutes with each forward lunge and leeward roll of the *Ghost*.

"Go for'ard and hard alee without any noise," he said to me in a low voice. "Clew up the topsails first. Set men at all the sheets. Let there be no rattling of blocks, no sound of voices. No noise, understand, no noise."

When all was ready, the word, "Hard alee," was passed forward to me from man to man; and the *Ghost* heeled about on the port tack with virtually no noise at all. And what little there was—the slapping of a few reef-points and the creaking of a sheave in a block or two—was ghostly under the hollow echoing pall in which we were swathed.

We had scarcely filled away, it seemed, when the fog thinned abruptly and we were again in the sunshine, the wide-stretching sea breaking before us to the sky-line. But the ocean was bare. No wrathful *Macedonia* broke its surface or blackened the sky with her smoke.

Wolf Larsen at once squared away and ran down along the rim of the fog-bank. His trick was obvious. He had entered the fog to windward of the steamer, and while the steamer had blindly driven on into the fog in the chance of catching him, he had come about and out of his shelter and was now running down to reënter to leeward. Successful in this, the old simile of the needle in the haystack would be mild indeed compared with his brother's chance of finding him.

He did not run long. Jibing the fore- and mainsails and setting the topsails again, we headed back into the bank. As we entered I could have sworn I saw a vague bulk emerging to windward. I looked quickly at Wolf Larsen. Already we were ourselves buried in the fog, but he nodded his head. He, too, had seen it—the *Macedonia*, guessing his manœuver and failing by a moment in anticipating it. There was no doubt that we had escaped unseen.

"He can't keep this up," Wolf Larsen said. "He 'll have to go back for the rest of his boats. Send a man to the wheel, Mr. Van Weyden, keep this course for the present, and you might as well set the watches, for we won't do any lingering to-night.

"I 'd give five hundred dollars, though," he added, "just to be aboard the *Macedonia* for five minutes, listening to my brother curse.

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden," he said to me when he had been relieved from the wheel, "we must make these newcomers welcome. Serve out plenty of whisky to the hunters and see that a few bottles slip for'ard. I 'll wager every man Jack of them is over the side to-morrow, hunting for Wolf Larsen as contentedly as ever they hunted for Death Larsen."

"But won't they escape as Wainwright did?" I asked.

He laughed shrewdly. "Not as long as our old hunters have anything to say about it. I 'm dividing amongst them a dollar a skin for all the skins shot by our new hunters. At least half of their enthusiasm to-day was due to that. Oh, no, there won't be any escaping if they have anything to say about it. And now you 'd better get for-'ard to your hospital duties. There must be a full ward waiting for you."

Wolf Larsen took the distribution of the whisky off my hands, and the bottles began to make their appearance while I worked over the fresh batch of wounded men in the forecastle. I had seen whisky drunk, such as whisky and soda by the men of the clubs, but never as these men drank it, from pannikins and mugs, and from the bottles—great brimming drinks, each one of which was in itself a debauch. But they did not stop at one or two. They drank and drank, and ever the bottles slipped forward and they drank more.

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Everybody drank: the wounded drank; Oofty-Oofty, who helped me, drank. Only Louis refrained, no more than cautiously wetting his lips with the liquor, though he joined in the revels with an abandon equal to that of most of them. It was a Saturnalia. In loud voices they shouted over the day's fighting, wrangled about details, or waxed affectionate and made friends with the men whom they had fought. Prisoners and captors hiccoughed on one another's shoulders, and swore mighty oaths of respect and esteem. They wept over the miseries of the past, and over the miseries yet to come under the iron rule of Wolf Larsen. And all cursed him and told terrible tales of his brutality.

It was a strange and frightful spectacle—the small, bunk-lined space, the floor and walls leaping and lurching, the dim light, the swaying shadows lengthening and foreshortening monstrously, the thick air heavy with smoke and the smell of bodies and iodoform, and the inflamed faces of the men—half-men, I should call them. I noted Oofty-Oofty, holding the end of a bandage and looking upon the scene, his velvety and luminous eyes glistening in the light like those of a deer; and yet I knew the barbaric devil that lurked in his breast and belied all the softness and tenderness, almost womanly, of his face and form. And I noticed the boyish face of Harrison,—a good face once, but now a demon's,—convulsed with passion as he told the newcomers of the hell-ship they were in and shrieked curses upon the head of Wolf Larsen.

Wolf Larsen it was, always Wolf Larsen, enslaver and tormentor of men, a male Circe and these his swine, suffering brutes that groveled before him and revolted only in drunkenness and in secrecy. And was I, too, one of his swine? I thought. And Maud Brewster? No! I ground my teeth in my anger and determination till the man I was attending winced under my hand and Oofty-Oofty looked at me with curiosity. I felt endowed with a sudden strength. What with my new-found love, I was a giant. I feared nothing. I would work my will through it all, in spite of Wolf Larsen and of my own thirty-five bookish years. All would be well. I would make it well. And so, exalted, upborne by a sense of power, I turned my back on the howling inferno and climbed to the deck, where the fog drifted ghostly through the night, and the air was sweet and pure and quiet.

The steerage, where were two wounded hunters, was a repetition of the forecastle, except that Wolf Larsen was not being cursed; and it was with a great relief that I again emerged on deck and went aft to the cabin. Supper was ready, and Wolf Larsen and Maud were waiting for me.

While all his ship was getting drunk as fast as it could, Larsen remained sober. Not a drop of liquor passed his lips. He did not dare it under the circumstances, for he had only Louis and me to depend upon, and Louis was even now at the wheel. We were sailing on through the fog without a lookout and without lights. That Wolf Larsen had turned the liquor loose among his men surprised me, but he evidently knew their psychology and the best method of cementing in cordiality what had begun in bloodshed.

His victory over Death Larsen seemed to have had a remarkable effect upon him. The previous evening he had reasoned himself into the blues, and I had been waiting momentarily for one of his characteristic outbursts. Yet nothing had occurred, and he was now in splendid trim. Possibly his success in capturing so many hunters and boats had counteracted the customary reaction. At any rate, the blues were gone, and the blue devils had not put in an appearance. So I thought at the time; but, ah me! little I knew him or knew that even then, perhaps, he was meditating an outbreak more terrible than any I had seen.

As I say, he discovered himself in splendid trim when I entered the cabin. He had had no headaches for weeks, his eyes were as clear blue as the sky, his bronze skin was beautiful with perfect health; life swelled through his veins in full and magnificent flood. While waiting for me he had engaged Maud in animated discussion. Temptation was the topic they had hit upon, and from the few words I heard I made out that he was contending that temptation was temptation only when a man was seduced by it and fell.

"For look you," he was saying, "as I see it, a man does things because of desire. He has many desires. He may desire to escape pain, or to enjoy pleasure. But whatever he does, he does because he desires to do it."

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"But suppose he desires to do two opposite things, neither of which will permit him to do the other?" Maud interrupted.

"The very thing I was coming to," he said.

"And between these two desires is just where the soul of the man is manifest," she went on. "If it is a good soul it will desire and do the good action, and the contrary if it is a bad soul. It is the soul that decides."

"Bosh and nonsense!" he exclaimed impatiently. "It is the desire that decides. Here is a man who wants to, say, get drunk. Also, he does n't want to get drunk. What does he do? How does he do it? He is a puppet. He is the creature of his desires, and of the two desires he obeys the stronger one, that is all. His soul has n't anything to do with it. How can he be tempted to get drunk and refuse to get drunk? If the desire to remain sober prevails, it is because it was the stronger desire. Temptation plays no part, unless—" he paused while grasping the new thought which had come into his mind—"unless he is tempted to remain sober.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed. "What do you think of that, Mr. Van Weyden?"

"That both of you are hair-splitting," I said. "The man's soul is his desires. Or, if you will, the sum of his desires is his soul. Therein you are both wrong. You lay the stress upon the desire apart from the soul, Miss Brewster lays the stress on the soul apart from the desire, and in point of fact soul and desire are the same thing.

"However," I continued, "Miss Brewster is right in contending that temptation is temptation whether the man yield or overcome. Fire is fanned by the wind until it leaps up fiercely. So is desire like fire. It is fanned, as by a wind, by sight of the thing desired, or by a new and luring description or comprehension of the thing desired. There lies the temptation. It is the wind that fans the desire until it leaps up to mastery. That 's temptation. It may not fan sufficiently to make the desire overmastering, but in so far as it fans at all, that far is it temptation. And, as you say, it may tempt for good as well as for evil."

I felt proud of myself as we sat down to the table. My words had been decisive. At least, they had put an end to the discussion.

But Wolf Larsen seemed voluble, prone to speech as I had never seen him before. It was as though he were bursting with pent energy which must find an outlet somehow. Almost immediately he launched into a discussion on love. As usual, his was the sheer materialistic side, and Maud's was the idealistic. For myself, beyond a word or so of suggestion or correction now and again, I took no part.

He was brilliant, but so was Maud; and for some time I lost the thread of the conversation through studying her face as she talked. It was a face that rarely displayed color, but to-night it was flushed and vivacious. Her wit was playing keenly, and she was enjoying the tilt as much as Wolf Larsen, and he was enjoying it hugely. For some reason, though I knew not why in the argument, so utterly had I lost it in the contemplation of one stray brown lock of Maud's hair, he quoted from "Iseult at Tintagel," where she says:

> "Blessed am I beyond women even herein,
> That beyond all born women is my sin,
> And perfect my transgression."

As he had read pessimism into Omar, so, now, he read triumph, stinging triumph and exultation, into Swinburne's lines. And he read rightly, and he read well. He had hardly ceased quoting when Louis put his head into the companionway and whispered down:

"Be easy, will ye? The fog 's lifted, an' 't is the port light iv a steamer that 's crossin' our bow this blessed minute."

Wolf Larsen sprang on deck, and so swiftly that by the time we followed him he had pulled the steerage-slide over the drunken clamor and was on his way forward to close the forecastle scuttle. The fog, though it remained, had lifted high, where it obscured the stars and made the night quite black. Directly ahead of us I could see a bright red light and a white light, and I could hear the pulsing of a steamer's engines. Beyond a doubt it was the *Macedonia*.

Wolf Larsen had returned to the poop, and we stood in a silent group, watching the lights rapidly cross our bow.

"Lucky for me he does n't carry a search-light," Wolf Larsen said.

"What if I should cry out loudly?" I queried in a whisper.

"It would be all up," he answered.

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"But have you thought upon what would immediately happen?"

Before I had time to express any desire to know, he had me by the throat with his gorilla-grip, and by a faint quiver of the muscles—a hint, as it were—he suggested to me the twist that would surely have broken my neck. The next moment he had released me, and we were gazing at the *Macedonia's* lights.

"What if I should cry out?" Maud asked.

"I like you too well to hurt you," he said softly—nay, there was a tenderness and a caress in his voice that made me wince. "But don't do it just the same, for I 'd promptly break Mr. Van Weyden's neck."

"Then she has my permission to cry out," I said defiantly.

"I hardly think you 'll care to sacrifice the Dean of American Letters the Second," he sneered.

We spoke no more, though we had become too used to each other for the silence to be awkward; and when the red light and the white had disappeared we returned to the cabin to finish the interrupted supper.

Again they fell to quoting, and Maud gave Dowson's "Impenitentia Ultima." She rendered it beautifully, but I watched not her, but Wolf Larsen. I was fascinated by the fascinated look he bent upon Maud. He was quite out of himself, and I noticed the unconscious movement of his lips as he shaped word for word as fast as she uttered them. He interrupted her when she gave the lines:

"And her eyes should be my light while the sun went out behind me,
And the viols in her voice be the last sound in my ear."

"There are viols in your voice," he said bluntly, and his eyes flashed their golden light.

I could have shouted with joy at her control. She finished the concluding stanza without faltering, and then slowly guided the conversation into less perilous channels. And all the while I sat in a half-daze, the drunken riot of the steerage breaking through the bulkhead, the man I feared and the woman I loved talking on and on. The table was not cleared. The man who had taken Mugridge's place had evidently joined his comrades in the forecastle.

If ever Wolf Larsen attained the summit of living, he attained it then. From time to time I forsook my own thoughts to follow him; and I followed in amaze, mastered for the moment by his remarkable intellect, under the spell of his passion, for he was preaching the passion of revolt. It was inevitable that Milton's Lucifer should be instanced, and the keenness with which Wolf Larsen analyzed and depicted the character was a revelation of his stifled genius. It reminded me of Taine, yet I knew the man had never heard of that brilliant though dangerous thinker.

"He led a lost cause, and he was not afraid of God's thunderbolts," Wolf Larsen was saying. "Hurled into hell, he was unbeaten. A third of God's angels he had led with him, and straightway he incited man to rebel against God and gained for himself and hell the major portion of all the generations of man. Why was he beaten out of heaven? Because he was less brave than God? Less proud? Less aspiring? No! A thousand times no! God was more powerful, as he said, whom thunder hath made greater. But Lucifer was a free spirit. To serve was to suffocate. He preferred suffering in freedom to all the happiness of a comfortable servility. He did not care to serve God. He cared to serve nothing. He was no figurehead. He stood on his own legs. He was an individual."

"The first anarchist," Maud laughed, rising and preparing to withdraw to her state-room.

"Then it is good to be an anarchist," he cried. He, too, had risen, and he stood facing her, where she had paused at the door of her room, as he went on:

"'Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.'"

It was the defiant cry of a mighty spirit. The cabin still rang with his voice, as he stood there, swaying, his bronzed face shining, his head up and dominant, and his eyes, golden and masculine, intensely masculine and insistently soft, flashing upon Maud at the door.

Again that unnamable and unmistakable

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terror was in her eyes, and she said, almost in a whisper, "You are Lucifer."

The door closed, and she was gone. He stood staring after her for a minute, then returned to himself and to me.

"I 'll relieve Louis at the wheel," he said shortly, "and call upon you to relieve at midnight. Better turn in now and get some sleep."

He pulled on a pair of mittens, put on his cap, and ascended the companion-stairs, while I followed his suggestion by going to bed. For some unknown reason, prompted mysteriously, I did not undress, but lay down fully clothed. For a time I listened to the clamor in the steerage and marveled upon the love which had come to me; but my sleep on the *Ghost* had become most healthful and natural, and soon the songs and cries died away, my eyes closed, and my consciousness sank down into the half-death of slumber.

I KNEW not what had aroused me, but I found myself out of my bunk, on my feet, wide awake, my soul vibrating to the warning of danger as it might have thrilled to a trumpet call. I threw open the door. The cabin light was burning low. I saw Maud, straining and struggling and crushed in the embrace of Wolf Larsen's arms. Her face was forcibly upturned. I could see the vain beat and flutter of her as she strove, by pressing her face against his breast, to escape his lips. All this I saw on the very instant of seeing and as I sprang forward.

I struck him with my fist, on the face, as he raised his head, but it was a puny blow. He roared in a ferocious, animal-like way and gave me a shove with his hand. It was only a shove, a flirt of the wrist, yet so tremendous was his strength that I was hurled backward as from a catapult. I struck the door of the state-room that had formerly been Mugridge's, splintering and smashing the panels with the impact of my body. I struggled to my feet, with difficulty dragging myself clear of the wrecked door, unaware of any hurt whatever. I was conscious only of an overmastering rage. I think I, too, cried aloud, as I drew the knife at my hip and sprang forward a second time.

But something had happened. They were reeling apart. I was close upon him, my knife uplifted, but I withheld the blow. I was puzzled by the strangeness of it. Maud was leaning against the wall, one hand out for support; but he was staggering, his left hand pressed against his forehead and covering his eyes, and with the right he was groping about him in a dazed sort of way. It struck against the wall, and his body seemed to express a muscular and physical relief at the contact, as though he had found his bearings, his location in space, as well as something against which to lean.

Then I saw red again. All my wrongs and humiliations flashed upon me with a dazzling brightness, all that I had suffered and others had suffered at his hands, all the enormity of the man's very existence. I sprang upon him, blindly, insanely, and drove the knife into his shoulder. I knew, then, that it was no more than a flesh-wound,—I had felt the steel grate on his shoulder-blade,—and I raised the knife to strike at a more vital part.

But Maud had seen my first blow, and she cried, "Don't! Please don't!"

I dropped my arm for a moment, and for a moment only. Again the knife was raised, and Wolf Larsen would have surely died had she not stepped between. Her arms were around me, her hair was brushing my face. My pulse rushed up in an unwonted manner, yet my rage mounted with it. She looked me bravely in the eyes.

"For my sake," she begged.

"I would kill him for your sake!" I cried, trying to free my arm without hurting her.

"Hush!" she said, and laid her fingers lightly on my lips. I could have kissed them, had I dared, even then in my rage, the touch of them was so sweet, so very sweet. "Please, please," she pleaded, and she disarmed me by the words, as I was to discover they would ever disarm me.

I stepped back, separating from her, and replaced the knife in its sheath. I looked at Wolf Larsen. He still pressed his left hand against his forehead. It covered his eyes. His head was bowed. He seemed to have grown limp. His body was sagging at the hips, his great shoulders were drooping and shrinking forward.

"Van Weyden!" he called hoarsely, and with a note of fright in his voice. "Oh, Van Weyden, where are you?"

I looked at Maud. She did not speak, but nodded her head.

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"Here I am," I answered, stepping to his side. "What is the matter?"

"Help me to a seat," he said, in the same hoarse, frightened voice.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man, Hump," he said, as he left my sustaining grip and sank into a chair.

His head dropped forward on the table and was buried in his hands. From time to time it rocked back and forward as with pain. Once, when he half raised it, I saw the sweat standing in heavy drops on his forehead about the roots of his hair.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man," he repeated again, and yet once again.

"What is the matter?" I asked, resting my hand on his shoulder. "What can I do for you?"

But he shook my hand off with an irritated movement, and for a long time I stood by his side in silence. Maud was looking on, her face awed and frightened. What had happened to him we could not imagine.

"Hump," he said at last, "I must get into my bunk. Lend me a hand. I 'll be all right in a little while. It 's those d—— headaches, I believe. I was afraid of them. I had a feeling—no, I don't know what I 'm talking about. Help me into my bunk."

But when I got him into his bunk he again buried his face in his hands, covering his eyes, and as I turned to go I could hear him murmuring, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

Maud looked at me inquiringly as I emerged. I shook my head, saying:

"Something has happened to him. What, I don't know. He is helpless, and frightened, I imagine, for the first time in his life. It must have happened before he received the knife-thrust, which made only a superficial wound. You must have seen what happened."

She shook her head. "I saw nothing. It is just as mysterious to me. He suddenly released me and staggered away. But what shall we do? What shall I do?"

"Wait until I come back," I answered.

I went on deck. Louis was at the wheel.

"You may go for'ard and turn in," I said, taking it from him.

He was quick to obey, and I found myself alone on the deck of the *Ghost*. As quietly as was possible, I clewed up the topsails, lowered the flying jib and staysail, backed the jib over, and flattened the mainsail. Then I went below to Maud. I placed my finger on my lips for silence, and entered Wolf Larsen's room. He was in the same position in which I had left him, and his head was rocking—almost writhing—from side to side.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He made no reply at first, but on my repeating the question he answered: "No, no; I 'm all right. Leave me alone till morning."

But as I turned to go I noted that his head had resumed its rocking motion. Maud was waiting patiently for me, and I took notice, with a thrill of joy, of the queenly poise of her head and her glorious calm eyes. Calm and sure they were as her spirit itself.

"Will you trust yourself to me for a journey of six hundred miles or so?" I asked.

"You mean—?" she asked, and I knew she had guessed aright.

"Yes, I mean just that," I replied. "Nothing is left for us but the open boat."

"For me, you mean," she said. "You are certainly as safe here as you have been."

"No, there is nothing left for us but the open boat," I iterated stoutly. "Dress as warmly as you can, at once, and make into a bundle whatever you wish to bring with you. And make all haste," I added, as she turned toward her state-room.

The lazaret was directly beneath the cabin, and, opening the trap-door in the floor and carrying a candle with me, I dropped down and began overhauling the ship's stores. I selected mainly from the canned goods, and by the time I was ready willing hands were extended from above to receive what I passed up.

We worked in silence. I helped myself also to blankets, mittens, oilskins, caps, and such things, from the slop-chest. It was no light adventure, this trusting ourselves in a small boat to so raw and stormy a sea, and it was imperative that we should guard ourselves against the cold and wet.

We worked feverishly at carrying our plunder on deck and depositing it amidships, so feverishly that Maud, whose strength was hardly a positive quantity, had to give over, exhausted, and sit on the steps at the break of the poop. This did not serve to recover her, and she lay on her back, on the hard deck, arms stretched out and whole body relaxed. It was a trick

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I remembered of my sister, and I knew she would soon be herself again. I reëntered Wolf Larsen's state-room to get his rifle and shot-gun. I spoke to him, but he made no answer, though his head was still rocking from side to side and he was not asleep.

Next to obtain was a stock of ammunition—an easy matter, though I had to enter the steerage companionway to do it. Here the hunters stored the ammunition-boxes they carried in the boats, and here, but a few feet from their noisy revels, I took possession of two boxes.

Next, to lower a boat. Not so simple a task for one man. Having cast off the lashings, I hoisted first on the forward tackle, then on the aft, till the boat cleared the rail, when I lowered away, one tackle and then the other, for a couple of feet, till it hung snugly, above the water, against the schooner's side. I made certain that it contained the proper equipment of oars, rowlocks, and sail. Water was a consideration, and I robbed every boat aboard of its breaker. As there were nine boats all told, it meant that we should have plenty of water, and ballast as well, though there was the chance that the boat would be overloaded, with the generous supply of other things I was taking.

While Maud was passing me the provisions and I was storing them in the boat, a sailor came on deck from the forecastle. He stood by the weather rail for a time (we were lowering over the lee rail), and then sauntered slowly amidships, where he again paused and stood facing the wind, with his back toward us. I could hear my heart beating as I crouched low in the boat. Maud had sunk down upon the deck and was, I knew, lying motionless, her body in the shadow of the bulwark. But the man never turned, and after stretching his arms above his head and yawning audibly, he retraced his steps to the forecastle scuttle and disappeared.

A few minutes sufficed to finish the loading, and I lowered the boat into the water. As I helped Maud over the rail, and felt her form close to mine, it was all I could do to keep from crying out, "I love you! I love you!" Truly, Humphrey Van Weyden was at last in love, I thought, as her fingers clung to mine while I lowered her to the boat. I held on to the rail with one hand and supported her weight with the other, and I was proud at the moment of the feat. It was a strength I had not possessed a few months before, on the day I said good-by to Charley Furuseth and started for San Francisco on the ill-fated *Martinez*.

As the boat ascended on a sea, her feet touched and I released her hands. I cast off the tackles and leapt after her. I had never rowed in my life, but I put out the oars, and at the expense of much effort got the boat clear of the *Ghost*. Then I experimented with the sail. I had seen the boat-steerers and hunters set their sprit-sails many times, yet this was my first attempt. What took them possibly two minutes took me twenty, but in the end I succeeded in setting and trimming it, and with the steering-oar in my hands hauled on the wind.

"There lies Japan," I remarked, "straight before us."

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, "you are a brave man."

"Nay," I answered; "it is you who are a brave woman."

We turned our heads, swayed by a common impulse to see the last of the *Ghost*. Her low hull lifted and rolled to windward on a sea; her canvas loomed darkly in the night; her lashed wheel creaked as the rudder kicked; then sight and sound of her faded away, and we were alone on the dark sea.

## XXVII

Day broke, gray and chill. The boat was close-hauled on a fresh breeze, and the compass indicated that it was making just the course that would bring it to Japan. Though stoutly mittened, my fingers were cold, and they pained from the grip on the steering-oar. My feet were stinging from the bite of the frost, and I hoped fervently that the sun would shine.

Before me, in the bottom of the boat, lay Maud. She, at least, was warm, for under her and over her were thick blankets. The top one I had drawn over her face to shelter it from the night, so I could see nothing but the vague shape of her, and her light-brown hair, escaped from the covering and jeweled with moisture from the air.

Long I looked at her, dwelling upon that one visible bit of her as only a man would who deemed it the most precious thing in the world. So insistent was my

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gaze that at last she stirred under the blankets, the top fold was thrown back, and she smiled out on me, her eyes yet heavy with sleep.

"Good morning, Mr. Van Weyden," she said. "Have you sighted land yet?"

"No," I answered, "but we are approaching it at a rate of six miles an hour."

She made a *moue* of disappointment.

"But that is equivalent to one hundred and forty-four miles in twenty-four hours," I added reassuringly.

Her face brightened. "And how far have we to go?"

"Siberia lies off there," I said, pointing to the west. "But to the southwest, some six hundred miles, is Japan. If this wind should hold, we 'll make it in five days."

"If it storms? The boat could not live?"

She had a way of looking one in the eyes and demanding the truth, and thus she looked at me as she asked the question.

"It would have to storm very hard," I temporized.

"And if it storms very hard?"

I nodded my head. "But we may be picked up any moment by a sealing-schooner. They are plentifully distributed over this part of the ocean."

"Why, you are chilled through!" she cried. "Look! You are shivering. Don't deny it; you are. And here I have been lying warm as toast."

"I don't see that it would help matters if you, too, sat up and were chilled," I laughed.

"It will, though, when I learn to steer, which I certainly shall."

She sat up and began making her simple toilet. She shook down her hair, and it fell about her in a brown cloud, hiding her face and shoulders. Dear, damp brown hair! I wanted to kiss it, to ripple it through my fingers, to bury my face in it. I gazed entranced, till the boat ran into the wind, and the flapping sail warned me I was not attending to my duties. Idealist and romanticist that I was and always had been in spite of my analytical nature, yet I had failed till now in grasping much of the physical characteristics of love. The love of man and woman, I had always held, was a sublimated something related to spirit, a spiritual bond that linked and drew their souls together. The bonds of the flesh had no part in my cosmos of love. But I was learning the sweet lesson for myself that the soul transmuted itself, expressed itself, through the flesh; that the sight and sense and touch of the loved one's hair were as much breath and voice and essence of the spirit as the light that shone from the eyes and the thoughts that fell from the lips. After all, pure spirit was unknowable, a thing to be sensed and divined only; nor could it express itself in terms of itself. Jehovah was anthropomorphic because he could address himself to the Jews only in terms of their understanding; so he was conceived as in their own image, as a cloud, a pillar of fire, a tangible, physical something which the mind of the Israelites could grasp.

And so I gazed upon Maud's light-brown hair, and loved it, and learned more of love than all the poets and singers had taught me with all their songs and sonnets. She flung it back with a sudden adroit movement, and her face emerged, smiling.

"Why don't women wear their hair down always?" I asked.. "It is so much more beautiful."

"If it did n't tangle so dreadfully," she laughed. "There! I 've lost one of my precious hair-pins!"

I neglected the boat and had the sail spilling the wind again and again, such was my delight in following her every movement as she searched through the blankets for the pin. I was surprised, and joyfully, that she was so much the woman, and the display of each trait and mannerism that was characteristically feminine gave me keener joy. For I had been elevating her too highly in my concepts of her, removing her too far from the plane of the human and too far from me. I had been making of her a creature goddess-like and unapproachable. So I hailed with delight the little traits that proclaimed her only woman after all, such as the toss of the head which flung back the cloud of hair, and the search for the pin. She was woman, my kind, on my plane, and the delightful intimacy of kind, of man and woman, was possible, as well as the reverence and awe in which I knew I should always hold her.

She found the pin with an adorable little cry, and I turned my attention more fully to my steering. I proceeded to experiment, lashing and wedging the steering-oar until the boat held on fairly well by the wind without my assistance. Occasionally it came up too close, or fell off too freely;



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but it always recovered itself and in the main behaved satisfactorily.

"And now we shall have breakfast," I said. "But first you must be more warmly clad."

I got out a heavy shirt, new from the slop-chest and made from blanket goods. I knew the kind, so thick and so close of texture that it could resist the rain and not be soaked through after hours of wetting. When she had slipped this on over her head, I exchanged the boy's cap she wore for a man's cap, large enough to cover her hair, and, when the flap was turned down, to cover completely her neck and ears. The effect was charming. Her face was of the sort that cannot but look well under all circumstances. Nothing could destroy its exquisite oval, its well-nigh classic lines, its delicately stenciled brows, and its large brown eyes, clear-seeing and calm, gloriously calm.

Just then a puff, slightly stronger than usual, struck us. The boat was caught as it obliquely crossed the crest of a wave. It went over suddenly, burying its gunwale level with the sea and shipping a bucketful or so of water. I was opening a can of tongue at the moment, and I sprang to the sheet and cast it off just in time. The sail flapped and fluttered, and the boat paid off. A few minutes of regulating sufficed to put it on its course again, when I returned to the preparation of breakfast.

"It does very well, it seems, though I am not versed in things nautical," she said, nodding her head with grave approval at my steering contrivance.

"But it will serve only when we are sailing by the wind," I explained. "When running more freely, with the wind astern, abeam, or on the quarter, it will be necessary for me to steer."

"I must say I don't understand your technicalities," she said; "but I do your conclusion, and I don't like it. You cannot steer night and day and forever. So I shall expect, after breakfast, to receive my first lesson. And then you shall lie down and sleep. We 'll stand watches just as they do on ships."

"I don't see how I am to teach you," I made protest. "I am just learning for myself. You little thought when you trusted yourself to me that I had had no experience whatever with small boats. This is the first time I have ever been in one."

"Then we 'll learn together, sir. And since you 've had a night's start you shall teach me what you have learned. And now, breakfast. My! this air does give one an appetite!"

"No coffee," I said regretfully, passing her buttered sea-biscuits and a slice of canned tongue. "And there will be no tea, no soups, nothing hot till we have made land somewhere, somehow."

After the simple breakfast, capped with a cup of cold water, Maud took her lesson in steering. In teaching her I learned quite a deal myself, though I was applying the knowledge already acquired by sailing the *Ghost* and by watching the boat-steerers sail the small boats. She was an apt pupil, and soon learned to keep the course, to luff in the puffs, and to cast off the sheet in an emergency.

Having grown tired, apparently, of the task, she relinquished the oar to me. I had folded up the blankets, but she now proceeded to spread them out on the bottom. When all was arranged snugly, she said:

"Now, sir, to bed. And you shall sleep until luncheon.

"Till dinner-time," she corrected, remembering the arrangement on the *Ghost*.

What could I do? She insisted and said, "Please, please"; whereupon I turned the oar over to her and obeyed. I experienced a positive sensuous delight as I crawled into the bed she had made with her hands. The calm and control which were so much a part of her seemed to have been communicated to the blankets, so that I was aware of a soft dreaminess and content, and of an oval face and brown eyes framed in a fisherman's cap and tossing against a background now of gray cloud, now of gray sea, and then I was aware that I had been asleep.

I looked at my watch. It was one o'clock. I had slept seven hours. And she had been steering seven hours! When I took the steering-oar I had first to unbend her cramped fingers. Her modicum of strength had been exhausted, and she was unable even to move from her position. I was compelled to let go the sheet while I helped her to the nest of blankets and chafed her hands and arms.

"I am so tired," she said, with a quick intake of the breath and a sigh, drooping her head wearily.

But she straightened it the next moment. "Now, don't scold, don't you dare scold," she cried, with mock defiance.

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"I hope my face does not appear angry," I answered seriously; "for I assure you I am not in the least angry."

"N-no," she considered. "It looks only reproachful."

"Then it is an honest face, for it looks what I feel. You were not fair to yourself, nor to me. How can I ever trust you again?"

She looked penitent. "I 'll be good," she said, as a naughty child might say it. "I promise—"

"To obey as a sailor would obey his captain?"

"Yes," she answered. "It was stupid of me, I know."

"Then you must promise something else," I ventured.

"Readily."

"That you will not say, 'Please, please,' too often; for when you do you are sure to override my authority."

She laughed with amused appreciation. She, too, had noticed the power of the repeated "please."

"It is a good word—" I began.

"But I must not overwork it," she said.

Then she laughed weakly, and her head drooped again. I left the oar long enough to tuck the blankets about her feet and to pull a single fold across her face. Alas! she was not strong. I looked with misgiving toward the southwest and thought of the six hundred miles of hardship before us—aye, if it were no worse than hardship. On this sea a storm might blow up at any moment and destroy us. And yet I was unafraid. I was without confidence in the future, extremely doubtful, and yet I felt no underlying fear. "It must come right, it must come right," I repeated to myself over and over again.

The wind freshened in the afternoon, raising a stiffer sea and trying the boat and me severely. But the supply of food and the nine breakers of water enabled the boat to stand up to the sea and wind, and I held on as long as I dared. Then I removed the sprit, tightly hauling down the peak of the sail, and we raced along under what sailors call a leg-of-mutton.

Late in the afternoon I sighted a steamer's smoke on the horizon to leeward, and I knew it either for a Russian cruiser, or, more likely, the *Macedonia* still seeking the *Ghost*. The sun had not shone all day, and it had been bitter cold. As night drew on, the clouds darkened and the wind freshened, so that when Maud and I ate supper it was with our mittens on and with me still steering and eating morsels between puffs.

By the time it was dark, wind and sea had become too strong for the boat, and I reluctantly took in the sail and set about making a drag or sea-anchor. I had learned of the device from the talk of the hunters, and it was a simple thing to manufacture. Furling the sail and lashing it securely about the mast, boom, sprit, and two pairs of spare oars, I threw it overboard. A line connected it with the bow, and as it floated low in the water, practically unexposed to the wind, it drifted less rapidly than the boat. In consequence it held the boat bow on to the sea and wind—the safest position in which to escape being swamped when the sea is breaking into whitecaps.

"And now?" Maud asked cheerfully, when the task was accomplished and I pulled on my mittens.

"And now we are no longer traveling toward Japan," I answered. "Our drift is to the southeast, or south-southeast, at the rate of at least two miles an hour."

"That will be only twenty-four miles," she urged, "if the wind remains high all night."

"Yes, and only one hundred and forty miles if it continues for three days and nights."

"But it won't continue," she said, with easy confidence. "It will turn around and blow fair."

"The sea is the great faithless one."

"But the wind!" she retorted. "I have heard you grow eloquent over the brave trade-wind."

"I wish I had thought to bring Wolf Larsen's chronometer and sextant," I said, still gloomily. "Sailing one direction, drifting another direction, to say nothing of the set of the current in some third direction, makes a resultant which dead-reckoning can never calculate. Before long we shall not know where we are by five hundred miles."

Then I begged her pardon and promised I would not be disheartened any more. At her solicitation, I let her take the watch till midnight—it was then nine o'clock; but I wrapped her in blankets and put an oilskin about her before I lay down. I slept only cat-naps. The boat was leaping

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and pounding as it fell over the crests, I could hear the seas rushing past, and spray was continually being thrown aboard. And still, it was not a bad night, I mused—nothing to the nights I had been through on the *Ghost*, nothing, perhaps, to the nights we should go through in this cockle-shell. Its planking was three quarters of an inch thick. Between us and the bottom of the sea was less than an inch of wood.

And yet, I aver it, and I aver it again, I was unafraid. The death which Wolf Larsen and even Thomas Mugridge had made me fear, I no longer feared. The coming of Maud Brewster into my life seemed to have transformed me. After all, I thought, it is better and finer to love than to be loved, if it makes something in life so worth while that one is not loath to die for it. I forgot my own life in the love of another life; and yet, such is the paradox, I never wanted so much to live as right then when I placed the least value upon my own life. I never had so much reason for living, was my concluding thought; and after that, until I dozed, I contented myself with trying to pierce the darkness to where I knew Maud crouched low in the stern-sheets, watchful of the foaming sea and ready to call me on an instant's notice.

(To be continued)

# A NECROLOGICAL ROMANCE

## BY MARY AGNES GRIFFIN

"IT 'S strange," sighed Mrs. Cobb, "that no one don't ever take any interest in tombstuns, or monuments, as they call 'em these days, till the Lord takes some one in a family, and leaves 'em all flustered and weepin', 'thout no notion what 's suited fer a stun, or what oughter go on it. Yes, as you say, some is afeard as how it would look like a-temptin' God to take some one by death ef they did make plans beforehand. But, Louiza, I say to you p'intedly, don't all of us perfessin' Christians get our souls ready fer heaven as well as our weak naters will let us do it? Well, Louiza, ain't it our solemn duty to plan fer our old, worn-out bodies to have a decent grave, and a neat stun over it? You never thought on it that way? Well, I have, and have made my plans fer to do so."

Mrs. Cobb laid some small strips of pink calico on a square of white cotton, and tried the effect of purple tulips on a black ground with it.

"I can't jest say as I like that with this," she admitted to her visitor, "but Lizzie wore the purple and Jen wore the pink when they boarded here, to go to school, and it seems kind of onnatural to separate 'em now in a bed-quilt, don't it to you? No, you 're right, Louiza; they never got along no better together than their clothes did. But," here Mrs. Cobb paused impressively, "I figure it out this way, Louiza. The good Lord permitted them two girls, when they was born, to have dispositions as mean as pusley. Not that I mean, Louiza, to *blame* the Lord, fer all Washington County knows how that Mrs. Sims was always real poorly before her children was born, and had tantrum spells which was very hard to get along with.

"I ain't no fault to find with Mrs. Sims, Louiza, and ain't never said this much before; but from a girl up, she was one that always said that she was well—'exceptin'.' Never could bear to have a real healthy feelin' and admit it. But, Louiza, the Lord did *permit* 'em to be born as they was born, and there ain't no one what can say different. Then, Mrs. Sims bought the poor things clothes which was, to say mildly, untasteful, so I ain't never felt it right to jedge harshly, fer they had hard times, and yet grew up to be nice-spoken girls as there be about here.

"Poor Lizzie she did n't do none too

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well when she married Ben Cooper and moved to Saratogy to live. Some say livin' near them min'rel waters ain't healthy, and she wa'n't never real well after she went there. Ben was a low-sperited kind of man, and Lizzie was awful high-sperited, and the lower he got, the higher she got. She said he was a regular 'shoo pussy' man, with no get-up-and-get to him; and, Louiza, while I don't stand up fer no woman talkin' like that 'bout the man she 's took fer better or worse, there ain't no use sayin' but what he was jest downright shif'less.

"Well, Lizzie got awful sick this winter, and they had two doctors to see her. Ben druv over one mornin' from the Simses', where Lizzie was visitin' when she was took, and told me that Lizzie wanted some of my black-currant jell'. She jest kind of hankered fer it. It 's good fer fever, you know, Louiza." Mrs. Cobb rose hurriedly and opened the oven door, while a delicious aroma of mince-meat floated out into the kitchen.

"'Most fergot them pies," she gasped, reseating herself. "Where was I? Oh, yes. I said: 'Ben, Lizzie don't need to ask twice fer Aunty Cobb's jell'. As long as I have it she 's welcome to it. What ails her, anyhow?' I says. Well, Ben said the doctors had considered on the case a spell, and had made up their minds as she had gall-stuns. 'Mercy me! Ben,' I says, 'ain't that awful!' And Ben cried and said that they told Lizzie she must have an operation. Ben said that Lizzie riz right up in bed, sick as she was, and says: 'Ben Cooper, I ain't goin' to have no operation. Ef I have got to die, I 'm a-goin' to die hull.' Mrs. Cobb wiped her eyes sympathetically. "And she did, Louiza; she died before the month was out, and had her wish. I shall always think, Louiza, that them min'rel waters was what done it.

"Yes, Jen felt it, Lizzie bein' took that way; but she ain't no hand to show her feelin's, and took right hold to have a lot bought. Fer, havin' no forethought, the Simses had n't no lot to lay Lizzie in. Ben was so low-sperited at the time that he 'd no ideas on the subject, so Jen had plenty to do to plan it all out as it oughter be. They got a nice sightly lot, where they laid Lizzie, and then begun to talk about a monument kind of stun fer to put all their names on. When I heard it was a-goin' to cost two hundred dollars, I was 'most par'lyzed. The Simses was all to have their names on it, and Ben's, and I says to myself then that I hoped I 'd live to see John Daby's name on it, too, fer he 'd been constant in his feelin's to Jen fer years, 'thout her seemin' to care a bit fer him, and I wanted to see him get rewarded fer his pains. You see, Louiza, whoever married Jen would get his name on the stun, same as Ben, and I was real worried 'bout that time as to how 't would come out between 'em.

"Jen come in one day and said she was havin' trouble with her folks about her place on the stun. She said she did n't mind havin' her name on it, but she guessed she 'd like to see any one put the date of her birth on it. You did n't know that they fixed 'em that way? Yes, that 's the way they fix family stuns. They put your name on it, and the year you was born, and ef you ain't dead, there is an empty space 'thout nothin' on it, to be filled out with the proper dates when you be dead. Now, I think, Louiza, that it 's very becomin' to have it that way, as it makes you think more on a future life when you see your own name point-blank on a tombstun; but I can't jest say as I blamed Jen feelin' put out about it. Fer, though it 's her own fault that she ain't married long before this, still, folks do talk ef a girl ain't married early. Jen said ef they knew her age was on that stun, the hull county would be up in two jerks of a lamb's tail to see how old she be. Folks is so cur'us 'bout women's ages, you know, Louiza.

"Jen said she told her father that she jest would n't have her age go on, and he asked her ef she was ashamed of it. And then Jen fired up and left the room.

"'Does John Daby know about this?' says I. And then she fired up at me, her nerves bein' kind of upset along of what her father said. 'Ef he does or don't, it don't make no difference to me,' she sputtered. 'I ain't beholden to him fer nothin', am I? Ain't it enough to have to see a bow-legged man pass your house twenty times a day, 'thout mentionin' his name to you between times? I declare,' she says, 'Aunt Cobb, I 'm all tuckered out about that man. He jest pesters me to death doin' nothin' but settin' round lookin' miserable. He ain't got spunk enough to say right out honest what he wants, but he jest seems to think that I 'm a-goin' to find out 'thout his tellin' me. Why, I would n't

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marry a bow-legged man with no gumption—' Then, Louiza, I see that she had gone too fer, and I had to speak.

"'Jane Sims,' I says firm and kind to her, 'don't you dare talk like that about John Daby. The Lord made John in his own image, and bow-legs is jest as respectable as any other kind, or not any at all. It 's only a matter of taste, and about all legs is fer is to get round on, ain't they? So you don't have to mention 'em one way or 'nother. And when all 's said and done, Jen, he ain't bowed so much but what he 's been able to hustle round ever since he wa'n't no size; and now he 's got money in bank and owns the best farm about here. It 's my idea, Jen,' I says, 'that there ain't so awful many straight-legged or bow-legged men round here that 's a-seekin' night and day fer some girl to love,—I can't name 'em, anyway,—and ef you don't want to make the terriblest mistake of your life, you jest let John set round a spell longer, lookin' miserable, and then some night ask him, kind of mild and interested-like, what 's he lookin' so miserable fer. Then, Jen, ef the Lord will forgive you fer bein' so uppity, mebbe you 'll find out. Men,' I says, 'is brave in spots. They ain't afeard of a dark road, and they don't feel no inclination to crawl under a feather bed in a thunderstorm; but from Adam up to John Daby they don't understand females, and consequent is uncertain of their ways.'

"No, I can't say as she enjoyed my words, Louiza, but she did n't say much, only tossed her head, and I did n't take no notice of that, fer when enough 's been said, it 's a good time to stop. So I kissed her, fer I 'm real fond of Jen, Louiza, and give her a loaf of salt-riz bread to take to her mother. As she was a-goin', I told her that I did n't blame her much ef she did n't have her age on that stun."

Mrs. Cobb fitted several blocks together before she resumed her narrative.

"The pink and purple don't look so bad, now I got 'em with the other blocks," she commented. "It 's jest the same with folks, Louiza. The pinks and purples don't get along very well together in the world, but ef you put 'em with a lot of sober browns and blacks and grays, they get sort of toned down, which, as you know, lots of folks need. And ef they get enough tonin' down, they is jest as nice folks as you want to meet.

"It was awful weather, Louiza, when the Sims monument went up. I jest had to set here patient till I was dug out. Such snow you never see in this valley before. Jen come in late one afternoon, with her cheeks as red as pinies. I did n't show no surprise when I see her, because, you see, she had n't been here since that day, and I did n't want to draw no 'tention to the fact. She warmed her hands and took off her wraps, and then I see that she had on her best dress and was sort of fixed up besides.

"'What on earth, Jen,' I says, 'are you a-doin' in the middle of the day, togged out like that?' She fidgeted round some before she spoke, and then, in a meek little voice that in no way belonged to Jen, she says, 'Aunt Cobb, I 'm married.'

"Well, Louiza, you could have laid me flat. 'Did you say married, Jen?' I gasped. Not that I did n't hear her, Louiza, but I was that dumfounded that I could n't think. 'Yes, Aunt Cobb,' Jen spoke jest as soft. 'When,' says I, 'Jane Sims, was you married?' 'This afternoon at North Randall, Aunt Cobb,' says Jen, politely. 'Reverend White married us,' she says. Louiza, I was in that state that I ketched ahold of Jen's arm and says: 'Merciful heavens, Jen, what did you go down there in this storm to be married fer, and who druv you down, and what does it all mean, anyway?' And, would you believe it, Louiza, I was that unsettled by the news that I forgot that she had to be married to some one, and wondered ef she druv alone or took the hired man with her. It was some time before I got calmed down so Jen could tell me about it. I was a lot more upset than she." Here Mrs. Cobb shook with helpless laughter. "Now, Louiza, what do you think was the first words that little hussy said?

"'You know, Aunt Cobb, I should n't never have done it ef you had n't pestered me to do it the last time I was here.'

"I felt easier when she told me that John Daby druv her over—and married her, too; but it was quite a spell before I got back my right-minded senses, so I could listen to how it happened.

"Jen said she found the family was goin' right along with their plans to put her age on the stun, in spite of her feelin's. John come in one night, and caught her a-cryin' about it. Jen would n't talk to him, so

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Mrs. Sims told him about the stun. Then John set round all evenin', Jen said, lookin' miserable as usual, and not offerin' her any comfortin' words about the trouble. But when he come to go he says: 'Is the pesky date on it yet, Jen?' Then Jen told him she did n't know, but as they was goin' to set the stun next mornin' it ought to be on by then. And then Jen said that he dug his toes into the carpet, and seemed to consider a spell, and then declared that he 'd have to be goin', and went away.

"It seemed awful strange that John Daby should happen to be in the graveyard on the coldest day in ten years, specially as it was nine o'clock in the mornin', and him with all his work to do. But Jen said he told her he jest thought of somethin' over that way he wanted to look into, and in passin' he saw the monument was all set and done. So he looked at it, and then took time to walk over and see Jen, 'thout the Simses seein' him. He found her in the woodshed. 'Jen,' he says, 'the stun 's up. I 've been to see it. Now you get your shawl, and let 's go over and look at it together. It 's a whopper, Jen,' he says. Jen said she could have struck him at first fer hurtin' her so, but when she looked at him she saw a somethin' in his face that kind of made her wonder, so she says very quiet, 'Wait till I get my shawl, and I 'll come.'

"Then they went over in the deep snow to the graveyard. Jen said it did seem to her it never looked so bleak before as it did that day. When they got to the Simses' monument, she said she tried to act as ef it did n't make no difference to her if her age was splattered all over it. But a kind of fierceness come over her, she said, at bein' so mortified in her feelin's, and nobody to care ef she felt bad or not, that it seemed as ef she could yank that old stun right up, and pound it into bits, hefty as it was.

"Louiza, I admit freely that Jen was n't respectful to the dead which laid there, to speak that way in a graveyard; but she 's high-sperited, and her nerves was all unstrung with havin' John see the stun. Jest then she see her name and read it, hard as 't was:

JANE M. SIMS

BORN

"And as sure as I 'm livin', Louiza, there wa'n't nothin' else there, Jen said, that could be read. Jen said it was jest as ef some one had gouged the date right out of the stun. She said she was so happy that she thought she could hear birds sing. She looked inquirin' at John, and he said it was jest like that when he saw it, and there wa'n't no one else there when he was. He 'lowed, Jen said, that the cold cracked the stun, and this chunk must have fell off. Jen said, when he told her that, she give him one look and then busted right out cryin'. John jest put his arm round Jen and kissed her.

"'Ef you would be willin', Jen,' he said, 'my name could be skeuged up in there right under yours, where the piece fell off. That is, Jen, ef you feel you 're perfectly willin'.' And Jen said she was afeard it would make the names come awful close together, and what would her father say! Then John said as how he 'd like 'em close together, ef she did n't mind, and her father be dummed! And Jen said her tears froze on John's coat, and the wind blew awful.

"John took the notion right then to be married that afternoon. He said ef they was they could see 'bout the stun being fixed sooner, and 'thout its bein' any one's business. Jen was so shook up by different feelin's, she said, that she did n't seem to have no jedgment left. So they was married 'thout so much as her sayin' nothin' to no one.

"So that 's how it was, Louiza, and I 'm makin' this very quilt fer 'em now. They go into their own house this week, that John built much as two years back."

Mrs. Cobb rose slowly from the big kitchen rocker, and piled her blocks neatly in a box on the table.

"I 'm determined, Louiza, to get the best of this rheumatiz, and I will. But as long 's this cold spell holds on, I ain't goin' to be what you might call easy with it, though I ain't complainin' none. There 's many poor critters worse 'an I be.

"No, Louiza, you don't need to ask me nothin' 'bout that there stun. Who be I to say the Lord did n't let it get cracked off, jest as John said? He could do it, and more too, by the turnin' over of one hand. It don't make no difference, anyway: the good Lord *permitted* them two hearts to find each other in a queerish way, and he always knows what he 's a-doin'."

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# THE NEW CONEY ISLAND

## BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

THE most distant dweller from New York city has heard of Coney Island. He may not be able to name a single theater on Broadway, the Metropolitan Art Museum may be to him without form, and void; but the reputation of Coney Island as a garden of gaiety to which the city itself seems more or less an adjunct is firmly established in the remotest hamlet of the farthest frontier.

"Well, how 's Coney Island this year? How about old Coney?" is the question likely to greet the New Yorker in his rural wanderings. Whereupon the dweller on Manhattan Island may suddenly find himself involved in a humiliating confession that he has not been to Coney Island this year, or for half a dozen years; that to him it is a place almost as removed as though it were an island in the South Pacific, instead of a "Land of Heart's Desire" lying close at his harbor gates. And the city man loses prestige with his questioners just in proportion as his lack of intimacy with the world-famed resort is revealed. No matter what else he claims to have seen, he cannot redeem himself. A man who lives within a ten-cent fare of Coney Island and does not go there is likely to be poor authority on any matter of recreative sport.

Returning to town last summer, I made up my mind to visit "old Coney" once more, if for no other reason than to justify my not having done so sooner. Making a few inquiries, I was surprised to learn that Coney Island was no longer "old Coney" but "new Coney," and that not only the eastern end, where the big hotels are located, but the western end, with its Bowery, its merry-go-rounds, its shooting-galleries and general hurly-burly, had become a place of respectable amusement—so considered by friends upon whose judgment I am wont to rely. They told of new things there, also of new car lines by which the place may be reached from the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. It being a warm, still day, we concluded to take the steamer, and found, on our arrival at Battery Park, that a good many others had come to a like decision.

"Get your hat-guards! Get your hat-guards!" called a boy with a bunch of black strings in his hand, and we insured our head-gear against the treacherous wind. Then came the crush through the gates. A fat man, borne outward by the squeeze, remarked that he did n't know there were so many people in New York. A thin, philosophic person wondered where they got all their money.

It is a rare trip down the bay in sunny summer weather, with just enough breeze to make everybody happy. Children romped up and down the upper decks, and women in fresh, cool summer wear found comfort in camp-chairs or on the bench along the rail. Big steamers, little tugs, handsome yachts, and white-sailed vessels all were of interest on a day like that, with the special attraction of a great ocean liner sweeping grandly out to sea, leaving its long drifting banner of smoke behind.

Then the Island rose up out of the sea —a horizon of towers, domes, spidery elevations, and huge revolving wheels. There was one gigantic see-saw, with cars at the ends. These moved slowly up and down against the sky.

There was an undercurrent of excitement on the boat. A number of passengers were making their first trip, though these were



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inclined to speak in whispers as the wonder of the spectacle, the like of which there is nowhere else on earth, gradually uplifted before them. There came another crush when the boat landed; but presently the passengers were streaming along the pier, little heeding the pail-and-shovel men and the takers of badge tintypes in their haste to reach still greater attractions. The beach was just beyond, with its wide stretch of gray sand, and the blue water that tosses out to the sky-line. Here, on the beach, wading, swimming, leaping, diving, and shouting, was a myriad of human beings of all ages, forgetting the city's heat, forgetting everything but the joy of the riotous water, the battle with the lifting, toppling surf, the wild stimulus of the flying foam.

We expressed considerable surprise at the character of this assembly. In days past most of the bathers at this end of the Island were of a class interesting enough to the collector of types, no doubt, but to be avoided in the recreations of a summer day. So far as we could see, these were well-mannered and even cultivated people. We agreed that it was no longer old Coney, and that something had happened.

The children were especially attractive. Most of them had laid off their shoes and stockings, and had their pretty holiday clothes rolled or pinned up as far as hooks and buttons would permit. Half wild with the joy of the wet romp, they went racing up and down the sand, taunting and defying the sea—fleeing from it with shrieks of happy terror when suddenly, as in a moment of exasperation, it made a fierce rush inland, with wide, encircling arms. Two handsome dogs were dashing about in the surf, and a boy more daring than the rest seized a piece of drift and ran far



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEIR HASTE TO REACH STILL GREATER ATTRACTIONS"



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Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"FROM THE BOAT WE VIEWED THE DIZZY PLUNGE AHEAD"

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out, to toss it beyond the break, so that the dogs must swim and struggle hard to bring it in. The wave caught him, but he did not mind, for all the others regarded

led back between lines of pop-corn, hot-waffle, and tintype men. A little farther inland the walk was flanked by a row of small booths, at the doors of which were



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"A CURIOUS SLIPPERY, WINDING TROUGH, . . . WHERE OLD AND YOUNG SLID, AS ON A CELLAR DOOR"

him with admiration, especially one very fine little lad who stood aloof because his clothes were altogether too newly starched and proper to join in such reckless sport.

We left the sand by a board walk that

large signs stating that celebrated Gipsy countesses and others of the nobility, including one genuine "Princess of the Nile," were just inside, willing to read our palms and review the past and forecast the future

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for what seemed a ridiculously small sum. The signs were so conspicuous that intelligent dogs stopped to consider them.

We also paused. Then the artist looked at his hand, perhaps to decide whether it was worth reading, and we went in. When the princess began by telling him that his palm was almost exactly like that of George Washington, I quietly withdrew, the artist being a modest man.

I shall not mention the names of the other great dead men to whose palms ours were likened before we reached the end of the "Avenue of Fate." It would be of no value to them now, and the matter of verification would be difficult. We pursued the path of prophecy and revelation to where it joined the "Highway of Happiness"—a broad, busy street that ran the full length of the Island.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

LOOPING THE LOOP

Here it is that the cup of gaiety and diversion overflows. The avenue is a mighty succession of merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries, candy-booths, restau-

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rants, scenic railways, and special attractions of every known variety. There are towers to go up in, mines to go down in, and amazing spectacles to be witnessed for a modest fee. We were not surprised at this multitude of entertainments, but at the improved quality of them, and at the general deportment and evident respectability of the pleasure-seeking visitors. We had learned to regard Coney Island as the natural home of those engaged in the trade of petty "graft" and as the resort of their willing victims. By some process the petty grafter seems to have been eliminated, and to have taken his victims and confederates with him. To pay a big price and receive less than nothing in return was the order of old Coney. Now we found that the lemonade was real lemonade in reasonably clean, large glasses, the restaurants were wholesomely kept, while the concert-halls supplied decent, even if not the highest order of, dramatic entertainment, and were patronized by thoroughly respectable men and women.

Remembering that the Bowery used to be the worst section of old Coney, we went over there. But even the Bowery was changed,—laundered, as it were,—and well-dressed, well-mannered women were walking about entirely unprotected, seeing the sights and enjoying the picturesque human panorama of other sight-seers. Of course it was still a whirl of noise and exhibition and refreshment, but the noise was within the limits of law and order, and the exhibition and refreshment were more wholesome. Indeed, kinetoscope shows of a gay but harmless variety seemed to prevail where once painted and bedizened creatures attracted half-besotted audiences with vulgarity and display.

We returned to the main street, with a view to finishing the day in the great new amusement-park which already we had viewed casually from the outside, and where, we were told, art, ingenuity, and respectability had fairly outdone themselves in providing entertainment for old and young. But the "Loop the Loop" was just across the way, and the artist reminded me that it was worth seeing.

"Of course we won't ride," he said; "but it is worth while to see the others."

We entered the inclosure and gazed up at the pair of great steel loops around which cars are carried by the force of their own momentum. A loaded car was at the brink of a long incline. Suddenly it shot down; then for an instant it was in the circle,—ascending, hanging, descending,—and straight away up another incline, passing beyond our view. We declared strenuously against this appalling amusement. Another car went around, and another, and another. We became silent in the sort of fascination that awaits impending disaster.

Finally I felt the thing fermenting in my blood. Nobody seemed to be getting hurt, and I should like to have the record of that trip. I expected the artist to demur when I announced my intention, but he did not. Perhaps he was hypnotized. We buttoned our coats, as if starting on a cold voyage. I had an impulse to leave some word for the folks at home. Then presently we were seated in a car, slowly ascending the preparatory incline.

During this gradual ascent we had plenty of time to think. I found myself wondering if people ever fainted in making that swift revolution; also, if I had heart-disease, and what would be the consequences to one affected in that way. Suddenly I remembered that the princess of the Nile had warned me against any unnecessary risk of life. It seemed a trivial thing at the moment, but I realized now that her words might have been fraught with a special meaning. I stole a look at the artist. He seemed pale and distrait, perhaps remembering a similar warning. These contrivances always ended in some frightful disaster, and doubtless this was the trip for it to occur. The next day our names would be in the head-lines. I reflected that we were probably as great a pair of fools as walked the earth.

The car had reached the level stretch at the top now, and the brink was near. I recalled the starter's injunctions to keep my head up—probably to avoid losing it, as the result of a sudden jerk. Lifting our eyes, we discovered that we were on the verge. Heavens! I had realized that the incline was steep, but that—why, that was a drop! We were in a wheeled car, perched at the brow of a precipice, with a corkscrew revolution at the end. Oh, to be for a single instant on solid ground! To be—

A fierce upward rush of air, a wild grip at a loosening hat, and an instant later the shock! We were on the loop. We were

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

ON THE BEACH

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shooting upward as a billow that breaks against the cliff; we were curling over as the wave curls backward; we were darting down to inevitable annihilation!

I confess that my mind was confused. I knew only that for what seemed an eternal instant we were hanging in mid-air, that my head was far from being up, that my body was swaying in a well-defined centrifugal impulse to close up like an accordion. Then all at once we had dropped, and were shooting outward, dazed, weak, and wondering at our safety. As for our heads, they were still on, but almost in our laps. An unknown man in the back seat announced that he would not do it again for a thousand dollars. The figures did not seem extravagant.

On the way across to the new park we discussed our escape and the possibilities of disaster. Then suddenly we stopped. We were at the entrance, and the gates and the sight beyond filled us with profound amazement.

First came the chariots where the tickets were sold; then a row of entrance-gates, and beyond them an enchanted, story-book land of trellises, columns, domes, minarets, lagoons, and lofty aërial flights. And everywhere was life—a pageant of happy people; and everywhere was color—a wide harmony of orange and white and gold, under the cloudless blue. It was a world removed—shut away from the sordid clatter and turmoil of the streets. We stood still for a period, looking down the deep chromatic vista.

Presently we noticed, inscribed in large letters, "A Trip to the Moon," and agreed that, having "looped the loop," we were altogether equal to any other sort of aërial voyage. So a few moments later we were "skimming the cream from the Milky Way," as the captain of the air-ship had promised that we should do. The great wings lifted and fell, the aërodrome heaved, the earth dropped down from sight, and we felt that we were soaring far above on our lunar journey. Suddenly there was a darkening, followed by complete blackness. Lightning flashed across the sky. Thunder rolled and crashed, and there was fierce rain on the awning overhead.

"We are passing through a storm," shouted the captain; "we are quite safe."

The rain slackened, the thunder died away, the stars came out; then there was a pink glow in the sky. It was a rare illusion that rushed up to meet us—morning on the moon. The moon inhabitants, however, did not prove altogether satisfying; and the fact that they were given to vocal music did not add to their interest, especially when they sang "My Sweetheart 's the Man in the Moon." Along winding passages and out through the mouth of the mighty "moon-calf" we hurried back to daylight and the park.

"Ve tell your name! Ve tell your age! Ve do not know you! Ve nevare saw you!"

The crowds of sight-seers paused. It was a booth of Egyptian fortune-tellers, most of them real sons and daughters of the Orient. We began to regret our investments with the "princess" and her associates. These people of the park were likely to be more official in their forecasts, especially if they could tell one's name and age. Not that we had forgotten these facts, but merely as a guaranty of good faith we should like to obtain them here at the price quoted. It required considerable resolution to push by to where a fur-clad and oily Eskimo was announcing, with the assistance of a young man whose language more nearly resembled the English tongue, that the great submarine boat was about to start for the north pole, and that we were just in time.

So we descended to the depths of a curious craft, and presently were gliding through miles of green water, where strange and beautiful shapes abounded—feathery seaweed and finned or tentacled animal species, including one mermaid. These swept by the little windows of plate glass, and the mystifying illusion was well-nigh perfect. At the pole we found open water, cakes of floating ice, real seals and Eskimos, and an aurora borealis which could not be outdone within the limits of the Greater City.

It was good to get back into daylight again after each of these curious and rather weird voyages into the land of the unreal. After all, it was the open-air spectacle, with its shifting panorama of light and color and happy humanity, that was most gratifying and restful in this clean and beautiful garden of delight. Passing through a row of flower-topped columns, we looked down, on the one hand, to a wide-paved plaza where there were benches and a music-

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stand, and, on the other, to a lake with islands, upon which acrobatic performances and curious native dances and juggling were in progress. Crowds leaned over an ing as they reached the water-level, amid the shouts of the affrighted and delighted passengers. We crossed the park and climbed a flight of stairs to an open-air



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

JAPANESE TEA-GARDEN

ornamented railing to watch these free exhibitions; moved to and fro on the wide promenades, or rested and listened to the music in the esplanade. A silent-footed camel laden with children made his way in and out among the pleasure-seekers. At the farther end of the lake were the chutes, with the boats leaping and plung- refreshment-balcony, where we might sit at luncheon and look down on the people that passed and repassed and disported themselves in this magic garden of a summer day's dream.

The artist called my attention to the fact that the predominating color was orange, and that the architecture of many lands

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had been combined with good results. Then we looked down at the crowds and observed how some of them took their pleasure soberly, while others were fairly reveling in their bliss. One very stout, stylishly dressed man, all alone, seemed to be in a perpetual state of merriment. Everywhere were clean, freshly clad, well-groomed people and gaily decked, bright-faced children. As a whole, it was a crowd as handsome and charming to gaze upon as any to be found at Newport or Long Branch or along the board walk of Atlantic City.

We fell to discussing the old Coney and the new. A man at the next table related a few incidents of bygone days, and told us how once a native of the Orient who owned a trick elephant became mad and, perched on the back of his property, ran amuck through the streets, creating a wild panic among the thimbleriggers and side-walk grafters of that period. The fearsome pair brought up at last in a disreputable concert-hall, which they raided and emptied more successfully in fifteen seconds than the police had succeeded in doing in as many years. Our friend further informed us concerning a lion that had escaped from the menagerie, there in the park, only a few days before, causing a wild stampede for the higher points of interest. He was a most peaceable lion, however, and seemed surprised at the lack of friendship displayed by those who heretofore had been so anxious to view him at close range. He sauntered off, disgusted, and finding a picket-fence, believed himself once more in his cage, and marched up and down before it until his keeper led him back to his friends.

Our new-found friend further informed us of some of the changes that were to take place before another year. This fine resort was to be greatly enlarged, he said, and there was to be another on a similar scale. High-diving elephants were coming from London; also a reproduction of the great durbar of India; a realistic imitation of a city fire would be given, with the engines, the crowds, and the rescues, all in the most lifelike manner, besides an endless variety of other new and amazing attractions "to interest, to instruct, and to entertain." He added that the new order of things was due chiefly to the reforms wrought by a certain Captain Dooley—not the hero of the song, nor yet Mr. Dooley the philosopher, but one Captain Robert Emmet Dooley, whose chief idea of conducting a pleasure-resort is to enforce the law, kindly but firmly, and who has the record of having arrested thirty-eight offenders as a forenoon's recreation.

We got a fund of general information from our incidental friend, and our knowledge lent new interest to the afternoon. Perhaps now and then we might unconsciously glance around for a chance lion or a mad and mounted mullah, but we did not allow these things to mar our happiness.

We ascended to the lofty summit of the chutes, from which the whole Island may be viewed as a map. Then from the boat we viewed the dizzy plunge ahead.

Whir! Whizz! Splash! Ladies screamed, children clung wildly to anybody within reach. One great shocking plunge, a leap in the air, a heaving and a tossing, and the boat glided into the waters of the lake, to be brought to a safe landing. The frightened children pleaded to "go again."

We rode on the Lilliputian train of cars, the engineers of which were bigger than their engines, and went dashing through tunnels and dark places and brightly lighted fairy-lands. We took a voyage on the babbling brook that ran not far from the track, as brooks are likely to do, and finally ascended the stairs that led to the free helter-skelter—a curious slippery, winding trough, made of polished bamboo, where old and young slid, as on a cellar door.

We at first decided that we would not make a spectacle of ourselves. Then we concluded to do so just once. Then, suddenly, childhood returned, and we slid and kept on sliding until we were altogether certain that we had lost the respect of any friend or relative who might happen to be in the crowd of spectators below.

Resting on the benches in the esplanade, we noticed the baby-incubator and wondered how it worked. So we went over to see. The babies proved to be very little ones, and very good and clean, and all were asleep in their small crystal houses which are kept at just the proper temperature to make the occupants grow and keep good and healthy. And the boy babies were tied with blue ribbons and the girl



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babies with pink, and the audience, mothers for the most part, discussed their relative merits and compared them with other babies of their acquaintance, including vivid memories of their own.

Day was closing in when we decided that we would catch the next boat home. But just as we reached the main entrance and turned for a farewell look, a great miracle happened. A long festoon of electric light leaped from one side of the park to the other, and was followed by a second and a third. Then there was a perfect maze of them. Tall towers that had grown dim suddenly broke forth in electric outlines and gay rosettes of color, as the living spark of light traveled hither and thither, until the place was transformed into an enchanted garden, of such a sort as Aladdin never dreamed. At first we exclaimed, then grew silent, watching it. When at last we were outside, we had missed our boat, and decided to return by electric train.

There was a crowd of people waiting when the train backed in; and the fact that in numerous cases the ladies were given seats while the men held to straps was a last evidence that the crowd was not the old Coney crowd, but a crowd that was the result of a new and regenerate order of affairs.

Most of the children occupied laps, and were asleep before the train started. Perhaps they had visions wherein the chutes and the helter-skelter and the merry-go-rounds carried them on trips to the moon and the north pole, where curious performing-beasts leaped through rings of fire into a wonderful electric garden. They did not hear the clatter of the train that swung across Long Island. They did not hear the middle-sized boy who whistled shrilly to the people on the platform at every stop. They had spent a happy, healthful day. Now they were tired, and had found sweet oblivion and dreams.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

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Drawn by Malcolm Fraser from a photograph

RAILING OF THE VILLA ALARIO (NOW VISCONTI DI SALICETO) (SEE PAGE 553)

# LOMBARD VILLAS

## BY EDITH WHARTON

WITH COLOR DRAWINGS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

ON the walls of the muniment-room of the old Borromeo palace in Milan, Michelino, a little-known painter of the fifteenth century, has depicted the sports and diversions of that noble family. Here may be seen ladies in peaked hennins and long, drooping sleeves, with their shock-headed gallants in fur-edged tunics and pointed shoes, engaged in curious games and dances, against the background of Lake Maggiore and the Borromean Islands.

It takes the modern traveler an effort of mental readjustment to recognize in this "clump of peakèd isles"—bare Leonardesque rocks thrusting themselves splinterwise above the lake—the smiling groves and terraces of the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre. For in those days the Borromei had not converted their rocky islands into the hanging gardens which to later travelers became one of the most important sights of the "grand tour"; and one may learn from this curious fresco with what seemingly hopeless problems the Italian garden-art dealt, and how, while audaciously remodeling nature, it contrived to keep in harmony with the surroundings amid which it worked.

The Isola Madre, the largest of the Borromean group, was the first to be built on and planted. The plain Renaissance palace still looks down on a series of walled gardens and a grove of cypress, laurel, and pine; but the greater part of the island has been turned into an English park of no special interest save to the horticulturist, who may study here the immense variety of exotic plants which flourish in the mild climate of the lakes. The Isola Bella, that pyramid of flower-laden terraces rising opposite Stresa, in a lovely bend of the lake, began to take its present shape about 1632, when Count Carlo III built a *casino di delizie* on the rocky pinnacle. His son, Count Vitaliano IV, continued and completed the work. He leveled the pointed rocks, filled their interstices with countless loads of soil from the mainland, and summoned Carlo Fontana and a group of Milanese architects to raise the palace and garden-pavilions above terraces created by Castelli and Crivelli, while the waterworks were intrusted to Mora of Rome, the statuary and other ornamental sculpture to Vismara. The work was completed in 1671, and the island, which had been created a baronial fief, was renamed Isola Isabella, after the count's mother—a name which euphony, and the general admiration the place excited, soon combined to contract to Isola Bella.

The island is built up in ten terraces, narrowing successively toward the top, the lowest resting on great vaulted arcades which project into the lake and are used



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as a winter shelter for the lemon-trees of the upper gardens. Each terrace is inclosed in a marble balustrade, richly ornamented with vases, statues, and obelisks, and planted with a profusion of roses, camellias, jasmine, myrtle, and pomegranate, among which groups of cypresses lift their dark shafts. Against the retaining-walls oranges and lemons are espaliered, and flowers border every path and wreathe every balustrade and stairway. It seems design. This architectural composition faces the southern front of the palace, a large and not very interesting building standing to the north of the gardens; while the southern extremity of the island terminates in a beautiful garden-pavilion, hexagonal in shape, with rusticated coigns and a crowning balustrade beset with statues. Even the narrow reef projecting into the lake below this pavilion has been converted into another series of terraces, with con-



From a photograph

VIEW OF THE VILLA CICOGNA FROM THE TERRACE ABOVE THE HOUSE

probable, from the old descriptions of the Isola Bella, that it was originally planted much as it now appears; in fact, the gardens of the Italian lakes are probably the only old pleasure-grounds of Italy where flowers have always been used in profusion. In the equable lake climate, neither cold in winter, like the Lombard plains, nor parched in summer, like the South, the passion for horticulture seems to have developed early, and the landscape-architect was accustomed to mingle bright colors with his architectural masses, instead of relying on a setting of uniform verdure.

The topmost terrace of the Isola Bella is crowned by a mount against which is built a water theater of excessively baroque necting flights of steps, which carry down to the water's edge the exuberant verdure of the upper gardens.

The palace is more remarkable for what it contains in the way of furniture and decoration than for any architectural value. Its great bulk and heavy outline are quite disproportionate to the airy elegance of the gardens it overlooks, and house and grounds seem in this case to have been designed without any regard to each other. The palace has, however, one feature of peculiar interest to the student of villa-architecture, namely, the beautiful series of rooms in the south basement, opening on the gardens, and decorated with the most exquisite ornamentation of pebble-

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work and sea-shells, mingled with delicately tinted stucco. These low, vaulted rooms, with marble floors, grotto-like walls, and fountains dripping into fluted conchs, are like a poet's notion of some twilight refuge from summer heats, where the languid green air has the coolness of water; even the fantastic consoles, tables, and benches, in which cool-glimmering mosaics are combined with carved wood and stucco painted in faint greens and rose-tints, might have been made of mother-of-pearl, coral, and seaweed for the adornment of some submarine palace. As examples of the decoration of a garden-house in a hot climate, these rooms are unmatched in Italy, and their treatment offers appropriate suggestions to the modern garden-architect in search of effects of coolness.

To show how little the gardens of the Isola Bella have been changed since they were first laid out, it is worth while to quote the description of Bishop Burnet, that delightful artist in orthography and punctuation, who descended into Italy in the year 1685, with his "portmangles" laden upon "mullets."

"From *Lugane*," the bishop's breathless periods begin, "I went to the *Lago Maggiore*, which is a great and noble Lake, it is six and fifty Miles long, and in most places six Miles broad, and a hundred Fathoms deep about the middle of it, it makes a great Bay to the Westward, and there lies here two Islands called the *Borromean* Islands, that are certainly the loveliest spots of ground in the World, there is nothing in all Italy that can be compared to them, they have the full view of the Lake, and the ground rises so sweetly in them that nothing can be imagined like the Terraces here, they belong to two Counts of the *Borromean* family. I was only in one of them, which belongs to the head of the Family, who is Nephew to the famous Cardinal known by the name of St *Carlo* . . . The whole Island is a garden . . . and because the figure of the Island was not made regular by Nature, they have built great Vaults and Portica's along the Rock, which are all made Grotesque, and so they have brought it into a regular form by laying earth over those Vaults. There is first a Garden to the East that rises up from the Lake by five rows of Terrasses, on the three sides of the Garden that are watered by the Lake, the Stairs are noble, the Walls are all covered with Oranges and Citrons, and a more beautiful spot of a Garden cannot be seen: There are two buildings in the two corners of this Garden, the one is only a Mill for fetching up the Water, and the other is a noble Summer-House [the hexagonal pavilion] all Wainscotted, if I may speak so, with Alabaster and Marble of a fine colour inclining to red, from this Garden one goes in a level to all the rest of the Alleys and Parterres, Herb-Gardens and Flower-Gardens, in all which there are Varieties of Fountains and Arbors, but the great Parterre is a surprizing thing, for as it is well furnished with Statues and Fountains, and is of a vast extent, and justly scituated to the Palace, so at the further-end of it there is a great Mount, that face of it that looks to the Parterre is made like a Theatre all full of Fountains and Statues, the height rising up in five several rows . . . and round this Mount, answering to the five rows into which the Theatre is divided, there goes as Many Terrasses of noble Walks, the Walls are all as close covered with Oranges and Citrons as any of our Walls in *England* are with Laurel: the top of the Mount is seventy foot long and forty broad, and here is a vast Cestern into which the Mill plays up the water that must furnish all the Fountains . . . The freshness of the Air, it being both in a Lake and near the Mountains, the fragrant smell, the beautiful Prospect, and the delighting Variety that is here makes it such a habitation for Summer that perhaps the whole World hath nothing like it."

Seventeenth-century travelers were unanimous in praise of the Isola Bella, though, as might have been expected, their praise was chiefly for those elaborations and ingenuities of planning and engineering which give least pleasure in the present day. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century a critical reaction set in. Tourists, enamoured of the new "English garden," and of Rousseau's descriptions of the "bosquet de Julie," could see nothing to admire in the ordered architecture of the Borromean Islands. The sentimental sightseer, sighing for sham Gothic ruins, for glades planted "after Poussin," and for all the labored naturalism of Repton and Capability Brown, shuddered at the frank artifice of the old Italian garden-architecture. The quarrel then begun still goes on,



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and sympathies are divided between the artificial-natural and the frankly conventional. The time has come, however, when it is recognized that both these manners *are* manners, the one as artificial as the other, and each to be judged not by any ethical standard of "sincerity," but on its own esthetic merits. This has enabled modern critics to take a fairer view of such avowedly conventional compositions as the Isola Bella, a garden in comparison with which the grounds of the great Roman villas are as naturalistic as the age of Rousseau could have desired.

Thus impartially judged, the Isola Bella still seems to many too complete a negation of nature; nor can it appear otherwise to those who judge of it only from pictures and photographs, who have not seen it in its environment. For the landscape surrounding the Borromean Islands has precisely that quality of artificiality, of exquisitely skilful arrangement and manipulation, which seems to justify, in the garden-architect, almost any excesses of the fancy. The Roman landscape, grandiose and ample, seems an unaltered part of nature; so do the subtly modeled hills and valleys of central Italy: all these scenes have the deficiencies, the repetitions, the meannesses and profusions, with which nature throws her great masses on the canvas of the world; but the lake scenery appears to have been designed by a lingering and fastidious hand, bent on eliminating every crudeness and harshness, and on blending all natural forms, from the bare mountain-peak to the melting curve of the shore, in one harmony of ever-varying and ever-beautiful lines.

The effect produced is undoubtedly one of artificiality, of a chosen exclusion of certain natural qualities, such as gloom, barrenness, and the frank ugliness into which nature sometimes lapses. There is an almost forced gaiety about the landscape of the lakes, a fixed smile of perennial loveliness. And it is as a complement to this attitude that the Borromean gardens justify themselves. Are they real? No; but neither is the landscape about them. Are they like any other gardens on earth? No; but neither are the mountains and shores about them like earthly shores and mountains. They are Armida's gardens anchored in a lake of dreams, and they should be compared, not with this or that actual piece of planted ground, but with a page of Ariosto or Boiardo.

From the garden-student's point of view, there is nothing in Lombardy as important as the Isola Bella. In these rich Northern provinces, as in the environs of Florence, the old gardens have suffered from the affluence of their owners, and scarcely any have been allowed to retain their original outline. The enthusiasm for the English garden swept over Lombardy like a tidal wave, obliterating terraces and grottoes, substituting winding paths for pleached alleys, and transforming level box-parterres into rolling lawns which turn as brown as doormats under the scorching Lombard sun.

On the lakes, where the garden-architect was often restricted to a narrow ledge of ground between mountains and water, these transformations were less easy, for the new style required a considerable expanse of ground for its development. Along the shores of Como especially, where the ground rises so abruptly from the lake, landscape effects were difficult to produce, nor was it easy to discover a naturalistic substitute for the marble terraces built above the water. Even here, however, the narrow gardens have been as much modified as space permitted, the straight paths have been made to wind, and spotty flower-beds in grass have replaced the ordered box-gardens with their graveled walks and their lemon-trees in earthen vases.

The only old garden on Como which keeps more than a fragment of its original architecture is that of the Villa d'Este at Cernobbio, a mile or two from the town of Como, at the southern end of the lake. The villa, built in 1527 by Cardinal Gallio (who was born a fisher-lad of Cernobbio), has passed through numerous transformations. In 1816 it was bought by Caroline of Brunswick, who gave it the name of Este, and turned it into a great structure of the Empire style. Here for several years the Princess of Wales held the fantastic court of which Bergami, the courier, was High Chamberlain if not Prince Consort; and, whatever disadvantages may have accrued to herself from this establishment, her residence at the Villa d'Este was a benefit to the village, for she built the road connecting Cernobbio with Moltrasio, the first carriage-drive along the lake, and spent large sums on improvements in the neighborhood of her estate.

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Since then the villa has suffered a further change into a large and fashionable hotel; but though Queen Caroline anglicized a part of the grounds, the main lines of the old Renaissance garden still exist.

Behind the Villa d'Este the mountains are sufficiently withdrawn to leave a gentle acclivity, which was once laid out in a series of elaborate gardens. Adjoining the villa is a piece of level ground just above the lake, which evidently formed the "secret garden" with its parterres and fountains. This has been replaced by a lawn and flower-beds, but still keeps its boundary-wall at the back, with a baroque grotto and fountain of pebbles and shell-work. Above this rises a *tapis vert* shaded by cypresses, and leading to the usual Hercules in a temple. The peculiar feature of this ascent is that it is bordered on each side with narrow steps of channeled stone, down which the water rushes under overlapping ferns and roses to the fish-pool below the grotto in the lower garden. Beyond the formal gardens is the bosco, a bit of fine natural woodland climbing the cliff-side, with winding paths which lead to various summer-houses and sylvan temples. The rich leafage of walnut, acacia, and cypress, the glimpses of the blue lake far below, the rush of a mountain torrent through a deep glen spanned by a romantic ivy-clad bridge, make this bosco of the Villa d'Este one of the most enchanting bits of sylvan gardening in Italy. Scarcely less enchanting is the grove of old plane-trees by the water-gate on the lake, where, in a solemn twilight of overroofing branches, woodland gods keep watch above the broad marble steps descending to the water. In the gardens of the Villa d'Este there is much of the Roman spirit — the breadth of design, the unforced inclusion of natural features, and that sensitiveness to the quality of the surrounding landscape which characterizes the great gardens of the Campagna.

Just across the lake, in the deep shade of the wooded cliffs beneath the Pizzo di Torno, lies another villa still more steeped in the Italian garden-magic. This is the Villa Pliniana, built in 1570 by the Count Anguissola of Piacenza, and now the property of the Trotti family of Milan. The place takes its name from an intermittent spring in the court, which is supposed to be the one described by Pliny in one of his letters; and it is further celebrated as being the coolest villa on Como. It lies on a small bay on the east side of the lake, and faces due north, so that, while the villas of Cernobbio are bathed in sunlight, a deep green shade envelops it. The house stands on a narrow ledge, its foundations projecting into the lake, and its back built against the almost vertical wooded cliff which protects it from the southern sun. Down this cliff pours a foaming mountain torrent from the Val di Calore, just beneath the peak of Torno; and this torrent the architect of the Villa Pliniana has captured in its descent to the lake and carried through the central apartment of the villa.

The effect produced is unlike anything else, even in the wonderland of Italian gardens. The two wings of the house, a plain and somewhat melancholy-looking structure, are joined by an open arcaded room, against the back wall of which the torrent pours down, over stone-work tremulous with moss and ferns, gushing out again beneath the balustrade of the loggia, where it makes a great semicircle of glittering whiteness in the dark-green waters of the lake. The old house is saturated with the freshness and drenched with the flying spray of the caged torrent. The bare vaulted rooms reverberate with it, the stone floors are green with its dampness, the air quivers with its cool incessant rush. The contrast of this dusky dripping loggia, on its perpetually shaded bay, with the blazing blue waters of the lake and their sun-steeped western shores, is one of the most wonderful effects in *sensation* that the Italian villa-art has ever devised.

The architect, not satisfied with diverting a part of the torrent to cool his house, has led the rest in a fall down the cliff immediately adjoining the villa, and has designed winding paths through the woods from which one may look down on the bright rush of the waters. On the other side of the house lies a long balustraded terrace, between the lake and the hanging woods, and here, on the only bit of open and level ground near the house, are the old formal gardens, now much neglected, but still full of a melancholy charm.

After the Villa Pliniana, the other gardens of Como seem almost commonplace. All along both shores are villas which, amid many alterations, have preserved

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traces of their old garden-architecture, such as the Bishop of Como's villa, south of Leno, with its baroque saints and prophets perched along the garden-balustrade, and the more famous Villa Carlotta at Cadenabbia, where the fine gateways and the architectural treatment of the terraces bear witness to the former beauty of the grounds. But almost everywhere the old garden-magic has been driven out by a fury of modern horticulture. The pleached alleys have made way for lawns dotted with palms and bananas, the box-parterres have been replaced by star-shaped beds of begonias and cinerarias, and the groves of laurel and myrtle by thickets of pampas-grass and bamboo. This description applies to all the principal gardens between Como and Bellagio. Here and there, indeed, in almost all of them, some undisturbed corner remains,—a flight of steps wreathed in Banksian roses and descending to a shady water-gate; a fern-lined grotto with a stucco Pan or Syrinx; a clipped laurel-walk set with marble benches, or a classic summer-house above the lake,—but these old bits are so scattered and submerged under the new order of gardening that it requires an effort of the imagination to reconstruct from them an image of what the old lake-gardens must have been before every rich proprietor tried to convert his marble terraces into an English park.

Almost to be included among lake-villas is the beautiful Villa Cicogna at Bisuschio. This charming old place lies in the lovely but little-known hill-country between the Lake of Varese and the southern end of Lugano. The house, of which the history appears to be unknown to the present owners, is an early Renaissance building of great beauty, with a touch of Tuscan austerity in its design. The plain front, with deep projecting eaves and widely spaced windows, might stand on some village square above the Arno; and the interior court, with its two-storied arcade, recalls, in purity and lightness of design, the inheritors of Brunelleschi's tradition. So few country houses of the early sixteenth century are to be found in the Milanese that it would be instructive to learn whether the Villa Cicogna is in fact due to a Tuscan hand, or whether this mid-Italian style was at that time also prevalent in Lombardy.

The villa is built against a hillside, and the interior court forms an oblong, inclosed on three sides by the house, and continued, on the fourth, by a beautiful sunken garden, above which runs a balustraded walk on a level with the upper story. On the other side of the house is another garden, consisting of a long terrace bounded by a high retaining-wall, which is tunneled down its whole length to form a shady arcaded walk lined with ferns and dripping with runnels of water. At the back of the house the ground continues to rise, and a *château d'eau* is built against the hillside; while beyond the terrace-garden already described, a gate leads to a hanging woodland, with shady walks from which, at every turn, there are enchanting views across the southern bay of Lake Lugano.

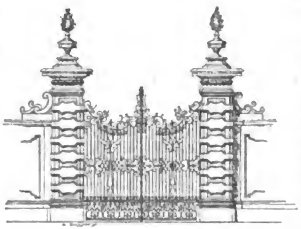
The house itself is as interesting as the garden. The walls of the court are frescoed in charming cinque-cento designs, and the vaulted ceiling of the loggia is painted in delicate trellis-work, somewhat in the manner of the semicircular arcade at the Villa di Papa Giulio. Several of the rooms also preserve their wall-frescos and much of their Renaissance furniture, while a series of smaller apartments on the ground floor are exquisitely decorated with stucco ornament in the light style of the eighteenth century; so that the Villa Cicogna still gives a vivid idea of what an old Italian country house must have been in its original state.

From the hill-villas of the lakes to the country places of the Milanese rice-fields the descent is somewhat abrupt; but the student of garden-architecture may mitigate the transition by carrying on his researches from the southern end of Como through the smiling landscape of the Brianza. Here there are many old villas, in a lovely setting of vineyard and woodland, with distant views of the Alps and of the sunny Lombard plain; but of old gardens few are to be found. There is one of great beauty, belonging to the Villa Crivelli, near the village of Inverigo; but as it is inaccessible to visitors, only tantalizing glimpses may be obtained of its statues and terraces, its cypress-walks and towering "Gigante." Not far from Inverigo is the Rotonda Cagnola, now the property of the Marchese d'Adda, and built in 1813 by the Marchese Luigi Cagnola in imitation of the Propylæa of the Acropolis. The house is beautifully

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placed on a hilltop, with glorious views over the Alps and Apennines, and is curious to the student as an example of the neo-classicism of the Empire; but it has of course no gardens in the old sense of the term.

The flat environs of Milan were once dotted with country houses, but with the growth of the city and the increased facilities of travel these have been for the most part abandoned for villas in the hills or on the lakes, and to form an idea of their former splendor one must turn to the pages of Alberto del Rè's rare volumes. Here one may see in all its detail that elaborate style of gardening which the French landscape-gardeners developed from the "grand manner" acquired by Le Nôtre in his study of the great Roman country-seats. This style, adapted to the flat French landscape, and complicated by the mannerisms and elaborations of the eighteenth century, came back to Italy with the French fashions which Piedmont and Lombardy were so fond of importing. The time had passed when Europe modeled itself on Italy: France was now the glass of fashion, and, in northern Italy especially, French architecture and gardening were eagerly reproduced.



Drawn by Ella Denison

IRON GATES OF THE VILLA ALARIO

In Lombardy the natural conditions were so similar that the French geometrical gardens did not seem out of place; yet even here a difference is felt, both in the architecture and the gardens. Italy, in spite of Palladio and the Palladian tradition, never freed herself from the baroque. Her artistic tendencies were all toward freedom, improvisation, individual expression, while France was fundamentally classical and instinctively temperate. Just as the French cabinet-makers and bronze-chiselers and modelers in stucco produced more delicate and finished, but less personal, work than the Italian craftsmen, so the French architects designed with greater precision and restraint, and less play of personal invention. To establish a rough distinction, it might be said that French art has always been intellectual and Italian art emotional; and this distinction is felt even in the treatment of the pleasure-house and its garden. In Italy the architectural detail remained baroque till the end of the eighteenth century, and the architect permitted himself far greater license in the choice of forms and the combination of materials. The old villas of the Milanese have a very strong individuality, and it is to be regretted that so few remain intact to show what a personal style they preserved even under the most obvious French influences.

The Naviglio, the canal which flows through Milan and sends its branches to the Ticino and the Adda, was formerly lined for miles beyond the city with suburban villas. Few remain unaltered, and even of these few the old gardens have disappeared. One of the most interesting houses in Del Rè's collection, the Villa Alario (now Visconti di Saliceto), on the Naviglio near Cernusco, is still in perfect preservation without and within; and though its old gardens were replaced by an English park early in the nineteenth century, their general outline is still discoverable. The villa, a stately pile built by Ruggieri in 1736, looks on a court divided from the highway by a fine wall and beautiful iron gates. Low wings containing the chapel and offices, and running at right angles to the main building, connect the latter with the courtyard walls; and arched passages through the center of the wings lead to outlying courts surrounded by stables and other dependencies. The house, toward the forecourt, has a central open loggia or atrium, and the upper windows are framed in baroque architraves and surmounted by square attic lights. The garden elevation is more elaborate. Here there is a central projection, three windows wide, flanked by two-storied open loggias, and crowned by an attic with ornamental pilasters and urns. This central bay is adorned with beautiful wrought-iron bal-

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conies, which are repeated in the wings at each end of the building. All the wrought-iron of the Villa Visconti is remarkable for elegance and originality, and as used on the terraces, and in the balustrade of the state staircase, in combination with heavy baroque stone balusters, is an interesting example of a peculiarly Lombard style of decoration.

Between the house and the Naviglio there once lay an elaborate *parterre de broderie*, terminated above the canal by a balustraded retaining-wall adorned with statues, and flanked on each side by pleached walks, arbors, trellis-work, and fish-ponds. Of this complicated pleasance little remains save the long terraces extending from each end of the house, the old flower-garden below one of these, and some bits of decorative sculpture incorporated in the boundary-walls. The long tank or canal shown in Del Rè's print has been turned into an irregular pond with grass-banks, and the *parterre de broderie* is now a lawn; even the balustrade has been removed from the wall along the Naviglio. Still, the architectural details of the forecourt and the terraces are worthy of careful study, and the unusual beauty of the old villa, with its undisturbed group of dependencies, partly atones for the loss of its original surroundings.

Many eighteenth-century country houses in the style of the Villa Visconti are scattered through the Milanese, though few have retained so unaltered an outline, or even such faint traces of their formal gardens. The huge villa of the Duke of Modena at Varese—now the Municipio—is a good example of the same architecture, and has a beautiful stone-and-iron balustrade and many wrought-iron balconies in the same style as those at Cernusco; and its gardens, ascending the hillside behind the house, and now used as a public park, must once have been very fine. The Grand Hôtel of Varese is also an old villa, and its architectural screen and projecting wings form an unusually characteristic façade of the same period. Here, again, little remains of the old garden but a charming upper terrace; but the interior decorations of many of the rooms are undisturbed, and are exceptionally interesting examples of the more delicate Italian baroque.

Another famous country house, Castellazzo d'Arconate, at Bollate, is even more palatial than the Duke of Modena's villa at Varese, and, while rather heavy in general outline, has an interesting interior façade, with a long arcade resting on coupled columns, and looking out over a stately courtyard with statues. This villa is said to have preserved a part of its old gardens, but it is difficult of access, and could not be visited at the time when the material for these articles was collected.

# RAIN IN THE WILDERNESS

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

WISTFUL, a spray of honeysuckle bends
Its tangled sweetness 'neath a weight of rain
Listening; the while some faint, far-off refrain,
Dim harmony of drops and leaves, transcends
Enchantedly the stirring woods; a shower
Rolls over them, and all the wilderness
New-born, baptized, stands hushed in vague affright.
Each fragile blossom bows before a power
Scarce understood,—then, trusting it to bless,
Silently lifts its face toward the light.

# WHAT DO ANIMALS KNOW?

## BY JOHN BURROUGHS

AFTER the discussion carried on in my two previous articles touching the general subject of animal life and instinct,[1] we are prepared, I think, to ask with more confidence, What do animals know?

The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are apt to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!

Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times, and it is still one of his ruling passions.

I have known a cow to put her head between two trees in the woods—a kind of natural stanchion—and not have wit enough to get it out again, though she could have done so at once by lifting her head to a horizontal position. But the best instance I know of the grotesque ignorance of a cow is given by Hamerton in his "Chapters on Animals." The cow would not "give down" her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsman took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay, and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams, and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing, and what more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay! Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would defend her calf against the attack of a bear or a wolf in the most skilful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its way back home over a long stretch of country, or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach.

The hen-hawk that the farm-boy finds it so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box-trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are very wise, but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance.

A college girl told me an incident of a red squirrel she had observed at her home in Iowa that illustrates how shallow the

[1] See THE CENTURY for February and March.



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wit of a squirrel is when confronted by new conditions. This squirrel carried nuts all day and stored them in the end of a drain-pipe that discharged the rain-water upon the pavement below. The nuts obeyed the same law that the rain-water did, and all rolled through the pipe and fell upon the sidewalk. In the squirrel's experience, and in that of his forebears, all holes upon the ground were stopped at the far end, or they were like pockets, and if nuts were put in them they stayed there. A hollow tube open at both ends, that would not hold nuts—this was too much for the wit of the squirrel. But how wise he is about the nuts themselves!

Among the lower animals the ignorance of one is the ignorance of all, and the knowledge of one is the knowledge of all, in a sense in which the same is not true among men. Of course some are more stupid than others of the same species, but probably, on the one hand, there are no idiots among them, and, on the other, none is preëminent in wit.

Animals take the first step in knowledge—they perceive things and discriminate between them; but they do not take the second step—combine them, analyze them, and form concepts and judgments.

So that, whether animals know much or little, I think we are safe in saying that what they know in the human way, that is, from a process of reasoning, is very slight.

The animals all have in varying degrees perceptive intelligence. They know what they see, hear, smell, feel, so far as it concerns them to know it. They know their kind, their mates, their enemies, their food, heat from cold, hard from soft, and a thousand other things that it is important that they should know, and they know these things just as we know them, through their perceptive powers.

We may ascribe intelligence to the animals in the same sense in which we ascribe it to a child, as the perception of the differences or of the likenesses and the relations of things—that is, perceptive intelligence, but not reasoning intelligence. When the child begins to "notice things," to know its mother, to fear strangers, to be attracted by certain objects, we say it begins to show intelligence. Development in this direction goes on for a long time before it can form any proper judgment about things or take the step of reason.

If we were to subtract from the sum of the intelligence of an animal that which it owes to nature or inherited knowledge, the amount left, representing its own power of thought, would be very small. Darwin tells of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate-glass from fish which were its proper food, and that the pike, in trying to capture the fish, would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. This the pike did for three months before it learned caution. After the glass was removed, the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others that were introduced. It did not yet understand the situation, but merely associated the punishment it had received with a particular kind of fish.

During the mating season the males of some of our birds may often be seen dashing themselves against a window, and pecking and fluttering against the pane for hours at a time, day after day. They take their own images reflected in the glass to be rival birds, and are bent upon demolishing them. They never comprehend the mystery of the glass, because glass is not found in nature, and neither they nor their ancestors have had any experience with it.

Contrast these incidents with those of the American monkeys which Darwin relates. When the monkeys had cut themselves once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or else would handle it with the greatest caution. They evinced the simpler forms of reason, of which monkeys are no doubt capable.

Animals are wise as nature is wise; they partake, each in its own measure, of that universal intelligence, or mind-stuff, that is operative in all things—in the vegetable as well as in the animal world. Does the body, or the life that fills it, reason when it tries to get rid of, or to neutralize the effects of, a foreign substance, like a bullet, by encysting it? or when it thickens the skin on the hand or on any other part of the body, even forming special pads called callosities, as a result of the increased wear or friction? This may be called physiological intelligence.

But how blind it is at times or how wanting in judgment may be seen when it tries to develop a callosity upon the foot as a result of the friction of the shoe, and

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overdoes the matter and produces the corn. The corn is a physiological blunder. Or see an unexpected manifestation of this intelligence when we cut off the central and leading shoot of a spruce or of a pine-tree, and straightway one of the lateral and horizontal branches rises up, takes the place of the lost leader, and carries the tree upward; or in the roots of a tree working their way through the ground much like molten metal, parting and uniting, taking the form of whatever object they touch, shaping themselves to the rock, flowing into its seams, the better to get a grip upon the earth and thus maintain an upright position.

In the animal world this becomes psychic intelligence, developing in man the highest form of all, reasoned intelligence. When an animal solves a new problem or meets a new condition as effectually as the tree or the body does in the cases I have just cited, we are apt to ascribe to it powers of reason. Reason we may call it, but it is reason not its own.

This universal or cosmic intelligence makes up by far the greater part of what animals know. The domestic animals, such as the dog, that have long been under the tutelage of man, of course show more independent power of thought than the uneducated beasts of the fields and woods.

The plant is wise in all ways to reproduce and perpetuate itself; see the many ingenious devices for scattering seed. In the animal world this intelligence is most keen and active in the same direction. The wit of the animal comes out most clearly in looking out for its food and safety. We are often ready to ascribe reason to it in feats shown in these directions.

In man alone does this universal intelligence or mind-stuff reach out beyond these primary needs and become aware of itself. What the plant or the animal does without thought or rule, man takes thought about. He considers his ways. I noticed that the scallops in the shallow water on the beach had the power to anchor themselves to stones or to some other object, by putting out a little tough but elastic cable from near the hinge, and that they did so when the water was rough; but I could not look upon it as an act of conscious or individual intelligence on the part of the bivalve. It was as much an act of the general intelligence to which I refer as was its hinge or its form. But when the sailor anchors his ship, that is another matter. He thinks about it, he reasons from cause to effect, he sees the storm coming, he has a fund of experience, and his act is a special individual act.

The muskrat builds its house instinctively, and all muskrats build alike. But man builds his house from reason and forethought. Savages build as nearly alike as the animals, but civilized man shows an endless variety. The higher the intelligence, the greater the diversity.

The sitting bird that is so solicitous to keep its eggs warm, or to feed and defend its young, probably shows no more independent and individual intelligence than the plant that strives so hard to mature and scatter its seed. A plant will grow toward the light; a tree will try to get from under another tree that overshadows it; a willow will run its roots toward the water: but these acts are the results of external stimuli alone. When I go to pass the winter in a warmer climate, the act is the result of calculation and of weighing pros and cons. I can go, or I can refrain from going.

Not so with the migrating birds. Nature plans and thinks for them; it is not an individual act on the part of each; it is a race instinct: they must go; the life of the race demands it. Or when the old goose covers up her nest, or the rabbit covers her young with a blanket of hair and grass of her own weaving, I do not look upon these things as independent acts of intelligence: it is the cunning of nature; it is a race instinct.

Animals, on the whole, know what is necessary for them to know—what the conditions of life have taught their ancestors through countless generations. It is very important, for instance, that amphibians shall have some sense that shall guide them to the water; and they have such a sense. Young turtles and crocodiles put down anywhere will turn instantly toward the nearest water. It is certain that the beasts of the field have such a sense much more fully developed than has man. It is of vital importance that birds should know how to fly, how to build their nests, how to find their proper food, and when and where to migrate, without instruction or example, otherwise the race might become extinct.

Richard Jefferies thinks that most birds'



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nests need a structure around them like a cage to keep the young from falling out or from leaving the nest prematurely. Now, if such a structure were needed, either the race of birds would have failed, or the structure would have been added. Since neither has happened, we are safe in concluding it is not needed.

We are not warranted in attributing to any wild, untrained animal a degree of intelligence that its forebears could not have possessed. The animals for the most part act upon inherited knowledge, that is, knowledge that does not depend upon instruction or experience. For instance, the red squirrels near me seem to know that chestnut-burs will open if cut from the tree and allowed to lie upon the ground. At least, they act upon this theory. I do not suppose this fact or knowledge lies in the squirrel's mind as it would in that of a man—as a deduction from facts of experience or of observation. The squirrel cuts off the chestnuts because he is hungry for them and because his ancestors for long generations have cut them off in the same way. That the air or sun will cause the burs to open is a bit of knowledge that I do not suppose he possesses in the sense in which we possess it: he is in a hurry for the nuts, and does not by any means always wait for the burs to open; he frequently chips them up and eats the pale nuts. That is enough: nature does the rest.

The same squirrel will bite into the limbs of a maple-tree in spring and suck the sap. What does he know about maple-trees and the spring flow of sap? Nothing as a mental concept, as a bit of concrete knowledge. He often finds the sap flowing from a crack or other wound in the limbs of a maple, and he sips it and likes it. Then he sinks his teeth into the limb, as his forebears undoubtedly did.

When I was a boy and saw, as I often did on my way to school, where a squirrel had stopped on his course through the woods and dug down through two or three feet of snow, bringing up a beech-nut or an acorn, I used to wonder how he knew the nut was there. I am now convinced that he smelled it.

Why should he not? It stands the squirrel in hand to smell nuts; they are his life. He knows a false nut from a good one without biting into it. Try the experiment upon your tame chipmunk or caged gray squirrel, and see if this is not so. The false or dead nut is lighter, and most persons think this fact guides the squirrel. But this, it seems to me, implies an association of ideas beyond the reach of instinct. A young squirrel will reject a worthless nut as promptly as an old one will. Again the sense of smell is the guide; the sound-meated nut has an odor which the other has not. All animals are keen and wise in relation to their food and to their natural enemies. A red squirrel will chip up green apples and pears for the seeds at the core; can he know, on general principles, that these fruits contain seeds? Does not some clue to them reach his senses?

I have known gray squirrels to go many hundred yards in winter across fields to a barn that contained grain in the sheaf. They could have had no other guide to the grain than the sense of smell. Watch a chipmunk or any squirrel near at hand: as a friend of mine observed, he seems to be smelling with his whole body; his abdomen fairly palpitates with the effort.

The coon knows when the corn is in the milk, gaining that knowledge, no doubt, through his nose. He knows enough, too, at times to cut off his foot when caught in a trap, especially if the foot becomes frozen; but if you tell me he will treat his wound by smearing it with pitch or anything else, or in any way except by licking it, I shall discredit you. The practice of the art of healing by the application of external or foreign substances is a conception entirely beyond the capacity of any mere animal. If such a practice had been necessary for the continuance of the species, it would probably have been used. The knowledge it implies could not be inherited; it must needs come by experience. When a fowl eats gravel or sand, is it probable that the fowl knows what the practice is for, or has any notion at all about the matter? It has a craving for the gravel, that is all. Nature is wise for it.

The ostrich is described by those who know it intimately as the most stupid and witless of birds, and yet before leaving its eggs exposed to the hot African sun, the parent bird knows enough to put a large pinch of sand on the top of each of them, in order, it is said, to shade and protect the germ, which always rises to the highest point of the egg. This act certainly cannot

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be the result of knowledge, as we use the term; the young ostrich does it as well as the old. It is the inherited wisdom of the race, or instinct.

A sitting bird or fowl turns its eggs at regular intervals, which has the effect to keep the yolk from sticking to the shell. Is this act the result of knowledge or of experience? It is again the result of that untaught knowledge called instinct. Some kinds of eggs hatch in two weeks, some in three, others in four. The mother bird has no knowledge of this period. It is not important that she should have. If the eggs are addled or barren, she will often continue to sit long beyond the normal period. If the continuance of the species depended upon her knowing the exact time required to hatch her eggs, as it depends upon her having the incubating fever, of course she would know exactly, and would never sit beyond the required period.

But what shall we say of Mrs. Anna Martin's story, in her "Home Life on an Ostrich Farm," of the white-necked African crow that, in order to feast upon the eggs of the ostrich, carries a stone high in the air above them and breaks them by letting it fall? This looks like reason, a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Mrs. Martin says the crows break tortoise-shells in the same way, and have I not heard of our own crows and gulls carrying clams and crabs into the air and dropping them upon the rocks?

If Mrs. Martin's statements are literally true,—if she has not the failing, so common among women observers, of letting her feeling and her fancies color her observations,—then her story shows how the pressure of hunger will develop the wit of a crow.

But the story goes one step beyond my credence. It virtually makes the crow a tool-using animal, and Darwin knew of but two animals, the man-like ape and the elephant, that used anything like a tool or weapon to attain their end. How could the crow gain the knowledge or the experience which this trick implies? What could induce it to make the first experiment of breaking an egg with a falling stone but an acquaintance with physical laws such as man alone possesses? The first step in this chain of causation it is easy to conceive of any animal taking—namely, the direct application of its own powers or weapons to the breaking of the shell. But the second step,—the making use of a foreign substance or object in the way described,—that is what staggers one.

Our own crow has great cunning, but it is only cunning. He is suspicious of everything that looks like design, that suggests a trap, even a harmless string stretched around a corn-field. As a natural philosopher he makes a poor show, and the egg or the shell that he cannot open with his own beak he leaves behind. Yet even his alleged method of dropping clams upon the rocks to break the shells does not seem incredible. He might easily drop a clam by accident, and then, finding the shell broken, repeat the experiment. He is still only taking the first step in the sequence of causations.

A recent English nature-writer, on the whole, I think, a good observer and truthful reporter, Mr. Richard Kearton, tells of an osprey that did this incredible thing: to prevent its eggs from being harmed by an enforced exposure to the sun, the bird plunged into the lake, then rose, and shook its dripping plumage over the nest. The writer apparently reports this story at second-hand. It is incredible to me, because it implies a knowledge that the hawk could not possibly possess.

Such an emergency could hardly arise once in a lifetime to it or its forebears. Hence the act could not have been the result of inherited habit, or instinct, and as an original act on the part of the osprey it is not credible. The bird probably plunged into the lake for a fish, and then by accident shook itself above the eggs. In any case, the amount of water that would fall upon the eggs under such circumstances would be too slight to temper appreciably the heat.

There is little doubt that among certain of our common birds the male, during periods of excessive heat, has been known to shade the female with his outstretched wings, and the mother bird to shade her young in the same way. But this is a different matter. This emergency must have occurred for ages, and it, again, called only for the first step from cause to effect, and called for the use of no intermediate agent. If the robin were to hold a leaf or a branch above his mate at such times, that would imply reflection.

It is said that elephants in India will

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besmear themselves with mud as a protection against insects, and that they will break branches from the trees and use them to brush away the flies. If this is true, it shows, I think, something beyond instinct in the elephant; it shows reflection.

All birds are secretive about their nests and show great cunning in hiding them; but whether they know the value of neutral material, such as moss, lichens, and dried grass, in helping to conceal them, admits of doubt, because they so often use the results of our own arts, as paper, rags, strings, tinsel, in such a reckless way. In a perfectly wild state they use neutral material because it is the handiest and there is really no other. The phœbe uses the moss on or near the rocks where she builds; the sparrows, the bobolinks, and the meadow-larks use the dry grass of the bank or of the meadow bottom where the nest is placed.

The English writer to whom I have referred says that the wren builds the outside of its nest of old hay straws when placing it in the side of a rick, of green moss when situated in a mossy bank, and of dead leaves when in a hedge-row or a bramble-bush, in each case thus rendering the nest very difficult of detection because it harmonizes so perfectly with its surroundings, and the writer wonders if this harmony is the result of accident or of design. He is inclined to think that it is unpremeditated, as I myself do. The bird uses the material nearest to hand.

Another case, which this same writer gives at second-hand, of a bird recognizing the value of protective coloration, is not credible. A friend of his told him that he had once visited a colony of terns "on an island where the natural breeding accommodation was so limited that many of them had conveyed patches of pebbles on to the grass and laid their eggs thereon."

Here is the same difficulty we have encountered before—one more step of reasoning than the bird is capable of. As a deduction from observed facts, a bird, of course, knows nothing about protective coloring; its wisdom in this respect is the wisdom of nature, and nature in animal life never acts with this kind of foresight. A bird may exercise some choice about the background of its nest, but it will not make both nest and background.

Nature learns by endless experiment. Through a long and expensive process of natural selection she seems to have brought the color of certain animals and the color of their environment pretty close together, the better to hide the animals from their enemies and from their prey, as we are told; but the animals themselves do not know this, though they may act as if they did. Young terns and gulls instinctively squat upon the beach, where their colors so harmonize with the sand and pebbles that the birds are virtually invisible. Young partridges do the same in the woods, where the eye cannot tell the reddish tuft of down from the dry leaves. How many gulls and terns and partridges were sacrificed before nature learned this trick!

I regard the lower animals as incapable of taking the step from the fact to the principle. They have perceptions, but not conceptions. They may recognize a certain fact, but any deduction from that fact to be applied to a different case, or to meet new conditions, is beyond them. Wolves and foxes soon learn to be afraid of poisoned meat: just what gives them the hint it would be hard to say, as the survivors could not know the poison's deadly effect from experience; their fear of it probably comes from seeing their fellows suffer and die after eating it, or maybe through that mysterious means of communication between animals to which I have referred in a previous article. The poison probably changes the odor of the meat, and this strange smell would naturally put them on their guard.

But are they capable of availing themselves of this knowledge for purposes of their own? Will they take this poisoned meat and give it to an enemy, or to one of their captive young to end its sufferings in captivity? I do not think them capable of this conception. How can any mere animal have a knowledge of the nature and use of poison, or of the nature of death?

We do not expect rats to succeed in putting a bell on the cat, but if they were capable of conceiving such a thing, that would establish their claim to be regarded as reasonable beings. I should as soon expect a fox or a wolf to make use of a trap to capture its prey as to make use of poison in any way. Why does not the fox take a stick and spring the trap he is so afraid of? Simply because the act would

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involve a mental process beyond him. He has not yet learned to use even the simplest implement to attain his end. Then he would probably be just as afraid of the trap after it was sprung as before. He in some way associates it with his arch-enemy, man.

Some of the domestic animals—a dog, a cat, a cow, a horse—may open a door or a gate, through imitation, of course, but they will not close it again unless trained to do so. The closing of it has no relation to their needs, while the opening of it has.

Such stories, too, as a chained fox or a coyote getting possession of corn or other grain and baiting the chickens with it,—feigning sleep till the chicken gets within reach, and then seizing it,—are of the same class, incredible because transcending the inherited knowledge of those animals. I can believe that a fox might walk in a shallow creek to elude the hound, because he may inherit this kind of cunning, and in his own experience he may have come to associate loss of scent with water. Animals stalk their prey, or lie in wait for it, instinctively, not from a process of calculation, as man does. If a fox would bait poultry with corn, why should he not, in his wild state, bait mice and squirrels with nuts and seeds? Has a cat ever been known to bait a rat with a piece of cheese?

Animals seem to have a certain association of ideas; one thing suggests another to them, as with us. This fact is made use of by animal-trainers. I can easily believe the story Charles St. John tells of the fox he saw waylaying some hares, and which, to screen himself the more completely from his quarry, scraped a small hollow in the ground and threw up the sand about it. But if St. John had said that the fox brought weeds or brush to make himself a blind, as the hunter often does, I should have discredited him, just as I discredit the observation of a man quoted by Romanes, who says that jackals, ambushing deer at the latter's watering-place, deliberately wait till the deer have filled themselves with water, knowing that in that state they are more easily run down and captured!

President Roosevelt, in "The Wilderness Hunter,"—a book, by the way, of even deeper interest to the naturalist than to the sportsman,—says that the moose has to the hunter the "very provoking habit of making a half or three-quarters circle before lying down, and then crouching with its head so turned that it can surely perceive any pursuer who may follow its trail." This is the cunning of the moose developed through long generations of its hunted and wolf-pursued ancestors,—a cunning that does not differ from that of a man under the same circumstances, though, of course, it is not the result of the same process of reasoning.

I know a chipping sparrow that built her nest on a grape-vine just beneath a bunch of small green grapes. Soon the bunch grew and lengthened and filled the nest, crowding out the bird. If the bird could have foreseen the danger, she would have shown something like human reason.

Birds that nest along streams, such as the water-thrush and the water-ouzel, I suppose are rarely ever brought to grief by high water. They have learned through many generations to keep at a safe distance. I have never known a woodpecker to drill its nesting-cavity in a branch or limb that was ready to fall. Not that woodpeckers look the branch or tree over with a view to its stability, but that they will cut into a tree only of a certain hardness; it is a family instinct. Birds sometimes make the mistake of building their nests on slender branches that a summer tempest will turn over, thus causing the eggs or the young to spill upon the ground. Even instinct cannot always get ahead of the weather.

It is almost impossible for us not to interpret the lives of the lower animals in the terms of our own experience and our own psychology. I entirely agree with Lloyd Morgan that we err when we do so, when we attribute to them what we call sentiments or any of the emotions that spring from our moral and esthetic natures,—the sentiments of justice, truth, beauty, altruism, goodness, duty, and the like,—because these sentiments are the products of concepts and ideas to which the brute natures are strangers. But all the emotions of our animal nature—fear, anger, curiosity, local attachment, jealousy, or rivalry—are undoubtedly the same in the lower orders.

Though almost anything may be affirmed of dogs, for they are nearly half human, yet I doubt if even dogs experience the feeling of shame or guilt or revenge that

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we so often ascribe to them. These feelings are all complex and have a deep root. When I was a youth my father had a big churn-dog that appeared one morning with a small bullet-hole in his hip. Day after day the old dog treated his wound with his tongue, after the manner of dogs, until it healed, and the incident was nearly forgotten. One day a man was going by on horseback, when the old dog rushed out, sprang at the man, and came near pulling him from the horse. It turned out that this was the person who had shot the dog, and the dog recognized him.

This looks like revenge, and it would have been such in you or me, but in the dog it was probably simple anger at the sight of the man who had hurt him. The incident shows memory and the association of impressions, but the complex feeling of vengeance, as we know it, is another matter.

If animals do not share our higher intellectual nature, we have no warrant for attributing to them anything like our higher and more complex emotional nature. Musical strains seem to give them pain rather than pleasure, and it is quite evident that perfumes have no attraction for them.

The stories, which seem to be well authenticated, of sheep-killing dogs that have slipped their collars in the night and indulged their passion for live mutton, and then returned and thrust their necks into their collars before their absence was discovered, do not, to my mind, prove that the dogs were trying to deceive their masters and conceal their guilt, but rather show how obedient to the chain and collar the dogs had become. They had long been subject to such control and discipline, and they returned to them again from the mere force of habit.

I do not believe even the dog to be capable of a sense of guilt. Such a sense implies a sense of duty, and this is a complex ethical sense that the animals do not experience. What the dog fears, and what makes him put on his look of guilt and shame, is his master's anger. A harsh word or a severe look will make him assume the air of a culprit whether he is one or not, and, on the other hand, a kind word and a reassuring smile will transform him into a happy beast, no matter if the blood of his victim is fresh upon him.

A dog is to be broken of a bad habit, if at all, not by an appeal to his conscience or to his sense of duty, for he has neither, but by an appeal to his susceptibility to pain.

Both Pliny and Plutarch tell the story of an elephant which, having been beaten by its trainer for its poor dancing, was afterward found all by itself practising its steps by the light of the moon. This is just as credible as many of the animal stories one hears.

Many of the actions of the lower animals are as automatic as those of the tin rooster that serves as a weather-vane. See how intelligently the rooster acts, always pointing the direction of the wind without a moment's hesitation. Or behold the vessel anchored in the harbor, how intelligently it adjusts itself to the winds and the tides! I have seen a log, caught in an eddy in a flooded stream, apparently make such struggles to escape that the thing became almost uncanny in its semblance to life. Man himself often obeys just such unseen currents of race or history when he thinks he is acting upon his own initiative.

When I was in Alaska I saw precipices down which hundreds of horses had dashed themselves in their mad and desperate efforts to escape from the toil and suffering they underwent on the White Pass trail. Shall we say these horses deliberately committed suicide? Suicide it certainly was in effect, but of course not in intention. What does or can a horse know about death or about self-destruction? These animals were maddened by their hardships, and blindly plunged down the rocks.

The tendency to humanize the animals is more and more marked in all recent nature books that aim at popularity. A recent British book on animal life has a chapter entitled "Animal Materia Medica." The writer, to make out his case, is forced to treat as medicine the salt which the herbivorous animals eat, and the sand and gravel which grain- and nut-eating birds take into their gizzards to act as millstones to grind their grist. He might as well treat their food as medicine and be done with it. So far as I know, animals have no remedies whatever for their ailments. Even savages have, for the most part, only "fake" medicines.

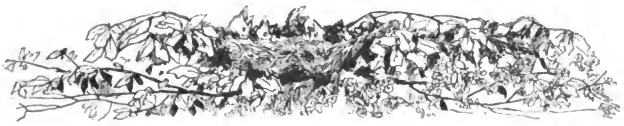
A Frenchman has published a book,

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which has been translated into English, on the "Industries of Animals." Some of these Frenchmen could give points even to our "Modern School of Nature Study." It may be remembered that Michelet said the bird floated, and that it could puff itself up so that it was lighter than the air! Not a little contemporary natural science can beat the bird in this respect.

The serious student of nature can have no interest in belittling or in exaggerating the intelligence of animals. What he wants is the truth about them, and this he will not get from our natural-history romancers, nor from the casual, untrained observers who are sure to interpret the lives of the wood folk in terms of their own motives and experiences, nor from Indians, trappers, or backwoodsmen, who give such free rein to their fancies and superstitions.

Not to Romanes or Jesse or Michelet must we go for the truth about animals, but to the patient, honest Darwin, to such calm, keen, and philosophical investigators as Lloyd Morgan, and to the book of such sportsmen as Charles St. John, or to our own candid, intelligent, and wide-awake Theodore Roosevelt—men capable of disinterested observation, with no theories about animals to uphold.



# THE VOYAGEUR-BOAT

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

CAMP—when the sun has barely set?
Who wants the shore and camp-fire yet!
Let your paddles swing once more;
The clearing lies not far before,
Our own home-clearing down the river,
Where fields are bright, where birch-trees shiver.
Like a birch-tree, slim and white,
There Marie stands and waits to-night;
I hear her voice, like a sweet bird's note,
That seems to call our lagging boat.

Camp—when the moon is rising bright,
And rock and rapid plain to sight!
Do forest creatures lag and wait
When they hear a calling mate?
See that heron sweeping by;
He has heard his mate's far cry:
Hear that red buck leaping go;
He seeks hushed places and his doe.

On, men! drive your paddles through!
You have sweethearts calling you.
These river waters rush for the sake
Of her who waits them, the fair wood-lake;
And shall we be more dull than they?
Go, claim your kiss by break of day!

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# A LEAVE-TAKING

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS

FORGIVE me, but I cannot rest;
My feet grow eager for the street;
The God of roads and stars knew best,
And wanted we should meet:—

But not to tarry, else why made,
Good friend, the endless road so fair;
Chequered his days with light and shade,
And cast them everywhere?

Why on each other's faces pore,
And die but midway of our kind;
While yet so much lies spread before,
So little, friend, behind?

Farewell! One pleasant halt is o'er;
One spell more hast thou on me cast:
I must go knock at every door
To find mine own at last!

# SUSAN CLEGG'S COUSIN MARION

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "The Marrying of Susan Clegg" and "Susan Clegg's Adopted"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

AS a general rule people who do not need to go out stay in when it rains, and so Mrs. Lathrop was unfeignedly astonished when she saw Miss Clegg returning from town upon the afternoon of a certain more than ordinarily "April" day.

Susan perceived her neighbor regarding her from the window; but as her intentions were already disposed toward a friendly visit, the mixture of curiosity and contemplativeness which beamed from behind her friend's spectacles in no wise altered her course.

"I 've been down-town to post a letter to Cousin Marion," she called out, as she turned in at the gate. Her tone suggested exclamation-points and nitroglycerin, and its effect on Mrs. Lathrop was soul-satisfying, to say the least.

"'Cousin Marion!'" that lady cried, in a tone born of a shriek and a gasp; and then, the window-frame appearing to cramp her astonishment unduly, she hastened to the door and added, with uplifted hands: "Why, Susan Clegg, I did n't know you had a livin' relation to your name!"

Susan smiled. She enjoyed the sensation which she had provoked in her usually placid neighbor. She came up the steps, scraped her shoes, closed her umbrella, and entered the kitchen before giving forth another syllable. Then she said:

"You know, I set out to clean my garret this mornin', 'n' that 's where I found her."

"In the garret?" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

Miss Clegg sat down.

"Mrs. Lathrop, you c'n believe me or not, jus' 's you please, but when I turned down the trunk-flap 'n' see that old mousy letter, I never had no more idea o' findin' a cousin 'n I had o' findin' a moth—'n' you know how scarce moths are with me: I ain't so much 's seen one, except on the side o' the house towards you, for twenty years. I was n't a bit pleased at first,



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either, for I supposed, o' course, it was a mere every-day letter, or maybe a bill, 'n' I was kind o' put out, anyway. I persume you saw the minister this mornin'?"

"Yes, I see him. Whatever—"

"Wanted to name the baby after me; 'n' I call it a pretty time to come about namin' a baby when a woman 's got one leg on a ladder 'n' her head tied up for bats. I thought he was the tin-peddler from Meadville, 'n' I run for the rag-bag, 'n' then there it was the minister! Well, I was n't pleased a-*tall*, 'n' I did n't ask him in, either. I stood in the doorway, 'n' if he put out with the minister! He 's gettin' as bad 's his wife. He sets out to say suthin', 'n' then he roams all over kingdom come 'n' don't never get it out, 'n' me mad to be up garret all the time. Seems Felicia Hemans is jus' got to the silly readin' age, 'n' she 's wantin' to name the baby 'Brunhilde.' Seems it 's between me 'n' Brunhilde. I never hear of no Brunhilde, 'n' I up 'n' told the minister so to his face. 'Who is she, anyhow?' I says flat 'n' plain, for, Lord knows, if he 'd found a rich relation, I want my old flannels for cleanin' cloths from now on. But he explained that



"'I NEVER HAD NO MORE IDEA O' FINDIN' A COUSIN 'N I HAD O' FINDIN' A MOTH'"

was expectin' me to look happy 't havin' a compliment, it was one more time he did n't get what he expected. That was what he called it—'payin' me a compliment'; 'n' it struck me 's pretty high-flown language f'r wantin' to name a thirteenth baby after the richest woman in the c'mmunity. Seems to me thirteen was a good many to wait afore thinkin' o' me. 'N' I ain't sure I want a thirteenth baby named after me, anyhow. I never was foolish, like some people, 'n' you know that 's well 's I do, Mrs. Lathrop; but still you know 's well 's I do, too, 't it never was nothin' but safe to keep away from under ladders 'n' the number thirteen. 'N' then I do get so Felicia Hemans got Brunhilde out of a book—the Nibble suthin' or other. 'Oh, well,' I says, ''f you c'n be suited with namin' your family after rats 'n' mice, I guess you c'n leave me out,' I says; 'n' I kind o' backed off so 's to make him go. But he stood still, 'n' o' course no Christian c'n shut the door in her minister's face, even if she is stark crazy to get to cleanin' her garret. 'Why don't you name her Minnie—after yourself?' I says. 'Minister,' you know. But I c'd see he did n't take to that a-*tall*. 'Oh, well,' I says then, feelin' 't I must get rid of him somehow, 'name her after me, if you want to, 'n' I 'll give her'—'n' I was jus' goin' to say 'my



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blessin',' 'n' such a look come over him, 'n'—well, Mrs. Lathrop, maybe I 'm too tender-hearted for my own good, but I jus' had the feelin' 't I c'd 's easy pull the legs off of a live fly 's to disapp'int that face—'n' so I says 'a dollar,' right off before I really thought. 'N' what *do* you think—what *do* you think? 'F you 'll believe me, he did n't look overly pleased. 'N' *then* I *did* warm up a little. You don't expect much of a minister, 'n' I think 's a general rule we 're pretty patient with ours; but you *do* expect gratitude, 'n' a dollar 's a dollar, 'n' considerin' the garret into the bargain, I felt my temper comin' up pretty high, 'n' I jus' out with what I 'd been thinkin' all along, 'n' I spoke the truth flat 'n' plain to his face. 'I d'n' know,' I says, 'why I should be expected to give your baby more 'n a dollar. She ain't my baby, 'n' you know 's well 's I do where the blame for *that* lies.' 'N' then I banged the door in his face. Maybe it was n't jus' the proper thing to do, but if ever a woman had no need for a minister, it was me this mornin'."

"'N' about your Cousin Marion?" Mrs. Lathrop interposed.

Susan's eyes lighted.

"I was jus' comin' to her," she said quickly. "You see, when I get to thinkin' o' the minister, I do get so aggravated, 'n' I would n't be no woman nohow 'f I did n't show some feelin' over the way he 's been goin' about town tellin' every one how nice them stockin's o' mine fit him since they shrunk too small f'r me to be able to wear them. Mr. Kimball 's sayin' right 'n' left it 's 'cause I bought the wool o' Shores, 'n' if I 'd bought it o' him I 'd be wearin' all four pair to-day. He told Mrs. Fisher 't seein' it was 's it was, he looked to see them stockin's keep right on shrinkin' down through the minister's whole family, till they ended up socks on the new baby. A joke 's a joke, 'n' I c'n see the p'int of one 's well 's anybody, but I fail to see any p'int to that one. 'S far 's my observation 's extended, there ain't nothin' ladylike in the minister's wearin' my stockin's, nor yet in Mr. Kimball's entertainin' the c'mmunity with 'em. A woman 'at 'll give away four pair o' brand-new hand-knit stockin's for no better reason 'n 't the heels shrunk down under her instep, I call doin' a deed o' Christian charity 'n' not layin' herself open to no species o' fun-makin'. 'N' I ain't the only one 't views the thing so serious, neither. Mr. Shores feels jus' as bad 's I do about it. Not 's I thank him any for his interest. He come runnin' to catch me the other day, 'n' asked me 'f I used cold water to wash 'em the first time. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I was jus' so plumb petrified 't I stood stock-still starin' for a good minute afore I c'd get voice to ask him who give *him* authority to teach me how to wash my own stockin's. I told him I 'd take it as a great kindness if he 'n' the rest of the town would shut their mouths right up tight on my stockin's. I says to him, I says: 'Mr. Shores, when your wife eloped, I was one o' the very few 's blamed *her*, 'n' I beg 'n' pray 't the quality of your wool won't force me to change my mind. Your clerk 't she eloped with,' I says, 'once give me a nickel three-cent piece for a dime,' I says, ''n' up to the first washin' o' them stockin's I never so much 's breathed a suspicion of your mebbe dividin' that seven cents with him. But I ain't so sure now,' I says; 'n' then I walked off, leavin' him good 'n' meek, I c'n assure you. 'N' the end o' the whole is 't my trade, as ranges from ten to fifty cents a week,—'n' *always* cash,—is lost to *every one*, f'r I shall buy in the city after this."

Miss Clegg paused again. Mrs. Lathrop panted with impatience.

"'N' your cousin?" she reminded her friend.

"Yes," said Susan; "I was thinkin' that 't was about time 't you was showin' *some* interest in what I come to tell you, 'n' me here the best part of a full half-hour now. Well, *'n'* my cousin. She come out of a letter, Mrs. Lathrop, a' old, torn letter 't you or any other ordinary person would 'a' probably torn up without even readin'. But *you* know 't I was never one to do things slipshod, 'n' I read every scrap I find everywhere; 'n' it 's good I do, f'r if I did n't, Cousin Marion would 'a' burnt with the other scraps, 'n' I 'd 'a' missed about the happiest moments I 've knowed since father died; for you c'n believe me or not, jus' 's you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I cried over the letter, 'n' 'f some of it was the dust in my nose, anyhow the rest was real affection; for, Lord knows, when you 're rootin' out mice 'n' cobwebs, you ain't lookin' to find a relative. But, anyhow, there she was, 'n' if she ain't died in the meantime—for the letter 's dated fifty

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years ago—I may know suthin' o' family life yet. It was the beautifulest letter 't I ever read. You c'u'd n't imagine nothin' more beautiful. I 'm afraid mother 'n' me misjudged father, owin' to the everlastin' up 'n' down stairs, 'n' mother used to say right out 't it was a race which he stuck closest to, his bed or his money. But he was n't always like that, 'n' this letter shows it, f'r Lord knows what he must 'a' give Cousin Marion to lead her to write him a letter like that. Not to deceive you, Mrs. Lathrop, the letter was that grateful that I ain't altogether sure 't I ain't a little bit troubled over it. It ain't a' altogether agreeable thing to suddenly find out 't your own father 's got distant relations callin' down daily blessin's on him for his 'overwhelmin' generosity.' That 's what she said, 'n' I can't deny that the words sent a cold chill over me as I read 'em. The whole letter was writ in the same style, 'n' it did n't take me long to hatch more 'n a suspicion 't the reason 't I never hear o' Cousin Marion was 'cause she was head over heels in love with father once upon a time. It was sort o' touchin', too, to think how near her letter come to bein' one o' mother's, 'n' I cried till I sneezed; f'r, if I do say it to my shame, Mrs. Lathrop, the dust was knee-high to a' ant—'n' more, too—in my own garret this mornin'."

Susan paused to use her pocket-handkerchief over her souvenirs in general.

"Marion Prim was her name," she continued shortly, "'n' she writ it from Knoxville fifty-one years ago come last October. Did you *never* hear anythin' of her?"

Mrs. Lathrop screwed her face up thoughtfully, but was forced to screw it into a negation, after all.

"Seems funny 't father never spoke of her after mother was past bein' jealous 'n' buried. He c'd 'a' said anythin' about anybody to me them years, 'n' 'f I had time to listen I 'd 'a' been bound to hear; but I never hear him say one word o' family



"'FELICIA HEMANS IS JUS' GOT TO THE SILLY READIN' AGE'"

except that he thanked the Lord Almighty that he had n't got none, 'n' I naturally took them words as signifyin' 't he was speakin' the truth. But this letter 't I 've just found shows 't it was n't so, after all; 'n', what 's more, it shows a woman like me, as has had four men wantin' to marry her in one week, suthin' else. I c'n read pretty plain between the lines o' that writin', Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' there 's a shakiness about it 's lets *me* see 't suthin' pretty close to love-makin' had passed between her as writ that letter 'n' him who kept it carefully hid away till long after he was dead. I 'd be willin' to venture a guess 't Cousin Marion c'd get money out o' father with less pain 'n mother could, 'n' under them circumstances I don't blame mother for showin' feelin'. The more I think about it, Mrs. Lathrop, the plainer I c'n see 't Cousin Marion was a sore thorn in father's 'n' mother's life. Perhaps that was what gave him the paralysis. The doctor said 't it

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was suthin' obscure, 'n' if a thing 't ain't found out till years after you 're dead ain't obscure, I d'n' know what is, I 'm sure. Anyway, I 've took my stand, 'n' it was the only sensible one to take. This is the only chance I 've ever had to find a place where I c'd have a change without payin' board, 'n' so I jus' sat down 'n' wrote to Cousin Marion 't if it 's convenient to her, I 'll come to Knoxville 'n' spend Sunday with her. She 's bound to be pleased 't get to go there, the Lord knows I certainly shall rejoice to have some of my own to talk to; for blood is thicker 'n water, an', although I don't want to hurt your feelin's, Mrs. Lathrop, you could n't in truth deny yourself that you ain't no conversationalist. I 've been thinkin' 't I 'll take Cousin Marion father's cane for a present; if she 's alive a-tall, it 'd surely come very handy to her, 'n' since I bought a carpet-beater it ain't no manner o' service to me. I



"'HE HAD THE IMPUDENCE TO STOP ME DOWN-TOWN 'N' ASK ME 'F I WOULD N'T LEND HIM TEN CENTS ON A ROOSTER!'"

bein' remembered after fifty years, 'n' I 've got father's nose, 'n' that 'll help a good deal, of course. She can't be worse 'n dead, 'n' if she 's dead 'n' don't answer, I sha'n't never give the subjec' another thought, for I naturally ain't got very fond of her jus' from findin' her musty old letter stuffed in the flap of a trunk 't I 've been achin' to hack to pieces for twenty years. I never went up in the garret without I skinned myself somewhere on that trunk, 'n' you know how often I go up garret, Mrs. Lathrop; so it goes without sayin' 't I 've been considerably skinned first 'n' last. But *if* she *should* be alive, 'n' I *should* did n't get my trunk down, 'cause I 'll have Friday to pack anyhow, 'n' any one c'n slide a trunk down a ladder, but nobody can't slide nothin' up nowhere. Besides, I sh'd look like a fool puttin' back a trunk 't I 'd hauled out to visit a cousin 't nine times out o' ten 's been dead 'n' buried for years; 'n' I ain't no fool—never was, 'n' never will be."

A short pause ensued, in which Susan took in a fresh supply of breath.

"The difficulty o' all things in this world," she continued presently, "is 't if you have any brains a-tall you 're bound to have so much work for 'em. Now this

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"MRS. LATHROP HASTENED TO FORTIFY HER WITH TEA AND GINGERBREAD"

findin' o' Cousin Marion looks simple enough at first, but the more I turn her upside down 'n' round 'n' round, the more new lights I get. When you come to consider 't I only found the letter this mornin', 'n' 'at it ain't supper-time yet, you c'n easy see 't my day 's been more 'n full o' brain-work. Comin' up the street jus' now, the question o' the possibility o' Cousin Marion's bein' poor come up in my mind, 'n' I c'n speak out freely to you, Mrs. Lathrop, so I will remark 't I c'n guarantee 't father never give her nothin' o' late years. 'F she 's poor, I know jus' what 's goin' to happen when she gets my letter, 'n' 'f the letter had n't been posted afore I thought o' this view of the matter, I 'm free to confess I never would 'a' posted it *a-tall;* f'r I know beyond a shadow of a doubt 't if my visit to Cousin Marion is goin' to lead to her askin' to borrow so much 's a quarter, I sh'll bitterly regret havin' ever clawed her out from back o' that trunk-flap. There ain't no possible good in lendin' money to any one 's can't pay it back, 'n' I learned that lesson to my bitter cost when I had that little business with Sam Duruy. That took all the likin' to lend out o' *me* once 'n' f'r all time. I thought I was *so* safe; I looked in all four of his hoofs, 'n' swished my handkerchief in each eye, 'n' he was certainly lively, 'n' so I planked down my five dollars, 'n' we both signed the paper about payin' in a month, 'n' Sam was to keep on drivin' the horse. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, you know 's well 's I do what happened, 'n' the skin brought seventy-five cents. Sam sued the railroad, 'n' the railroad asked him why he did n't observe the 'Look out for the locomotive.' I told him to go into court 'n' swear he could n't read, 'n' he would n't do it, 'cause he said 't Judge Fitch used to be his school-teacher 'n' knowed 't he could. 'N' then I offered to go to court myself 'n' swear on the Bible 't the whole town looked on him 's more 'n half a' idiot, 'n' his father did n't take to the idea a-tall. So they did n't even pay his lawyer, 'n' it goes without sayin' 't o' course he could n't pay me. 'N' then, do you know, Mrs. Lathrop, this very afternoon he had the impudence to stop me down-town 'n' ask me 'f I would n't lend him ten cents on a rooster! I was pretty nigh to put out, I c'n assure you. 'Not while I have the breath o' life in my body,' I says, 'n' it shook when I said it. 'What 's to guaran-



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tee me 't your rooster won't take it into *his* head to go a-promenadin' on the railroad-track?' I says. He began to say 't even dead the rooster was worth more 'n ten cents. 'I d'n' know about that,' I says. 'It don't strike me 's noways likely 't when he suddenly observes the engine 'most on top of him he 's goin' to take the time to lay his head square 'n' even across the rail, 'n' you know 's well 's I do 't no rooster killed cornerways ain't goin' to bring no nickel apiece for his corners. No, Mr. Samuel Duruy,' I says; 'your lively horse has taught me a lesson,' I says, ''n' hereafter I don't lend money on so much 's a' egg without I see a good curb-bit bought 'n' put in its mouth first,' I says. 'N' then I walked off, 'n' the end of all is 't if Cousin Marion 's poor, I certainly ain't very wild to have her find out 's I 'm rich. But then, I ain't very anxious for her to be rich either, I must say. For it don't take no blind man to figger out 't if she 's rich, the money 'd ought to 'a' been mine, 'n' that 's a' awful feelin', Mrs. Lathrop—the feelin' 't other folks 's rich on your money. 'N' another thing is 't if she *is* rich, 'n' I 'm goin' to visit her, I 'll *have* to buy a new bonnet. 'F she 's rich, I want her to see right off 't I 'm rich, too. 'F she talks about her money, I sh'll come out square 'n' solid 'n' talk about mine, 'n' I guess I c'n talk her down. I 'll try good 'n' hard—I know that. 'N' if she puts me beyond all patience, I sh'll get right up 'n' smash her flat with her own letter o' fifty years ago. I don't believe nobody c'd put on airs in the face of their own name signed to bein' saved from want by the kind, graspin' hand of my dead-'n'-gone father. But I must say, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I don't want to buy a new bonnet. Bonnets is a'awful waste o' money, 'n' I 've nothin' in me 't cries out to fling money away in extravagances. 'N' speakin' o' waste reminds me 't I ain't got no more time to throw away here. So, 's I 'm always frank 'n' open with you, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'll mention the fact 'n' jus' go now."

THE letter which Susan Clegg addressed to her cousin, "Marion Prim, Knoxville," did actually reach the hands of the person for whom it was intended, and the return mail brought an answer which the two friends studied in a mutual intellectual darkness.

"Says she 's lived for fifty years on the motto 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' 'n' now my letter 's come." (It was Susan who thus voiced her understanding of the letter.) "Says I c'n come 'f I want to, an' mebbe it 'll be some satisfaction. I don't call that by no means cordial, but I 'm bound to consider 't if Cousin Marion 's father's flesh 'n' blood she could n't naturally be very open-hearted, 'n' I must overlook her in consequence. I think I sh'll go anyhow, but I won't take no trunk, nor yet buy no bonnet. I sh'll take the early train 'n' come back 't night; 'n' God help me while I 'm gone, Mrs. Lathrop, for I have a goose-flesh kind o' sensation 't I 'm goin' to get a surprise."

MISS CLEGG'S presentiment came true. She did get a surprise—a great one.

She took the early train, and she returned about six that evening, a pitiable object that appeared to have barely survived some hitherto unknown species of catastrophe. Mrs. Lathrop was truly alarmed over her guise and garb.

"Come right over," she cried at the top of her voice. "I 've got the kettle a-bilin', an'—"

"I was comin' anyway," Susan called feebly back, and then she wearily entered her neighbor's gate, wearily climbed her neighbor's steps, and sank exhausted in one of her neighbor's chairs.

Mrs. Lathrop hastened to fortify her with tea and gingerbread. Susan ate and drank freely.

"I ain't had a bite since I left home," she volunteered as she swallowed the third cup of tea.

"Was n't your cousin to home, after all?" Mrs. Lathrop inquired eagerly.

"My cousin!" said the traveler, with a tone of voice that suggested revelations as yet unrevealed. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Lathrop, my cousin was to home!"

Mrs. Lathrop felt herself to be silenced, and spoke no more. Miss Clegg drank all the tea and ate all the gingerbread. When she was all through, she opened her mouth suddenly and fired a bomb.

"I wish I 'd never gone!" she said, with a vigor that supported the truth of her statement in full. "I wish I 'd never gone! 'N' f'r the future, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'll thank you to never say 'relation' to me, f'r I 've had enough family to-day to last me till I die, 'n' so help me God 'f I ever forget it."

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"'SUSAN CLEGG,' HE SCREAMED—'SUSAN CLEGG!'"

She paused, and Mrs. Lathrop dared not respond.

"In the first place, I started out wrong. Knoxville ain't on this line a-tall. It 's on the A. & B., and only its junction is on this line. Mrs. Lathrop, don't you never trust yourself to a junction, whatever else you may see fit to do. My experience c'n jus' as well be a warnin' to you too, f'r they put me off three miles from where there ain't no omnibus, 'n' I had to walk over a road laid out with three hills to the mile. I tell you, by the time I 'd clum the fourth hill I had n't no family feelin's left in me, 'n' when I got into the town at last, 'n' *then* found 's Cousin Marion was two hills out the other way, I had a good mind to take the next train home 'n' leave her there. For I give you my word of honor, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I was 'most dead, 'n' Lord only knows what made me keep on; f'r what come after was enough to shake my faith in the Lord forever, 'f I really believed 's any one but Cousin Marion had one word to say in the matter. I was all used up when I got there, 'n' nothin' 't I see revived me any, either. The *awfulest* old tumble-down house 't ever I see—pigs in the yard, 'n' 'Prim' on the gate-post. 'N' to think 't I was related to 'em all! There was a' old man sittin' on a chair on the porch in one boot 'n' one slipper 'n' a cane. He looked at me 's if he 'd like to eat me up alive 'n' then just revel to gnaw on the bones, 'n' you c'n mebbe realize, Mrs. Lathrop, 't I was n't noways happy when I said to him 't I wanted to see my cousin Marion Prim. He jus' give a nod, 'n' I took it 't she was somewhere aroun', 'n' I was so nigh to give out 't I jus' sank right down on the steps, 'n'—oh, my soul 'n' body, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to 'a' heard him yell!

"'Not on my steps!' he screamed, poundin' with his cane 'n' shakin' with his fist. 'Not on my steps!' he jus' howled. 'Not while I 'm alive! Not while I c'n pervent! Not while I c'n help it! No Clegg sits afore me,' he shrieks,—'not now 'n' not never!' You c'n imagine, Mrs. Lathrop, that I did n't do no sittin' down under them circumstances. I shook all over instead, 'n' I backed off quite a ways. 'N' he sat there, chokin', 'n' gaspin', 'n purple, 'n' swallowin', 'n' finally I got up courage enough to ask him where Cousin Marion was. 'N' then—oh, Mrs. Lathrop, I honestly thought he would bust! '*I 'm* Cousin Marion!' he yelled right in my face; 'n' you c'd 'a' clubbed me with a



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straw 'n' gagged me with a wisp o' hay that minute, I do assure you. I 'm free to confess 't I never was so near to fallin' over backward in all my life before. 'N' then you 'd ought to 'a' heard him! I tell you, I was scared—I was good 'n' scared. I d'n' know 's I was ever scared in my life before; but my very knees grew clammy. I c'u'd n't say one livin' word; I c'u'd n't do one livin' thing but jus' stand 'n' shake 'n' listen to him yell 'n' pound.

"'Susan Clegg,' he screamed—'Susan Clegg!'—'N' he kept poundin' harder 'n' gettin' redder 'n' redder every minute.—'Susan Clegg, I 'm glad you 've come. I wanted you to come. I 've wanted you to come f'r a long time. I did n't know who it 'u'd be, but I 've been wantin' somebody to come, 'n' been waitin' for 'em to come f'r fifty years, 'n' more, too. I 've been holdin' in f'r fifty years! I 've been thinkin' what I wanted to say f'r fifty years! Now I c'n say it! Now I c'n be happy sayin' it! I wish it was your father, but you 'll do!'

"My heavens alive, Mrs. Lathrop, you 'd ought to 'a' seen him! He went from red to purple 'n' from purple to 'most black, 'n' his eyes stood right out, 'n' he shook his cane right in my face, 'n' screamed loud enough to wake the dead: 'Susan Clegg, your father was a shark! Susan Clegg, your father was a skinflint! Susan Clegg, your father was a miser! Susan Clegg, your father was a thief!'—'N' all this with me where I could n't but hear, 'n' he knew it!—'Susan Clegg, I was a young man in difficulties,' he says, ''n' I wanted a hunderd dollars bad,' he says, ''n' 'f I 'd had it I c'd 'a' bought into a nice business 'n' married a girl with a nice property, 'n' made this place blossom like a wilderness, 'n' seen the fig-trees o' my fig-trees sittin' in my shade; 'n' I went to your father,' he says, ''n' told him all the inmost recesses of my heart o' hearts,' he says, ''n' explained to him how the business could n't but pay, 'n' interduced him to the girl, 'n' then hired a livery horse 'n' drove him home to think about it. 'N' what come next, Susan Clegg?'—'N' oh, Mrs. Lathrop, I thought he was goin' to come at me with his cane or else bust right then 'n' there!—''N' what come next? After keepin' me hoppin' on red-hot needles for one long solid week, he writ me to say as he could n't possibly, 'n' it wa'n't no use to never ask him again!

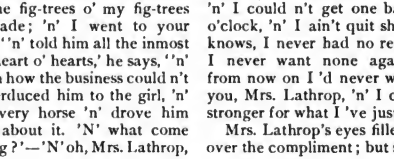
"'Susan Clegg, I smashed a window,' he says, 'right then 'n' there,' he says, ''n' I vowed a vow 'n' I writ a letter, 'n' it must 'a' been that letter 's you found, f'r, s' help me Heaven, I never writ him one afore or after! 'N' then I went West to make a fortune, 'n' I did n't make no fortune, but I got my hands on a hunderd dollars, 'n' I come home lickety-split to buy that business 'n' marry that girl. I went to see about the business first, Susan Clegg, 'n' what did I find? What did I find, Susan Clegg?'—Mrs. Lathrop, I thought he 'd yell my head off.—'I found your father 'd bought the business—my business—'n' I was left out in the cold!

"'Susan Clegg, I smashed a table,' he says, ''n' two chairs,' he says, ''n' I went to see the girl to ask her to wait a little longer, 'n' fire 'n' brimstone 'n' saltpeter, 'f your father had n't gone 'n' married my girl!

"''N' there was all below to pay,' he says, ''n' I vowed bloody murder,' he says, ''n' they bound me over to keep the peace, 'n' then they moved away,' he says, ''n' I sit down to wait for my vengeance,' he says, ''n' it 's come at last,' he says, ''n'—'

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I did n't wait to hear no more. I did n't feel like I had strength to. I run! 'N', heavens, *how* I run! I clum them hills jus' 's fast on the up 's the down, 'n' boarded the first train 's went by. It took me down to Meadville, 'n' I could n't get one back till the five-o'clock, 'n' I ain't quit shakin' yet. Lord knows, I never had no relations afore, 'n' I never want none again. I feel like from now on I 'd never want anythin' but you, Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' I can't say nothin' stronger for what I 've just lived through."

Mrs. Lathrop's eyes filled with gratitude over the compliment; but she said nothing.



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

THE BELLE OF THE COLONY

FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK

THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES



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From a photograph

THE SUMMER PALACE AS SEEN ACROSS THE LAKE

# SUMMER SPLENDOR OF THE CHINESE COURT

## A RECEPTION BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER AT THE SUMMER PALACE[1]

BY MINNIE NORTON WOOD

IN most countries where royalty holds sway, an imperial audience does not suggest unusually early rising: when one of these functions occurs in the "Flowery Kingdom" while the court is at the summer palace, foreign guests are received at 10 A.M., which, according to Chinese etiquette, is late. As the summer palace is twelve miles from Peking, we had to rise at half-past five, make an elaborate toilet (in reception, not court, gowns), breakfast, and start at half-past seven. But what cared we for early hours! Were we not to behold the gorgeous Chinese court, and the great Manchu empress, upon whom the eyes of the world are focused to-day?

On this glorious October day of 1903 our party consisted of Mrs. Conger, the wife of our minister to China, her interpreter Miss P——, a friend, and myself. As the streets of Peking are execrable, we went in an army ambulance drawn by a pair of American mules and driven by a United States soldier,—courteously furnished by the commanding officer of the legation guard,—thus securing to us partial immunity from the ruts and irregularities of the road. Our escort consisted of *one* Chinese soldier and several mounted *mafoos* (grooms) riding ahead and behind. Surely an unpretentious cavalcade to go to court.

In the Orient, where strength, social status, in fact everything that counts in favor of a man or a country, is estimated by exterior show, it is certainly short-sighted of our government not to provide adequate display for its representatives. A few American soldiers suitably mounted and equipped as a special legation escort would go far to impress American prestige upon the minds of these Orientals. This may be avowedly opposed to Jeffersonian simplicity and our democratic ideas, but it is an established fact which other countries quickly recognize and act upon, thus securing favors for their representatives that are hesitatingly granted to people less well provided for.

The morning was keen and bright. Our

[1] For the description of a reception at the winter residence, see the article by Miss Belle Vinnedge Drake in THE CENTURY for September, 1902.



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way lay through miles of city streets teeming with shrieking, gaudy, squalid, inscrutable Oriental life. On every street corner soldiers wearing dilapidated straw hats and purple cotton uniforms splashed with red ideographs, and carrying a short sword or stick, shared authority with policemen in red-and-gray uniforms, mushroom-shaped hats with scarlet tassels, and long black cloth boots. Everywhere peddlers hawked their wares: luscious golden persimmons, apples, vegetables, dried fish, eels, and innumerable Chinese delicacies. Mangy dogs slept in sunny corners; black pigs wallowed and children played in and about the same stagnant pools. Droves of stately camels, loaded with brick-tea and silks, rested by the roadside or were starting on their long journey over the mountains to Manchuria and Mongolia. Men, women, and children in silks or rags emerged from the same dirty alleys or stood about little shops. Manchu girls in gay clothes and showy head-dresses of artificial flowers walked proudly erect on their natural feet, consciously superior to their Chinese sisters hobbling along on their deformed stumps. High officials passed, borne in sedan-chairs, preceded and followed by retainers in livery; whole families drove in Pekingese carts drawn by one sturdy mule; big men rode on small donkeys and on horseback; thousands went afoot—scholars, priests, merchants, eunuchs, and the great unwashed, making bedlam of the streets through which we passed. And all these were but a tithe of the vast numbers lining the road, gazing wonderingly and no doubt derisively on the "foreign devils" going to court.

Once outside the northwestern gate of the Tatar City, we left its abominable streets for a level stone road built in 1894, on the occasion of the Dowager Empress's sixtieth birthday, and the rest of the drive was in comparative comfort. The vast level country was most picturesque under the brilliant autumn sunshine, making one forget the squalor and filth of the city. Groves of live-oaks, poplars, and willows dotted the landscape. Farmers were harvesting great fields of millet, that grows from eight to twelve feet high and furnishes food for millions of Chinese. Our attention was suddenly called to small piles of fresh earth at short intervals along both sides of the road—indicating that royalty was to pass, and must tread unprofaned soil. We learned afterward that after we went by the



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

A PAVILION PIER BUILT IN THE FORM OF A MARBLE BOAT

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From a photograph by Captain C. F. O'Keefe, U. S. V., China Relief Expedition

VIEW OF THE SUMMER PALACE FROM THE SOUTHEAST

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS'S GONDOLA

earth was spread over the road for three new concubines of the Emperor, to whom we were presented later. We passed a procession of seven pretentious sedan-chairs occupied by lady guests of Sir Robert Hart, each carried by four bearers. Relays of eighty-four coolies followed in seven carts, the whole escorted by mounted mafoos. The ladies from the Japanese, German, Spanish, Italian, and other legations were in close carriages, each attended by a detachment of mounted troops. The yellow roofs of the summer palace and temples, gleaming on the hillside, showed that we were nearing our destination, and every faculty was keenly alert. Again vast crowds of lookers-on lined the road and made way for us.

Thus we reached the palace gate. We were shown into a dressing-room, and after a hasty touch to our toilets were met by Wang Wen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and others of the highest dignitaries, who with much ceremony welcomed Mrs. Conger, the *doyenne*, and her party in behalf of their Majesties. We were then escorted through several courts, under a great pavilion blazing with the costumes of a vast concourse of people, to the audience-chamber. We entered the door and stood in the presence of the Empress Dowager. We made three reverences, and raised our eyes to behold the wonderful scene before us.



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THE EMPEROR'S HOUSE-BOAT

Under a canopy of yellow satin and gold, surmounting the imperial throne, sat the most despotic female ruler that, probably, the world has ever known. She was in robes of cloth of gold, with a towering head-dress of priceless jewels. At



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VIEW ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE WESTERN HILLS, FROM THE HILLSIDE EAST OF THE CENTRAL PAGODA

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her left, a trifle below, sat the puny, impotent Emperor, looking like a boy of eighteen. On either side the throne were tall gold standards holding peacock-feather fans. On the narrow table in front of the Empress Dowager rested a crystal case inclosing a scepter of carved jade and coral. Her Majesty acknowledged our presence by a gracious bow. Mrs. Conger proceeded with a formal greeting, passed up the steps

Chinese mother and an American father, and reared in Boston, where she married Mr. Yu, returning with him to China. He was minister to Japan and later to France, and with his family returned recently to Peking. His wife and daughters speak French and English, and in Parisian costumes were striking figures in the midst of this gorgeous barbaric court.

Another figure of much importance at



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE OLD PALACE COMPOUND AS SEEN FROM THE CENTRAL PAGODA

For the location, observe the roofs directly between the pagoda and the arch, in the picture on the opposite page

to the left, presented herself at the throne with the usual obeisance, shook hands with her Majesty, exchanged a few words through Miss Yu, a lady in waiting and interpreter, shook hands with and bent the knee to his Majesty the Emperor, and resumed her place on the floor. Each guest did the same. As Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida alone preceded me, I had a favorable opportunity for observation, which both these friends furthered in every way. We were presented in turn to Empress No. 1, Empress No. 2, half a dozen concubines, twelve imperial princesses, and many ladies in waiting, noticeably Lady Yu. This lady was born in Shanghai, of a

present was Miss Carl, the American artist who is painting the portraits of the Empress Dowager for the palace and the St. Louis Exposition. At the time with which this sketch deals she lived at the summer palace, where she was an honored guest, indulged by her Majesty and the entire court.

A multitude of eunuchs, wearing flowing blue robes with plastrons of brilliant embroidery on breast and back, and mushroom-shaped hats with scarlet tassels, ushered us from one court and treasure-house to another. The head eunuch, Li Lien Ying, is special attendant to her Majesty, and wears a huge pearl in the

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

A TYPICAL PALACE COMPOUND, UNDER THE HILL ON WHICH STAND THE CENTRAL PAGODA AND GRAND TEMPLE

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brim of his hat. He is a wily person, bent with years. There are three thousand of these guardians of the harem at the Chinese court. Under the escort of a few hundred of them we were ushered into the banquet-hall without ceremony. The room and peaked roof glowed with tawdry decoration; beautiful fabrics, mirrors, gorgeous silken hangings, texts in golden ideographs, covered the walls. The moving kaleidoscope of human figures baffled description. Tall, conical piles of red-cheeked apples—emblematic of peace—stood about the room, while at that very hour the Russians were reoccupying Mukden, having formally evacuated it the day before. Amid the jolliest confusion we were finally seated at two very long tables laden with fruits and condiments of many kinds, and the great feast which lasted three hours began.

Princess Shün, niece of the Empress Dowager, presided at one table, with Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida on her right and left; and Princess Chan, sister-in-law of the Emperor, at the other, with the wife of a French general on her left and me on her right.

The menu that confronted us consisted of bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, pigeons' eggs, wood-fungus, seaweed soup, stewed fish, stewed mushrooms, lotus-seeds (hot),



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HINDU SHEPHERDS AT A PAVILION BY THE LAKE

stewed chicken, bamboo shoots, stewed mutton, meat-cakes, roast pig, almond-cream baskets, dough-cakes, jellies, nuts, dates, figs, apples, pears, persimmons, tea, coffee, wines. Very little of it tempted other than a Chinese palate.

The eunuchs ran noisily about, directed the waiters, jested with the court ladies, and paid special attentions to the guests. I was most happily situated, with Lady Yu on my right. She scarcely tasted a mouthful, and when I asked her why, she replied: "Oh, I cannot enjoy Chinese food; I had my good beefsteak and coffee just before coming." She wore a gown of heliotrope panne velvet, a large white lace hat with plumes, and diamonds on her hands and at her throat. The ensemble was perfect; she might have stood for a Parisian model, save for the touches of vermilion at the base of her finger-nails and on her lower lip and cheeks. One of her daughters wore a brilliant cardinal costume, and, with her mother, was in striking contrast to the gorgeous Oriental dress of this most conservative court, which has not changed the width of a hem since the founding of the Manchu dynasty.

When the feast was over and we were about to be shown other and more beauti-



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COVERED PATHWAY WITHIN THE PALACE GROUNDS



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From a photograph

VIEW OF THE SUMMER PALACE FROM THE WEST, ACROSS RICE FIELDS

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ful scenes, it was announced that her Majesty would "visit with the guests," an unprecedented royal favor which caused a flutter of excitement. She entered, closely attended by Li Lien Ying, and followed by the Emperor, empresses, and suite, heralded by a host of eunuchs. She took her seat on a kang, or broad lounge of carved wood, cushioned with imperial yellow satin, ordered chairs for her guests, herself on Mrs. Conger and Mme. Uchida. Now and then she said a word to the Emperor, seated by himself on her right, who did not speak a word to the guests during the audience, leaving his royal aunt to fulfil the rôle of hostess, which she did to perfection.

When the time came for adieus, her Majesty mingled with her guests, the Emperor following closely; and as Mrs. Conger got



From a photograph lent by the Rev. Arthur Judson Brown

CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE WITHIN THE INCLOSURE OF THE SUMMER PALACE

and proceeded to put all very much at their ease. From time to time she enjoyed a few whiffs from a cloisonné water-pipe brought by a eunuch, chatting constantly with Mrs. Conger, for whom she shows marked preference, and upon whom she showers many favors. She had her pet dogs brought in, and fondled them in her cloth-of-gold lap, inquiring particularly for the little Pekingese pugs from the royal kennels, Hsia and La-hoo, which she had given Mrs. Conger, and for one given to Mme. Uchida, who is also a prime favorite with her Majesty. She several times ordered the eunuchs to distribute flowers among her guests, bestowing them beyond me I stepped aside for royalty. Imagine my astonishment when the Empress Dowager turned, took me by both hands, stroked my arm, and inquired how I liked China and how long I would remain, concluding by asking me to come and see her again when I returned to visit Mrs. Conger! I did not lose my equanimity, but studied this most remarkable woman at closest range.

Could she of dignified mien, deep-set unflinching eyes, rare smile, and melodious voice be the most despotic female sovereign in the history of the world? Has she two distinctly opposite natures? Is this the secret of her marvelous power?

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Born in obscurity, the daughter of a minor officer, a favorite concubine of the harem, young and inexperienced, she reached the pinnacle of authority by incredible ability, shrewdness, and daring. Through all the intrigue of the Chinese court since she first usurped the throne, she has borne a charmed life, and her enemies have arisen only to disappear with terrible swiftness, while her autocracy remains unchallenged. With relentless will she has stripped the Emperor of the last vestige of the legitimate authority which for a brief period he had exercised under the wise guidance of Kang Yu Wei, absolutely controlling his every word and act, as well as the earthly destiny of four hundred millions of subjects.

And this most fascinating hostess, urging us to "stay longer" and "come again," annihilating conventionality and precedent, was Tsi An the Great, woman ruler in this land of Confucius, where to be a woman, according to the philosophy of the Great Sage, is to be despised among men!

The memorable day closed with a sail on the placid lake encompassed by wooded heights, through which gleamed the yellow roofs of imperial palaces and temples. Beyond rose the mountains. At the pavilion pier called "the marble boat," used as a place of entertainment, another sumptuous luncheon was spread, and the eunuchs laughingly dispensed fruits and cakes to the guests. To the left the white marble camel-back bridge glistened in the sunshine, while the imperial barges filled with "barbarians" floated over the lake. After visiting more treasure-houses, and the mystical island where refreshments were again offered, we landed, and were carried in gaudy red chairs, amid uproarious merriment, to our carriages.

# DOWN THE WAYS OF DREAM

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WHITHER down the ways of dream
Went my starry-eyed—
Wayward laughter at her lips
And longing at her side?

Went the joy of day with her
From the golden lands,
All the wonder of the night
In her unheeding hands.

Wind o' June has gone with her
From the tossing tree,
Dove-neck marvel from the mists
Of the morning sea.

Flowers she forgot to take
Smell no longer sweet;
Earth has no more pleasantness
Save where fell her feet.

So I seek that place of dream
Where waits my starry-eyed,
All the happy things of earth
A-crowding at her side.

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'NO, I WILL NOT BRING LITTLE EDITH TO COMMON SENSE AND—BAUMGARTEN'"

# THE REIGN OF SENTIMENT

## A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

THE bishop looked at the heap of opened letters near the plate of his secretary, Father Dudley, and remarked that coffee might freeze in a dining-room without a fire even in early autumn weather. His secretary was about to say this was an exaggeration, but he merely opened his last letter with one of the steel table-knives, and read it carefully.

"I can never eat, bishop," he said, "with much on my mind."

"It is different with me," answered the bishop, gravely: "I can never eat with much in my stomach."

Father Dudley ignored this. It was frivolous.

"Ah-a!" he murmured, "Mrs. Westbro—Edith—Baumgarten—ah-a!"

The bishop, looking at him, smiled; and, as the bishop smiled, his eyes caught a mellow light such as one sees when the sunshine illuminates a great brown grape.

"By the way," he said, "the 'Star' gives a long account of a theatrical performance at Bracton last evening."

"Oh, yes," answered Father Dudley, feeling that he was on the defensive; "just a trifle of a play acted by the young people of St. Rose's Sodality in the new parish hall. I went over to make the opening address. After the preaching of the mission, which lasted a week, the people needed a bit of relaxation, and, with the whole place in a state of grace and everybody afraid of hell, there could be no harm in a little amusement. Maginnis was the chief usher, and a more polished manner in a poor man I never saw."

The bishop shook his head.



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE HELD HIS ANCIENT TALL HAT IN A MANNER WHICH SYMBOLIZED BOTH DUTY AND PLEASURE"

"The theater," he began doubtfully, "I almost fear—"

"'T was a classical play," said Father Dudley, with impatience, "and never an objectionable word against faith or morals in it. 'T was 'The Lady of Lyons,' and little Ellen Reilly, whose father is one of the honestest Kerry boys living, made a pretty picture, I can tell you. Faith, the play 's all innocent sentiment from beginning to end. Is it putting young people in cages, like black Puritans, you 'd be?"

The bishop's eyes twinkled.

"Well, well," he said, "you know more about these things than I do. I have no time for light literature."

Father Dudley raised his head quickly; the bishop's air was so dovelike that he felt it was time to come to the point.

"Oh, by the way," he said carelessly, "I 've a letter from Mrs. Westbro. She writes that her niece—"

"Which niece?" asked the bishop.

"Edith Evelyn. Well, Edith wants to marry—or, at least, her aunt thinks so—young Lieutenant Curtice, and she begs me to ask you to use your influence to bring Edith to common sense. Martin Baumgarten is much interested in her."

"What, that middle-aged brewer?"

"A prosperous man," answered Father Dudley, nailing the bishop with his eyes, "and he attends to his religious duties scrupulously."

"But," said the bishop, putting his napkin into its ring, "he weighs more than you and I together, and he is over fifty. No, I will not bring little Edith to common sense and—Baumgarten. Besides, I don't believe in match-making. Why are

priests and nuns such match-makers? There 's Mother Gonzaga at the convent; she 's ninety, but she 'll move heaven to assist a marriage at any time. Even St. Teresa liked that sort of management. I must say I am surprised that you should be so sentimental."

"Sentimental!" repeated Father Dudley, reddening. "Is it because I want to save a young girl from a matrimonial union with a penniless minion of a political party which is doing its best to undermine the faith and morals of the Filipinos?"

The bishop hid his mouth with his hand.

"If," he said in a severe voice, "I can be convinced that Willie Curtice really intends to undermine the faith and morals of the Sultan of Zulu, I—" but he paused in the face of a lengthy political discussion. "The rich Baumgarten will have to brew his own beer. Tell Mrs. Westbro so; and give my compliments to Edith."

The bishop rose, and his secretary saw him leave the room before he could find words to reply. What prudent man could doubt the future happiness of Edith Evelyn united to the worthy Martin Baumgarten, whose filial devotion was crystallized in the shape of two Munich windows in the Lady chapel dedicated to the memory of Conrad and Kunigunde Baumgarten? Father Dudley gathered up his letters, and went to his room to begin the reading of his breviary.

Edith Evelyn was an orphan heiress, the only daughter of Campbell Evelyn, of Evelyn, Bond & Co., in morocco leather, Baltimore and Calcutta. The name is enough, if you know anything about Bradstreet. Edith had recently come back from a three years' stay at a convent called Les Oiseaux



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'IF YOU SHOULD WANT A MARRIAGE LICENSE, I 'M THE WAN THAT CAN GET IT FOR YOU'"

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in Paris. Mrs. Westbro, her maternal aunt, who came of so great a family, with so many "signers" in it, that at colonial balls she had to do several lightning-change acts to appear in the costumes of all her ancestresses, had been so poor since the war that she considered Edith's long Maryland pedigree as of small consequence compared with the union of millions with

by the way, I believe that he is really entitled to write *von* before his name, his parents when they came to this country having, with strange modesty, dropped the particle,—I have sent her to Miss White at the Lodge, for, though we of the younger branch cannot boast of country houses at Lakewood and Newport, like the elder branch, which has never hesitated to enter into the vulgar Yankee scramble for money, we have one little manor,



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'I WONDHER MYSELF WHETHER WE HAVE N'T A LUNATIC AMONGST US'"

millions. Willie Curtice was also very great, from the ancestral point of view, several of his forebears being actually mentioned by Horace Walpole and Lady Sarah Lennox as having ruined themselves, before their emigration, at White's; but he had no income except his pay as a first lieutenant in the army of the United States.

When Father Dudley had read the necessary part of his office and carefully marked the place with a card announcing a coming concert of the Kerry Men's Association, he took up Mrs. Westbro's letter again.

It was written in a fine Italian hand and ran thus:

As Edith persists in her foolish refusal to think over the proposal of Mr. Baumgarten,—at least, left. You know the Lodge and you know Miss White. A sojourn among the mountains in the lonely fall—I have always hated the Lodge in the fall—will bring Edith to her senses. She will see, too, Mr. Curtice's horrible little estate of Brierly, his only patrimony, though no doubt, under Yankee rule in the Philippines, he will be enabled to increase his possessions at the expense of the assimilated natives. A vastly fine home it is to bring a well-bred girl to. The pride of those Curtices! His father used to talk as if he were a Virginian or a North Carolinian, and you know how *they* boast, as if *they* really did much for the Confederacy, after all! As to Edith, she—I really cannot deny—it is a problem—she is what they call a modern girl, I suppose. Old Judge Waldegrave stopped in the other day for a cup of tea, and I was just telling him that,

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after all, sweetness and gentleness and female tact were to be found only in *our* part of the South, where poverty—which we have all known since the war—softened the natural haughtiness of culture and blood, when he asked which school she had attended. "I 'm a Bird," she answered, with an indescribable accent on the phrase, which is a shocking pun on the name of her convent, "Les Oiseaux." It was *almost* a sacrilege; I prevented the judge from showing his amazement by insisting on a few extra drops of Santa Cruz in his tea. Married to that Curtice, she would be in the frivolous circles of the federal army,—where, I hear, some of the *women* smoke,—encouraged in these *modern* ways. Do persuade the dear bishop to help us. With all her faults, Edith has a genuine respect for him.

Father Dudley admired himself as one who was not the little brother of the rich and fashionable. He sniffed at the violet perfume of the letter with disapprobation. He looked on Mrs. Westbro as an aged and glittering social butterfly, valuable principally as a patroness for church fairs and other functions when the evil disposition of mankind made an appeal to the worldly necessary. As far apart as the poles on most subjects, he and she were united in politics: she saw the hand of the devil in every movement of the government in the Philippines. On other questions he held that she was a trifler; but his interest in Martin Baumgarten forced him to weigh every line of her letter.

"Nefarious!" he said, taking a pinch of snuff, and then dusting his cassock with a bandana handkerchief. "Nefarious!" And he meant Willie Curtice and the government.

No Marylander could have been more in love than Willie Curtice, and the Marylanders have a talent for love second only to the Virginians. He knew that he was not specially clever, but he thought that Edith did not really care for clever persons, and it consoled him. He was a year older than Edith; brown, with an air of well-balanced strength, both mental and physical; a man who seemed to have all those interesting capabilities that help in the learning of the soldier's trade. Edith was neither blonde nor brown, and she was not so tall and slender as the other women of her family—and for this Mrs. Westbro blamed a Yankee grandmother; she was graceful, alert, and her violet eyes, heavily lashed, enraptured the susceptible and caused the dispassionate to regard her as a girl who could appreciate them.

For two long weeks Mrs. Westbro had not permitted Curtice to speak a word to Edith. He had followed her into a street-car, and hung by a strap near her; but her aunt had the opposite seat. He had sauntered into the library where Mrs. Westbro sometimes read, and one day, while she was deep in a volume of "Godey's Lady's Book" for 1852, he had begun to pour out his soul to Edith; but the learned attendant said, "Silentium!" in a hollow tone, and the aunt, raising her lorgnette just at the wrong time, had taken the adored one off with her.

It was now the 10th of the month, and he must sail from San Francisco on the 26th. Baumgarten was clever; he had made so much money, *she* might learn to doubt the only heart that could ever love her, and accept Baumgarten. But that was impossible, for Baumgarten was fat and bald, Baumgarten could not dance; and yet, what if, deeming him—Willie used the word "deeming" in his thoughts for the first time—irresponsive, she should take Baumgarten! Oh for a word with her! If he could only get her assurance that she would wait a little while, or, best of all, if he could only induce her to go off with him to the Philippines! Other ladies were going with their husbands by the transport. He knew that Edith was of age and her own mistress; Mrs. Westbro, who was strewing the path of the ponderous Baumgarten with roses, was only her aunt. Hours seemed days; his fever grew. Chaucer's young squire—he of the love-locks—was more master of his heart than this lieutenant. When he heard—many tips to a sympathetic butler were the price of knowledge—that Edith had gone to the Lodge in the mountains, near his own little place, Brierly, he was almost equally divided between hope and despair. His symptoms were the usual ones appropriate to the occasion, but they were made more piquant by the knowledge that Miss Charlotte White, who lived at the Lodge, was a dragon. She had been governess to generations of Westbros and Evelyns, and had earned a nimbus and an aureole, together with free food and lodging for life, by the strictness of her principles and her devotion to the memory of the Calvert families and the lost cause.



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She spoke with measured doubt of the pretensions of Virginia as a State of heroes, as she was a North Carolinian by nature. By way of protest against all governments not founded on the principles of romance, she had joined the White Rose Society. She often spoke of the Young Pretender as if he lived down the road. Mrs. Westbro kept away from Miss White, because their opinions were as much alike as their temperaments were unlike. Miss White's favorite dependent was Sexton Maginnis, whose mother-in-law was intrusted with the "doing up" of certain precious articles. Maginnis, who stepped in to make a respectful call occasionally on the way from Bracton, was not only a good listener, but he was the first man who had told Miss White that she possessed both beauty and the art of brilliant conversation. He did this with many apologies and an artless hesitation which gave her a high opinion of his truthfulness.



BAUMGARTEN

The Lodge was a square house, with a dozen columns in front, built, Miss White said, after a plan suggested by the Count de Beaujolais to Great-grandfather Evelyn. It was supposed to be after the manner of Louis Seize; at present it was very well painted. A mile and a half away, by a mountainous road, was Willie Curtice's place, Brierly. It, like the Lodge, was surrounded by clumps of great oaks, and, like the Lodge, it was approached by one of the stoniest and most uneven lanes that ever vexed the temper of a coachman. It was in the center of about thirty acres of neglected fields and orchards. The galleries sagged under the shadowed damp of many seasons and the weight of untrammeled vines. Willie Curtice's father had no money for fresh paint. After Willie went to West Point he nursed the wound received at Bull Run, and read the eighteenth-century essayists and his son's letters, until he died. The place had been "worked on shares," but there never seemed to be more than one share.

Father Dudley was so busy during the days following his conversation with the bishop that it was not until after he had arranged his five-minute sermon for the next Sunday that the importance of Martin Baumgarten was again forced on his mind.

"Dear me!" he said, chuckling, "I believe the bishop 's half right: I 've a real sentimental spot in me somewhere. Sure, we 've got to take the world as we find it, and, admitting that the female sex is what it is, I believe that all Martin Baumgarten needs is a touch of romance. He 's a fine figure of a man, and all young Curtice has is the sentiment. Thank Heaven, the only novel I 've ever read is Carleton's 'Willy Reilly,' which has no offense to pious ears in it; but if I were Martin, in this degenerate age when every colleen is wasting her time on fictitious recitals, I 'd see that she 'd find as much sentiment as would be edifying about myself. Dear, dear! how the bishop would laugh if he knew the sentiment that 's really in me!"

On the impulse of the moment, Father Dudley wrote, all in the glow of romance, to Martin Baumgarten. As it happened,

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Baumgarten was not in Baltimore, but at Lakewood, so the letter, received by his chief bookkeeper, was kept for two weeks, Baumgarten having ordered that only important business communications should be forwarded to him. The letter said:

Mrs. Westbro's niece will be at the Lodge for a week or two, and you can run down on Sunday in your automobile. There is nothing, except a murdering soldier's uniform, that strikes the female fancy like an automobile. Mind that, Martin! It 's the romance of your sudden appearance in that lonely place, where you 've had no rivals for a fortnight other than the Young Pretender and Stonewall Jackson, that will do the job. There is nothing that will make the sentimental female turn to a live man so much as a sojourn with dead ones, no matter how illustrious the corpses are. Don't waste words—as Horatius Flaccus says:

"Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulis curo."

Miss White's principles are with you; but, remember, only the automobile—no other sign of luxury!

It happened that, as the astute secretary was thinking of Sexton Maginnis as a possible acolyte at the shrine of sentiment, a knock sounded at the door; and Maginnis, having been told three times to enter, came just beyond the threshold.

"I thought I 'd give you time to put on your Roman collar, father," said Maginnis, as one who knew the ways of the clergy. "I came over to vespers, and to see if I could be in the way of servin' your reverence."

Father Dudley saw with satisfaction that Maginnis's broadcloth frock-coat was neatly brushed and that he wore a pink carnation in his buttonhole. He held his ancient tall hat in a manner which symbolized both duty and pleasure.

"How are they all at home?" asked Father Dudley, in a tone in which dignity and sympathy were judiciously mingled.

"They 're two pounds heavier than any childer in Bracton," said Maginnis, eagerly, "and I 'm countin' the O'Keefe twins, too, though they 're a year and a half older. We 're all well, barrin' my mother-in-law, Mrs. Magee."

"Dear me! Sit down, my good man. What 's the matter?"

Maginnis's face became woeful. "Herself 's the finest washerwoman in Bracton; but, father, religion has done its worst for her, and me and Mary Ann have n't the life of Christians with her goings-on."

"Is it blasphemy you 're at?" asked Father Dudley, in amazement.

"Beggin' your reverence's pardon, 't was the mission that did it. The Redemptioner fathers preached in the church twice a day for a week; since they left, Bracton 's been as dhry as a stick fit for the firin'. There is n't a shebeen-house open—except the wine-shop for the Dagos, who look on drinkin' as the breath of life—where a decent man would be seen takin' a drop too much. The sermon on hell was the most elegant thing I 've heard since I listened to you, sir,—you could hear your hair frizzle,—but, instead of feelin' the effect of it for a week or two, Mrs. Magee has kept it up, and it 's a real tombstone Herself is in the house. And, worst of all, your reverence, she wants to change the names of the twins from Finn and Finola—she says they 're heathen names—to Alphonsus and Philomena!" Maginnis made a noise in his throat, to intimate the degradation which this statement involved. "And for cheerfulness, there 's as little about the place as if the curse of Cromwell was on us."

"Indeed?" said Father Dudley. There was a pause, during which Maginnis's eyes were turned anxiously toward the only man who, he believed, could help him out of this gloomy spot in life. "Your mother-in-law is a valiant woman, but no doubt she aims too immoderately at perfection. By the way, Maginnis, if you should be required to be of service to a former parishioner of mine, who is paying attentions, with a view to matrimony, to a young lady visiting the Lodge, do so. I will give him your address. He may need an honest man. Bracton 's only three miles from the Lodge, you know."

"Thanks, your reverence," said Maginnis, pocketing the usual dollar. There was a shade on his face. He hesitated as he stood up. "If you would n't mind," he said at last, "I wish you 'd lighten up hell a little for Herself. The fear of it is ruinin' her entirely; and it 's not only for her own soul she 's afeard, but for mine and Mary Ann's and the childer. She was almost for sprinklin' me with holy wather because I went the other night to the little piece of play-actin' in the hall beyant. 'If the clargy take to play-actin',' says she, ob-

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servin' you there, 'the church will suffer more nor it has suffered since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell.'"

Father Dudley frowned.

"You have a certain intuition of right on your side, Maginnis; the preaching of some of us is, I fear, at times tinctured with rigorism, and the effect on the delicate female mind, which has not been trained to distinguish, is to produce scruples of conscience. I 'll think the matter over, Maginnis."

Maginnis, very red under the sandy stubble which even the Sunday's shave could not entirely destroy, held the door open, to make another appeal.

"I 've been forced to threaten Herself," he said in a low and awful voice. "I 've been driven to the extremity of sayin' I 'd take away the childer, especially the twins, and of presumin' I 've a place to go."

"Don't — exaggerate, Maginnis," said Father Dudley, severely. "You will not be obliged to leave your house; we shall see what can be done."

And Maginnis went away, disconsolate.

WILLIE CURTICE had rushed down to Brierly as soon as he discovered from Mrs. Westbro's butler that Edith Evelyn had gone to the Lodge; and on the old pike road, which runs past both the Lodge and Brierly, Maginnis saw him standing among the wild asters, early on one of the crispest Thursdays of the month of October. He stood at the end of Brierly Lane, his kit-bag in his hand, looking helplessly up and down the road.

Maginnis was sad as he sauntered homeward with his empty basket, having delivered some of Mrs. Magee's laundry work at the Lodge. He had tried to read a much-thumbed copy of "The Lady of Lyons," but his attention was distracted, and his eyes were lusterless.

"Pagan names!" he muttered. "Pagan names! And Herself dared to say it! With Finn and Finola Christian names in Ireland long before St. Patrick discovered the distressful country!"

His groans were checked by the sight of the anxious Curtice.

"'T is Father Dudley's young man," he thought; "and it 's a fine presence he has."

"Ho, I say!" Curtice called out. "I find that the boy who took care of this place has left without giving me warning. I reckon that you might come in and give me a hand, if you 're not in a hurry. I 've just come from the train, and I want shaving-water and other things."

"Is it to the Lodge you 're goin'?"

Maginnis allowed one of his eyebrows to drop. Curtice looked at him keenly; but Maginnis's eyes disarmed him.

"Faith, I know all about it," said Maginnis, with unction, "and I 'm your man with a heart and a half. I 'll fix you up so that the lady beyant will think you 're Claude Melnotty himself; and, by the same token, I 've been valet to the most particular gentleman hereabouts; and whisper, if you should want a marriage license, I 'm the wan that can get it for you."

Again the right eye of Maginnis drooped; again Curtice frowned, and again was disarmed.

"HE went away," said Maginnis, later, "like a flower o' the May, and he came back like a weepin'-willow. It did me good to see him go off whistlin' a chune, for all the world as if there was n't a sorrow in life; but it did n't last."

Mary Ann sighed; she took "The Lady of Lyons" from beneath the brilliant patchwork quilt under which, in a double cradle, Finn and Finola reposed.

"Is Herself comin'?" she asked abruptly, throwing the paper-covered play-book under her chair.

"No, 't was the wind," answered Maginnis, after a pause. He resumed the play and carefully marked a place. "I opened the old house for the lad, as his reverence would have had me do, and I got hot wather for his shavin' and his bath. He made quick work, but the room was like an earthquake with collars and neckties,—he was afther tryin' them all on,—and he came down as rosy as the twins afther their dip in brown soap and wather. There was a look in his eyes—"

"'T was the sentiment that did it," sighed Mary Ann. "Do you remember the play where Claude Melnotte goes away to the war?"

"I mind it well," said Maginnis. "And it 's sintiment that makes me stand up for the names of my own childer against Herself; for, Mary Ann, what 's the differ between us and the Dagos? 'T is sintiment."

"And education," said Mary Ann.

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"And edication," said Maginnis. "Is *she* comin'?" he asked anxiously.

Mary Ann hastily threw her apron over the obnoxious drama. The twins turned as one child, and Mary Ann moved the lamp farther from them.

"It 's no life at all; she has locked up the few drops of poteen sent me by my own cousin the last time he sent the shamrock, and she won't let me whistle to the childer o' Sundays; as to the novel-readin', she 's no better than an Ulster Protestant."

"It 's a home of our own we need, Maginnis," said Mary Ann, with a sigh; "I could have stood anything but her changing the names of my own children, though she 's been a good mother to me."

"Pagan names!" Maginnis breathed fiercely. "Sure, they were ours long before the curse o' Cromwell came. 'T is a home of our own we 'll have, Mary Ann." He added with portentous gravity: "I 've a bit of a letther in my pocket, for it has been a hard and joyful day. I 've pleased his reverence, and I 've had my reward. A home we 'll have before this day week, Mary Ann." He thrust his hand through his bristling hair, and seized the book of the play.

"Is it mad you are, Maginnis?" asked Mary Ann, looking at his open mouth with astonishment.

He wrinkled his forehead, and read in a hoarse whisper, the play-book half concealed under the quilt:

"'Nay, dearest, nay, if—thou wouldst have me paint—the home to which, could—love fulfil its intercessions,—this hand would lead thee, listen: a deep vale shut out by Alpean hills—'"

"You 're all sentiment, Maginnis," said Mary Ann.

"Sure, I am," said Maginnis, reading with difficulty. "'A gra-nd castle, liftin' to eternal—summers its marble walls—from out—a glossy bower—'"

The door opened suddenly, and Mrs. Magee, in a black shawl and gown, her head crowned with a brown velvet hat ornamented with a wilted red plume, entered.

"Is it play-actin' I hear?" she asked in cold tones, contrasting with her energetic and not uncheerful face. "And to think of my own flesh and blood countenancin' it: Maginnis, with a rose in his buttonhole, usherin' Christian souls to destruction, and my own Mary Ann in a front seat with white kid gloves. Saints above! And after the mission, too! You 'll never have a day's luck, Maginnis! The Lord be between us and ha-arrm; but is it over the blessed cradle of Philomena and Alphonsus that there 's such goings-on?"

Maginnis's arm, which had relaxed when Mrs. Magee entered, straightened furiously at the mention of the objectionable names. He fixed his eyes on the book, which now he exposed boldly.

"'T is no play-actin', ma'am," he said, while Mary Ann watched as one fascinated, with no motion, except that of her lips as she silently followed his words. "I am, ma'am, about to lead my family to a mansion where we 'll wondher—Mary Ann and me—" he dropped his eyes to the book again, "why earth could be unhappy when the heavens left us youth and love—"

Said Mrs. Magee, with a stately wave of her umbrella:

"I wondher myself whether we have n't a lunatic amongst us."

"Ah-a," pursued Maginnis, still reading. "'We 'll read no books'—"

"You 'd be right there," said Herself, "for they 're turnin' your head."

"Where was I? You ruthless disthroyer!" exclaimed Maginnis, losing his place.

"You 're mighty offensive!" cried Mrs. Magee, removing her hat aggressively. "And to *me*—to the woman that made you, you omadhaun! If I was n't in a state of grace, I 'd teach you a thing or two!"

"I 'm afeard of no man, and," he added, with a slight tremolo, "of no woman either. To-morrow I shall be free to call my own childer by their names."

"The man 's ravin', Mary Ann," said Herself, with an imperious air of proprietorship, smoothing the pillow of the twins. "If I had n't locked up the whisky with my own hands, I 'd think even worse of him."

Mrs. Magee cast her shawl over the twins.

"You 've been neglectin' Alphonsus, Mary Ann; 't is sneezin' he is."

For the first time Mary Ann's eyes shone with the light of revolt.

"Woman," said Maginnis (Mrs. Magee turned her back to him), "to-day, airly, I met a young lad who was as full of sintiment as your heart is distitute of it. Cruel crathures had siperated him from her he loved." (Mrs. Magee laughed unfeelingly.) "He went to the Lodge; he was refused admittance. As I said, he was like a

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weepin'-willow. 'Put all the sintiment you can into a note,' says I, 'and I 'll take it to the colleen at the risk of my life,' says I. 'Done,' says he. And then he promised that if things came right Mary Ann and me should have his house rent free. Mary Ann, I felt my heart go out to the young man, and I took his note, written as much in his heart's blood as in ink; but, first, knowin' what his reverence and a lady would expect under the circumstances, I got the names right, and went by trolley to Bracton for a marriage license."

Maginnis's flight was so audacious that Mrs. Magee uttered another scornful laugh.

"Miss White did n't mind *me*, and I gave the note to the young lady, and told her that the marriage license was ready, and that I 'd be one of the witnesses, and that Father Dudley had put the poor weepin'-willow of a lad in my care, and I made a movin' picture, until she was dyin' to go. So she just made an excuse about seein' Father Blodgett, and off she came with me. I 'm informed that a telegram to the bishop did the rest; for Father Blodgett married them, with me and the Dago housekeeper as witnesses, and the happy lad he was, and she as pretty as Finola there."

"I 'll not have the child paganized in *my* house!" cried Mrs. Magee.

"In *your* house, ma'am; I go to my house to-morrow, ma'am!"

"Oh, Maginnis!" exclaimed Mary Ann, "you 're going too far; we have no house."

"*Well* he knows it," said Mrs. Magee, regally; "I pay no more attention to his romancin' than to the idle wind. I shall take care of Alphonsus and Philomena, poor lambs! You can make play-actors of the rest, if you like; but *them* I shall keep!" And she rocked the cradle with the air of one who ruled.

"In this letther," said Maginnis, in a solemn voice, taking a sheet of paper from an envelop and laying it open under the lamp, "Leftenant Curtice makes me and my little family curathors and caretakers of his place called Brierly. And there it is, ma'am!"

Mrs. Magee snorted contemptuously, but she put on her glasses to read the paper.

"'T is true!" she exclaimed, turning to Mary Ann, as one utterly desolate. "Sure, I thought Maginnis was lyin'."

"Did I ever lie, ma'am," asked Maginnis, with dignity, "except in the interest of truth? To-morrow we go hence!"

"But you 'll leave the twins," said Herself, with sudden humility. "I 'd never have said what I did if I had n't thought you were lyin', Maginnis. I must keep the twins; 't is my last request!"

Maginnis was only a man, and for a moment he relented; then he remembered that he was a son-in-law.

"Never!" he muttered, "and I 'll cross my heart to it."

"Maginnis," Mrs. Magee continued solemnly, "I say no more. I saw a pagan Chinee openin' the shutters of the shop beyant this mornin', and I felt 't was a warnin'. The pagan and the foreigners will drive us to the dure yet, thanks to the likes of you!"

She left the room slowly.

"At least," said Maginnis, somewhat shaken, "I 'm all right with you, Mary Ann, and with his reverence. I feel, Mary Ann, though she 's been a good mother to you, as if I was Erin rid of the bloody Saxon."

"You *did* indulge in sentiment, after all," remarked the bishop to Father Dudley, on the morning after his secretary's return from a short sojourn in New York, where he had gone to arrange for the publication of his first volume of sermons. "I had a telegram from Father Blodgett. Maginnis, it seems, had the license ready; it 's an easy matter in our State. As you were too far away to consult, I did what I could."

"Well, well, well!" said Father Dudley, smiling. "I told Martin Baumgarten that a little romance would settle things; I believe that I *have* a touch of sentiment."

"There 's a telegram for you, too, under your plate," said the bishop, fixing his eyes on the editorial page of the "Star."

The secretary's face assumed a look of tolerance for the defects of the whole human race. He looked at the yellow slip jocosely, and began to read it aloud, but he checked himself. Without an unkind word to the bishop, he laid the paper down and peeled his orange, metaphorically turning his face to the wall. He no longer smiled, for Willie Curtice had said:

Maginnis told me of your interest. Do not deserve it. Have helped to make Edith happy, as well as me. Soon as have seen Mrs. Westbro and explained your goodness, will start for 'Frisco.

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Color drawing by Charles R. Knight. See "Color Notes on Bermuda Waters" in "Open Letters."

ANGEL-FISH IN BERMUDA WATERS

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# RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Late United States Ambassador to Germany

### SECOND PAPER

THE spring of 1855 was made interesting by the arrival of the blockading fleet before the mouth of the Neva, and shortly afterward I went down to look at it. It was a most imposing sight—long lines of mighty three-deckers of the old pattern, British and French, one hundred in all, stretched across the Gulf of Finland in front of the fortresses of Kronstadt. Under cover of the fortifications lay the Russian fleet, helpless and abject; and yet, as events showed during our own Civil War, half a dozen years later, a very slight degree of inventive ability would have enabled the Russians to annihilate the enemy and to gain the most prodigious naval victory of modern times. Had they simply taken one or two of their own great ships to the Baird Iron Works, hard by, and plated them with railway iron, of which there was plenty, they could have paralleled, on a vastly greater scale, the destruction of our old wooden frigates at Norfolk by the *Merrimac*. Yet this simple expedient occurred to no one, and the allied fleet under Sir Richard Dundas bade defiance to the Russian power during the whole summer.

The Russians looked more philosophically upon the blockade than upon their reverses in the Crimea; but they acted much like the small boy who takes revenge on the big boy by making faces at him. Some of their caricatures on their enemies were very clever. Fortunately for such artistic efforts, the British had given them a fine opportunity during the previous year, when Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the Baltic fleet, having made a boastful speech at a public dinner in London, and invited his hearers to dine with him at St. Petersburg, had returned to England after a summer before Kronstadt without even a sight of the Russian capital.

Near the close of my stay, in company with Mr. Erving, first secretary of the legation, I made a visit to Moscow, the journey, which now requires only twelve hours, then consuming twenty-four; and a trying journey it was, since there was no provision for sleeping.

The old Russian capital, and, above all, the Kremlin, interested me greatly; but of all the vast collections in the Kremlin two things especially arrested my attention. The first was a statue,—the only statue in all those vast halls,—and there seemed a strange poetic justice in the fact that it represented the first Napoleon. The other thing was an evidence of the feeling of the Emperor Nicholas toward Poland. In one of the large rooms was a full-length portrait of Nicholas's elder brother and immediate predecessor, Alexander I; flung on the floor at his feet was the constitution of Poland, which he had given, and which Nicholas, after fearful bloodshed, had taken away; and lying near was the Polish scepter broken in the middle.



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A visit to the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon first saw Moscow and the Kremlin, was also interesting; but the city itself, though picturesque, disappointed me. Everywhere were filth, squalor, beggary, and fetishism. Evidences of official stupidity were many. In one of the Kremlin towers, on the occasion of the Emperor's funeral, a day or two before our arrival, had occurred a catastrophe: some thirty men were ringing one of the enormous bells, when it broke loose from its rotten fastenings and crashed down into the midst of the ringers, killing several. Sad reminders of this slaughter were shown us. It was clearly the result of gross neglect.

Another revelation of Russian officialism was there vouchsafed us. Wishing to send a very simple message to our minister at St. Petersburg, we went to the telegraph office and handed it to the clerk in charge. Putting on an air of great importance, he began a long inquisitorial process, insisting on knowing our full names, whence we had come, where we were going, how long we were staying, why we were sending the message, etc.; and when he had evidently asked all the questions he could think of, he gravely informed us that our message could not be sent until the head of the office had given his approval. On our asking where the head of the office was, he pointed out a stout gentleman in military uniform seated near the stove, in the farther corner of the room, reading a newspaper; and on our requesting him to notify this superior being, he answered that he could not thus interrupt him, that we could see that he was busy. At this Erving lost his temper, caught up the paper, tore it in pieces, threw them into the face of the underling with a loud exclamation more vigorous than pious, and we marched out defiantly. Looking back as we drove off in our droshky, we saw that we had aroused the whole establishment: at the door stood the entire personnel of the office, the military commander at the head, all gazing at us in a sort of stupefaction. We expected to hear from them afterward, but on reflection they evidently thought it best not to stir up the matter.

In reviewing this first of my sojourns in Russia, my thoughts naturally dwell upon the two sovereigns—Nicholas I and Alexander II. The first of these was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring specter of the French Revolution. There had been much to make him a stern reactionary. He could not but remember that two czars, his father and grandfather, had both been murdered in obedience to family necessities. At his proclamation as Emperor he had been welcomed by a revolt which had forced him

"To wade through slaughter to a throne"—

a revolt which had deluged the great parade-ground of St. Petersburg with the blood of his best soldiers, which had sent many of the nobility to Siberia, and which had obliged him to see the bodies of several men who might have made his reign illustrious dangling from the fortress walls opposite the winter palace. He had been obliged to grapple with a fearful insurrection in Poland, caused partly by the brutality of his satraps, but mainly by religious hatreds, to suppress it with enormous carnage, and to substitute a cruel despotism for the moderate constitutional liberty which his brother had granted. He had thus become the fanatical apostle of reaction throughout Europe, and as such was everywhere the implacable enemy of any evolution of liberty. The despots of Europe adored him. As symbols of his ideals, he had given to the King of Prussia and to the Neapolitan Bourbon copies of two of the statues which adorned his Nevsky bridge—statues representing restive horses restrained by strong men; and the Berlin populace, with unerring instinct, had given to one of these the name of "Progress Checked" and to the other the name "Retrogression Encouraged." To this day one sees everywhere in the palaces of Continental rulers, whether great or petty, his columns of Siberian porphyry, bowls of jasper, or vases of malachite—signs of his approval of reaction. But, in justice to him, it should be said that there was one crime he did not commit—a crime, indeed, which he did not *dare* commit: he did not violate his oath to maintain the liberties of Finland. *That* was reserved for the second Nicholas, now on the Russian throne.

Whether at the great assemblages of the winter palace, or at the reviews, or simply driving in his sledge, or walking in the

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street, he overawed all men by his presence: whenever I saw him, and never more cogently than during that last drive of his just before his death, there was forced to my lips the thought, "You are the most majestic being ever created." Colossal in stature, with a face such as one finds on a Greek coin, but overcast with a shadow of Muscovite melancholy, with a bearing dignified, but with a manner not unkind, he bore himself like a god. And yet no man could be more simple or affable, whether in his palace or in the street. Those were the days when a Russian czar could drive or walk alone in every part of every city in his empire. He frequently took his exercise in walking along the Neva quay, and enjoyed talking with any friends he met, especially with members of the diplomatic corps. The published letters of the American minister, Mr. Dallas, give accounts of many discussions thus held with him.

There seemed a most characteristic mingling of his better and worse qualities in the two promises which, according to tradition, he exacted on his death-bed from his son—namely, that he would free the serfs, and that he would never give a constitution to Poland.

The accession of this son, Alexander II, brought a change at once; we all felt it. While he had the big Romanoff frame and beauty and dignity, he had less of the majesty and none of the implacable sternness of his father. At the reception of the diplomatic corps on his accession, already described, he showed this abundantly; for despite the strong declarations in his speech, his tears betrayed him. Reforms began at once, halting indeed, but all tending in the right direction. How they were developed and how so largely brought to naught the world knows by heart. Of all the ghastly miscalculations ever made, of all the crimes which have cost the earth most dear, his murder was the worst. The murders of William of Orange, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Carnot, of King Humbert, did not stop the course of a beneficent evolution; but the murder of Alexander II threw Russia back into the hands of a reaction worse than any ever before known, which has now lasted nearly fifty years and which bids fair to continue for generations. To me, looking back upon those days, it is hard to imagine even the craziest of nihilists or anarchists wild enough to commit such a crime against so kindly a man fully embarked on so blessed a career.

He, too, in the days of my stay, was wont to mingle freely with his people; he even went to their places of public amusement, and was frequently to be seen walking among them on the quays and elsewhere. In my reminiscences of the Hague Conference, I give from the lips of Prince Münster an account of a conversation under such circumstances—the Czar walking on the quay or resting on a seat by the roadside while planning the righting of a wrong done by a petty Russian official to a German student. Therein appears not only a deep sense of justice and humanity, but that melancholy so truly Russian, which was deepest in him and in his uncle, the first Alexander. There dwell also in my memory certain photographs of him in his last days, shown me not long before his death, during my first official stay at Berlin. His face was as beautiful as of old, but the melancholy had deepened, and the eyes gave a fearful revelation: they were those of a man who for years had known himself to be hunted. As I looked at them there came back to me the remembrance of the great, beautiful, frightened eyes of a deer, hunted down and finally at my mercy, in the midst of a lake in the Adirondacks—eyes which haunted me long afterward. And there comes back the scene at the funeral ceremony in his honor, at Berlin, coincident with that at St. Petersburg: his uncle, the Emperor William I, and all about him, in tears, and a depth of real feeling shown such as no monarch of a coarser fiber could have inspired. When one reflects that he had given his countrymen, among a great mass of minor reforms, trial by jury, the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs, with provision for homesteads, and had at that moment—as his adviser, Loris Melikoff, declared when dying—a constitution ready for his people, one feels inclined to curse those who take the methods of revolution rather than those of evolution.

My departure from Russia embraces one or two incidents which may throw some light upon the Russian civilization of that period. On account of the blockade, I was obliged to take the post from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, giving to the jour-



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ney seven days and seven nights of steady travel; and as the pressure for places on the coach was very great, I was obliged to secure mine several weeks beforehand, and then thought myself especially lucky in obtaining a sort of sentry-box on the roof of the second coach, usually occupied by the guard. This good luck was due to the fact that, there being on that day two coaches, one guard served for both, and the place on the second was thus left vacant.

Day and night then, for that whole week, we rumbled on through the apparently interminable forests of Poland and the distressingly dirty hamlets and towns scattered along the road. My first night out was trying, for it was very cold; but having secured from a dealer in the first town where we stopped in the morning a large sheet of felt, I wrapped my legs in it, and thenceforward was comfortable. My companions in the two post-coaches were very lively, being mainly French actors and actresses who had just finished their winter campaign in Russia; and when we changed horses at the post-houses the scenes were of a sort which an American orator once characterized as "halcyon and vociferous."

Bearing a despatch-bag to our legation at Paris, I carried the pass not only of an attaché but of a bearer of despatches. On my departure our minister said to me: "The Russian officials at the frontier have given much trouble to Americans of late, and I hope that if they trouble you, you will simply stop and let me know; you are traveling for information, and a few days more or less will make little difference." On arriving at the frontier I gave up my papers to the passport officials, and was then approached by the officers of the custom-house. One of these, a tall personage in showy uniform, was very solemn, and presently asked: "Are you carrying out any specie?" I answered: "None to speak of; only about twenty or thirty German dollars." Said he: "That you must give up to me; the law of the empire does not permit you to take out coin." "No," I said, "you are mistaken; I have already had the money changed, and it is in German coin, not Russian." "That makes no difference," said he; "you must give it up or stay here." My answer was that I would not give it up; and on this he commanded his subordinates to take my baggage off the coach. My traveling companions now besought me to make a quiet compromise with him, to give him half the money, telling me that I might be detained there for weeks or months, or even be maltreated; but I steadily refused, and my baggage was removed. All were ready to start, when the head of the police bureau came upon the scene to return our papers. His first proceeding was to call out my name in a most obsequious tone, and, bowing reverently, to tender me my passport. I glanced at the custom-house official, and saw that he turned pale. The honor done my little brief authority by the passport official revealed to him his mistake, and he immediately ordered his subordinates to replace my baggage on the coach; but this I instantly forbade. He then came up to me and insisted that a misunderstanding had occurred. "No," I said, "there is no misunderstanding; you have only treated me as you have treated other Americans. The American minister has ordered me to wait here and inform him, and all that I have now to ask you is that you give me the name of a hotel." At this he begged me to listen to him, and presently was pleading most piteously; indeed, he would have readily knelt and kissed my feet to induce me to forgive him. He became utterly abject. All were waiting, the coach stood open, the eyes of the whole party were fastened upon us, my comrades besought me to let the rascal go, and at last, after a most earnest warning to him, I gave my gracious permission to have the baggage placed on the coach. He was certainly at that moment one of the happiest men I have ever seen, and as we drove off from the station he lingered long, hat in hand, profuse with bows and good wishes.

Another occurrence during that seven days and nights of coaching may throw some light upon the feeling which has recently produced, in that same region, the Kishinef massacres.

One pleasant Saturday evening, at a Polish village, our coach passed into the little green inclosure in front of the post-house and stopped there for a change of horses. While waiting, I noticed from my sentry-box several well-dressed people—by the cut of their beards and hair, Jews—standing at some distance outside the in-

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closure and looking at us. Presently two of them, clearly, by their bearing and dress, men of mark, entered the inclosure, came near us, and stood quietly and respectfully. In a few moments my attention was attracted by a movement on the other side of the coach: our driver, a young serf, was skulking rapidly toward the stables. Presently he emerged with his long horse-whip, skulked swiftly back again until he came suddenly on these two grave and reverend men, each of them doubtless wealthy enough to have bought him and a dozen like him, began lashing them, and finally drove them out of the inclosure like dogs, the assembled crowd jeering and hooting after them.

Few evenings linger more pleasantly in my memory than that on which I arrived in Breslau. I was once more outside the Russian Empire, and, as I settled for the evening before a kindly fire upon a cheerful hearth, there rose outside, from a rollicking band of university students, the "Gaudeamus igitur." I seemed to have arrived in another world—a world which held home and friends. Then as never before I realized the feeling which the Marquis de Custine had revealed to the amusement of Europe and the disgust of the Emperor Nicholas nearly twenty years before. The brilliant marquis, on his way to St. Petersburg, had stopped at Stettin, and on leaving his inn to take ship for Kronstadt next day, the innkeeper said to him: "Well, you are going into a very bad country." "How so?" said De Custine. "When did you travel there?" "Never," answered the innkeeper; "but I have kept this inn for many years. All the leading Russians, going and coming by sea, have stopped with me, and I have always noticed that those coming from Russia are very glad and those returning are very sad."

ARRIVING in Paris, I delivered my despatches to our minister, Mr. Mason, was introduced to Baron Seebach, the Saxon minister, Nesselrode's son-in-law, who was a leading personage at the conference of the great powers then in session, and saw many interesting men, among them sundry young officers of the United States army, who were on their way to the Crimea in order to observe the warlike operations going on there, and one of them, George B. McClellan, also on his way to the head of our own army, in the Civil War which began a few years later.

It was the time of the first great French exposition, that of 1855. The Emperor Napoleon III had opened it with much pomp, and though the whole affair was petty compared with those we have known since, it attracted visitors from the whole world, and among them came Horace Greeley. As he shuffled along the boulevards and streets of Paris in his mooning, slouchy way, he attracted much wondering attention, but was himself very unhappy because his ignorance of the French language prevented his talking with the people about him. He had just had a most singular experience, having, the day before my arrival, been released from Clichy prison, where he had been confined for debt. Nothing could be more comical than the whole business from first to last. A year or two previously there had taken place in New York, on what has been since known as Reservoir Square, an international exposition, which, for its day, was very creditable. But this exposition having ended in bankruptcy, a new board of commissioners had been chosen, who, it was hoped, would secure public confidence, and among these was Mr. Greeley. Yet even under this new board the exposition had not been a success, and finally it had been wound up in a very unsatisfactory way, many people complaining that their exhibits had not been returned to them. Among these was a Frenchman who, claiming to be a sculptor, had sent a plaster cast of an allegorical sort, to which he attributed an enormous value. Having sought in vain for redress in America, he returned to Europe, and there awaited the coming of some one of the directors; and the first of these he caught was no less a person than Greeley himself, who, on arriving in Paris, was arrested for the debt and taken to Clichy prison.

Much feeling was shown by the American community. Every one knew that Mr. Greeley's connection with the New York exposition was merely of a good-natured, nominal sort. It therefore became a fashion among traveling Americans to visit him while thus in durance vile, and among those who thus called upon him were two former Presidents of the United States, both of whom he had most bitterly opposed—Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Fillmore.

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The American legation having made very earnest representations, the prisoner was soon released, and the most tangible result of the whole business was a letter, very pithy and characteristic, which Greeley wrote to the New York "Tribune" giving this strange experience, and closing with the words: "So ended my last chance to learn French."

A day or two after his release I met him at the famous restaurant of Mme. Busque. A large company of Americans were present, and shortly after taking his seat at table he tried to ask for some green stringed beans, which were then in season. Addressing one of the serving-maids, he said, "Flawronce, donney moy—donney moy—donney moy—" and then, unable to remember the word, he impatiently screamed out in a high treble, thrusting out his plate at the same time, "*beans*." The crowd of us burst into laughter, whereupon Donn Piatt, then secretary of the legation at Paris and afterward editor of the "Capital" at Washington, said: "Why, Greeley, you don't improve a bit; you knew beans yesterday."

After staying a few weeks at the French capital I left for a short tour in Switzerland. The only occurrence on this journey possibly worthy of note was at the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. On a day early in September I had walked over the Tête Noire with two long-legged Englishmen, and had so tired myself that the next morning I was too late to catch the diligence from Martigny, so that on awaking toward noon there was nothing left for me but to walk, and I started on that rather toilsome journey alone. After plodding upward some miles along the road toward the hospice, I was very weary indeed, but felt that it would be dangerous to rest, since the banks of snow on both sides of the road would be sure to give me a deadly chill, and therefore kept steadily on.

Presently I overtook a small party, apparently English, also going up the pass, and, at some distance in advance of them, alone, a large woman with a very striking and even masculine face. I had certainly seen the face before, but where I could not imagine. Arriving finally at the hospice, very tired, we were, after some waiting, ushered out to a good dinner by the two fathers deputed for the purpose, and there among the guests I again saw the lady and was again puzzled to know where I had previously seen her. As the dinner went on, the two monks gave accounts of life at the hospice, rescues from avalanches and the like, and various questions were asked; but the unknown lady sat perfectly still, uttering not a word, until, suddenly, just at the close of the dinner, she put a question across the table to one of the fathers. It came almost like a peal of thunder,—deep, strong, rolling through the room,—startling all of us and fairly taking the breath away from the good monk to whom it was addressed; but he presently rallied and in a rather faltering tone made answer. That was all. But on this I at once recognized her: it was Fanny Kemble Butler, whom, years before, I had heard interpreting Shakspere.

Whether this episode had anything to do with it or not, I soon found myself in rather a bad way. The fatigues of the two previous days had been too much for me. I felt very wretched, and presently one of the brothers came up to me and asked whether I was ill. Whereupon I answered that I was tired. Whereat he said kindly, "Come with me." I went. He took me to a neat, tidy little cell, put me into bed as carefully as my grandmother had ever done, tucked me in, brought me some weak, hot tea, and left me with various kind injunctions. Very early in the morning I was aroused by the singing of the monks in the chapel, but dozed on until eight or nine o'clock, when, feeling entirely rested, I rose, and after breakfast left the monastery with a party of newly made American friends, in as good condition as ever, and with a very grateful feeling toward my entertainers. Against monks generally I have long had a prejudice, but the memory of these brothers of St. Bernard I still cherish with a real affection.

Stopping at various interesting historic places, and especially at Eisenach, whence I made the first of many visits to the Wartburg, I reached Berlin just before the beginning of the university term, and there settled as a student.

(The series to be continued)

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Color drawing by Charles R. Knight. (See "Color Notes on Bermuda Waters" in "Open Letters.")

ROCK-HIND IN BERMUDA WATERS

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

ENTRANCE TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING (E. L. MASQUERAY, ARCHITECT)

# PICTURES OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION ST. LOUIS, 1904

BY

ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Castaigne has contributed to this magazine similar series of drawings relating to former World's Fairs, as follows: The Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, The Century for May, 1893. The Universal Exposition of Paris, 1900, The Century for July, 1900. The Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, The Century for September, 1901.—Editor.



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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF THE STATES (E. L. MASQUERAY, ARCHITECT)—ON THE RIGHT, FESTIVAL HALL (CASS GILBERT, ARCHITECT); IN THE DISTANCE, PALACE OF EDUCATION (T. C. LINK, ARCHITECT)

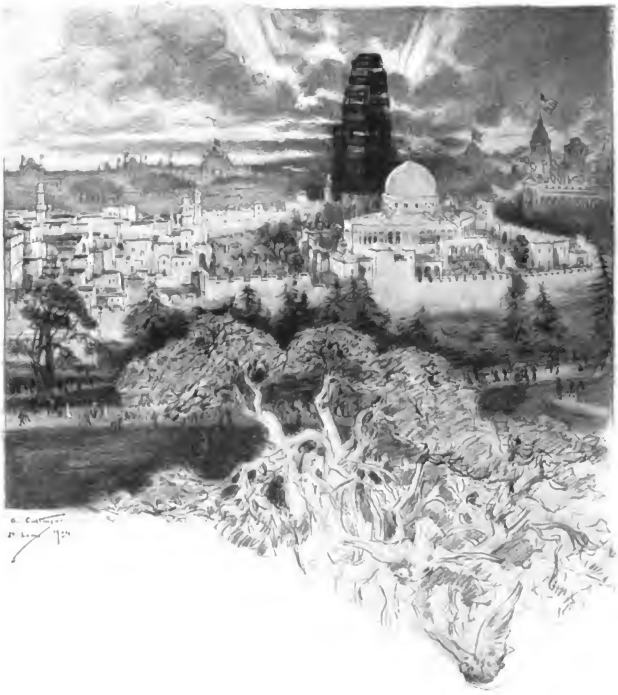
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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS"

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Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"JERUSALEM" AND THE OBSERVATION WHEEL

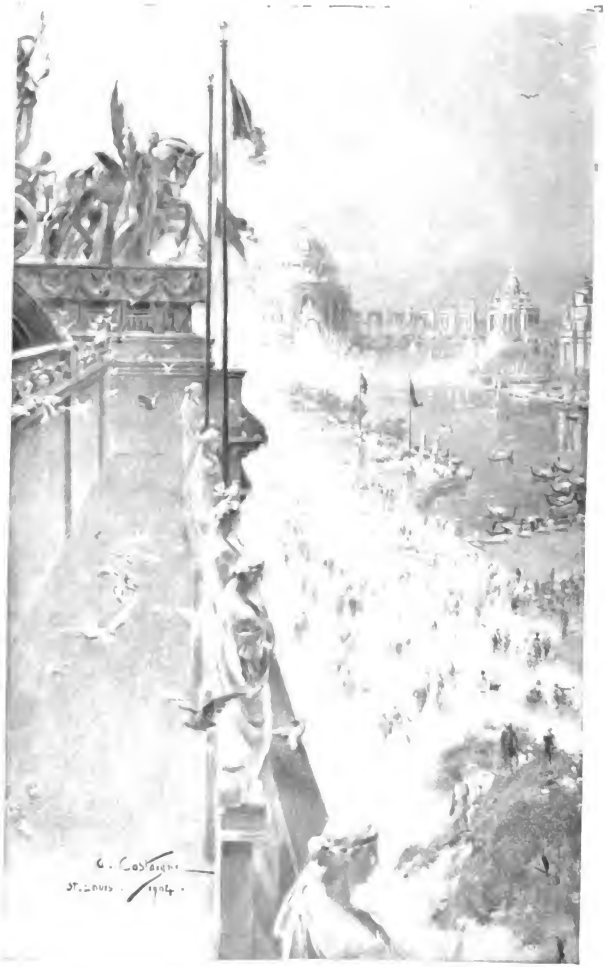
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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A GLIMPSE OF JAPAN

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Palace of Manufactures
(Carrère & Hastings, architects)

Festival Hall
(Cass Gilbert, architect)

Half-tone plates

Colonnade of States and Restaurant Pavilion
(E. L. Masqueray, architect)

THE GRAND BASIN AND



engraved by H. C. Merrill

Palace of Electricity
(Walker & Kimball, architects)

Louisiana Purchase Monument
(E. L. Masqueray, architect)

Palace of Varied Industries
(Van Brunt & Howe, architects)

PLAZA OF ST. LOUIS

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

LOOKING ACROSS THE GRAND BASIN TO THE EAST WATERWAY, EARLY MORNING — THE PALACE OF EDUCATION ON THE RIGHT





# ST. FRANCIS ENDETH HIS SERMON

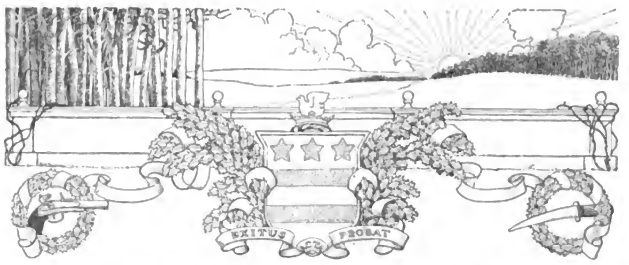
By Louise Imogen Guiney

"And now, my clerks who go in fur or feather
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether
By land or sea ye die the death undue.
When proffer man your pardon; and together
Track him to Heaven, and see his heart made new.

"From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May:
Not to Himself your titles God hath given
In vain, nor only for our mortal day.
O doves! how from The Dove shall ye be driven?
O darling lambs! ye with The Lamb shall play."



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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.
Author of "Hugh Wynne"

V

ON May 23, six more men being gone away, I retreated to Great Meadows, a wide, open space free of large trees, a charming place for an encounter, and here I cleared the ground of bushes, began a log fort, and prepared to remain until I heard further. This I did very soon, for Gist, the trader, came in on the 25th of May with news of my old acquaintance, La Force, having been at his camp, at noon the day before, with some fifty men, and one, De Jumonville, in command. They were foolish enough not to hold Gist, for he got off and warned me of their being not five miles from us. They had been sending runners back to Contrecœur, and what were their intentions Gist did not know. That night I got news of my doubtful Half-King, who promised help if I would attack this party.

Whatever indecision I have had in my life of warfare has been due to a too great respect for the opinions of other officers, and very often I had done better to have gone my own way. All day long I had been in the melancholic state of mind which at times all my life has troubled me. I remember that the news from Gist of this prowling band so near as five miles, and the word sent by Half-King, at once put to rout my lowness of mind. Usually young officers go into their first battle under more experienced guidance, and I now wonder at the confidence with which I set out, for some of my officers were clear against it.

I felt sure that De Jumonville would attack me if I retreated, or, if I let him alone, would wait for further help and orders from Contrecœur before making an end of my little party. That I was to strike openly the forces of the King of France did not disturb me, after their seizure of our fort at the Forks.

When I told Van Braam and Gist what I meant to do, the former approved, but Gist would have had me retreat to Wills Creek. I said no; we should surely be ambushed, and the men were deserting.

Having given my orders, I tied an extra pair of moccasins to my belt, and taking no gun myself, set out at 10 P.M., leaving behind me a baggage-guard. I took with me forty men, the best I had, and mostly good shots. The Half-King and a few warriors in full war-paint met me at a spring some two miles away.

His scouts had found the French in a



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rocky valley, where they had cleared a space and evidently meant to await orders or reinforcements.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, the worst that could be, when we met the Half-King. We halted in the darkness of the forest while my interpreter let me know the situation of De Jumonville, which seemed to me to be well chosen as a hiding-place, but ill contrived for defence. After this we pushed on, the Indian guides being ahead. Several times they lost their way. We stumbled on in the wet woods, falling against one another, so dark was the night, and crawling under or over the rotten trees of a windfall. I was both eager and anxious, and kept on in front, or at times fell back to silence my men. We were moving so slowly that my anxiety continually increased, and I had constantly to warn my men to keep their flint-locks dry.

At last, toward dawn of day, we came where we could look down on the camp. The wind being in our faces, we had smelt the smoke of their fires a quarter of a mile away, and now and then, even at this distant day, the smell of the smoke from wet wood smouldering in the rain recalls to my mind this night, a fact which appears to me singular. To my joy, the camp was silent and there were no sentinels. I halted the men, and my orders were whispered down the trail for them to scatter to the right while the Indians moved to the left. After giving time for this, I moved out alone from the shelter of the rocks and trees. As I did so, a man came from a hut and gave a great shout. At once the French were out with their arms and began to fire, but had no cover. Some of my own men were practised Indian-fighters and kept to the shelter of the trees, moving from trunk to trunk and firing very deliberately. I heard the enemy's bullets whizz around me, and felt at once and for the first time in war the strange exhilaration of danger. A man fell at my side, and I called to those near me to keep to the trees, but did not myself fall back, feeling it well to encourage my men.

For a little while the firing was hot. It lasted, however, but fifteen minutes. Then I saw an officer fall, and they gave up and cried for quarter as I ran down into their camp to stop the Indians from using their tomahawks and killing the wounded.

Van Braam told me afterwards that I exposed myself needlessly, but I thought this was necessary in order to give spirit and confidence to men who were many of them new to battle.

Our loss was small and that of the French great, since De Jumonville, who was in command, and ten men were killed and twenty-two taken, with some others hurt.

I remember to have written my brother Jack of this little fight, that the whistle of the bullets was pleasing to me; but I was then very young, and it was, after all, but a way of saying that the sense of danger, or risk, was agreeable.

On our way back through the woods I talked to La Force, who was in no wise cast down and told me that I should pay dear for my success, and how innocent they were, and a fine string of lies.

I was very well pleased to have caught this fellow, one of the most wily and troublesome half-breeds on the frontier, and a fine maker of mischief, as he had been when I was on my way to the lake.

After the fight we found, on the person of De Jumonville and in his hut, papers amply proving his hostile intention, although even without this evidence his hiding so long in our neighbourhood, and sending out runners to Fort Duquesne, sufficiently showed what my party had to expect when the French would be reinforced.

After the fight it was thought prudent to return as soon as possible, so, to my regret, I had to leave the dead, both our own and the French, without decent burial. This I believe they had later at the hand of De Villiers. Although the fugitives were nearly all taken, one or two escaped and took the news to Contrecœur, at the Forks of the Ohio. I sent my prisoners to Williamsburg under a strong guard, having previously supplied M. Drouillon, a young officer, and La Force with clothes of my own out of the very little I had. I remember that I was amused when Drouillon, a pert little fellow, complained that my shirt was too big for him. Indeed, it came down near to his ankles.

I asked of the governor in a letter such respect and favour for these persons as was due to gentlemen placed in their unfortunate condition. Neither of them seemed to me to have been aware of the

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character of their commander's orders. To my regret, the request I made to Governor Dinwiddie received small consideration, as I may have to relate. I was of opinion, however, that La Force should not be set free too soon, because of his power to influence the Indians.

The action with De Jumonville took place on May 28, and the Half-King, although disappointed as to scalps, went away, promising to return with many warriors. He told me his friends the English had now at last begun in earnest, but that it was no good war to keep prisoners.

As I trusted him more than most of the Indians, I sent thirty men and some horses to assist in moving the Indian families, for without them the warriors would never return; and I did not neglect to send a runner back to hasten Mackay, who was in command of an Independent company from South Carolina. They were indeed quite independent, having neither good sense nor discipline, as I was soon to discover. My little skirmish with the French on May 28 added to my perplexities the knowledge that as soon as the runners who escaped should reach the fort at the Forks Contrecœur would undertake to avenge the loss of his officer.

While I was impatiently waiting supplies from Croghan at Wills Creek, for now we were six days without flour, came news that Colonel Frye, my commander, was dead at that post. Colonel Innes of North Carolina, who was to succeed him in the whole command, lay at Winchester with four hundred men; but as he continued to lie there, neither he nor his troops were of any use in the campaign.

During the period which elapsed between my fight on May 28 and my being attacked on July 3, being now a colonel, and sure of soon being reinforced, I made haste to complete the fort at Great Meadows.

There I had excellent help from Captain Stobo and Mr. Adam Stephen, whom I made captain, and who, long after, became a general and served under me in the great war.

It was only a log work we built, near to breast-high, with no roof, one hundred feet square, with partitions, and surrounded at some distance by a too shallow ditch and palisadoes. Captain Stobo gave to this defence the name of Fort Necessity, and said that the name was suggested by his empty belly, for indeed we were at this time half starved.

Near about this time came three hundred men from Wills Creek, and, to my satisfaction, my friend Dr. Craik, who was of a merry disposition, and kept us in good humour, besides what aid he gave us as a physician, and I never had the service of a better.

On the 9th of June arrived my old military teacher, Adjutant Muse, with nine swivels and other men, and a very small supply of ammunition. He fetched with him a wampum belt and presents and medals for the Indians, as I had desired of the governor.

At this time, in order to secure the Indians, who are fickle and must always be bribed, we had a fine ceremony, and I delivered a speech sent from the governor.

Dr. Craik gave me, two years ago, the account he wrote home of this occasion, and I leave it in this place for the time, since it serves to record matters of which I have no distinct remembrance, and is better wrote than it would have been by me.

MY DEAR ANN: To-day, before we move on, I send you a letter by a runner who goes to hasten our supplies. We had a great ceremony to-day. A space in the meadows near the fort was cleared, and all our men set around under arms in a great circle. In the middle stood the Colonel, very tall and, like all of us, very lean for lack of diet, for we are all shrunk like persimmons in December. Before him were seated the Half-King and the son of Aliquippa, the Queen of one of the tribes. Last year our Colonel gave her a red match-coat and a bottle of rum, and now she is his great friend and waiting for more favours, especially rum.

The warriors were painted to beat even a London lady, and no bird has more feathers or finer. The pipe of Council was passed around, and all took a few whiffs. When it came to the turn of our Colonel, he sneezed and coughed and made a wry face, but none of the Indians so much as smiled, for they are a very solemn folk. I could not refrain to laugh, so hid my face in the last handkerchief I possess. There are holes in it, too. Then we had the Indian's speech and that the Governor sent to be spoken. After this the Colonel hung around the necks of the Chiefs medals of silver sent from England. One had the British lion mauling the Gallic cock, and on the other side the King's effigy. Then the drums were beat, and the son of Aliquippa was taken into Council as a sachem, and given, as is the cus-

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tom, a new name. I suppose it is a kind of heathen Christening. He was called Fairfax. I hope his Lordship will look after his Godson, or devil son, as he is more like to be. The Half-King was made proud with the name of Dinwiddie, and so we are friends until to-morrow, and allies—I call them *all lies*. After this the Colonel read the morning service, which I hope pleased them. They believed he was making magic.

This is a good account, and I certainly did make a face with the tobacco-smoke, for, although at that time I raised the weed, I cannot endure it.

Captain Mackay arrived on the 7th of June, but it came about untowardly that the company which thus joined me was not Virginian, and gave me more trouble than help. I may be wrong concerning the date of Captain Mackay's arrival, but he was with us when, on the 10th of June, I moved out of our fort to prepare the road for the larger attempt proposed to take the defences at the Forks of the Ohio. I soon found that I was to have difficulty with this officer. I found him a good sort of a gentleman, but, as he had a distinct commission from the king, he declined to receive my commands, and, I found, would rather impede the service than forward it. I have made it a rule, however, to do the best I can in regard to obstacles I cannot control, and so I kept my temper and was always civil to this gentleman, even when he would not permit his men, unless paid a shilling a day, to assist in the making of roads.

As two masters are worse in an army than anywhere else, he agreed willingly enough to remain at Fort Necessity, while I went on toward Redstone Creek with my Virginians to better my road. It was a hard task, and at night the men were so tired that the scouts and sentries could hardly keep awake. The Indians came in daily, asking presents, and were mostly spies.

At Gist's old camp, thirteen miles from Great Meadows, I learned that Fort Duquesne had been reinforced and that I was to be attacked by a large force. I sent back for Mackay, and at once called in all my hunters and scouting-parties. When Captain Mackay arrived we held a council and resolved that we had a better chance to defend ourselves at Fort Necessity. The officers gave up their horses to carry the ammunition, and we began a retreat with all possible speed. The weather was of the worst, very hot and raining, and the Carolina men, who called themselves king's soldiers, would give no assistance in dragging the swivels. What with hunger and toil, my rangers were worn out when, on July 1, we were come back to the fort. I was of half a mind to push on and secure my retreat to Wills Creek; but the men refused to go on with the swivels, and the few horses we had were mere bone-bags, and some of them hardly fit to walk.

I turned over the matter that night with Captains Mackay and Stephen, and resolved, for, indeed, I could do no better, to send for help and abide in the fort. I was well aware that to retreat would turn every Indian on the frontier against us, and I was in good hope to hold out.

If, as I wrote the governor, the French behaved with no greater spirit than they did in the Jumonville affair, I might yet come off well enough if provisions reached me in time, and I thought with proper reinforcements we should have no great trouble in driving them to the devil and Montreal.

On the evening of July 1 an Indian runner came in. He had been with De Villiers and a force from Duquesne. He told me that when that officer reached Gist's palisado he fired on it, but, finding no one there, was of a mind to go back, thinking I had returned to the settlements. Unfortunately, some of our Indians, who were now leaving us in numbers, told him I meant to make a stand at Fort Necessity.

Whether I should fall back farther or not was now a matter for little choice. If I retreated with tired, half-starved men and no rum for refreshment, De Villiers's large, well-fed force and quick-footed Indians would surely overtake us, and we should have to meet superiour numbers without being intrenched. If Captain Mackay and his men, in my absence, had done anything to complete my fort, I should have fared better. Meanwhile we might be aided with men from Winchester, or, at least, be provisioned. I said nothing to the South Carolina officer of his neglect, for that would do no good, and I desired when it came to fighting he should be in a good humour.

News seemed to fly through the forests as if the birds carried it, and I was not

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surprised to learn before I got to the fort that the Half-King and nearly all his warriors had stolen away. He was out of humour with the officers I had left in charge and said no one consulted him. I think he desired to escape a superiour force and to assure the safety of his squaws and papooses, whom I was not ill pleased to be rid of, but not of the warriors.

After my men were fed, Captain Stobo, Adjutant Muse, Captain Stephen, and I took off our coats and went to work to help with axes, Dr. Craik very merry and cheering the poor fellows, who were worn out with work.

We raised the log shelter a log higher, and dug our ditch deeper, and, had we had more time, had done better to have enlarged the place, for it was quite too small for the force.

All being very weary on the evening of July 2, I went over the place with Captain Stobo. We were in the middle of a grassy meadow about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and no wood nearer than sixty yards. Stobo would have had us cut down the nearer trees, but the rangers could work no more. As to men, I had enough, if I had been supplied with ammunition and food.

The next day being the 3d, this was tried —I mean the clearing away of trees; but about half-past ten I heard a shot in the woods on that side where the ground rises, and at once all the men hurried in, as was beforehand agreed, and a sentry ran limping out of the woods, wounded. Next came our scouts in haste to say the French and Indians, a great force, were a mile away, eight hundred it was thought. At eleven I saw them in the forest on the nearest rise of ground, well under cover. I left Captain Mackay in the fort, and set my rangers in the ditch, fairly covered by the earth cast up in the digging of it, hoping the enemy would make an assault. But they kept in the woods and fired incessantly. About 4 P.M. it came on to rain very heavy, with thunder and lightning. So great was the downfall that the water flowing into the ditch half filled it, and the pans and primings of the muskets got wetted, and our fire fell off. Seeing this, I drew the men within the palisadoes and the log fort, where they were favourably disposed to resist an attack, for which the enemy seemed to have no stomach. This was near about 4 P.M., and soon, to my dismay, shots began to fall among us from the Indians, who climbed the trees and thus had us at an advantage.

Many men began to drop, and De Peyronney, a Huguenot captain, was badly wounded, while our own shooting, because of the torrent of rain, was much slackened, and at dusk our ammunition nearly all used. Twelve men were killed and forty-three wounded out of the three hundred rangers, but how many out of the Independent company I do not know, nor was the loss of the enemy ever ascertained.

About 7 P.M., seeing that we almost ceased to fire, the French called a parley, which I declined; but at eight, knowing our state and that we had scarce any provisions left, I answered their second flag that I would send an officer, and for this errand would have ordered De Peyronney, who spoke the French tongue, but that he was hurt and in great pain. I had no one but Van Braam who knew any French. He went, and returned with demands for a capitulation so dishonourable that I could not consider them. At last, however, we came to terms, which were to march out with all the honours of war, Van Braam and Captain Stobo volunteering to go as hostages for the return of Drouillon and La Force.

It was eleven o'clock at night and very dark when Van Braam translated the final terms of capitulation. We were to march away unmolested and to agree not to build forts or occupy the lands of his Most Christian Majesty for a year; but to this vague stipulation I did not object. It was raining furiously, and we heard the terms read by the light of one candle, which was put out by the rain, over and over, as Van Braam, with no great ease, let me hear what, he declared, was set down. Unhappily, he translated the words which twice made me agree to be taken as the *assassin* of De Villiers's brother, Jumonville, so as to read that the French had come to revenge the *death* of that gentleman, and understanding it, with Stephen and Mackay, to mean this and no more, I signed the paper and thus innocently subjected myself to a foul calumny.

At dawn we moved out with one swivel and drums beating and colours flying. This was on July 4. I was reminded of it when, on July 9, 1776, I paraded the army to announce that on July 4 the Congress had

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declared that we were no longer colonies but free and independent States. Then I remembered the humiliation of the morning when we filed away before those who were to become our friends and allies.

I bade good-by to Van Braam and Stobo, and we began our homeward march, all on foot, because of our horses having been taken when we were forced to leave them outside of the fort. We had gone scarce a mile, carrying our wounded on rude litters, when, against all the terms agreed upon, the Indians followed and robbed the rear baggage, misusing many. Upon this, showing a bold front, I drove them off, and destroying all useless baggage, set out again.

Some died on our way, others fell out and were no more heard of; and thus, half starved and weary, we made the seventy miles to Wills Creek.

Having conducted my command to this point, where was all they required in the way of clothing and supplies, I rode with Captain Mackay to Williamsburg.

I felt for a time and with much sharpness the sense of defeat, and I heard later that Captain Mackay complained that I was dull company on the ride, which was no doubt true enough, for I felt that he and his command were partly to be blamed.

Indeed, I appeared to myself at this time the most unfortunate of men; but I have often been led to observe that we forget our calamities more easily than the pleasures of life, nor on the occasion here described could I so much reproach myself as those who failed to supply me with the ammunition and provisions required for success.

Although it was near to nine at night when we rode into Williamsburg and put up at the Raleigh Tavern, I went at once to the house called the governor's palace, but much inferiour in size and convenience to the fine houses of Westover and Brandon. The governor being gone to supper elsewhere, I gave the sealed package containing the capitulation, all in French, with the signatures of De Villiers and myself, to the governor's aide.

In the morning I called upon the governor and was cordially received. He said that we could not go into the details of the capitulation until the articles of it were fairly Englished. This would require a day. He made rather too light, I thought, of the surrender and of what seemed to me serious; for to my mind the French were come to stay.

While the governor was assuring me that we should easily drive out the invaders, my kinsman, Colonel Willis of the council, joined us. He considered the situation on the frontier as very grave, and succeeded in alarming the governor, a man of confident and very sanguine disposition. At last Colonel Willis turned to me and said: "George, I dare venture to engage that this little fire you have left blazing will set the world aflame."

After further talk I left them. I had been before this in the capital of the colony, but always for a brief visit. Now, having time, I walked down the broad Duke of Gloucester street, and saw the famous William and Mary College, and in front of it the statue of Lord Botetour. There were many fine houses and the handsome parish church of Bruton, said to have been planned by the great Sir Christopher Wren.

The next morning about nine came Mr. William Fairfax to the inn and said: "There is some trouble about the capitulations, but I do not know what. You are wanted at once by the council."

Upon this I made haste to reach the palace, wondering what could be the matter.

In the council-chamber were several gentlemen standing, in silence—Mr. Speaker Robinson, Colonel Cary, and my Lord Fairfax, as I was pleased to see, he having arrived that morning to be a guest of Governor Dinwiddie. There were also others, all standing in groups, but who they were I fail now to remember. All of them appeared to be serious as I went in, and there was of a sudden silence, except that the governor, a bulky man, very red in the face and of choleric temper, was walking about cursing in a most unseemly way. Lord Fairfax alone received me pleasantly, coming forward to greet me, but no one else did more than bow. The governor came toward me, and holding the capitulations in one hand, struck them with the other hand and cried out: "Explain, sir—explain how you, sir, an officer of the king, came to admit over your signature that you were an assassin, and twice, sir, twice. I consider you disgraced."

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Lord Fairfax laid a hand on my arm to stay me and said:

"Your Excellency, it is not the manner among us to condemn a man unheard; nor, sir, to address a gentleman as you have permitted yourself to do."

Colonel Cary said: "That, sir, is also my own opinion." For this I was grateful, because on a former occasion he had himself been lacking in civility.

Then my cousin Willis came across the room and said very low: "Keep yourself quiet, George."

I bowed and asked to be shown the translation. I read it over with care, while no one spoke. What had been said was correct. For a moment I was too amazed to speak. As I looked up, utterly confounded, Lord Fairfax said: "Well, colonel?"

Upon this I related the facts of the case, and that Captains Mackay and Stephen had heard Van Braam translate the articles, and that he had never used the word *assassination*, but, in place of it, *death*; and that I considered it to have been ignorance on his part, and no worse.

I saw also that, while I had been given to understand by Van Braam that for a year we were pledged not to make any forts on the lands of the King of France, I had really agreed that we were not for that period to do so beyond the mountains.

When I had fully accounted for my unfortunate misapprehension, Lord Fairfax said at once: "Then, gentlemen, this unfortunate mistake and this unlucky pledge were due to the governor's council having failed to provide Colonel Washington with a competent French interpreter." I could hardly help smiling at this transfer of the blame to the governor and his advisers. Colonel Byrd laughed outright, as the governor, with a great oath, cried out, "Nonsense, my lord," and to me, "You should be broke, sir; you are unfit to command."

Lord Fairfax said quietly, "Be careful of your words, governor." This stayed his speech, but amid entire silence he stood shaking with anger, so that, although his wig was covered with a net, the powder fell over his scarlet coat.

Upon this I threw the capitulations on the table and, with much effort controlling myself, said: "I have explained myself to the honourable council and have no more to say."

The governor said: "I presume, sir, we must accept your statement." I replied at once, looking about me: "If any gentleman here doubts it, I—" But on this Colonel Cary said: "I do not. I think the matter cleared, Colonel Washington, and I trust that his Excellency will see that he has spoken in haste."

Lord Fairfax and Mr. Robinson also spoke to like effect, and with a degree of warmth which set me entirely at ease. The governor, much vexed to be thus taken to task, said in a surly way that he was satisfied and that Van Braam was a traitor, which I declined to believe, also adding that Captain Stephen would be asked to see the governor and confirm my statement.

After this, to my surprise, the governor desired my company at dinner, and seeing Lord Fairfax nod to me, I accepted, but with no very good will. The matter ended with a vote of thanks from the House of Burgesses, Van Braam being left out, and also Adjutant Muse, who was considered to have shown cowardice. I was well done with a sorry business.

Indeed, but for the rain, the bad lights, and that I had no reason to disbelieve what Van Braam read to us, I should have looked over the paper, where the word *assassin*, being as much English as French, must have caught my eye. What seemed to me most strange was that De Villiers should so easily have let go a man whom he professed to consider the murderer of his brother.

When we surrendered the French officers were very civil, and I saw no evidence of unusual enmity, but I do not think I met M. de Villiers.

Van Braam was very much abused and called a traitor, which I neither then nor later believed him to have been. Some few in Virginia blamed me, but since then I have lived through many worse calumnies.

As each nation was casting the blame of warlike action on the other, much was made in France of the death of De Jumonville and the surrender of Fort Necessity.

I was able long afterwards to see the account of this capitulation at Fort Necessity as it was given by the French commander, M. de Villiers. It was quite false, but he could not have known all the facts as to De Jumonville's conduct nor how the Dutchman Van Braam—as I believe,

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without intention—misled me. That he was not bribed to do so is shown by the fact that, being held as a hostage, he was long kept in jail in Quebec.

It is to be remarked as worthy of note that only a month ago I should have heard news of this old soldier of fortune. A letter came to me at Mount Vernon in which Van Braam related his wanderings and how at last he had settled down in France, as it would seem, in a prosperous way. He was very flattering to his old pupil, and, for my part, I wish him good luck and a better knowledge of the French tongue than he had when we starved together at the Great Meadows.

I am also reminded as I write that Lieutenant-Colonel Wynne asked leave during the siege of Yorktown to present to me a young French nobleman, an officer of the regiment Auvergne, whose name now escapes me. This gentleman's father had served in Canada under Marquis Montcalm, and before that on the frontier. The conversation fell upon my early service on the Ohio. To my great astonishment, the young gentleman told me that in 1759 a French writer, called, if I remember, Thomas, published a long piece in verse about this unfortunate De Jumonville in America, and how his murder was avenged. I never supposed any one would write poetry concerning me, nor do I believe it will ever happen again.

I find my diaries insufficient as to the events which preceded the battle on the Monongahela, where, in Braddock's rout, I lost almost all my papers, with my plans and maps, chiefly copies of those I had given the general. This I now regret more than I did at the time when my memory served me better. Finding, as I have noted before, that to write of events recalls particulars, I shall endeavour thus to revive my personal remembrances, but not to record at length the entire history of the defeat of General Braddock.

I do not suppose that any land was ever worse governed than Virginia was under Dinwiddie, and as to military affairs worst of all, but not worse than other colonies. The governors were ignorant of warfare and expected too much from the half-trained militia and their careless officers. These conditions may have seemed to justify the king's order that all officers holding militia appointments should be outranked by all royal commissions, and even by the king's officers on half-pay. This was bad enough, but there were also Independent companies raised in time of need; and their officers, being directly commissioned by the governors acting for the king, insisted on their right to outrank gentlemen of the militia, and led the men in their commands to disobey such officers and to consider themselves of a class superiour to the militia. I had already had so sad an experience of the difficulties which arose out of these conditions that I was unwilling to submit to Governor Dinwiddie's plan of making all the militia Independent companies and with only captains in command. The object to be attained by this awkward expedient was to put a stop to the constant disputes as to precedency and command. As this would reduce me from colonel to captain, I made it clear to the governor that it was not, in my opinion, a step to be advised, but I would consider of it, which, indeed, took me no long time.

In November I resigned my commission, and before it was accepted went to Alexandria, where my regiment then lay. I asked the officers to meet me and explained the cause of my being forced to resign. I was surprised to find that my resolution, which all admitted to be reasonable, met with the most flattering opposition. Indeed, I received soon after a letter from these gentlemen in which, with much more, they said:

> We, your obedient and affectionate officers, beg leave to express our great concern at the marked disagreeable news we have received of your determination to resign the command of the corps. Your steady adherence to impartial justice, your quick discernment and invariable regard to merit, enlivened our natural emulation to excel.

As this letter lies before me and I think of the emotion it caused me, I still like to remember that at the close they spoke of me as "one who taught them to despise danger and to think lightly of toil and hardships while led by a man they knew and loved."

I have been spoken of as wanting in sensibility. If it had been said I lacked means to show what I feel, that were to put the matter more correctly. Even now the recollection of the praise thus given

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moves me deeply, and recalls the memory of my farewell to those who served with me in the War of Independency. I was but twenty-three when I left the colonial service.

I did so with much reluctance, for my desire was not to leave the military line, as my inclinations were still strongly bent to arms, and of this I assured Colonel Fitzhugh very plainly when he would have had me submit to return to service in the inferiour grade of captain. I preferred my farm to submitting to this degradation.

Among the minor matters which, by degrees, discontented even the most loyal of the upper class of Virginia gentlemen, none was more ill borne than the impertinence and insults to which this order of the king gave rise.

Having thus, with much regret, resigned my commission, I retired to private life at Mount Vernon and to the care of my neglected plantations.

As we had left two hostages, Van Braam and Stobo, in the hands of the French after my defeat at the Meadows, I was anxious that La Force and the French officers we held should be treated with decency and exchanged for my two captains.

In spite of my earnest remonstrances, Drouillon and two cadets were alone offered for exchange, and La Force held in prison, which, of course, the French refused to consider. My wishes were disregarded in this matter in which I considered my honour was involved, and I was treated with the indifference the governor so often showed to the advice of colonial gentlemen of consideration. I was deeply mortified, and La Force was at least two years in jail, nor do I know what became of him. In retaliation, Van Braam and Stobo were long detained in prison by the French at Quebec, but finally got away, I do not know how. Captain Stobo, a Scotchman, I believe, was a sober, brave, and sensible man. That he was ingenious and little subject to fear appears from the fact that, while imprisoned at Fort Duquesne, he contrived a plan of the fort, and also to send it to the governor by an Indian. Had he been detected it must have cost his life.

After the fall of Quebec in 1759, I was informed by an officer that Captain Stobo made his escape before that event, and had been able to join his Majesty's troops, and finally had guided General Wolfe on the path by which he succeeded to occupy the Plains of Abraham. I do not know what truth there was in the story.

While time ran on and I was busy with the innocent pursuits of agriculture, England and France were preparing for serious warfare, and as I heard of the efforts to be made to recover the Ohio and the forts at the North, I became troubled that I was to have no share in the business. Sir John St. Clair had come out in this year (1755) as deputy quartermaster-general, and was at once much disgusted at colonial inefficiency, and expressed himself with such freedom as gave great offence. Five weeks later, in February, I believe, General Braddock reached Williamsburg, where I then chanced to be on business concerning the purchase of bills on London. On this occasion I once more appealed to the authorities concerning Stobo and Van Braam; but although I spent some time in efforts to persuade Governor Dinwiddie that to further hold La Force was to prevent the release of two brave and innocent men, he persistently refused. Upon this I went away, declining to discuss other matters on which he would have had my opinion.

While at Williamsburg, Colonel Peyton invited me to visit Sir John St. Clair, to whom I was able to express my regret that the conditions of the king's late order as to rank must deprive me and other colonial gentlemen of the pleasure of serving. Sir John said that he was surprised to encounter so much sensitiveness among us. To this I made no reply, but Colonel Byrd, who was present, said if Sir John would in his mind reverse our positions he would find the matter to explain itself. Sir John said that he could not imagine himself a provincial captain of border farm-hands.

Upon this Colonel Byrd rose and said there was also something which he could not imagine Sir John to be. Seeing a quarrel close at hand, a thing very undesirable when already we were on edge owing to the affectation of superiority on the part of some of Sir John's aides, I was fortunate enough to say that Colonel Byrd no doubt misunderstood Sir John, and that I never had been able to put myself in another man's place. Sir John, who had spoken hastily, was also of no mind to provoke a gentleman of Colonel Byrd's influence, and said at once that he had no

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intention to offend, and thus the matter ended.

It was, however, this kind of thing which made so much bad blood in the colonies and was so deeply resented by men of all classes.

In the afternoon I met Colonel Byrd, who said I had spoiled a good quarrel and that he considered it would be necessary to teach some of the officers a lesson in manners. I said I hoped that at this crisis it might be avoided. I had quite forgot this incident, and am agreeably surprised, now that my memory is failing, at recovering by attention so many things which seemed lost.

On the following morning Sir John called upon me and asked would I dine with him that day, to meet General Braddock, whom, on his arrival, I had welcomed in a letter expressing my regret at being out of the service.

I was glad to meet the new commander, and at Sir John's request named several gentlemen who should have the same honour, and who might be of great use in the campaign. On this occasion there was less heavy drinking than usual, and I was very agreeably entertained and much questioned as to the border. I promised to send my maps to the general, who, upon my taking leave, hoped some way might be found to secure my services in the coming campaign.

Indeed, I was more eager than the general, and, as occasion served, I was still more open with some of the younger members of General Braddock's family concerning my continued desire to follow the military line.

I rode homeward a day or two later, taking Fredericksburg on the way, that I might see my mother. I found her in the garden of her house, engaged in putting some plants in the ground.

She said she was pleased to see me, but did hardly look up from her work and went on talking of the family. I was of no mind to stop her, and, indeed, it was always best to let her have her say; nor did I now interrupt her, which out of respect I never inclined to do.

My sister Betty Lewis, having more desire to talk than I ever had, could never hear my mother out, and this I did not approve, nor did it do any good.

While I was listening came a servant with a letter inclosed in a cover with a flying seal of Captain Orme's arms. The letter within carried the royal arms and "On his Majesty's service with speed," wrote large. It appeared that when I had gone, the general's aide, Captain Orme, requested Colonel Peyton to forward to me this communication, and accordingly he had sent it after me as desired. I excused myself and read it with pleasure.

My mother, being curious as to small things, and as to large ones too often indifferent, asked me what it was, and was eager to know why it bore the king's arms. I saw no better way than to let her read it.

She gave it back to me, saying, "I suppose my opinions about this business of war are never to be regarded," and more besides than I desire to recall. I replied that there was only one answer a man of honour and a loyal subject of the king could make, and that I should at once accept if time were given me to set in order my affairs; and so, with this, after much advice on her part that my duty lay at home and on my plantation, I got away, avoiding to say more, my mind being fully made up. I find the letter now among my papers, and reading it in my old age, renew the memory of the satisfaction it gave me when young.

*Williamsburg, March 2, 1755.*

SIR: The General, having been informed by friends that you expressed some desire to make the campaign, but that you declined it upon some disagreeableness that you thought might arise from the regulations of command, has ordered me to acquaint you that he will be very glad of your company in his family, by which all inconveniences of that kind will be obviated.

I shall think myself very happy to form an acquaintance with a person so universally esteemed, and shall use every opportunity of assuring you how much I am

Your obedient servant,
*Robert Orme,*
Aide-de-camp.

I have no doubt that Colonel Peyton was the gentleman who, knowing my wishes, had suggested my appointment. I was considered by some to have been imprudent at Fort Necessity, and the governor, because of the freedom of speech I used with him in the matter of Stobo and La Force, had for me no great regard, and

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was very unlikely to have favoured me with the general.

Before leaving Williamsburg, Mr. C——, a cousin of Colonel Peyton, visited me and said he had been well advised to seek my friendship in a letter from the colonel, which he thought might please me and which I was free to read. As to my appearance, wit, and judgment, the letter spoke in the most agreeable language, and added that I was destined to make no inconsiderable figure in our country. I confess to having felt, as I read it, both pleasure and doubt.

(To be continued)



# NOT ACCORDING TO THE CODE

## A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS H. WILSON, U. S. A.

IT was at the afternoon dismounted drill of the troop. The air was hot and stifling, the men were listless and bored, and the officer in charge was young, inexperienced, and new to the heat and sand of New Mexico. There are some days when even the best instructed and disciplined troops cannot drill, and this was one of them. The careless slant of the first sergeant's piece as it lay along his shoulder would have proclaimed this to an experienced officer, but the "Johnny come lately," as the soldiers called Willard, the new civilian appointment, saw nothing, knew nothing, and apparently cared nothing. He was there to drill them, and drill they should, so on the torture went until the climax came. Now this boy, for he was really little more, mistook sheer inability for obstinacy. He failed to realize that his commands were not given with the assurance that alone demands instant and prompt execution; he even failed to realize that his embarrassment and lack of confidence in himself gave him an irritating and nagging manner, and so in his ignorance he blundered on and on until he became downright cruel. There was a quick, sharp, but wrong command—a half-hearted response on the part of the men—a swirl of glittering steel in the air—and—the worst had happened.

"He struck me, he struck me!" and Private Thornton, lowering his piece, moved his right hand toward his cartridge-box.

In a moment Willard realized what he had done, and his face blanched; there was a death-like silence, and then the first sergeant dropped his piece and caught Thornton's right arm.

"Come with me"; and before the troop quite realized what had happened, he had Thornton in a firm grasp, and was leading him toward the troop quarters.

And then for the remaining half-hour or so there was an apology of a drill, until the welcome notes of recall sent the men to their quarters, silent and puzzled. At afternoon stables that day Thornton was missing; at retreat, at tattoo, and the next

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morning at reveille he was still absent. The whole command decided he had deserted. On the morning of the third day, much to every one's surprise, Thornton tumbled out of his bunk at first call for reveille, answered his name, declined to make any explanation to the first sergeant regarding his absence, and after guard-mounting the same day was ordered to report to his regimental commander for investigation.

Now the colonel of the ——th United States Horse was a keen judge of men. His admirers, and he had many, said: "The old man 's the best judge of horses and men in the service"; to which his few detractors always added: "and whisky."

He glanced at the offending private sharply for a few moments.

"Where have you been, my man?"

"I 've been away, sir," answered Thornton, with the slow, soft drawl of the South.

Again the colonel eyed him sharply; the voice and intonation were those of a gentleman.

"You had no permission?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you go?"

"I wanted time to think, sir."

The colonel, knowing all the circumstances, appreciated the reply.

"And you 've thought it out thoroughly?"

"I have, sir."

"You know, of course, no soldier can take the law into his own hands?"

"I do, sir."

"You intend to observe the law?"

"I intend to serve my enlistment honorably, sir."

"Do you wish to make any complaint against any—any—" and here the colonel hesitated—"against any officer of my regiment?"

"No, sir."

"Very well—that 's all."

And so Thornton was restored to duty without trial, and the regiment heard nothing more of the affair. That is—not for some years.

Two years later the "Johnny come lately" was a thing of the past. Willard had developed from an untrained, impetuous boy into a man who had learned his lesson and taken it to heart; he had lived, campaigned, and fought with the men he had so misunderstood at first, and between whom and himself there was now a feeling of mutual respect and real liking. Thornton was still in the troop; the modest chevrons of a corporal which he wore showed that he too had learned his lesson and was no longer the untrained "rookie" of months ago. If he bore any resentment toward his officer for the chance blow, it was never shown. Scrupulously polite, observant, cheerful, and willing, he had grown into a model trooper.

It was about this time that the usual rumors of restlessness among the Indians began to circulate through the Territory, and then one day, without any previous warning, the stirring notes of "Boots and Saddles" sent two troops of the regiment helter-skelter after a party of marauding warriors, reported only a short distance from the post.

It was a quick pursuit and a successful one. The Indians were caught red-handed, and the drubbing they got quieted things for months to come.

When the officer commanding the expedition submitted his report to the colonel a few days after their return, he said among other things:

> During the engagement I ordered a dismounted platoon under the command of Lieutenant Willard to dislodge a party of Indians from a strongly intrenched position they had taken behind some rocks. The order was brilliantly executed, though in the advance the officer in command was dangerously wounded. The first sergeant immediately placed himself at the head of the platoon, led and completed the movement very successfully. Corporal Thornton, who was one of the first to notice the lieutenant's plight, immediately went to his assistance, and, though exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy and at a great risk of life, succeeded in bringing the officer in safety to our lines. It was a gallant act and one worthy of the highest commendation. I am happy to say the surgeon reports every hope of Lieutenant Willard's recovery.

Once again Thornton stood before his colonel, erect, soldierly, but rather ill-at-ease.

"I wanted you to know, sir," said his chief, after some preliminaries, "that I have recommended you to the department for distinguished gallantry in saving the life of your officer. I believe it 's the same officer you had—er—" and here the colonel gazed at him with a look of honest and open admiration in his eyes.

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"The same, sir," answered Thornton.

"It was the act of a gentleman and a soldier," cried the colonel, who, occasionally tiring of the restraints of the service, gave way to his impulses. Then he jumped up from his desk and shook the trooper's hand.

"It was magnificent; you have forgotten—forgiven?"

"I have not, sir." The words were cold and deliberate.

"You have n't? And yet you risked your life for him—why?"

"I was afraid he might die, sir; I wanted him to live."

And the colonel sat for an hour after he had dismissed him, thinking.

FIVE long years from the date of the trooper's enlistment the morning report of E Troop showed the following alteration on the morning in question:

Sergeant Robert Thornton discharged by expiration term of service.

All the morning there had been but one thought in Thornton's mind—one constant, persistent thought he could not rid himself of:

"*You are free—you are free—and now—*"

The blood of a people who had never brooked blow or insult ran in his veins. He had waited patiently; no one could ever know the bitterness and degradation of that blow, impersonal though it had been; but now—he was free—free—free. Rapidly his mind reviewed it all. He even recalled that when, during the lieutenant's convalescence, that officer had sent for him and tried to thank him with faltering voice and dimmed eyes, there had been no pity in his heart, only the one thought: "Thank Heaven he will not die before I am free!"

He had received his thanks without a word, even without emotion, and had pretended not to see the outstretched hand. And now he was free, thank God!

At one o'clock the trumpeter slouched out from the sergeant-major's office, sounded drill-call dismounted and assembly in a perfunctory, half-hearted manner, and then slouched back to continue his interrupted game of seven-up with the regimental clerk for a plug of "government straight"—jaw-bone.

It was hot and sultry; aye, as hot and sultry as that day which it seemed he never could forget. The men were forming on the company parades, and from where he stood, near the sutler-shop, ex-Sergeant Thornton scanned the officers as they came out from their adobe quarters across the way. At last! He saw the first sergeant report the troop, the lieutenant (his lieutenant) draw his saber, and the men move off in columns of fours. His mind was clearly made up. He would wait until the first rest, and in the presence of the whole troop he would wipe out the insult of years ago. He did not quite know how it would be, but it would be a blow; aye, a blow for a blow. Soon he found himself watching the movements of the troop, his old troop, with quite a new interest. They halted, and then, to their surprise, they saw their former comrade, neatly arrayed in citizen's clothing, gloves in hand, come toward them at a quick, sharp gait.

The lieutenant, with his back toward him, learned of his presence only when he heard his well-known voice: "Mr. Willard."

"Sergeant Thornton," and he turned toward him.

"*Mr.* Thornton, sir, if you please," and the ex-trooper's voice was distinct and clear.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Thornton," and the officer's attitude unconsciously stiffened; "you have something to say to me?"

"I have, sir, and something I wish these men to hear: they were the witnesses of my degradation; they shall be the witnesses of my reply."

"It is but just, perhaps," said Willard, quietly; but Thornton, whose eyes never left his face, saw the cruel, deep scar, where the Indian bullet had plowed along, redden and quicken.

"You struck me, sir," suddenly cried the ex-trooper, fiercely. "By Heaven! sir, you struck me—you with the law and might on your side, I with the iron rules of the service binding me to meek submission. You took advantage of your position, sir, but now, now I am free as you, and now, here in the presence of these men, I propose to—" and Thornton moved a step nearer, intending to smite the officer's face with the gloves he held in his hand.

"I owe you my life, Thornton; would you have my honor also?" said Willard, looking him frankly and fearlessly in the eyes.

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"I—I—" began Thornton, and then he suddenly saw before him no longer the enemy who had insulted him, but a man—a man of his own class and kind; one who had erred in the heat of passion, but suffered with the strength and dignity of a man; one who had been his officer for years; one who would have been his friend had he permitted it, and—now the thought was overwhelming—one to whom he himself had given life. Silently and strangely his gaze wandered to the faces of the men of the troop, then back to the face of his enemy.

Suddenly his anger vanished; he could not understand it, yet so it was. He was disarmed, completely disarmed.

How could he, a Thornton of Virginia, strike a man who thus spoke to him; who, though he did not fear him, would evidently not strike back? Good God! he had not understood till now.

An instant later, he raised his hat, and without a word hurriedly left the parade.



# THE CHASE OF MASAUGA

BY JOHN B. KAYE

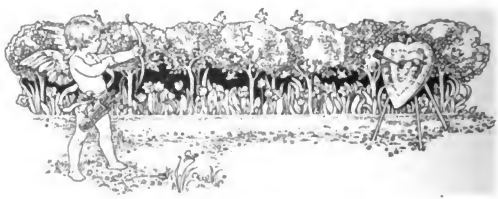
THREE strokes, three new-moon cuts, three gath'ring swaths,
Spun from the wild slough's sweet, broad-bladed grass;
Three pairs of sinewy hands gripped the nibbed snaths
With mighty tension, and each leftward pass
Lengthened the heaped-up lines of billowy green,
Leaving straight, narrow, naked lanes between.

"Step to the stroke!" "Make speed!" A wavy line
Tortures the trembling grass—a moving thread.
"Press on the hidden trail—the serpentine!"
'T is marked by a green shuddering overhead.
With shoulders bent and muscles on the strain
The mowers strive the swift stroke to maintain.

See how it gathers now 'twixt snath and blade,
The meadow's emerald fleece! With strenuous might
Shorn from its hold, in tipped-up tumult laid,
The long green blades are quilled with butts of white.
"Step firm to stroke! Cut deep, shave close and clean!"
The gruesome trail grows shorter in between.

Pursuers and pursued, hatred and fear,
All do their utmost and their powers tire,
But passion spurs, and now the end is near;
Man's inborn enmity can ne'er expire.
The mottled rattler, fierce Masauga, writhes,
And dies with fangs aimed at the murderous scythes.

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# THE OLD AND NOVEL SPORT OF ARCHERY

## APROPOS OF ITS INCLUSION IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

BY A. B. CASSELMAN

Of the Potomac Archery Club

IN the revived Olympic games, which are to be celebrated at St. Louis, under the auspices of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, there will be, in connection with other ancient and modern sports, a contest in archery. Contests in shooting with the bow were not usual in the Olympic games of ancient Greece, but they were included in the Isthmian and Nemean games, which, though less famous, were similar in all material respects to the great Olympic festival.

There are not many American archers, and it is hoped that the interest of a contest at St. Louis may be enhanced by the attendance of European contestants. The National Archery Association of the United States had selected St. Louis as the place for its next annual meeting before it had been definitely determined to include archery as one of the events of the Olympic games.

In considering archery as a modern field-sport, or viewing it in any light, the subject derives great interest from the historical view of the bow, its great antiquity, and its use as a military weapon from prehistoric times down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. For the last three centuries firearms have supplanted all other kinds of military weapons, and we seldom reflect that prior to this comparatively short period the bow and arrow was for fifty centuries one of the principal and most effective weapons with both civilized and barbaric nations. We now understand the term "artillery" to mean cannon—great ordnance, which may throw a projectile twenty miles or pierce the steel armor of a great ship; but before gunpowder came into use the term meant, specifically, the bow and arrow. This was the original artillery.

Archery was practised by the Greeks, both in war and as an athletic sport. Ulysses and Hercules were archers. The shafts of Hercules were feathered with the plumage of the eagle. Greek archers fought at Marathon and at the siege of Troy; and the exploits of the bow are sung by Homer. The bow, however, was not the chief weapon of the Greek or Roman soldier, who was armed for close conflict; but the heavy-armed troops were often supported by light auxiliaries, composed of archers and slingers, who were usually barbarian mercenaries, Scythians or Parthians. The latter were noted for their skill in discharging their arrows while in



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Colonel Robert Williams, Jr. W. H. Thompson



From a photograph

AN ARCHERY MEET AT MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, 1902

actual or simulated flight, and a "Parthian arrow" still means a parting shot. The city of Athens maintained a civic guard of Scythian archers, and there were sixteen hundred Athenian archers in the Peloponnesian War. The barbarian peoples that bordered on Greece and Rome were expert and formidable with the bow, and it was they and their descendants, the Goths, Vandals, and Huns, who, with the bow as their weapon, finally overran and despoiled the Roman Empire, a result which has been attributed to the neglect of archery by the Romans, who otherwise might have repelled the invaders. Before this, the great hosts of Xerxes at Marathon and at Platæa were archers, whose clouds of arrows were declared to have obscured the sun.

But it was in the Middle Ages, and in the hands of the English, who made it their peculiar weapon, that the longbow became the most effective weapon of Europe—feared, an English writer declares, "next the stroke of God." It was first introduced in England at the Norman Conquest, when, at Hastings, Harold was slain with an arrow, and the English army was overthrown by the Norman bowmen. Thereafter it became the national weapon. To it chiefly England is indebted for some of her greatest victories, and for much of her ancient power and prestige as a nation. English history, English statutes, and English literature are filled with allusions to archery, and to the longbow and the "gray goose-wing" as emblems of national supremacy, and as the wall and defense of their country. This is referred to by Kipling:

"All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago;
. . . . . .
Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray goose-wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King."

In the Hundred Years' War with France, English archers attained their greatest preeminence, and especially in their great victories at Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, where they visited upon the French the most sanguinary defeats, and in each instance against great odds. At Agincourt twelve thousand English were hemmed in by sixty thousand French, eager to make them their prey. Of the English seven thousand five hundred were archers, and these chiefly, aided by the rain-soaked ground, on which the French cavalry could not manœuver, inflicted upon their enemies a loss of ten thousand slain. Shakspere puts it in the mouth of Henry V to say of Agincourt:

". . . When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?"



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Drawn by John Cassel. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A MODERN CHAMPION

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The honors of that field belong entirely to the English longbow. Likewise in the civil wars of the Roses, which were unusually sanguinary, the longbow was the weapon of both factions. Under statutes which were designed as, and had the effect of, militia laws, Englishmen were drilled and self-equipped, ready on short notice to take the field, skilled in the use of their favorite weapon. The bow was their pastime and amusement in peace, and it was this which made them effective and dreaded in its use in the field.

The introduction of firearms about the middle of the sixteenth century did not immediately displace the bow as a military weapon. The two weapons were used side by side, and for many years there was great rivalry and contention as to their respective merits. They were both used in the armament to repel the Spanish Armada, which was, perhaps, about the latest use of the bow in a great military operation.

The first settlements in America were made soon after the bow had been retired as a military weapon; and the colonists came to America armed with guns. Had they come fifty years earlier they would have come with bows and arrows. It thus happens that, except as the weapon of our Indian foes, the bow has never had a place in American history or national traditions, and does not, therefore, with us as in England appeal to sentiments of national pride. But archery has a place in our national coat of arms, which represents an eagle with an olive-branch in one talon and a bundle of arrows in the other.

The bow is still used by many savage tribes, including some of our American Indians. It has one advantage with the savage—its cheapness; he can make it with his own hand. It was used by some of the Indians in the Custer massacre, in 1876; and General Sheridan, in his annual report for 1868, reported the capture of four thousand arrows from hostile Indians. General Forsyth, in an account of his desperate fight with the Indians in 1868, relates that one of his scouts was shot with an arrow, whose point was firmly lodged in his frontal bone, where it remained embedded until, later in the fight, an Indian bullet plowed across his forehead and dislodged the arrow-point.



From a photograph

HORACE FORD, WORLD CHAMPION

To attain skill in archery, it should be learned in youth; but it may be learned at any age. The best way to learn this art, perhaps, is from the English archers who have written on the subject. They excelled other nations as archers in war, and have excelled in it as a modern sport.

A recent English book on the subject is the volume on archery in the Badminton Library of English Sports, which treats the subject comprehensively. Another valuable work on the subject is that of Horace Ford, the greatest of modern English archers, who was champion of England continuously from 1849 to 1859, and whose highest scores at the double York round during that period have never since been equaled.

A little volume on this subject of very great interest to any one fond of early English literature, first published in 1545, is the "Toxophilus, or Art of Shooting with the Bow," by Roger Ascham. This was the first English work on the subject, and was written at a time when the practice of archery was common to all classes throughout England. The "Toxophilus" gained for Ascham a place in English literature which has preserved his name to posterity; and his instructions in the art of shooting are still quoted as authority. Aside from the value of his instructions,

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From the painting in Archers' Hall, Edinburgh. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE SCOTCH COMPANY OF ARCHERS LEAVING HOLYROOD ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1886

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his work is still interesting for its literary qualities. Ascham was a tutor of the Princess Elizabeth, and taught her the use of the bow. Her father, the king, was the best bow-shot in England.

The old theory that the gray goose-wing furnishes the best feather for the arrow has been discarded. Turkey- and peacock-feathers are now most used. Ascham's description of a good bow is as correct now as when it was written:

If you come into a shop and find a bow that is small, long, heavy and strong, lying straight, not winding, not marred with knot gall, windshake, wem, fret or pinch, buy that bow of my warrant.

His work has one omission which all archers regret. He does not give us a single score, nor any test denoting the skill of the archers of his day.

A revival of archery in England as a modern athletic sport was begun about the year 1781, and the interest of that period has been kept alive without much interruption or abatement to the present time. This revival of archery began in a movement to revive some old archery societies or clubs which had existed nominally for a century or two, and in the organization in that year of the Royal Toxophilite Society, which became and still remains the leading archery association in England, having its grounds and club-house near the center of London, in Regent's Park. In 1844 the clubs and societies then existing formed a National Archery Association, which has held its contests annually without exception from that year to the present. Uniform rules were prescribed governing the practice of target-shooting, and it is only within this period that we have really authentic scores of notable archers. English, Scotch, and American archers shoot under the same regulations—those of the English National Association; and any one may readily determine the degree of his skill by comparing his score with the record since 1844.



From a photograph by J. Rudland

LADIES' DAY OF THE ROYAL TOXOPHILITE SOCIETY

On the point of comparison Mr. Longman, in the Badminton Library, well says:

To tell the truth, no effective comparison is possible between the highly specialized

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practice of modern English archery and either the war archery of our forefathers or the wild archery of savage tribes. It is one thing to kill and disable as many as possible of a body



WALLACE BRYANT

of disciplined and armed men; it is another thing to creep up within fifteen or twenty yards of a wapiti and silently plant an arrow in the neighborhood of his heart, or to shoot down a charging and infuriated buffalo; while to put as many arrows as possible within a given circle at a distance well known and long practised is a feat of a character quite different from either of the others. Nerve, strength, and skill are necessary to perform any of these feats; but these qualities must be differently applied, and the weapons used must be essentially different.

Some of the romantic adventures chronicled in books of archery as evidence of the skill of former times are interesting chiefly on account of their palpable extravagance: as the boast of the Arabian archer that he could hit the foot of an ant in a dark night; or of the Englishman who in an adventure with savages was so skilful that he could, with his own arrows, intercept those of his enemy in mid-air. Yet we may well assume that when the practice of shooting with the bow was common among all classes, there must have been individual instances of remarkable skill in accuracy and in power.

About the middle of the last century, when Ford was the champion and had several close rivals, English target-shooting reached its highest proficiency, and the customary scores of that period have rarely since been equaled. Since then the sport has been pursued more for the true pleasure of shooting and of healthful recreation. Distinctive archery costumes are not now essential as formerly, the ordinary outing cos-



L. W. MAXSON

A QUARTET OF

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tume in vogue serving for all purposes, especially with the gentlemen.

A table of notable scores of English archers, covering the period from 1844 to 1893, published in the Badminton Library, shows in concise form the degree of English skill in the art. The target is four feet in diameter, made of tightly coiled wheat or rye straw, with a facing of cloth-paper, painted with five concentric rings, gold, red, blue, black, and white; and in scoring the value of a hit is counted according to its nearness to the center. The test of skill is the double York round. The single York consists in shooting 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80, and 24 at 60 yards. The double York therefore consists in shooting 288 arrows in all, and as the walking back and forth to regain the arrows covers about six miles, the contest constitutes a good day's work.



MRS. M. C. HOWELL



MRS. A. M. PHILLIPS

CHAMPION ARCHERS

Since 1844 a score of 1000 at the double York has always been regarded as a notable achievement. Previous to 1870 it had been made only by one man, Horace Ford, who in his eleven years' championship exceeded a score of 1000 three times. Since Ford's day other archers have exceeded 1000, but no one has ever equaled his highest score of 1251.

Archery has sometimes been assigned a place of honor in the ceremonials and public functions of the English court. The Royal Company of Archers of Edinburgh served as body-guard to George IV on the occasion of his visit to Scotland in 1822, and at different times served again in a similar capacity as guard of honor to William IV and to Queen Victoria when they visited Scotland. Queen Victoria frequently displayed her interest in archery, which she herself practised in her youth. Before her accession she was present at meetings of the Royal British Bowmen, and shot with the St. Leonard's Archers; and in 1893 she presented a gold cup to

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From a painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, 1791, in Archers' Hall, Edinburgh. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DR. NATHANIEL SPENS, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH, 1794–96, AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS

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an archery society at Bruges, to commemorate the fiftieth year of her honorary membership in that society.

Archery has been practised in the United States at intervals, in a desultory way, and on two or three occasions has seemed on the point of becoming popular. About 1830 it must have been practised here to a considerable extent, judging from the trade catalogues and manuals published about that time by the dealers in archery goods. Again about 1875 there was a revival of the sport in this country, and in 1879 there was formed a National Association, which has held its annual contests since, though public interest in the sport has not been sustained.



From a photograph

FILIPINO ARCHERS — THE DAUGHTER OF A TAGALO CHIEF, WITH BROTHER AND SERVANT

The Potomac Archery Club of Washington was organized in 1879, and is one of the few clubs that have kept up an



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organization and have aided in keeping alive the National Association with its delightful annual meetings. Its membership has included some of the best American bow-shots. A history of the club would include some interesting reminiscences. One of its organizers was the late Colonel John T. Pickett, a Confederate officer who represented the Confederate States as their special diplomatic agent at Mexico. Colonel Pickett, after the war, took up the subject of archery with great enthusiasm both in the study of its history and in practice. General Meigs, quartermaster-general of the army, was another of the organizers of the club. In the summer of 1881, Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, became much interested in archery, and on one occasion, in company with a member of the Potomac Club, spent an afternoon in practice with the bow, intending at that time to become a member of the club. But the assassination of the President, which occurred about that time, destroyed his hopes and plans—those relating to archery with many others.

An account of archery in the United States during the last thirty years would be incomplete if it did not give credit to the influence impressed upon this period by two brothers, the late Maurice Thompson and W. H. Thompson, both by their writings and by their interest in everything pertaining to the promotion of the sport in this country. Maurice Thompson was a prolific writer on the subject, being the author of "The Witchery of Archery," and of sketches and reminiscences, stories of the forest and field, in which with rather surprising success he experimented with his bow in the quest of small game. His brother, W. H. Thompson, who survives him, has also written numerous articles and sketches on the subject.

As a popular amusement archery is of slow growth. Time and patience are required to adapt one's self to the use of the bow, and those who lack patience are likely to be disappointed at early failures and to abandon archery for some form of amusement more easily and quickly acquired. Those who persist, however, will find a charm and fascination in the sport that will repay all their labors and earlier disappointments. The merits of archery as an athletic pastime are in part those which it has in common with all forms of outdoor athletics; but it has its own distinctive merits, which to its votaries commend it above all other outdoor amusements. Archery, though it should be learned in youth, seems to have, in fact, more fascination for the man than for the youth.

The scores made by American archers have never equaled the best English scores, for the sufficient reason that the sport has never been practised in this country to the same extent, either in point of time or in the number of those who engage in it, as in England, where for more than a century past target-shooting has been steadily and consistently pursued by gentlemen of leisure, and by ladies, who have developed a high degree of skill. There have, however, been some very creditable American scores. The best American score, at a national meeting, made by Colonel Robert Williams, Jr., at Eaton, Ohio, in 1885, at the double York round (995) is barely short of the 1000 mark which is always classed as a notable score by English archers. The American championship scores made at the national meetings have usually ranged between 600 and 800. In 1903 the score was 653; in 1902, 602. Mr. L. W. Maxson's six championship scores have ranged from 713 to 766. W. H. Thompson's best championship score is 760. Colonel Williams has twice exceeded a score of 900 at a national meeting.

It seems needless to say that Americans, if they chose to apply themselves, could excel in archery. Marksmanship is an instinct with Americans, and, with natural aptness, all that is further necessary is persevering practice and observation of the few fundamental rules which govern correct method. The requirements for a good archer as stated by Ascham are "aptness, knowledge, and use."

The countries of Europe where archery is now most practised, other than England and Scotland, are France, Holland, and Belgium. It is hoped that some of their best archers may contest at the St. Louis Exposition. Such a contest ought to stimulate renewed interest in an innocent and graceful amusement—one which in its historical associations is of surpassing interest, and in its healthful influence, alike on the mind and body, is scarcely equaled by any other.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE BELLE OF THE AFTERNOON" (SEE PAGE 648)

# A PAGAN AND A PURITAN

## (STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: III)

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

"SPRINT! Spri-int!"

The morning was warm and young; Mount Davidson's side was golden with sunflowers. On the long front piazza Mr. Madigan's canaries, in their mammoth cage, were like to burst their throats for joy in the promise of summer. Irene, every lithe muscle a-play, was hanging by her knees on the swinging-bar, her tawny hair sweeping the woodshed floor as she swung.

"Sprint, I say!"

The tone was commanding—such a tone as Sissy dared assume only on Saturday mornings, when her elder sister's necessities delivered Irene the Oppressor into her hands.

"Sprint Madigan!"

In the very exhilaration of effort—the use of her muscles was joy to her—Sprint paused to wish that the house might fall on Sissy; that she might suddenly become dumb; that the key to the piano might be lost—anything that would avert her own impending doom.

But none of these things happened; they never did happen, no matter how passionately the second of the Madigans longed for them on the last day of the week.

"Sprint—you know very well you hear me," the voice cried, coming nearer.

Sprint burst into song. She was a merry, merry Zingara, she declared in sweet, strong cadence, with a boisterous chorus of tra-la-las that rivaled the canaries'; and the louder she sang, the faster she swung, so that she was really half deaf and wholly giddy when she felt Sissy's hand on her ankle.

"Oh, is that you, Sissy?" she asked, sweetly surprised, peering out from under her bushy mane.

"Yes, it 's me, Sissy!" Cecilia's small, round face was stern. "And you 've heard me from the very first, and if you want any—"

"Shall I show you how to skin the cat, Sis?" Irene interrupted hastily, pulling herself up with a jerk.

But Sissy was fat and had none of her sister's wiry agility. She declined; her mind was attuned to other issues just then, and her soul was a-quiver with malicious, an-



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ticipatory glee; for this was the day of Sprint's music lesson, and her teacher was none other than Sissy herself.

"So, if you want it," the younger sister's voice rose threateningly, "you 've got to come now."

"Let 's leave it till the afternoon." Sprint's voice came from somewhere in the midst of her evolutions.

"Will you come?" demanded Sissy. "Once!"

How could Sprint answer? Her mouth was tight shut; she was pulling herself up inch by inch, slowly, slowly, till her chin should rest upon the bar.

"Will you come? Twice!"

Sprint's face was purple, and there was an agonized prayer for delay in her eyes.

"Will you come? Third—and la-ast—" Sissy prolonged the note quaveringly. It was not her intention to provoke her victim beyond endurance. These lessons, which gave her the whip-hand over the doughty and invincible Sprint, were far too precious to her.

"And la-ast," she repeated inexorably.

With a thud Irene dropped to the floor. Leaving all her light-heartedness behind in the dusk of the shed, where the trapeze still swung, she followed, a sullen captive; while Cecilia, gloating like the despot she was, led the way.

"We 'll begin with the piece," said Sprint, eagerly, seating herself before the piano.

"No; scales and exercises first," declared Sissy, firmly. "Sit farther back, Sprint, and keep your wrist up."

Sprint moved the stool a millionth of an inch. Why, oh, why had she quarreled with Professor Trask? If some one had only told her that her own rebellion would mean the substitution of Cecilia for herself as his pupil, and another opportunity for that apt young perfectionist to outrank her senior!



Half tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"LEAVING ALL HER LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS BEHIND, . . . SHE FOLLOWED, A SULLEN CAPTIVE"

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Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'PLAY IT, THEN, YOU MEAN THING, . . . IF IT 'S GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD!'"

With a rattling verve, and a dime on each wrist, which Professor Cecilia had placed there to effect a divorce between finger and arm movement, Irene attacked her scales and exercises. She loathed five-finger exercises. So did the talented but lazy Sissy, who knew well from experience what torture would most try her victim's soul. Sprint merely wanted to play well, to outplay Cecilia, to be independent of her and play her own accompaniments.

"Lift your fingers, Sprint. You must raise your wrist," came in an easy tone of command. "Repeat that, please. Again. There goes the dime again! If you 'd keep your wrist steady, it would n't fall off. No; you 're playing altogether too fast. Slowly! slow-ly! Bad fingering! bad fingering! Wretched! Wait, I 'll mark it for you."

With her nicely pointed long pencil, Sissy, a martinet for technic, assumed all the airs of her own professor and prepared to explain the obvious.

"No, you don't!" Sprint's hand shot out from the keys to the sheet-music, scattering the dimes; her wide-spread fingers covered the spot Sissy contemplated adorning with prettily made figures.

"Don't what?" asked Sissy.

"Oh, Miss Innocence! Don't be so affected, that 's what! Don't put on so many airs! Don't pretend you know it all, Sis Madigan!"

"Why, Sprint! Do you s'pose I *want* to put the fingering down?"

"You do; but you sha'n't!" exclaimed Sprint, savagely.

"All I want to do is to help you," said Sissy, with well-bred forbearance.

"Well, don't show off, then."

Sprint withdrew her hand, and the lesson proceeded.

"I 'll play your piece for you first, Sprint, to show you how it ought to go." Sissy rose, her calico rustling, to change the professorial chair for the stool of the demonstrator.

But Sprint sat like a rock.

"Professor Trask always does, Sprint."

There was an abused note in Sissy's voice that deceived her sister. In the perennial game of "bluff" these two played, each was alert to detect a weakness in the other; and Sprint thought she had found one now. Ignoring her professor, she placed "In Sweet Dreams" on the rack before her, and gaily and loudly, and very badly, began to play.



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Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'GO AND SHAKE HANDS PROPERLY, LIKE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN,' BULLIED MRS. BATTERMAN"

Sissy rose majestically. Her correct ear was outraged, her small mouth was shut tight. Without a word she resigned her post and made for the door. She had quite reached it before Sprint capitulated.

"Play it, then, you mean thing," she cried, flouncing off the stool, "if it 's going to do you any good!"

Sissy hardened. She had a way of becoming adamant on rare occasions that really struck terror to Sprint's facile soul, which resented a grudge promptly and as promptly forgot all about it.

"I don't care to play it," said Sissy, loftily.

"Well—I want you to—now."

"But I don't want to."

"Ain't you going to give me my lesson, then?" demanded Sprint, hoarsely. "I thought you were so anxious to help me!"

Sissy was mute. Hers was a strong position, she felt.

"D' ye expect me to get down on my knees?" Sprint's wrathful voice rose, and her unstable temper rocked threateningly. A Madigan would willingly have been flayed alive rather than apologize in so many words.

"I don't expect anything at all," remarked Sissy, coldly.

"Well, you 'd better expect, for"—with a swift motion that cut off her sister's retreat and put her own back to the door—"you 'll play that piece before you go out of this room."

Without a word Sissy plumped down on the floor. Unconcernedly she pulled her jackstones out of her pocket, and soon their regular click-clock and the deft thump of her small, fat fist was all that was heard in the room.

It always seemed to Sprint that the last occasion of a disagreement between herself and the sister nearest to her in years, and furthest from her in temperament, was the most intolerable. Never in her life, she thought, had she so longed to murder Sissy as at this minute. She—Sprint—had no time to waste besieging the impregnable fortress of Sissy's mulishness, when



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the hardening process had really set in. There never was time enough on Saturdays to do half what one planned, and to-day was the day of Crosby Batterman's party, besides.

And still Sprint remained at the door, and still Sissy played jackstones. Twice there were skirmishes between besieger and besieged—once when Sprint crept upon Sissy and, with a quick thrust of her slim, straight leg, disarranged an elaborate scheme for "putting horses in the stable," and once when there was a strategic sortie from Sissy, which failed to catch the enemy napping.

It was Sprint who finally yielded, as, with rage in her heart, she had known from the very beginning would be the case. But no Madigan ever laid down her arms and surrendered formally.

Sprint threw open the door with a bang. "Go out, then, miss! go out!" she commanded.

Calmly and skilfully Sissy finished the "devil on a stump," the last of those ornamental additions the complexities of which appeal to experts in the game; then she gathered up her beloved jackstones and got to her feet. But dignity forbade that she should leave the room just when her foe had ordered her to go. So she ignored the invitation, and going to the piano, sat down in an ostentatiously correct position, requiring many adjustments and readjustments, and began to play "The Gazelle."

She played prettily, did this young person, who seemed to Sprint specially designed to infuriate her. And to-day she played "with expression," soft-pedaling and lingering upon certain passages in a way which the Madigans considered shameless.

"Oh, the affected thing! Just listen to her! How she does put on!" sneered Sprint to the world at large.

Sissy's lips opened, then closed tightly. She had almost answered, for no Madigan may be accused of sentimentality and live unavenged. Only a moment, though, was she at a loss. Then calmly, prettily, she glided into Sprint's own particular "piece." She knew this would draw blood. And it did.

"You sha'n't play it now! You sha'n't!"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"OF THE DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH HE WAS QUITE VAIN"

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Sprint cried, her ungovernable temper aroused. She dashed impetuously for the piano and tore the sheet of music from the rack.

It was the thing for which she had suffered so many lessons; for which she had



Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'FATHER,' BEGAN SISSY, CAREFULLY, . . . 'DO YOU APPROVE OF DANCING?'"

sat feeling like a mean-spirited imbecile with Sissy's impertinent finger under her wrist, while all outdoors was calling to her; for which she had forborne often and often during the week, only to be more thoroughly bullied on Saturdays. Yet she tore it across and recklessly trampled it underfoot. Then with her hands over her ears, lest she hear the imperturbable and maddeningly excellent Sissy play "In Sweet Dreams" without the notes, Sprint fled.

Sissy played on till the very last bar; she had an idea that Sprint might be ambushed out in the hall. But when she got to the end and heard no sound from there, she decided that the enemy was indeed vanquished, and she rose to close the piano. As she did so, she got a view of an elegantly stout and very upright lady coming up the front steps, with a fair, pale boy by her side.

With an agility commendable in one so round, Sissy dropped beneath the piano, and, whipping off her apron, proceeded to wipe the dust from the back legs of the instrument with it. This done, she rammed the apron up between the wall and the piano, and was seated, breathless, but with a bit of very dirty white embroidery in her hands, when the lady entered.

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"Ah, Cecilia, busy as usual," she said in an important, throaty voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Batterman," said Sissy, softly.

"You see, Crosby, that even a child may make use of spare moments. Why don't you say how-d'-ye-do to Cecilia? Where 're your manners?" demanded the lady.

"Yes, 'm. How-do, Sissy?" asked the boy, uncomfortably. He was a very prim child, immaculately dressed, his smooth hair plastered neatly down over his forehead; and he sat bolt upright on the edge of his chair, for he knew well his mother's views about lounging.

"Go and shake hands properly, like a little gentleman," bullied Mrs. Batterman.

With a sickly smile Crosby walked over to Sissy and grasped her hand. He let it go with an "Ouch!" that made Mrs. Batterman turn majestically and glare at him.

"I 'm so sorry I stuck you, Crosby," said Sissy, softly, smoothing out her embroidery. "I forgot there was a needle in my work."

Crosby looked at her; he knew just how sorry she was.

"The thing to say, Crosby," thundered his mama, "is, 'Not at all, not at all, Cecilia!'"

"Not at all—not at all, Cecilia," squeaked the boy, his thin voice like a faint echo of his mother's heavy contralto.

Sissy yearned to beat him; she always did. That she did not invariably yield to her desire to express her resentment of so awfully mothered a person, was due solely to a sentiment of chivalry: he was so weak and so devoted to herself, and it took some courage to be devoted to Sissy.

"I 'm ashamed of my son!" thundered Mrs. Batterman.

Yes, Sissy knew that formula. She had heard the announcement first one memorable day at school when she led a revolt against the master—a revolt which only the girls of her clique were expected to indorse. But Crosby, either because he was so accustomed to playing with girls that he considered himself one of them, or because of that dogged devotion which even so stern a puritan as Sissy could not sufficiently discourage, had taken the cue from her lips. He, too, had failed publicly and vicariously, in the very presence of his lion-hearted, bull-voiced mother, and sat a white-faced criminal awaiting execution, when Mrs. Batterman, rising in her voluminous black silk skirts, like an outraged and peppery hen, stood a moment speechless with wrath, and then broke forth with her denunciation before the whole school, visitors and all. "Mr. Garvan," she had exclaimed in a deep voice all a-tremble, "I am ashamed of my son!" and sailed majestically from the room. Crosby's action had really touched Sissy at the time, though, like the diplomat she was, she had promptly disowned it.

But to-day Mrs. Batterman's shame did not too much affect her offspring, who sat, not quite so upright now, squeezing the blood from the finger that Sissy's needle had pricked.

"Let me look at your embroidery, Cecilia," said the lady, patronizingly.

Sissy rose and brought it to her. Before Crosby she tried not to show it, but this little Madigan was really suffering in her perfect soul: she embroidered so badly, and knew it so well.

"H'm!" Mrs. Batterman drew off her glove. "Make your stitches even, and keep your work clean—like this—like this—see?"

Sissy saw. Under the firm, big, white hand the strawberry leaves and blossoms sprang up and flourished. Mrs. Batterman loved to embroider; her voice was almost gentle when she painted on linen with her needle, and then only did she forget to bully her boy.

"Perhaps you will play for us, Cecilia, if I do a bit of your work for you?"

Sissy knew it was coming. Mrs. Batterman always asked her to play, and playing for company was pure show-off from a Madigan point of view. Irene would hear and taunt her with it later, she knew. But though she scorned the servile and down-trodden Crosby, Sissy, no more than he, dared disobey that grenadier, his mother. She took her seat at the piano, opened a Beethoven that Mrs. Batterman had given her the last Christmas, under the impression that she was fostering a taste for the classical, and, with a revengeful little hand that could n't reach the octaves, she began to murder the "Funeral March."

Just as the performer let her hands fall upon the last somber chord (her puritanical soul enjoying the double dissipation of pretending to herself while she afflicted others), she lifted her eyes to the mirror over the piano and saw Sprint out in the



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hall. In the mirror their eyes met, and the mockery in Sprint's was unmistakable as Sissy rose, agitated, caught in the very act of showing off, convicted of being affected.

"Very pretty; very pretty, indeed!" said Mrs. Batterman, absent-mindedly. "Now play another little waltz."

"Aunt Anne says, Mrs. Batterman," put in Sprint, entering, "will you come to her room?"

Mrs. Batterman rose, her deft hands still calling forth the perfection of fruit from the stubborn linen soil upon which Sissy could make nothing grow, and sailed across the hall. Crosby immediately jumped from his chair.

"I say, Sissy," he cried, "I know an awful swell way to cut paper-doll dresses."

Sissy looked at him. For all her sins (and in a hidden corner of her heart that she rarely looked into, she knew herself for the hypocrite she was, despite all her self-righteous pretense) this girl-boy's devotion was her punishment. She did not envy Sprint her successes; in fact, she often disapproved the methods by which they were attained. Her pride would permit her neither to make such conquests, nor to enjoy them when they were made; but she cursed her fate that Crosby Batterman had fallen to her share. For the love of a really bad boy Sissy felt she could have sacrificed much—for a fellow quite out of the pale, a bold, wicked pirate of a boy who would say "Darn," and even smoke a cigarette; a daredevil, whose people could do nothing with him; a fellow with a swagger and a droop to his eyelid and something deliciously sinister in his lean, firm jaw and saucy black eye—a boy like Jack Cody, for instance. But that a forthright, practical, severe person like herself should be made ridiculous by Crosby's worship, and that Sprint, her arch-enemy, should be there to hear her adorer make his sexless declaration, was too much! Even a Madigan could not bear up under it. When Sissy looked from "Miss Crosby" (as the very girls who played with him called him) to Sprint, there were tears of rage trembling in her eyes.

But, with a generosity suspiciously unlike her, Sprint ignored the signal of distress. "What time this afternoon will the party begin, Crosby?" she asked.

"Oh, two o'clock. But you 'll come early, won't you—Sissy?"

Sissy did not answer. She was waiting to see what Sprint's next move would be.

"I don't know that I can go," said Sprint, gently. "I have n't any gloves—unless—won't you ask father for some, Sissy?"

There was a prompt refusal upon Sissy's lips, but she did not utter it; the Battermans' visit had given the enemy too much material with which to regale her fellow-Madigans at the dinner-table in the evening. Sissy looked questioningly into Sprint's eyes, and silently the bargain was struck. To so much refraining from ridicule in public on the part of one, a certain indebtedness which the other might discharge by facing Francis Madigan with a demand for money. It was hard, but Sissy shut her teeth and got to her feet.

"Can I come with you, Sissy?" asked Crosby, following her to the door. "If you 'll let me have your tissue-paper and the scissors, I 'll show—"

Sissy's hands flew to her breast. "I wish—I wish you 'd never speak to me again!" she exclaimed, and Crosby dodged as though he were apprehensive that she might beat him.

"It 's so kind of you to go the very minute I ask," giggled Sprint, gleefully.

But Sissy shut the door behind her on Crosby's woeful face and Sprint's radiantly happy one, and went to her fate.

Francis Madigan's room was his castle. It was his castle and his workshop and his boudoir, his kitchen, his library, and his pantry in one. The laxness of the family housekeeping had led him to distrust all hands and heads but his own. Everything that he wanted, or that he might want in the near future, he kept under his eyes, within reach of his hands, where none might borrow or lose or destroy. In order to provide for the needs which grew and changed daily, he fitted up rude shelf above shelf, till the corners of the room were transformed into rough bric-à-brac stands. Mr. Madigan had the unsuccessful man's pride in trifling successes in amateur carpentering, in husbandry of any sort unrelated to the real issues of his life; and every tool he needed for the exercise of his skill he kept under lock and key. He believed in, he trusted no Madigan. He had been known to lend his penknife to Sissy, but that was when she was ailing

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long ago. He laid in supplies as though he had inside information of a famine near at hand; and his pipes and his great cans of tobacco were piled up with his cards and his books on the table where he played solitaire all day and read half the night. The sweets he liked occasionally, and the day's provision of fruit (for he ate fruit only and at this time looked upon a vegetarian as a coarse creature who belonged to a dead era), were packed in a small home-made pantry of the design and construction of which he was quite vain. His bed swathed in sheets; his blankets sewed securely together, as though he feared they might escape; a device all his own of great wooden wedges raising the lower end of the mattress so that his feet were on a level with his pillowed head; the chest of little drawers which his daughters called "father's hobby," nailed high on the wall and filled with all sorts of odds and ends, the detritus and possible repair-material of years of housekeeping—all this Sissy took in with the unseeing eyes one has for the familiar.

She did not expect her father's room to be like any one else's; neither did she look for an easy and successful termination to her quest. Sometimes she got what she asked for, but she asked for little. And to-day Francis Madigan had been tinkering at the old house, hammering here and patching there, a process that specially tried his temper, being a threatening indication of change, which he resented by declaring that "everything goes to the devil."

"Father," began Sissy, carefully, as she met his inquiring eye, "do you approve of dancing?"

He looked up from his cards. "What nonsense are you talking now?"

"Because Irene and I have a good chance to practise it—dancing—this afternoon."

"Well—practise," he growled.

"Shall we? All right. It 's Crosby's party, you know. He 's thirteen to-day. It 's his party. His mother 's giving it for him at Cooper's Hall. And there 'll be dancing and—"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes," agreed Sissy, sweetly. "But we 'll go if you say so. I won't need any dress, and—" she hurried on as he raised his head belligerently, "neither will Irene. Is n't that lucky? My brown will do, though the overskirt does jump up when I dance and show the red sham underneath; but—"

"What are you bothering me about, then?" he demanded indignantly, throwing down his cards.

"Gloves," she said gently. Then quickly, before he could speak, "That 's all. They don't cost very much. Or, I 'll tell you,"—her voice grew suddenly most cheerful, as though she had made a discovery that must delight him,—"we can wear mitts. I don't mind—and neither will Sprint. Just a pair of blue lace ones for her and pink for me, or—or—" her voice wavered, but she was ready to pay the price, "just blue ones for Sprint, father."

He put his hand in his pocket. "Why not just pink ones for Sissy?" he asked almost good-naturedly.

Sissy shook her head, but the red rushed to her cheeks. She had won!

"Are you sure you need them?" he asked cautiously in the very act of bestowal.

"Sure! Sure!" she cried, throwing her arms gratefully about his neck before she danced to the door.

"But you 're going, too?" he called after her. "All right, then. Make Irene behave. She 's an ox—that girl."

An ox, of course, interpreted variously according to Madigan's mood and the correlating circumstances, signified this time an indiscreet, pleasure-mad child. Sissy understood, and she blushed for her sister. In fact, she was always blushing for her sister. She considered it to be her duty formally and officially to disavow her senior. So reprehensible did she feel Sprint's conduct to be that some one must blush for it; and as blushing was not Sprint's forte, Sissy did it for her.

And she really did it very well, with an assumption of chagrin that could not fail to call attention subtly to the contrast between the sisters. When Sprint failed in her lessons with a completeness, a sensational ostentation that was shocking to Sissy, that Number 1 scholar blushed gently, and, discreetly lowering her head, became absorbed in her work. After school, when Sprint was being kept in and disciplined (a process which never failed effectually to discipline the hardy individual who attempted it), when she wept and stormed and raged and threw caution

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to the winds as only tempestuous Sprint could, then was Sissy's attitude a marvel of disapproving rectitude. She had a great deal of dignity, had Sissy, and the picture of holiness that she presented as, with her books on her arm, she walked past the desk where the sobbing sinner's head lay with tumbled curls and bloated face, came as near as anything could to quench the passion of tears in which Sprint's tempers culminated. On such occasions the infuriated Sprint was wont, for just a moment, to conquer the half-hysterical sobs that threatened to choke her as well as inundate the world, and make a face at Saint Cecilia as she passed holily by. But Cecilia was a Madigan always, as well as a saint temporarily, and her eyes were turned prudently away just then, as though she were already studiously pondering to-morrow's lesson.

But Sissy blushed her most perfect disapproval when she played chaperon to her elder sister. It was a position for which she felt herself peculiarly fitted, even without the semi-official commission she held—a position which so conscientious a person could not regard in the light of a sinecure.

As she danced only the more sedate dances, because of that obtrusive tendency of the red sham to her skirt, Sissy was able to chaperon her senior all the more effectively at Crosby Batterman's party. Irene danced like a thing whose vocation is motion. She was a twig in a rain-storm, a butterfly seeking sweets, a humming-bird whose wing beat the air with a very rhapsody of rhythm. She was on the floor with the first note Professor Trask struck, and she danced down the side of the little hall, when the waltz was over and all the other couples had seated themselves, as though the meter of the music had bewitched her feet and they might nevermore walk soberly.

"Sprint—don't!" It was the shocked voice of her young chaperon.

"Sissy—don't!" mocked mutinous Sprint.

Even after she took the seat beside Sissy, her heels were lifted and the toes of her slippers were beating time. She sat there chattering to a group of boys buzzing about her, upon whom her high spirits had the effect that dance-music had upon herself.

"You 're the prettiest girl I 've seen since I left the city, Irene," patronizingly whispered the boy lately from San Francisco, whose metropolitan elegances had dazzled the eyes of the mountain maidens.

"I wonder how many girls Will Morrow 's said that to this afternoon!" came like a sarcastic douche from Sissy, who conceived it to be a chaperon's duty to take the conceit out of citified chaps.

Master Morrow turned to find a young woman in brown eying him disdainfully.

"Well—well, I never said it to you, anyway," he retorted gallantly.

"Good reason why. You knew I would n't believe you," Sissy declared, floundering in her anger.

"Neither would anybody else."

"Why? Because you said it? Did n't know you had such a reputation." Sissy was recovering. "Never mind, Sprint," she added, heavily sarcastic and assuming a comforting air that maddened Irene, who desired nothing more than to impress her new suitor with the elegant gentility of her manner, her family's, and all that was hers. "Just to have a boy from the city even pretend to think you 're good-looking is worth living for. Boys know so much—in the city!" she concluded witheringly.

Mr. Morrow from San Francisco looked bewildered. He had merely paid what he considered a very dashing compliment to one girl, when lo! the other overwhelmed him with her contempt. He turned for consolation to Irene.

"I 'll show you how they dance the two-step in the city," he said, holding out his hand as the music began again.

But he had reckoned without that stern censor of sisterly manners, Cecilia Madigan; that loyal Comstocker who resented the implication of her town's inferiority, quite independent of the fact that the insult was not addressed to her but to one who, apparently, welcomed it.

"I think I 'll go home now, Sprint," she remarked carelessly, rising.

A sudden blight fell upon the belle of the afternoon. When Sissy went, go she must, too; this was the sole rule of conduct Francis Madigan had devised for the guidance of his most headstrong daughter.

"Oh, Sissy—not till after supper!" she pleaded piteously.

"I—I 've got some studying to do for the examination Monday," explained the exemplary member of Mr. Garvan's class and society at large.

"Just wait till this one dance is over!"

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Coaxing was not Sprint Madigan's forte; she was accustomed to demand.

But it was just that one dance that Sissy, the pure and patriotic, could not countenance.

A quick flash of fury lighted Irene's eye. To be bossed publicly and before Mr. Will Morrow of San Francisco! In her heart she swore to be avenged; yet she dropped Mr. Morrow's hand and shook her head to all his pleadings, as she followed her ruthless tyrant across the floor to the little dressing-room.

But as the sisters emerged from the dressing-room door, Crosby Batterman and his cousin Fred stopped them.

"You 're not going home, Sprint?" begged Fred. "I 've been looking everywhere for you. Oh, come and dance just this one with me!"

"Sissy 's going," said Sprint, the lilting of the music stirring her pulses and lifting her feet, despite the unmusical rage she was in, "and I 've got to go, too."

"Won't you stay—won't you wait just for this one, Sissy?" begged Fred.

"Why—certainly," acquiesced the gentle Sissy.

Sprint gasped with amazement. But she wasted no time, throwing off her jacket with a quick twist of her wrist. Later she might fathom the tortuosities of her tyrant's mind. All she knew now was that she might dance. With whom was a small matter to Sprint Madigan.

Sissy watched her dance away, delight and malice in her eye. She was watching till Mr. Morrow from the city should behold her revenge. But Crosby did not know this, and he had plans of his own.

"Come and play a game over in the corner, just till this dance 's over, won't you, Sissy?"

"What kind of a game?" she demanded, following him mechanically.

"Oh, a new game. It 's lots of fun. I 'll show you."

Sissy consented. She could play a game—and she knew she was clever at all games—without fear of betrayal from that red sham which she had been fiercely sitting upon half the afternoon.

Before long, her emulative spirit got her so interested in this particular game that she forgot not only the sham skirt but the sham pretense upon which she had bullied Irene. And she played so well that there was only one forfeit against her name, though Crosby, who had named himself treasurer, held half the bangle bracelets and pins and handkerchiefs of the little circle as evidence of dereliction in others.

He called her name first, as he stood with her little turquoise ring in his hand and an odd light in his eye that might have enlightened her; but she was looking toward the door, where the young gentleman from San Francisco, in a Byronic pose, was staring gloomily at Irene dancing with a rival, and so joying in the dance that she had forgotten all about him.

"'Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I 'll give you something to make you wise,'"

chanted Crosby, holding out the ring and beckoning to her.

Closing her eyes upon the spectacle of Mr. Morrow's suffering, Sissy opened a mouth about which the malicious smile still lingered.

Crosby hesitated a moment. He was very much afraid of her, but as she stood, docile and innocent, before him, with her eyes shut and her tiny red mouth open, he could not fancy consequences nearly so well as he could picture the thing his wish painted.

In a moment he had realized it, and Sissy, overwhelmed by astonishment, dumb and impotent with the audacity of the unexpected, felt his arms close about her and his greedy lips upon hers.

Oh, the rage and shame of the proper Sissy! Her mouth fell shut and her eyes flew open. And then, if she could, she would have closed them forever; for, before her in the sudden silence, towering above the triumphant and unrepentant Crosby, stood Mrs. Batterman, a portentous figure of shocked matronly disapproval. And she promptly placed the blame where mothers of sons have placed it since the first similar impropriety was discovered.

"Cecilia!" she cried in that velvety bass that echoed through the room—"Cecilia Madigan, you—teaching my son a vulgar kissing game—you, the good one! Oh, you deceitful little thing!"

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# "BLESSÈD"

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

BLESSÈD: so have they named her. With just pride,
Deliberate care, and cautious circumstance,
The Holy Council have beatified
The Maid of Orleans, martyred child of France,
Who, at Domremy's village altar kneeling,—
Ignored by friend and foe,
Through all her young unsullied spirit feeling
The tears of a despairing people flow,—
Implored relief; and following the word
Which none save she had heard,
Delivered France, and crowned her—long ago.

Rejoice, Domremy, 'midst thy bowery green!
She was thine own, whom all, at last, would claim—
The greatest miracle that Earth hath seen
Since out of Nazareth a Saviour came.
Lowly as thou (though sheathed in armor bright),
Her soul was as the snow—
Yea, as the lilies of her banner, white.
The Church hath blessed her; but man's heart, less slow,
Remembering how glorious the price
Of her dear sacrifice,
Gave her the name of blessèd—long ago.





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# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## THE GREAT AMERICAN INTERCHANGE

A GENERAL and killing absorption in the business of life was once the accepted theory of American activity. It is true that there is still tremendous stress shown by Americans in the pursuit not only of their business vocations but of their social avocations. Yet the business man's summer vacation is getting to be more and more an accepted institution. He manages to get longer periods of complete rest and recreation, and he contrives, moreover, to seize upon any number of half-holidays and over-Sunday outings, especially in the warmer months. When he can control his time, he gives greater portions of it than ever before to horseback exercise and to golf and kindred sports. The business man's family, instead of being satisfied, as of old, with a few weeks in a crowded hotel by the sea or in the mountains, spend the whole summer in the country, as boarders in hotel or farm-house, or as dwellers in a country place of their own, modest or sumptuous in accordance with their means and taste.

The city man's modern discovery of the country and his increasing use of it in the summer months has been a subject of comment now these many years. There has been discussion of its effect upon the city people themselves, and upon the country people into whose communities they enter; of its effect upon manners and morals; of its economic bearings and its relation to the abandoned-farm problem; and of the influence upon the nation of the greater mingling of people from various parts of the country.

In recent years there has been developed a new phase of the American love of outings, which phase has grown to such proportions as to astonish those who have not "kept up with the procession." Summer vacations and summer outings are being rivaled now by winter vacations and winter outings. Winter resorts have long been successfully established in the neighborhood of the larger cities,—where a drier and somewhat warmer climate may be reached by means of short journeys,—places typified by Lakewood and Atlantic City in the East. Such winter resorts are increasingly frequented, and other places, like the Adirondacks in the North, and certain Western States where sanitary conditions attract, and also resorts like those in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, California, and Florida, which can be reached from the North only by long journeys, some of them requiring several days of travel by sea or land to attain.

The interesting thing about these distant places of recreation is that not only are the well-to-do their constant beneficiaries,—as is the case, for instance, with the sumptuous caravansaries along the Florida coast,—but tourist individuals and families of moderate means swarm in comfortable quarters either under the eaves of the great hotels (where they freely enjoy many of their advantages) or in separate and less pretentious resorts, where the saving climate is as much at their disposal as it is at the command of the richest sojourner.

One occasion of this enormous travel and interchange is, in fact, a sign and accompaniment of a change in therapeutics. Physicians have always sent their patients to baths and to mild climates or to bracing climates, but there is a growing indisposition on the part of the most scientific of modern practitioners to rely upon the old pharmacopœia in every phase of disease. Outdoor air, exercise, and a disburdened and cheerful mind are increasingly prescribed for a long line of human ailments, and for most ailments at some stage of recuperation. The world is always in a process of change, and one change goes with another. The growingly migratory habits of the American,—for,



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notwithstanding his passion for moving about in his own country, he is still the great, the indefatigable globe-trotter,—these changed habits go with a change in the domain of science, in the field of transportation, and in what may be called the art of comfort, which is perforce being learned more and more by our landlords.

With all this search for recreation and health, what with Westerners going East and Easterners going West, with Northerners going South and Southerners going North, summer and winter; with all this search for the opportunity to fish and shoot, or to enjoy social pleasures; with all this interchange of national advantages (for any and every climate can be found in the United States), one may look for an improvement in the public health and happiness, as well as for a dissemination of a knowledge of our own people and of our own country which ought to be decidedly conducive to an intelligent patriotism.

## THE CARNEGIE HERO-FUND

IN the latter-day activities of Andrew Carnegie the world contemplates the effort of a man of extraordinary wealth to confer benefactions upon mankind with the least possible of accompanying harm. He is evidently as anxious and careful not to pauperize any one and not to discourage acts of duty and beneficence by others as he is to do direct good by means of his munificent gifts. As he goes on with his endeavor it becomes more and more interesting to watch the workings of his mind in the altruistic application of his huge resources. It is evident that sentiment has no little influence upon the doings of this industrious benefactor, as witness, for instance, his fairy-godfather gifts to his native Scotch town, his thoroughgoing plans in behalf of the people of the American community in which his money was made, his housing of the Hague Peace Tribunal, and, most conspicuously, his recently established fund for the benefit of the heroic savers of life.

To the faithful readers of THE CENTURY this last gift should have a peculiar interest, owing to the attention given in these columns, during late years, to the Heroes of Peace.[1]

Doubtless the establishment of this fund, chiefly in behalf of "men or women who are injured or who lose their lives in attempting to preserve or rescue their fellows," is in line with the happy thought of fittingly housing the international Peace Tribunal. The giver wishes to emphasize every-day heroism and help to turn the minds of men from the triumphs of war to the nobilities of peace. He wishes to exalt what he calls the "heroes of civilization," as opposed to the old-time killing and maiming "heroes of barbarism."

There have been some criticisms of the carrying out of this humane desire on the part of Mr. Carnegie. His letter of gift is guarded; he himself sees difficulties and dangers in the scheme. Its success will depend largely, of course, upon the manner in which the trust is executed.

There is a paragraph in Dr. Mitchell's thoughtful article on "Heroism in Every-day Life" which suggests a special usefulness on the part of the fund, wisely administered. Dr. Mitchell does not doubt "that in fostering heroism the relation of acts of self-devotion in the daily papers has its use. What this or that man did I can do. It is a constant call on self-respect." The notice taken, by the trustees of the fund, of heroic actions coming under their specific purview, will add to the bruit concerning all such deeds, and doubtless tend to their recurrence, apart from the thought of commendation or compensation by means of medal or money. The scheme is nobly motived, and all who sympathize with endeavors to promote the better instincts and sentiments of mankind must hope to see it truly successful. It is right that heroic deeds should be thoughtless of

[1] THE CENTURY has recently published the following articles: "Heroism in the Light-house Service," by Gustav Kobbé, June, 1897; "The Roll of Honor of the New York Police," by Theodore Roosevelt, October, 1897; "Heroes of Peace," editorial, October, 1897; "Every-day Heroism," by Gustav Kobbé, January, 1898; "Heroes Who Fight Fire," by Jacob A. Riis, February, 1898; "Heroes Who Fight Fire," editorial, February, 1898; "Heroes of the Life-saving Service," by Gustav Kobbé, April, 1898; "In Relation to Heroism," editorial, June, 1898; "Heroes of the Deep," by Herbert D. Ward, July and August, 1898; "Heroes of the Railway Service," by Charles De L. Hine and Gustav Kobbé, March, 1899; "Volunteer Life-savers," by Gustav Kobbé, June, 1899; "In the Long Run," editorial, August, 1899; "Heroism in Every-day Life," by S. Weir Mitchell, December, 1902; "Heroes in Black Skins," by Booker T. Washington, September, 1903.

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praise or reward; and yet it is just that those who suffer in body and estate in the endeavor to save others in dangerous emergencies should be generously looked after, and their splendid examples held up for praise and emulation.

As indicated by the great calamity of the burning of the *General Slocum* at Hell Gate, New York, on June 15, no hero fund is necessary to call forth the best instincts of humanity in a time of such danger, and it must be borne in mind that Mr. Carnegie's object in making this foundation is not to bribe people to be heroes, but rather to mitigate the hardships that often fall upon the families of men and women who have sacrificed their lives in heroic actions.

# OPEN LETTERS

## Churches, Education, and Crime

A REPLY TO DR. BUCKLEY

KINDLY permit me a word in regard to the article in THE CENTURY for November, 1903, entitled "The Present Epidemic of Crime," in which the writer, referring to the incriminating rating of State-prison convicts as members of evangelical churches at the date of commitment, does great injustice to such churches. While it is true that no small percentage of such prisoners go on record as belonging to some church at the time of their commitment, I am of the opinion, after thirteen years' service as chaplain of a State prison, that not one half of one per cent. of the prisoners thus received actually held such church relationship at the time. At our prison of San Quentin, for instance, out of 1392 in the prison in 1900, 410 were rated as members of evangelical churches, when, as a matter of fact, perhaps not one per cent. of the number held actual or even nominal relationship with any such churches. I write this to correct a gross misconception of the facts and a manifest wrong to the fair fame of our Protestant evangelical churches.

In the same article the assertion is made that "more than a third of the inmates of the Elmira [New York] Reformatory are *well educated*, and many of them *refined*." (Italics my own.) Reference to page 54 of the published yearbook of that institution for 1901 gives the following educational rating of the 10,538 inmates: 1682, or 15.96 per cent., are set down as "without education"; 5015, or 47.59 per cent., can "simply read and write (with difficulty)"; only 3413, or 32.39 per cent., possessed even "ordinary common-school education"; while 428, or only 4.06 per cent., possessed "high school or more" qualifications. As to "physical conditions" (answering to physical conditions of refinement), 3268, or 31.01 per cent., are classed as "low or coarse"; 4417, or 41.92 per cent., as "medium"; 2853, or 27.07 per cent., as "good"; while, as conforming to the more approximately "refined" condition referred to under the head of "mental capacity," only 545, or 5.17 per cent., can at all be construed as conforming to that type. As to "moral susceptibilities," a still more conclusive test, 3601, or 34.17 per cent., possessed "positively none"; 1936, or 18.37 per cent., were "ordinarily susceptible"; 4598, or 43.63 per cent., are rated as having "possibly some"; and only 403, or 3.83 per cent., can be counted as conforming to the eminent writer's optimistic test as being "specially susceptible," or "refined."

*August Drahms*,
Chaplain State Prison,
San Quentin, California.

REJOINDER BY DR. BUCKLEY

NOTHING could please me more than to be shown in error in any statement disparaging to human nature or to members of Christian churches; but I have had too many conversations with prison superintendents and chaplains, made too many visits to houses of correction, written and received too many letters, and read and published too many undisputed facts and figures on this painful subject, to have hastily formed the conclusions which I presented in THE CENTURY.

Whenever I have visited or lectured in such institutions I have conversed with the officers and read the records, and have often corresponded with the friends of interesting cases which I there met. Your correspondent admits that in his own prison four hundred and ten—more than twenty-five per cent.—are rated as ostensible members of churches, and on that he



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can only say that not one per cent. of that number held such church relationship at the time of their commitment. Concerning the Elmira Reformatory, I have to say that I addressed a thousand or more inmates in the great chapel, after hearing them recite in the Sunday class in ethics. Being much surprised at the shrewdness of their answers and discussions, I closely catechized the professor of ethics, who had for years been employed by that master in penology, Mr. Brockway, and from him received the statement on which I founded my generalization. Mr. Brockway informed me that many had been church-members, many were well educated, and quite a sprinkling refined. While there I was introduced to more than one minister's son, was accosted by sons of some of the best Christians of my acquaintance, and there met the accomplished son of one of the best-known clergymen and hymn-writers on the continent of Europe.

From my correspondence I select the following:

February 24, 1866, the Rev. J. G. Bass, who had then been eighteen years chaplain of the Kings County Penitentiary, wrote to a clergyman of Brooklyn that when he assumed that position he found in the prison "but few persons, perhaps not more than ten per cent., who had attended Sunday-school," but that at the present time, 1884, he found "but very few who had not been Sunday-school scholars, and that perhaps not less than seventy-five per cent. of the criminals and suspected criminals had attended Sunday-schools." About two years after that I wrote to Mr. Bass on this subject, and received from him an acknowledgment that he had made the foregoing statement, but that, as he did not introduce in his work denominational distinctions, he was not able to say definitely how many were Protestants and how many were Catholics, and in that investigation confined himself to ascertaining how many had been members of churches or attendants at Sunday-schools.

In the year 1895, on the invitation of Mr. Bass, who had been twenty-nine years chaplain, I visited the institution to see the improvements which had been made. During the two years preceding, the United States courts had sent not less than four hundred prisoners to that place. This large increase made necessary the enlargement of the building, and the chapel had been enlarged to twice its original size.

Among the United States prisoners I found many who had had all the advantages of the schools, who had stood high in society and the church. Among them were ten or twelve bank presidents, besides bookkeepers and cashiers, some of them alumni of colleges; there were prominent members of Christian churches of almost every denomination. Several ministers and bishops in this country could there have found college classmates and fellow-members of the denominations to which they belong.

In 1898 Mr. F. H. Starr, superintendent of the Home of Industry for Discharged Prisoners in Philadelphia, was represented as having said in an address on "Some Men I have Met in Prison": "Statistics prove that eighty-five per cent. of criminals have been religiously inclined at some time of their lives. The old class of criminals is dying out; the usual criminal of to-day is bred from Christian homes — the man who has gone wrong!"

I wrote to Mr. Starr asking whether he was correctly reported, and received from him the following: "The article is partly correctly quoted, but not fully. The average age of our criminals is thirty years, and these criminals are to a great extent made up of men and boys who have drifted, broken, or been dragged away from Christian homes and Christian churches, and a great number have been *at some time* active church-members."

Subsequently, under date of December, 1899, Mr. Starr wrote me: "I have just been gathering the latest statistics of the criminal classes of our country who are under lock and key, and found that the average age of the eighty-seven thousand confined is twenty-one years. Another startling and alarming fact is that a very large percentage of them have broken away from Christian homes and Christian influences, and I found so many of them, when conversing with me, who did not seem to know when the first step downward was taken that I felt it to be my duty to God and my fellow-men to use every effort to point out the many pitfalls surrounding young people."

I regret to have to say that the number of persons charged with crime who are or have been connected with Christian churches is rapidly increasing, as a careful reader of the daily papers cannot but perceive. Neither education, nor Christianity, nor a republican form of government, can be charged with responsibility for the increase of crime. It has its roots in human nature; moral teaching, parental training, good examples, and enforcement of law, are the only counteracting influences.

### The Century's American Artists Series

DOUGLAS VOLK

MR. VOLK, whose painting "The Belle of the Colony" is reproduced on page 573, was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1856. His first instruction in art was in Rome in 1872; later he was a pupil of Gérôme in Paris from 1873 to 1879, and his first public appearance was at the Paris Salon in 1875. He has had numerous distinctions: medals at the Chicago, Buf-

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falo, and Charleston expositions, first prize at the Colonial Exhibition in Boston in 1899, the Shaw Prize of the Society of American Artists in the same year, and in 1903 the Carnegie Prize of the same society, of which he is a member. He is also a member of the National Academy. He was on the National Jury of the Chicago Exposition and is a member of that of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Mr. Volk has had large experience as an instructor in his art. At various times since 1893 he has been instructor at the Art Students' League in New York. From 1879 to 1884 he was instructor at Cooper Union, and this work, resumed in 1895, he still continues. He was the founder of the Minneapolis School of Fine Arts, which he directed from 1886 to 1903. He has paid special attention to the portrayal of colonial subjects, and among his best-known pictures are "The Puritan Mother," in the Carnegie Institute; "Accused of Witchcraft," in the Corcoran Gallery; and "A Maiden's Reverie," in the Pittsfield Art Museum. Mr. Volk has recently been commissioned by the State of Minnesota to paint a historical picture for the new capitol at St. Paul. The subject is to be "Father Hennepin Discovering the Falls of St. Anthony."

### Color Notes on Bermuda Waters

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE COLOR PICTURES ON PAGES 595 AND 603

WE landed in Bermuda very early on a hot summer morning, after a disagreeable ocean trip of three days. Glad as we were to be ashore, the heat was oppressive and the glare from the white buildings painful to the eyes.

So far I had observed nothing remarkable in the appearance of the water, except an unusual clearness and brilliancy. I was soon to see, however, as we drove along the shore to the marine station, colors which I had never deemed possible. In some places the sea was a brilliant robin's-egg blue; in others a decided pinkish tinge was visible, merging into a deep purple. In fact, the ever-changing hues of that wonderful water were a constant surprise to me during a three weeks' stay in the islands.

Naturally, of even greater interest were the color and life which lay hidden beneath those sparkling waves, and at the earliest opportunity I stole a look through the water-glass at the various forms which covered the bottom in all directions. My first view of the corals was a trifle disappointing, as they were dull in color, usually of a light yellow or brown, although some of the smaller varieties looked like bits of green and pink jelly, dense and soft in texture.

But the sponges were quite another story. Such brilliance, such wealth of form and color, were truly astonishing. The range of shades seemed unlimited, running quite through the spectrum.

As we floated slowly over the surface, our eyes peering through the water-glasses, huge masses of brilliant orange sponge, flat and velvety in texture, came into view. These in turn gave place to others, some green, some purple, and occasionally a glowing patch of yellow shone forth in strong contrast to its more somber neighbors.

These lowly creatures seem to prefer the purest water, and grow most abundantly wherever the current is strongest. One small channel just opposite the laboratory was literally filled (both sides and bottom) with their kaleidoscopic tints and grotesque shapes.

By far the most interesting locality which I had an opportunity of visiting was known as the "North Rocks," in reality a group of boulders lying at the outer edge of the reef, some nine miles from the mainland. The approach to the rock is difficult, and a landing possible only at low tide and in the calmest of weather. We were so fortunate as to hit upon an ideal day for the purpose, and although our hopes were keyed very high, the realization of them surpassed anything we had imagined.

A number of us left the launch, which was obliged to anchor about a hundred yards from the rock, and rowed to the highest point of the reef, here raised in a circular form, the boulders sticking up from the center. As we drew near, the water-glasses came into use, disclosing the true sea-gardens in all their beauty. Delicate purple sea-fans waved gracefully to and fro in the clear water, and dense masses of seaweed, velvety brown or green in hue, clustered against the almost perpendicular side of the ledge. Deep, dark holes penetrated the rock in all directions, a refuge for the host of gaudy fishes which darted to and fro like shadows through these luxuriant depths.

Over all this fantasy of waving form and shifting color a clear blue light was diffused, the bottom at a distance of forty feet merging into an intense bluish green, with shafts of purple and emerald light sifting through it.

The surface of the reef, which at this time projected a few inches above the sea-level, proved a mine of wealth for my enthusiastic companions, as with nets and water-glasses they splashed back and forth over the charmed circle, each seeking the things in which he was most interested.

The little pools left by the tide were filled to the brim with the most exquisitely colored marine life. Huge deep-red sea-urchins covered with long black spines nestled in the crevices, turning their sharp points toward us as we disturbed the water about them, and small fish glowed and sparkled like living jewels in this lovely setting.

A beautiful seaweed resembling the outspread tail of a peacock grew abundantly here,

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and innumerable bits of brilliant color glittered in the dazzling sunlight.

Several hours passed on this fairy-like place, until finally the rising tide prevented any further research. Laden with our spoils, we disembarked and rowed back to the launch.

*Charles R. Knight.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### A Mistaken Idea

LOVE is not blind, though again and again
Such very fair maids wed such very plain men,
Such debonair lads such sedate little lasses –
Love is not blind, but wears rose-colored glasses!

Each sees in his dearest—how *can* Love be blind?—
Much more than all others can possibly find.
O woe for the lads and O woe for the lasses
The day that Love loses those rose-colored glasses!

*Catharine Young Glen.*

### Charity

GOD blessed me the penny you gave to me, brother,
For you gave with a smile, as a friend to another.
God cursed me the dollar you gave, for you chid,
And you made me to know what it was that you did.
With charity *for* me you gave me the first,
But with charity *to* me the second you cursed.

*Edmund Vance Cooke.*



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

INFERENCE

"I 'm afraid these new shoes are n't going to look a bit nice."
"Why? are they very comfortable?"

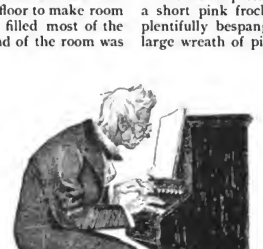
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WITH PICTURES BY OTTO LANG

ABOUT forty years ago I was in the habit of going to the Aquarial Gardens, in Boston, as often as practicable. The main attraction was a whale, described upon the posters as "the Leviathan of Holy Writ." He was a small white whale, one of the smallest of his kind. I think his length was about five feet.

The room in which he was exhibited had been a little theater, and the seats had been removed from the ground floor to make room for a circular tank which filled most of the available space. At one end of the room was a stage, from which a broad gangway led to the tank; at the other end was a gallery, and from that gallery I saw a performance unique in my experience of the stage.



As we took our seats the curtain rose to the rolling of thunder and showed a lonely sea-shore with the greenest of oceans. Jupiter entered, dressed in a blue tunic and tights which in some far-away past may have been white. We knew he was Jupiter, for in his right hand he carried several jagged thunderbolts fully a yard long and seemingly composed of gilt pasteboard. As he paced about he shook these dreadful bolts with energy, and there followed flashings of powder, which diffused a sickening odor, and loud rattlings of metallic thunder.

After occupying himself in this way for as long a time as seemed needful to give a due impression of his majesty, he paused, shaded his brow with his unoccupied hand, gazed across the ocean, and asked himself what vision of loveliness it was which met his eyes.

He was not long in doubt, for he immediately told himself, to the accompaniment of a wheezy broken-down parlor organ, that it was "fair Venus, rising from the briny deep"; and that he might the better enjoy this spectacle he strode slowly and majestically away from it until he reached the lower corner of the stage, where he turned again to the ocean and stood in rapt admiration. Considerable creaking, only partly drowned by the parlor organ, attended the rising of Venus, which was effected in a series of slow jerks, landing her upon the stage at last with an abrupt jolt and a loud click.

She was a pretty girl, modestly dressed in a short pink frock of some gauzy material, plentifully bespangled. On her head was a large wreath of pink paper roses. And now the enraptured Jupiter praised her grace and beauty, owned her power, and asked if there were perchance some boon which he might confer upon her.

Yes, there was one: Venus would fain prove her sway over the ocean from which she had just arisen.

"Harness me the great leviathan," she cried, "and let me drive him for my pastime."

This being somewhat out of Jupiter's line, he shook his thunderbolts again, with the same unpleasant results as before, and summoned Neptune.

The monarch of ocean was pushed upon the scene in a small flat-bottomed triumphal car, or rather barge, which was made of tin and painted pink. He held aloft his trident, and must have been glad when the barge stopped, for the movement made him painfully unsteady on his legs.

He stepped out, bowed to Jupiter, and asked his commands. The ruler of gods and men explained at considerable length the claims of Venus to respectful consideration, and instructed Neptune to obey her commands. Venus then repeated her modest wish, and added that she would like to sail in Neptune's own barge, that identical pink tin barge in which he had just made his tottering entrance, and which had doubtless attracted her feminine eye from its



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harmony with her own costume. Once more the thunderbolts were brandished, and Jupiter cried, "Let all be done according to her word."

At this point I was much perplexed to know how the wishes of Venus would be gratified. Of course I was sure that the little white whale had been cast for the important part of the great leviathan. I was quite as sure that, in some way, the whale was to be harnessed to the pink barge. But how? By whom? Jupiter, with his thunderbolts and tights, was manifestly not to be thought of. Neptune was equally unfitted for any real work by reason of his make-up, which was that of a very seedy and down-at-the-heel King Duncan or King Lear, and a purple cotton-velvet robe, no matter how shabby, is not a garment in which one would willingly take to the water.

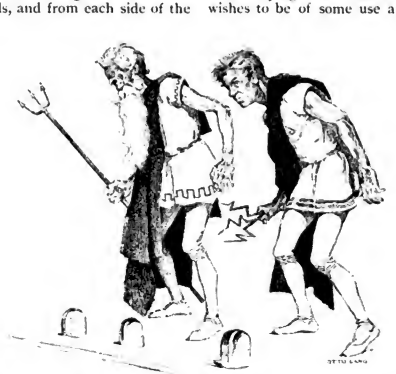
I was not kept long in suspense, for Neptune was equal to the emergency, and promptly called to his aid two Tritons, who were clad from head to foot in black waterproof clothes, and who at once bestirred themselves and set to work in a thoroughly businesslike way. First they carried the barge from the back of the stage and placed it in the water, close to the little gangway which led from the stage to the tank. Then they produced, from behind the scenes, a large leather collar to which were attached four cords. Two of these cords were strong, with hooks at the ends; the others were light, flimsy things, wholly ornamental.

Provided with this harness, the industrious Tritons got down into the tank, where the depth of water was above their waists, and proceeded to try conclusions with the whale. Meanwhile the asthmatic organ wheezed forth dispiriting sounds, and from each side of the stage the god and goddess looked on in calm approval. The dialogue was in blank verse, —would that I could remember it!—and the little drama was played throughout with absolute seriousness and sincerity.

After a good deal of struggling, the Tritons succeeded in slipping the collar over the whale's head. Then they fastened the hooked ends of the cords into two sockets in the sides of the barge. Leviathan, securely harnessed, was now less securely held, while Neptune rapidly escorted Venus across the gangway and handed her into the barge. She quickly gathered up the reins, which one of the Tritons held in his mouth, and poised herself as steadily as adverse circumstances would permit. The Tritons let go of the cords and the voyage began.

Leviathan swam slowly and evenly around the outer circumference of the tank, as though aware of his responsibility. All went well. Again and again the circuit was made with safety and with only an occasional bump. The goddess smiled and handled the reins with easy grace. But, alas! not even goddesses are exempt from trouble! Just as her triumph seemed complete, the evil-minded whale darted viciously to one side, and Venus yielded her supremacy of the ocean as she splashed to the bottom of the tank. The Tritons floundered to the rescue; but it was in the very nature of things that they should get entangled in the cords, and that the whale should upset them by swimming between their legs; and these things caused delay.

Jupiter and Neptune leaned over the footlights in helpless anxiety. There must have been a trying conflict in their minds between wishes to be of some use and reluctance to



"JUPITER AND NEPTUNE LEANED OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS IN HELPLESS ANXIETY"

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spoil their costumes. At one moment I think that Jupiter was almost ready to lay aside his thunderbolts and get down into the tank where the Tritons were searching for Venus. They got hold of her at last, and set her upon the stage, the very wettest creature that I ever saw.

Poor Venus! The pink gauze dress clung limply about her; one of her pink satin shoes was missing; her hair had come down; and her only emblem of royalty was the wreath of paper roses, which she still wore, much askew and reduced to pulpy flatness. Any girl in such a plight, at such a disadvantage, might reasonably have been expected to run off to her dressing-room as fast as possible. Venus did nothing of the sort. All dripping and bedraggled as she was, no sooner had her feet touched the stage than she sprang lightly up, brushed back the wet hair from her eyes, curtsied to Jupiter and Neptune, curtsied to the audience, waved her farewells, and smilingly bowed herself off the stage, as she had been used to do upon happier occasions.

*Edward Tuckerman Mason.*




"SMILINGLY BOWED HERSELF OFF THE STAGE"

**The Industrious Meter**

The tenant he has left his home to summer by the sea
And seek the change which all must seek by fashion's high decree.
The spiders weave their gossamers on window, wall, and door;
The little mice and water-bugs are camping on the floor;
The clock is dumb; the cat is dead; all silent is the flat;
The very microbes in the air grow somnolent and fat.
Ah, little thinks the passer-by of one who toils within
The empty walls and darkened halls, nor praise nor gain to win!

The humble servant of the lamp, the 'lectric meter hight,
Knows naught of holiday or rest the livelong day or night.
Its only food is dry amperes and unattractive volts,
And now and then a tasteless ohm or arid watt it bolts.
It murmurs not, but toils along, with every cog and wheel,
Until its honest visage glows with industry and zeal.
It is not to the dynamo that science owes success;
It is not to the bookkeeper, though bookkeepers can guess;
'T is not to him who makes the bills that silence sneer and doubt,
But to the patient slave who works when every light is out.

Alas! it only worked too well; thus mortals vain aspire:

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One night it slipped a cog and touched an
unsuspected wire,
And when the nearest cop awoke, the flat
was all on fire.
Three weeks they raked the wreckage up,
and down in the debris
They found the trusty meter, still a-meting
gallantly,
Its faithful hands yet whirling round as busy
as could be.

They cut the clinging wires; they removed
it from the place;
They smoothed the indentations from its
scarred and wounded case,
The while they gazed in wonder at the figures
on its face.
There were miles of volts recorded; there
were watts and ohms galore;
It took a ream of paper to foot up the mighty
score;
And when the tenant saw the bill, he very
nearly swore.
He did not swear; he did not know the words
to fit the case,
Because, though vigorous and apt, they were
not words of grace.

He could not vulcanize his speech as other
mortals can;
He had not learned its alphabet — he was a
Boston man.

He is a Boston man no more. In Blooming-
dale he lies,
A weight of sadness on his heart and mad-
ness in his eyes.
At times he dreams of wealth untold, enough
to set him free
And pay the mountain debt he owes the
'lectric companie.
And then he laughs a mirthless laugh the
hardest heart to chill —
He knows that centuries of toil would never
pay that bill:
The meter's wheels are in his head; he hears
them whirling still.

MORAL

There is no moral to my tale; I say it with
regret:
'Lectricity is in its youth — it has no morals
yet.

*James Jeffrey Roche.*



AT A REDUCTION

"Is that your cat, my dear?"
"Yes, mum; but ye kin have him cheap, cos he 's slightly soiled."

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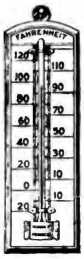
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# THE SEPTEMBER CENTURY MAGAZINE

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

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Drawn by André Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE WANDERING JEW

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# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII SEPTEMBER, 1904 No. 5

## THE RUSSIAN LOURDES

### NARRATIVE BY AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE IMPRESSIVE SCENES AT THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT SERAPHIM, AUGUST 1, 1903, IN WHICH THE CZAR PARTICIPATED

BY DAVID BELL MACGOWAN

THE prophet of the Slav empire at the beginning of the twentieth century is Saint Seraphim of Sarov. Before answering the call to the war with Japan, thousands of reserve soldiers hurried to his shrine in the monastery of Sarov, and soldiers' families are swelling the stream of pilgrims. Jeweled images of Saint Seraphim, framed in solid gold or silver, gifts of St. Petersburg and Moscow to General Kouropatkin and Admiral Skrydlov, and plainer presentments of the saint given to every departing soldier by the Emperor, are expected to bring success to Russian arms. Victory over Japan's ally, it is asserted, has even been promised by the saint himself. In an utterance which has just been published in the Russian press he is said to have predicted that he would be canonized, and to have declared: "Shortly thereafter will come a burdensome war. The Emperor will go to battle, and I shall be with him, and we shall rend the cloak from off England's shoulders."

The act of canonization of Saint Seraphim on August 1, 1903, was treated by the Russian authorities as a purely domestic concern. Diplomatic representatives were not invited. Few foreigners knew of the matter beforehand, and those who asked for permission to attend were informed that all the accommodations of the monastery had been assigned. Even the leading British advocate of union between the Anglican and Orthodox churches fared no better. An Englishman and myself were, as far as I know, the only foreigners that went, and we were made to feel that our presence was undesired. Notwithstanding this, and the discomforts we shared with peasants wearing sheepskin coats and birch-bark footgear, we were richly repaid by the

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From a photograph

EMPEROR NICHOLAS II AND SUITE ON THE WAY TO VISIT FATHER SERAPHIM'S LARGER HUT

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opportunity to study Russia at close range, and to witness a marvelous manifestation of the faith that expects and creates miracles.

The function of canonization called together a camp-meeting of more than one hundred thousand people, a veritable nation assembled in faith, a theocratic witenagemot. Besides at least ten myriads of peasants, artisans, and small tradesmen,—Russian accounts say three hundred and fifty thousand,—the ceremonies demanded the presence of the imperial family, mobilized an army corps and no inconsiderable number of police, and attracted a host of civil and military dignitaries and clergymen of all grades. The complicated action and interaction of the autocratic, bureaucratic, and hierarchic machinery of church and state were laid bare to an unusual extent. The Emperor and the court visited the haunts of the hermit, and drank and laved themselves with water from the miraculous spring beside which his hut was built. His uncorrupted remains were placed in a costly casket beneath a massive silver canopy of monumental proportions, both the gifts of his Majesty, and the monastery was proclaimed a seat of miracles, a Russian Lourdes.

It was equally interesting to note who were absent from the muster at Sarov—those who were not invited to participate in the holy festival, and who would not have done so if they had been. Excepting perhaps twenty persons with accidental connections, it was useless to look for men of letters, lawyers, doctors, university professors or students, scientists, artists, business men, or factory hands. The official scheme of things as expounded by the amiable and cultivated, though narrow-minded, prophet of absolutism, Mr. K. P. Pobedonostsev, takes little account of these, which perhaps explains the unstable equilibrium of the Russian system. One great writer did attend for the sake of literary material; but, in spite of his nearly sixty years, he preferred to don a sheepskin, shoulder a pack, and tramp and camp with the peasants in the woods, rather than announce himself to the police; and his friends think he showed sound judgment.

The political significance of the canonization is heightened by the fact that the Holy Synod adopted one of the people's saints. The present generation may witness a repetition of this after the death of the famous Father John of Cronstadt, who



From a photograph

THE COURT PARTY, LED BY THE EMPEROR AND HIS MOTHER, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS

The Empress Alexandra is walking alone slightly behind them, and to their left

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From a photograph

THE ENTRANCE TO THE MEN'S BATH-HOUSE

is regarded as a sainted wonder-worker by the mass of orthodox believers, and in spite of himself has been the object of divine honors from numerous sporadic sects as well as in his own church. The hierarchy has partly met the popular view, as tracts and leaflets describing miracles performed by him are distributed by the million at the doors of the churches.

The movement to give the belief of the people in the sanctity of Father Seraphim canonical recognition took definite shape in 1892, when a commission was appointed to examine the evidence that his relics possessed miraculous powers. Testimony was taken in twenty-eight dioceses of Russia and Siberia. After inquiring into ninety-four claims of fulfilment of prayer through the intercession of the hermit, the commission reported favorably and ordered a record of future miracles to be kept. The motion for canonization was acted upon on August 1, 1902, the anniversary of the birth of the candidate, when the Emperor was pleased to consent that steps to this end should be taken. The Holy Synod directed a commission to view the remains, since the doctrine of the church holds to the belief that the bodies of the saints escape the general fate of mortal dust. What the commission found was not disclosed until immediately before the canonization, when, "to set at rest false reports," it was stated that the hair, beard, and bones had been preserved. This had evidently satisfied the requirements, for in January, 1903, as soon as the report had been made by the commission, the Holy Synod, in a carefully worded encyclical, announced the determination to proceed with the canonization.

No better exposition of the intricately interwoven religious and political motives of this highly important act could be desired than is given in the commentaries of the church authorities themselves. To use their own words, "In the complete conviction of the genuineness and credibility of the miracles that are being performed upon the intercession of the hermit Father Seraphim, the Holy Synod, after giving praise to God, who continually vouchsafes his blessings to the Russian empire that firmly persists in the orthodoxy of the fathers, and who, as in times past, has now, in the days of the reign of the Most Pious Emperor Nicholas Alexandrovitch, been pleased, by glorifying this champion of piety, to give a new and a great sign of his mercy to the orthodox Russian people," recommended to the



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Emperor the canonization of the revered monk, the exposure of his relics to veneration, and the establishment of a holiday and a special service in his honor. Upon the presentation of this recommendation by Mr. Pobedonostsev, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, his Majesty was pleased to sign it with the endorsement, "Read with genuine pleasure and deep emotion.' The encyclical concluded with these words: "The pious sons of the Orthodox Church will give praise and thanksgiving to God, whom it has pleased to ordain this act, and will accept the appearance of a new intercessor and wonder-worker as another blessing from Heaven upon the rule of our Most Exalted Monarch, who labors without ceasing for the welfare of the orthodox Russian people and embraces in his royal love and solicitude all his true subjects, of whatever condition and calling."

Father Seraphim was born at Kursk in 1759, and was baptized Prokhor Moshnin. His father was engaged in building churches. Upon his death he left one church unfinished, and his widow undertook to complete it. Prokhor, then three years old, followed her up the scaffolding one day, and fell from a great height to the ground, the official biographies say, without receiving the slightest injury. This was the first of a long series of miracles that marked his entire life. He was taught to read Slavonic and to chant church litanies, but his acquaintance with books was limited to the Bible and the lives of saints. At the age of seventeen he obtained his mother's consent to adopt the monastic life, and set out for Kief, the holy city of Russia, where he was advised to go to Sarov. It would be tedious to record his biography in detail. He was allowed to adopt the life of a hermit, for which he had an early predilection, only after many years of strict subordination to the severe discipline of the monastery.

The stories of the hardships to which he gladly subjected himself would only be the repetition of a well-known tale. One of the holiest objects in the Sarov "wilderness" is the rock upon which he is said to have prayed through three thousand nights. After a long period of almost complete solitude, when he appeared at the monastery only for the religious exercises, he began to allow younger brethren to share his vigils and to receive other persons desiring to consult him. Among these was a great general of St. Petersburg who, the biographies say, declared that he had never seen so impressive a priest before. Popular legends say this great general was the Emperor Nicholas I himself. We are not entirely dependent upon monastic sources for our knowledge of Seraphim, for the novelist Dostoyevsky, in "The Karamazov Brothers," represents him as a man of great shrewdness, common sense, and genuine piety.

He lived in the odor of sanctity, and was reputed to have a more than natural insight into the foibles and needs of the human soul, being credited even with mind-reading. During his life, however, miraculous powers of healing were not ascribed to him. After his death in 1833, his grave became one of the Russian Meccas. The number of pilgrims has now become so large and constant that it has been decided to build a railway to the nearest station, Arzamas, which is forty-five miles away.

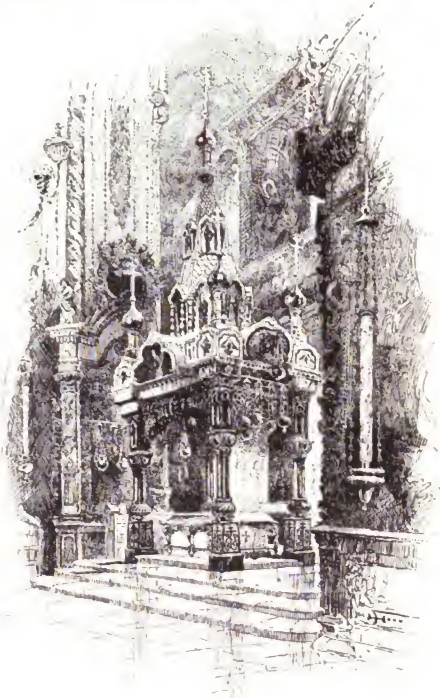
Sarov is only about three hundred miles from Moscow, yet such are the means of travel in the interior of Russia that the journey last summer required forty-eight hours. It is usual to guard the railway when the Czar travels. The line is patrolled, and sentries are placed on each side of culverts and bridges. On this occasion military protection was of an unusual character and began ten days in advance. The railways had been overhauled, the less-traveled branches being almost entirely rebuilt. All undergrowth had been cleared from the right of way and for one hundred feet on each side.

From Moscow southward the military activity gave the impression of mobilization for war. Every mile or two were encampments of soldiers. Sentries stood, with fixed bayonets, with their backs to the line. The trains in both directions carried numerous military and police officers. Some stood at the windows hour after hour, and often beckoned to the sentries to take a more advantageous position. When I neared the destination, the departure of the imperial court from St. Petersburg was imminent, and I noticed that squads of soldiers were now beating the forests, marching abreast, fifty feet apart, as far as could be seen in the depth of the woods. Officers on horseback or in troikas were frequently observed proceeding from one



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military post to another. We had also begun to pass pilgrim-trains of twenty or thirty freight-cars provided with benches and closely packed. Villages of Finnish tribes, which played a considerable rôle in resemblance to the Iroquois long-houses as described by Parkman. They are about ten feet wide and from twenty-five to sixty in length and are built by planting tree stems and bending the tops together to



Drawn by Harry Fenn. From a photograph

THE SOLID SILVER CANOPY BENEATH WHICH THE UNCORRUPTED REMAINS OF SAINT SERAPHIM NOW REPOSE

the ceremonies, began to alternate with Russian settlements. Several of their hamlets were quite close to the railway. The houses, which are placed without the least effort at order and are evidently frequently shifted for sanitary reasons, bear a striking form a roof. The sides are thatched from the top rider to the ground, so that only the ends have a wall. The first sight of pilgrims who traveled afoot all the way was at a station three hours from Arzamas. About one thousand persons, mainly wo-

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men, were waiting for the bread that our train carried. The eagerness with which it was tossed from the still-moving train and caught up by the crowd attested the scarcity of local provisions.

My ticket read to Shatki, a station before Arzamas. I there engaged a troika and drove to a women's convent twelve miles on the road to Sarov. We took the hills on a run, and, having got away first, enjoyed immunity from dust, and the ride in the cool of the evening was exhilarating. The mother superior received me courteously and made me entirely comfortable. During the evening the convent filled with lodgers, and I was asked to share my room with a priest. After we had finished our tea, the priest, a dignified but scarcely intellectual-looking young man with the hair and beard of the pictured Christ, kicked off his top-boots and lay down in his cassock, with his feet still incased in the cloth wrappings which serve so many Russians for stockings. I left at daylight and accomplished the rest of the journey by 2 P.M. Though the vehicle was swung on wooden poles for springs and had only a pile of straw for a seat, it was not uncomfortable. At first we wound through grain country, later skirting low hills covered with dwarf pines. This section is far out of the black-earth belt, and is either clay upland or sandy waste. The tillage of the peasants was deplorably negligent. They do not seem ever to break the ground, but only scratch it with a wooden plow made of a forked tree and capped with a scrap of sheet-iron or tin. Many fields of grain were not over three inches high. The villages presented an air of utter desolation. In contrast with peasant holdings, large private estates seemed well tilled and the crops were fair.

My first contact with the peregrinating *bogomoltsy* (worshipers) was in the yard of the women's convent, where women lodgers who could afford to spend a few rubles on the journey were being packed into wagons of every stage of decrepitude. The road from this point on was dotted with frequent parties. Everybody had a bundle, nearly everybody a teapot, and many carried samovars, though the smallest one weighs at least ten pounds. Even when the groups had met by chance on the road, they seemed to be organized; for when three Russians meet, two elect the third chief, intrust him with their provisions or money, and implicitly obey his directions. Such voluntary associations are called "artels." What types there were in these crowds! What dignified men, what magnificent patriarchs! Though many of them could not read or write and could understand only a few hundred words, they displayed an innate courtesy and self-respecting bearing that are singularly surprising in former serfs or the sons of serfs. I believe anybody, on seeing the unspoiled Russian villager, would feel that here was a man who deserved a chance.

The pilgrims passed the night at larger villages, camping under the trees. One of these encampments had not yet broken up when I passed. Toward noon the pilgrims became quiescent again, and as there was little shade, dropped down in the ditches by the road, heedless of the thick clouds of dust. Progress was leisurely, and at last became painfully slow. Food supplies ran low, and as no provision for pilgrims had been made on this road, the suffering of the limping, dusty, bedraggled wayfarers was pitiful. Their ranks included a large percentage of infirm, blind, halt, or otherwise afflicted, who hoped to find relief in the miraculous waters of Sarov. The journey from the railway alone required four or five days at best, and some of the pedestrians told me that it had taken them ten days. The government encouraged the pilgrimage and gave low rates on the railways. Nevertheless it was estimated that ten per cent. of those present came on foot from distant provinces, some even from central Asia.

As the primeval pines of the monastery "wilderness" were sighted, our road approached that from Arzamas, which could be traced for miles back by the curtain of dust hanging over it. The roadway itself had been reserved for the imperial party, having been made as smooth as a billiard-table by villagers drafted away from their crops, still partly unharvested. Unless of high rank, the traveler had to betake himself to the side ruts which accompany every Russian highway, and these were soon axle-deep with dust. This road was guarded by at least a brigade of infantry, as I judged on my return, one military post following another in close succession. Under the direction of the soldiers, the peasants had set tree branches at intervals

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of fifty feet on both sides of the way to imitate growing trees. Every village had also done something in the way of decoration. Some built arches of wagon-wheels and boughs with patriotic emblems, as "God save the Czar," and the like. The peasants had been camping with the soldiers for three weeks when I passed. Besides keeping the road repaired, and being ready to hurrah for the Czar, they were out of the way of temptation.

The thoroughness of the precautions taken under the direction of experts from the secret political police corps of St. Petersburg was illustrated by an incident that occurred during my drive to Arzamas. Somebody tossed an advertising circular into the vehicle. I gave it a glance and let it fall again at my feet. The driver kept cutting his eyes around at it, and finally hemmed and said, "Barin [master], what kind of book is that?" I answered indifferently, "Oh, it is not at all interesting." He did not seem satisfied, but said nothing more about the matter until we stopped to water the horses. Before getting into the wagon again, he picked up the circular and asked if I wanted it. I said, "No," and he took it and sat upon it. "The police are afraid of print," was his simple explanation. It would be easy to multiply such illustrations, if space allowed.

At several places on the Arzamas road barracks had been built, so that the pilgrims might pass the night under roof. They were plain wooden sheds, but bread, hot water for tea, and medical attendance had been provided. A small city of such sheds was built near the monastery, close by the military encampment, which comprised a brigade of Cossacks and another of infantry, I was told. Men and women were separated and slept on benches, without blanket or mattress, at the rate of a dollar and a half a week. However, there was room for only about ten thousand persons, and the majority camped under century-old pines, often one hundred and fifty feet tall and three feet thick. The monastery owns seventy-five thousand acres of forest, besides fifty thousand of agricultural lands. Visitors who could spend a dollar and a half a day were accommodated in so-called hotels, which were merely barracks that had been partitioned off into compartments for four. I considered myself very lucky to get a berth on the third night, as it had been cold in the loft, and, besides, I did not like to look down upon my neighbors through the cracks in the ceiling, which were often wider than the planks. My English friend, who had come with his wife, had the happy notion to keep his driver as a servant, and contrived a comfortable shelter in the lee of the wagon, the straw affording an excellent bed.

The organization of the affair was masterly in some respects, but broke down in others. The arrangements for selling bottles to carry away the miraculous waters, as well as images, crosses, biographies, and tracts, could not have been more perfect. It is said that the monastery's profits from these sources amounted to many millions by the end of the year, Seraphim images and "literature" having been spread broadcast throughout Russia. The average visitor was kept in studied ignorance of what was going on behind the monastery gates, where there was room for only a few thousands. The pilgrim, upon arrival, no matter from which direction, would light upon a wooden open-air chapel, where a priest was usually officiating. The bank of the rivulet that flows by the monastery is rich in springs for miles on each side, to which miraculous qualities were vaguely ascribed. The peasants, to make sure, drank from all they passed. Their next care was of course to find a place to sleep and to look for something to eat, a fruitless search, as the monastery had neglected to lay up provisions. The government somewhat tardily realized that the people were hungry, and telegraphed for food; but as the imperial train monopolized the railway for two days and disarranged the traffic for two more, there was great suffering. Even the restaurant established for the officials had very meager supplies.

The search for miraculous waters led the peasants three miles away from the monastery, which was fortunate, as admission into the convent courtyard, and at times to the square in front of it, was limited to holders of special tickets, of which about eight thousand were issued to persons provided with an attestation of political trustworthiness. Only the two thousand blue tickets were good for the principal ceremonies. The muzhiks are proverbially patient, but many who had tired of the wonder-working waters wanted to see the resting-place of the saint without

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waiting until the court party had left, and there was considerable murmuring. They regarded Seraphim as their saint, in the first place, and did not quite comprehend what the officials and the police and Cossacks had to do with the matter. Besides, the Russian peasant has not entirely got over the notion that Christian and *krestianin* (peasant) were once synonymous, and that true believers wear their hair parted in the middle and their shirts outside. It may be recalled in this connection that many American negroes used to doubt whether any white people went to heaven.

To me, the life outside the walls was the more interesting. The mere number of the pilgrims was fascinating. They fairly swarmed in the forest for miles around. The human mass increased with proximity to the *via sacra*, upon which the crowds seemed always moving toward, never from, the charmed spots. Each of the twenty-odd springs on this road was held to be consecrated in a special way. Here was the cross that Seraphim hewed and erected with his own hands, with a well bubbling at its foot. Fervent worshipers were prostrating themselves and kissing the ground. Eager hands were plying a spade to loosen the soil from the hillside in order that all might be able to carry away a few grains. Some furtively tried to splinter bits off the cross. Access to the well was always readily granted to the sick and infirm, and when they drank, the surrounding thousands crossed themselves as one man. Farther on was the image of the Virgin Mary that must have witnessed so many of the devotions of the hermit. Just over the brow of the hill was the great rock where the saint had prayed, worn smooth by the hermit's knees, as was firmly believed. And so on and on one went from one sacred object to another. The climax was Seraphim's older and smaller hut, with the well that he daily used close beside it. This was the holy well *par excellence*. Any day, from early morn to late at night, ten thousand people could be seen in its vicinity. The well is on a steep slope, so it is accessible only at the lower edge. Half a dozen sturdy policemen and several priests were always on hand to control the use of the water and to register the miracles that were announced as being performed almost every moment. The line of afflicted pilgrims, who alone were admitted to the well, always extended hundreds of yards. The most common malady seemed to be hysteria. It is very prevalent among the peasant women, due doubtless to the severity, solitude, and darkness of winter, brutality, and insufficient food. The victims often utter piercing screams for hours. The disease sometimes takes the form of repulsion to religious exercises, even to the ringing of church bells. In such cases the masses firmly believe that the victims are possessed of devils. Father John of Cronstadt enjoys a special reputation for driving out devils. I saw or heard a number of cases treated at Sarov, generally in the inclosed bath-house, and the effect in restoring at least momentary calm was usually beyond doubt. Those who will may dispute whether this result was due to the plunge or shower-bath in water under 60° Fahrenheit, to the authoritative words and gestures of the priests, or to supernatural power.

Few came to the well without being recorded as cured or at least benefited. The priests crossed themselves incessantly, and the bystanders imitated their example with exemplary zeal. From a distance of fifty feet, as near as I could get, I witnessed the cure of a woman with a paralyzed and malformed hand. How long she had been under treatment I did not learn, but her case was exciting tremendous interest. The priest repeatedly bathed the hand and commanded the witnesses to cross themselves while he assisted the woman to perform the same feat. This was accomplished in a manner that would have done credit to an adept in bloodless surgery. Pressing one of his strong, supple fingers against each of hers, he slowly forced them straight and carried the hand through the proper motions. Tears of joy streamed from the multitude. "The poor old woman is crossing herself," was repeated by hundreds of wonder-stricken mouths. The glad news was passed along the waiting line and shouted to the crowds in the forest beyond. The exercise was continued some time, when the woman, who was feeble, was allowed to sit down and rest. I could not, and nobody else tried to, discover whether the hand remained straight. That this woman, who had not been able to cross herself properly in many years, had done so before their eyes was miracle enough for people that had come from all the ends of Russia,

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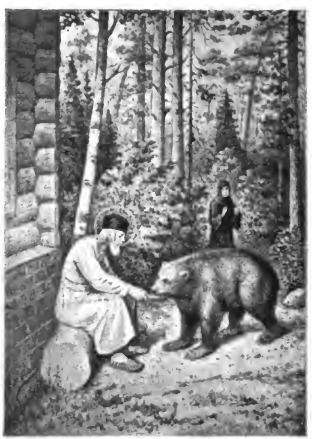
some to experience, others to witness, wonders. The latter at least were not disappointed. I had poor success in my efforts to prove the claims that were made. The prepossessions of the priests and of the people made a critical attitude seem sacrilegious. Questions excited suspicion and aversion.

A certain amount of imposture was evident. Take, for instance, a woman who had trailed herself on hands and knees along the entire via sacra. She could or would give no account of her trouble, her sole answer being a wail of unspeakable woe. She excited general sympathy, and all who had a copper to spare pressed it into her hand. I observed that her cotton dress was not worn through at the knee, so judged her distress was recent. The principal incentive to fraud was, however, the desire to pose, since some of the glory of the miracle was reflected upon the recipient of divine favor. Some observers claimed more positive results than I found. A Russian reporter of the Lutheran confession declared that he had witnessed the healing of a two-year-old boy born blind, and of two persons, a man and a boy of six, who had long been unable to walk. These cases figure in the official accounts also. However, the details, which are of so much interest, were not supplied.

The record of cures during three weeks immediately preceding the canonization gives the names and addresses of the subjects. Russia is wide, and nobody seems to have visited them in their homes. I remember, however, seeing a copy of an affidavit from one peasant whose name and exact address figured in one of the miracle-registers, denying that he even went to Sarov. The history of the canonization published by the Holy Synod claims the following cures in the period above mentioned, all the subjects, except two, being peasant women: Deformed extremities; three cases each of paralysis, fever, and blindness; two cases of rheumatism; epilepsy, chronic headache, chronic internal pains, temporary dumbness, skin disease, and wen on the neck. The skin disease was cured by faith on the way to Sarov, and the wen disappeared while the sufferer was approaching the well. The duration of previous suffering varied from a few months to twenty-five years, the usual claim being eight or ten years.

The records made during the ceremonies are more picturesque than careful in matters of detail or names. What follows on this subject is an accurate, though slightly condensed, translation from the official history.

Some of the pilgrims went away from Sarov murmuring on account of lack of food. On the road they were joined by an old man with a wallet on his back, who gave them all they wanted to eat. The



From a print

"ONE OF THE LEGENDS REPRESENTS FATHER SERAPHIM FEEDING A BEAR"

travelers had gone on a little way when the old man suddenly disappeared. Who was that old man? It was Father Seraphim, who never refused a guest either kindness or bread.

On July 29 a deaf-mute girl was healed in the presence of all the people. The image of Seraphim and that of the Virgin Mary, before which Seraphim expired kneeling seventy years ago, were being carried across the monastery courtyard when the child's mother caused her to kiss them. The child quickly cried out, "Mama!" Full of joy, her mother had her repeat the dear word. The crowd was electrified with amazement, and money

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fairly rained upon mother and child. "Say, 'Thank you,'" the woman commanded, and the child obeyed. "What is your name?" "Say, 'Polia,'" the woman continued, and the little girl said, "Polia."

Another woman came to the holy well with her little blind daughter. The child drank and immediately cried, "Mama, mama, I see you!" The mother trembled with joy and could not believe the glad news. "My child, you see me?" she asked. "Yes, I do see, mama; I do see. There you are standing to my left." "Yes, yes, my child; I am to your left," the woman said.

Water escaping from the well was conducted into two inclosures for bathing men and women, which were likewise beset by lines of patients. Another stream was allowed to fall into the open brook, scarcely more than a ditch at this point. This offered a bathing-place free from supervision, which appeared to be regarded as a fountain of youth as well as of healing, as it was patronized by a good many people whose only complaint seemed to be old age. A striking scene was enacted here. Men and women of all ages and various conditions, including thriving tradespeople, calmly stripped and stood together, a dozen at a time, under the end of the conduit. They undressed and dressed on the bank only a few feet apart, though there were thick bushes near by. Few made the slightest concessions to modesty, disrobing and robing as leisurely as if at home. One could see some of them carefully wrapping up their feet or putting on their bark shoes without having on a stitch of other clothes. Occasionally a young woman would hold or bind a towel in front of herself, but seemed to do so almost shamefacedly, as if such precautions imputed lack of pure-mindedness to the worshipers. One could not, in fact, discover a single interested eye among them. The golden age of human innocence had returned.

Some of the bathers shivered when the water touched them, and ran away; but, having been fortified anew by crossing themselves, always returned. Some said the water first felt cold, then hot; others, that it was like a current of fire from the first instant. Nobody liked to admit that it was cold all the time. Though free to do so, persons who could not claim any ailment or debility refrained from crowding this fount. The rivulet itself was considered good enough for the hale and young. Still, even the bathers in the brook did not act as if they were merely bent on enjoying a cool plunge.

This return to primitive views and ways clinched the proof, to my thinking, that the religious faith of the masses of the Russian people is absolutely unshaken, and the spectacle of these myriads, and of the millions that they represented, who, in an age of half-faiths and no-faiths, are troubled by no doubts, was an awe-inspiring fact. Some of my Russian friends, to whom I spoke about the matter afterward, were not equally impressed. They who dream of political changes have found this faith of the peasants a hard nut to crack; and they observed, first, that it was too "notorious" to require proof, and, secondly, that the Russian peasant women go in bathing at any time in the sight of the male population.

Following the footsteps of Father Seraphim, the pilgrims were led some distance farther into the woods, to the larger cottage of four rooms occupied in later life. The weather-boarding is of course quite recent, but the interior is doubtless about as Seraphim left it. Hard by is a sort of cave where the hermit used to retire from his visitors to pray and mortify his flesh. Needless to say, no pilgrim that traveled so far failed to enter and press his lips to its prayer-soaked floor.

In my rambles in the forest I, like many peasants, was in danger of forgetting that there were any official ceremonies at all. The court party arrived late in the afternoon of Thursday, July 30. Local deputations assembled on the border between the provinces of Nijni-Novgorod and Tambof, in a pretty open place carpeted with thick verdure. The addition of a rustic shelter and arch of triumph completed a charming picture. The indigenous tribal beauties, in their native costumes, looked as picturesque and Indian-like as could be desired, especially the young Mordvines, who are Finns, and the Tatar girls. In going to the reception I lost the road and went too far, and was suddenly rounded up with one of the numerous bands of peasants that were being drilled to shout, "Long live the Czar!" and toss up their caps. It was useless to ask for

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permission to go back ahead of the imperial cortège, so I pocketed my discomfiture and accepted a place in the front line. After a wait of two hours there was a puff of dust, and a carriage drawn by a foaming quadriga team cleared the hill-top. It proved to be the particular general whose duty it was to precede his Majesty and see that all was in order. He drew rein opposite us and pulled aside. The peasants were disgusted when they found it was not the Emperor, and wanted to sit down. The village policeman who was responsible for our good behavior jocularly but firmly insisted on their remaining in line.

"Why must we stand when nobody is coming?" they asked plaintively.

"Why, because you are told to; that 's why," he answered. "What 's the use of police and authority if people can do as they like? Besides, the general is there."

"But the general is sitting down."

"Of course he is. He can sit down when he likes."

The procession finally arrived. The Emperor and the two Empresses looked as if they had just left their drawing-rooms, thanks to the stillness of the wind and the proximity of the last tented halting-place; but oh, the look of those that followed! The dust and perspiration had caked and baked upon their faces and fell off in flakes. We were the last roadside group in Nijni-Novgorod province, and we cheered our lustiest. The peasants hurrahed and tossed their caps with equal zeal for every carriage, not excepting those occupied by the court flunkies. To them a cantonal chief was an awful personage, and in this array of splendor it was hard to pick and choose. Besides, in more than one European country it takes a practised eye to tell a major-general from a major-domo.

The reception, which I was able to observe advantageously after all, was brief and simple. The provincial noblesse and the city of Tambof offered bread and salt on splendid enameled silver platters, such as hang by the hundred on the walls of the Winter Palace, while the tribal and communal elders presented the emblems of hospitality on carved wooden trays, covered with the gorgeously embroidered cloths which are the pride of all village folk in Russia. The Emperor, his mother, and the stately young Empress then walked between the lines of the deputations, nodding and smiling graciously. The Empress Alexandra especially captivated the forest maidens.

The ordinary pilgrims had been driven out of this part of the woods and had been lined up near the monastery since noon. It was amusing to hear the guardians of order coaching these grown-up children about their conduct when his Majesty should pass. "And if any one even budges," I heard an officer conclude a long harangue, frowning terribly, "well, good-by, Emperor; good-by, pilgrimage!" And I have no doubt the listeners added under their breath, "Good-by, everything else!"

The church dignitaries, minor clergy, and banner-bearers formed in the square before the gate to bid their Majesties welcome. The banner-bearers are organizations of lay brothers, mechanics, petty tradesmen, and the like, who are uniformed with much gold or silver braid and often take part in processions.

Early the following afternoon the Empress Alexandra and a party of ladies drove down the holy road, while the Emperor and grand dukes went afoot. In order to emphasize his Majesty's religious unity with his true subjects, the appearance of armed protection was avoided as far as possible. Mounted Cossacks alternating with infantrymen, both without visible weapons, separated the narrow road, which they faced, from the steep hillside. Behind them a single line of banner-bearers gently restrained the spectators who covered the slope and were even allowed to clamber into the trees, so that many were perched almost directly over the road. After "doing" the nearer relics, the Emperor took the forest footpath, where it was still less possible to enforce effective police measures and where he often brushed close by the humble pilgrims. Making every allowance for the sagacity of the police and its knowledge of the composition of the crowds, it required a high order of courage for the Emperor, led to believe, as he is, that his life is always being plotted against, to make this afternoon excursion. He returned to the monastery in the same way that he came. The Empress, who displayed great zeal in all the religious observances during her stay at Sarov,—as

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From a photograph

THE PROCESSION WITH THE UNCORRUPTED REMAINS OF SAINT SERAPHIM PASSING AROUND THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE CANONIZATION



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From a photograph

A GROUP OF FINNISH AND TATAR GIRLS AT THE RECEPTION IN THE WOODS

indeed she always does,—entered the women's bath-house with the Princess Orbelliani, one of the court beauties. It was given out that the princess bathed, and it was assumed that her Majesty did too.

The most notable official event before the arrival of the Emperor was the procession of banner-bearers from the women's convent connected with the monastery and situated a few miles toward Arzamas, where they rendezvoused. Late Friday afternoon the two thousand holders of the coveted blue tickets, which alone were honored on this occasion, were admitted into the monastery courtyard, and the actual canonization program was begun. The imperial party and the princes of the church proceeded, between lines formed by the banner-bearers, to the chapel where the relics of the hermit's body were reposing in the new casket. In front of the chapel formed a solemn procession embracing the hierarchy and a picked choir, preceded by the most sacred images of the monastery and by swinging censers and blazing torches. At seven o'clock in the evening the church doors were opened and the casket appeared, borne upon the shoulders of the highest representatives of church and state. On one side



From a photograph

THE MONASTERY OF SAROV



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were the Emperor and the grand dukes Serge Alexandrovitch and Nicholas Nicholaievitch; on the other, the grand duke Peter Nicholaievitch, another that I did not recognize, and the Prince of Romanovsky Leuchtenberg. The other bearers of the casket were archbishops, bishops, and archimandrites. The remainder of the court party and numerous clergymen followed the casket. After making the circuit of the cathedral, which occupies the center of the courtyard, the procession entered and deposited the casket. While we were waiting for the ceremony to begin, the clamor for admittance to the courtyard had risen to a shrill fury. The police were repeatedly rushed, and finally, to abate the disorder, admitted all the ordinary ticket-holders for whom there was room and then cleared the square. At the conclusion of the last mass for the repose of the soul of the man Seraphim, the afflicted were allowed to file through the cathedral and adore the relics, a portion of the skull having been exposed. It was expected that a triumphant outpouring of miraculous power would more than justify the canonization the following day. About 8 P.M. the unfortunates who were hoping for surcease of suffering through the merit and intercession of the hermit began to form in the square. By the time the mass had ended, the line of pilgrims stretched into the forest half a mile away and was lost in the night. Among them were fathers or husbands who held child or wife in their arms through long, heartbreaking hours without showing the least impatience. The line did not seem a bit shorter the following forenoon, when the gates were shut in order that preparations for the final ceremonies might be made.

The sanctity of Father Seraphim having been proclaimed with appropriate rites in the cathedral, the procession of the day before was repeated in order that the glorified uncorrupted remains might be displayed to the faithful. A "Te Deum," celebrated with all the pomp of which the ceremonious Orthodox Church is so lavish, ended the holy week. The court party left the next morning for St. Petersburg.

# THE HIGHWAYS

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

WHEN Nature held our woods in fee,
When from the tangled thickets rose
The fawn, new-born, and every glade
Did her sweet citizens disclose,

Then were her highways beautiful;
For where her growths were overthrown
She sowed fresh life, and many a bud
Did for those deaths atone.

Now all her artless plans are mocked.
Through every byway, road, and lane
We toil incessantly and spoil,
But do not build again.

And tired eyes grow wearier still
Where stripped and stark the roadsides lie—
God's pity that their robes of green
Man should to them deny!

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From a photograph

MEXICAN SHEEP-HERDERS ON THE LARAMIE PLAINS NEAR THE BONE-CABIN QUARRY[1]

# FOSSIL WONDERS OF THE WEST

## THE DINOSAURS OF THE BONE-CABIN QUARRY

### BEING THE FIRST DESCRIPTION OF THE GREATEST "FIND" OF EXTINCT ANIMALS EVER MADE

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Da Costa Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, Curator in the American Museum of Natural History

ONE is often asked the questions: "How do you find fossils?" "How do you know where to look for them?" One of the charms of the fossil-hunter's life is the variety, the element of certainty combined with the gambling element of chance. Like the prospector for gold, the fossil-hunter may pass suddenly from the extreme of dejection to the extreme of elation. Luck comes in a great variety of ways: sometimes as the result of prolonged and deliberate scientific search in a region which is known to be fossiliferous; sometimes in such a prosaic manner as the digging of a well. Among discoveries of a highly suggestive, almost romantic kind, perhaps none is more remarkable than the one I shall now describe.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT DINOSAUR QUARRY

In central Wyoming, at the head of a "draw," or small valley, not far from the Medicine Bow River, lies the ruin of a small and unique building, which marks the site of the greatest "find" of extinct animals made in a single locality in any part of the world. The fortunate fossil-hunter who stumbled on this site was Mr. Walter Granger of the American Museum expedition of 1897.

In the spring of 1898, as I approached the hillock on which the ruin stands, I observed, among the beautiful flowers, the blooming cacti, and the dwarf bushes of the desert, what were apparently numbers of dark-brown boulders. On closer ex-

[1] The photographs and drawings of this article are reproduced by permission of the American Museum of Natural History.—EDITOR.



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amination, it proved that there is really not a single rock, hardly even a pebble, on this hillock; all these apparent boulders are ponderous fossils which have slowly accumulated or washed out on the surface from a great dinosaur bed beneath. A Mexican sheep-herder had collected some of these petrified bones for the foundations of his cabin, the first ever built of such strange materials. The excavation of a promising outcrop was almost immediately rewarded by finding a thigh-bone nearly six feet in length which sloped downward into the earth, running into the lower leg and finally into the foot, with all the respective parts lying in the natural position as in life (see page 682). This proved to be the previously unknown hind limb of the great dinosaur *Diplodocus*.

In this manner the "Bone-Cabin Quarry" was discovered and christened. The total contents of the quarry are represented in the diagram on page 691. It has given us, by dint of six successive years of hard work, the materials for an almost complete revival of the life of the Laramie region as it was in the days of the dinosaurs. By the aid of workmen of every degree of skill, by grace of the accumulated wisdom of the nineteenth century, by the constructive imagination, by the aid of the sculptor and the artist, we can summon these living forms and the living environment from the vasty deep of the past.

### THE FAMOUS COMO BLUFFS

THE circumstances leading up to our discovery serve to introduce the story. From 1890 to 1897 we had been steadily delving into the history of the Age of Mammals, in deposits dating from two hundred thousand to three million years back, as we rudely estimate geological time. In the course of seven years such substantial progress had been made that I decided to push into the history of the Age of Reptiles also, and, following the pioneers, Marsh and Cope, to begin exploration in the period which at once marks the dawn of mammalian life and the climax of the evolution of the great amphibious dinosaurs.

In the spring of 1897 we accordingly began exploration in the heart of the Laramie Plains, on the Como Bluffs, represented in the photograph on page 684. On arrival, we found numbers of massive bones strewn along the base of these bluffs, tumbled from their stratum above; too weather-worn to attract collectors, and



From a photograph

RUINS OF SHEEP-HERDER'S CABIN, THE FOUNDATIONS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF THE REMAINS OF DINOSAURS

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From a photograph

FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE LONG HIND LIMB OF THE DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS

The discovery was made at the point where the Bone-Cabin Quarry was opened (see * in the diagram, page 691)

serving only to remind one of the time when these animals—the greatest, by far, that nature has ever produced on land—were monarchs of the world.

Aroused from sleep on a clear evening in camp by the heavy rumble of a passing Union Pacific freight-train,[1] I shall never forget my meditations on the contrast between the imaginary picture of the great Age of Dinosaurs, fertile in cycads and in a wonderful variety of reptiles, and the present age of steam, of heavy locomotives toiling through the semi-arid and partly desert Laramie Plains.

So many animals had already been removed from these bluffs that we were not very sanguine of finding more; but after a fortnight our prospecting was rewarded by finding parts of skeletons of the long-limbed dinosaur *Diplodocus* and of the heavy-limbed dinosaur *Brontosaurus*. The whole summer was occupied in taking these animals out for shipment to the East, the so-called "plaster method" of removal being applied with the greatest success. Briefly, this is a surgical device applied on a large scale for the "setting" of the much-fractured bones of a fossilized skeleton. It consists in setting great blocks of the skeleton, stone and all, in a firm capsule of plaster subsequently reinforced by great splints of wood, firmly drawn together with wet rawhide. The object is to keep all the fragments and splinters of bone together until it can reach the skilful hands of the museum preparator.

### THE ROCK WAVES CONNECTING THE BLUFFS AND THE QUARRY

THE Como Bluffs are about ten miles south of the Bone-Cabin Quarry; between them is a broad stretch of the Laramie Plains. The exposed bone layer in the two localities is of the same age, and originally was a continuous level stratum which may be designated as the "dinosaur beds"; but this stratum, disturbed and crowded by the uplifting of the not far-distant Laramie range of mountains and the Freeze Out Hills, was thrown into a number of great

[1] At this time the Union Pacific Railroad directly passed the bluffs; in the recent improvement of the grade the main line has been moved to the south.—H. F. O.

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From a photograph

WORKING IN THE BONE-CABIN QUARRY DURING THE FIRST YEAR, 1898
(See • • in the diagram, page 691)

folds or rock waves, as revealed in the diagram on page 684. Large portions, especially of the upfolds, or "anticlines," of the waves, have been subsequently removed by erosion; the edges of these upfolds have been exposed, thus weathering out their fossilized contents, while downfolds are still buried beneath the earth for the explorers of coming centuries.

Therefore, as one rides across the coun-



From a photograph

SETTING FRACTURED DINOSAUR BONES IN PLASTER FOR TRANSPORTATION TO THE EAST FROM THE COMO-BLUFFS QUARRY OF 1897



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From a photograph

COMO BLUFFS OF SOUTHERN WYOMING, OF THE JURASSIC AGE, WHERE MANY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES OF DINOSAURS HAVE BEEN MADE

This picture shows the Como Bluffs on the left of the valley, and the site of the Bone-Cabin Quarry on the right (see the diagram below)

try to-day from the bluffs to the quarry, startling the intensely modern fauna, the prong-horn antelopes, jack-rabbits, and sage-chickens, he is passing over a vast graveyard which has been profoundly folded and otherwise shaken up and disturbed. Sometimes one finds the bone layer removed entirely, sometimes horizontal, sometimes oblique, and again dipping directly into the heart of the earth. This layer (dinosaur beds) is not more than two hundred and seventy-four feet in thickness, and is altogether of fresh-water origin; but as a proof of the oscillations of the earth-

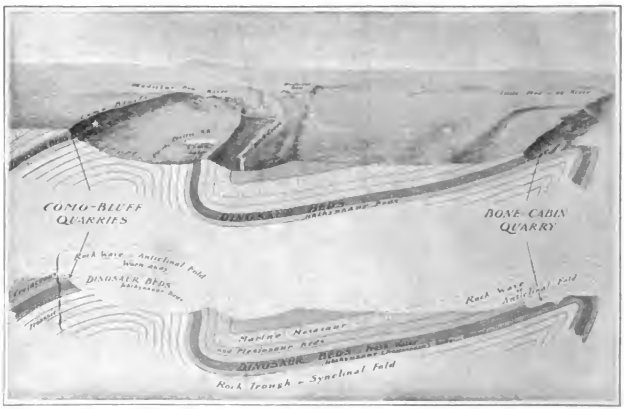



DIAGRAM KEY TO THE GEOLOGY OF THE REGION SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE

The white star, here and above, marks the location of the quarries of 1897 of the American Museum of Natural History



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level both before and after this great thin sheet of fresh-water rock was so widely spread, there are evidences of the previous invasion of the sea (ichthyosaur beds) and of the subsequent invasion of the sea (mosasaur beds) in the whole Rocky Mountain region.

In traveling through the West, when once one has grasped the idea of continental oscillation, or submergence and emergence of the land, of the sequence of the marine and fresh-water deposits in laying down these pages of earth-history, he will know exactly where to look for this wonderful layer-bed of the giant dinosaurs; he will find that, owing to the uplift of various mountain-ranges, it outcrops along the entire eastern face of the Rockies, around the Black Hills, and in all parts of the Laramie Plains; it yields dinosaur bones everywhere, but by no means so profusely or so perfectly as in the two famous localities we are describing.



MODEL OF THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS, COMPARED WITH THE AVERAGE-SIZED MAN

HOW THE SKELETONS LIE IN THE BLUFFS AND QUARRY

At the bluffs single animals lie from twenty to one hundred feet apart; one rarely finds a whole skeleton, such as that of Marsh's *Brontosaurus excelsus*, the finest specimen ever secured here, which is now one of the treasures of the Yale museum. More frequently a half or a third of a skeleton lies together.

In the Bone-Cabin Quarry, on the other hand, as shown in the diagram on page 691, we came across a veritable Noah's-ark deposit, a perfect museum of all the animals of the period. Here are the largest of the giant dinosaurs closely mingled with the remains of the smaller but powerful carnivorous dinosaurs which preyed upon them, also those of the slow and heavy-moving armored dinosaurs of the period, as well as of the lightest and most bird-like of the dinosaurs. Finely rounded, complete limbs from eight to ten feet in length are found, especially those of the carnivorous dinosaurs, perfect even to the sharply pointed and recurved tips of their toes. Other limbs and bones are so crushed and distorted by pressure that it is not worth while removing them. Sixteen series of vertebræ were found strung together; among these were eight long strings of tail-bones. The occurrence of these tails is less surprising when we come to study the important and varied functions of the tail in these animals, and the consequent connection of the tail-bones by means of stout tendons and ligaments which held them together for a long period after death. Skulls are fragile and rare in the quarry, because in every one of these big skeletons there were no fewer than ninety distinct bones which exceeded the head in size, the excess in most cases being enormous.

The bluffs appear to represent the region of an ancient shoreline, such conditions as we have depicted in the restoration of *Brontosaurus* on page 693—the sloping banks of a muddy estuary or of a lagoon, either bare tidal flats or covered with vegetation. Evidently the dinosaurs were buried at or near the spot where they perished.

The Bone-Cabin Quarry deposit represents entirely different conditions. The theory that it is the accumulation of a flood is, in my opinion, improbable, because a flood would tend to bring entire skeletons down together, distribute them widely, and bury them rapidly. A more likely theory is that this was the area of an old river-bar, which in its shallow waters arrested the more or less decomposed and scattered carcasses which had slowly drifted downstream toward it, including a great variety of dinosaurs, crocodiles, and turtles, collected from many points up-stream. Thus were brought together the animals of a whole region, a fact which vastly enhances the interest of this deposit.

THE GIANT HERBIVOROUS DINOSAURS

By far the most imposing of these animals are those which may be popularly desig-



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nated as the great or giant dinosaurs. The name, derived from δεινός, terrible, and σαῦρος, lizard, refers to the fact that they appeared externally like enormous lizards, with very long limbs, necks, and tails. They were actually remotely related to the tuatera lizard of New Zealand, and still more remotely to the true lizards.

No land animals have ever approached these giant dinosaurs in size, and naturally the first point of interest is the architecture of the skeleton. The backbone is indeed a marvel. The fitness of the construction consists, like that of the American truss-bridge, in attaining the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight. It is brought about by dispensing with every cubic millimeter of bone which can be spared without weakening the vertebræ for the various stresses and strains to which they were subjected, and these must have been tremendous in an animal from sixty to seventy feet in length. The bodies of the vertebræ are of hour-glass shape, with great lateral and interior cavities; the arches are constructed on the T-iron principle of the modern bridge-builder, the back spines are tubular, the interior is spongy, these devices being employed in great variety, and constituting a mechanical triumph of size, lightness, and strength combined. Comparing a great chambered dinosaurian (*Camarasaurus*) vertebra (see above) with the weight per cubic inch of an ostrich vertebra, we reach the astonishing conclusion that it weighed only twenty-one pounds, or half the weight of a whale vertebra of the same bulk. The skeleton of a whale seventy-four feet in length has recently been found by Mr. F. A. Lucas of the Brooklyn Museum to weigh seventeen thousand nine hundred and twenty pounds. The skeleton of a dinosaur of the same length may be roughly estimated as not exceeding ten thousand pounds.

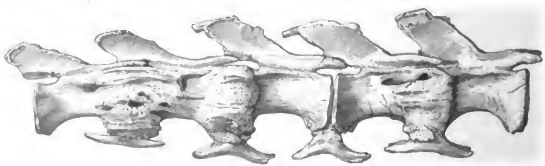


SIDE VIEW OF A SINGLE VERTEBRA, 30 INCHES HIGH, OF THE "CHAMBERED SAURIAN" CAMARASAURUS

Showing how the deep cavities in the sides and arches reduced its relative weight

### PROOFS OF RAPID MOVEMENTS ON LAND

LIGHTNESS of skeleton is a walking or running or flying adaptation, and not at all a swimming one; a swimming animal needs gravity in its skeleton, because sufficient buoyancy in the water is always afforded by the lungs and soft tissues of the body. The extraordinary lightness of these dinosaur vertebræ may therefore be put forward as proof of supreme fitness for the propulsion of an enormous frame during occasional incursions upon land. There are additional facts which point to land progression, such as the point in the tail where the flexible structure suddenly becomes rigid, as shown in the diagram of vertebræ below; the component joints are so solid and flattened on the lower surface that they seem to demonstrate fitness to support partly the body in a tripodal position like that of a kangaroo. I have therefore hazarded the view that even some of these enormous dinosaurs were



FIVE CONSOLIDATED TAIL VERTEBRÆ OF THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS, SHOWING THE SUPPOSED RESTING POINT

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capable of raising themselves on their hind limbs, lightly resting on the middle portion of the tail, as represented in the model on page 685. In such a position the animal would have been capable not only of browsing among the higher branches of trees, but of defending itself against the carnivorous dinosaurs by using its relatively short but heavy front limbs to ward off attacks.

There are also indications of aquatic habits in some of the giant dinosaurs which render it probable that a considerable part of their life was led in the water. One of these indications is the backward position of the nostrils. Many, but not all, water-living mammals and reptiles have the nostrils on top of the head, in order to breathe more readily when the head is partly immersed. Another fact of note, although perhaps less conclusive, is the fitness of the tail for use while moving about in the water, if not in rapid swimming.

The great tail, measuring from twenty-eight to thirty feet, was one of the most remarkable structures in these animals, and undoubtedly served a great variety of purposes, propelling while in the water, balancing and supporting and defending while on land. In *Diplodocus* (above) it was most perfectly developed from its muscular base to its delicate and whip-like tip, perhaps for all these functions.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

RESTORATION OF THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS

### THE THREE KINDS OF GIANT DINOSAURS

It is very remarkable that three distinct kinds of these great dinosaurs lived at the same time in the same general region, as proved by the fact that their remains are freely commingled in the quarry.

What were the differences in food and habits, in structure, and in gait, which prevented that direct and active competition between like types in the struggle for existence which in the course of nature always leads to the extermination of one or the other type? In the last three years we have discovered very considerable differences of structure which make it appear that these animals, while of the same or nearly the same linear dimensions, did not enter into direct competition either for food or for territory.

The dinosaur named *Diplodocus* by Marsh is the most completely known of the three. Our very first discovery in the Bone-Cabin Quarry gave us the hint that *Diplodocus* was distinguished by relatively long, slender limbs, and that it may be popularly known as the "long-limbed dinosaur." The great skeleton found in the Como

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SEVERAL TAIL VERTEBRÆ OF A BRONTOSAURUS, SHOWING GROOVES MADE BY THE TEETH OF CARNIVOROUS DINOSAURS

Bluffs enabled me to restore for the first time the posterior half of one of these animals estimated as sixty feet in length, the hips and tail especially being in a perfect state of preservation. A larger animal, nearer seventy feet in length, including the anterior half of the body, and still more complete, was discovered about ten miles north of the quarry, and is now in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg. Combined, these two animals have furnished a complete knowledge of the great bony frame. The head is only two feet long, and is, therefore, small out of all proportion to the great body. The neck measures twenty-one feet four inches, and is by far the longest and largest neck known in any animal living or extinct. The back is relatively very short, measuring ten feet eight inches. The vertebræ of the hip measure two feet and three inches. The tail measures from thirty-two to forty feet. We thus obtain, as a moderate estimate of the total length of the animal, sixty-eight to seventy feet. The restored skeleton, published by Mr. J. B. Hatcher in July, 1901, and partly embodying our results, gave to science the first really accurate knowledge of the length of these animals, which hitherto had been greatly overestimated. The highest point in the body was above the hips; here, in fact, was the center of power and motion, because, as observed above, the tail fairly balanced the anterior part of the body. The *Barosaurus*, discovered by Dr. G. R. Wieland in the Black Hills of South Dakota, was a still larger animal of the same build; the indications are that its neck was enormous and that the whole animal greatly exceeded the *Diplodocus* in size.

These latest results of exploration directly contradict the traditional view that these giant dinosaurs were always sluggish.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

RESTORATION OF THE LARGE CARNIVOROUS DINOSAUR CREOSAURUS, PREYING ON THE TAIL VERTEBRÆ (SEE DIAGRAM ABOVE) OF A BRONTOSAURUS



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This slight-limbed animal was essentially tall, long-necked, and for its size remarkably agile. The restoration by Mr. Knight on page 687 is drawn from a very careful model made under my direction, in which the proportions of the animal are precisely estimated. It is, I think, accurate —for a restoration—as well as interesting and up-to-date. These restorations are the "working hypotheses" of our science; they express the present state of our knowledge, and, being subject to modification by future discoveries, are liable to constant change.

By contrast, the second type of giant dinosaur, the *Brontosaurus*, or "thunder saurian," of Marsh, as shown in the restoration on page 693, was far more massive in structure and relatively shorter in body. Five more or less complete skeletons are now to be seen in the Yale, American, Carnegie, and Field Columbian museums. In 1898 we discovered in the bluffs, about three miles west of the Bone-Cabin Quarry, the largest of these animals which has yet been found; it was worked out with great care and is now being restored and mounted complete in the American Museum. The thigh-bone is enormous, measuring five feet eight inches in length, and is relatively of greater mass than that of *Diplodocus*. The neck, chest, hips, and tail are correspondingly massive. The neck is relatively shorter, however, measuring eighteen feet, while in *Diplodocus* it measures over twenty-one feet. The total length of this massive specimen is estimated at sixty-three feet, or from six to eight feet less than the largest "long-limbed" dinosaur. The height of the skeleton at the hips is fifteen feet. There is less direct evidence that the "thunder saurian" had the power of raising its fore quarters in the air than in the case of the "light-limbed saurian," because no bend or supporting point in the tail has been distinctly observed.



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

VULTURE FEEDING IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

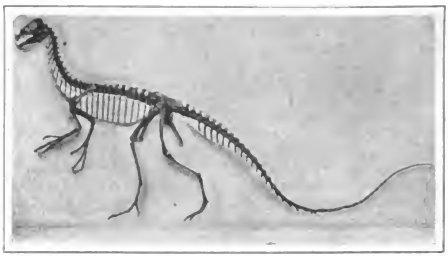
To show the manner in which the carnivorous dinosaur probably tore his food

The third type of giant dinosaur is the less completely known "chambered saurian," the *Camarasaurus* of Cope or *Morosaurus* of Marsh, an animal more quadrupedal in gait or walking more habitually on all fours, like the great *Cetiosaurus*, or "whale saurian," discovered near Oxford, England. With its shorter tail and heavier fore limbs, it is still less probable that this animal had the power of raising the anterior part of its body from the ground. Of a related type, perhaps, is the largest dinosaur ever found; this is the *Brachiosaurus*, limb-bones of which were discovered in central Colorado in 1901 and are now preserved in the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago. Its thigh-bone is six feet eight inches in length, and its upper arm-bone, or humerus, is even slightly longer.

### FEEDING HABITS OF THE GIANT DINOSAURS

We still have to solve one of the most perplexing problems of fossil physiology: how did the very small head, provided with light jaws, slender and spoon-shaped teeth confined to the anterior region, suffice to provide food for these monsters? I have advanced the idea that the food of *Diplodocus* consisted of some very abundant and nutritious species of water-plant; that the clawed feet were used in uprooting such plants, while the delicate anterior teeth were employed only for drawing them out of the water; that the plants were drawn down the throat in large quantities without mastication, since there were no grinding or back teeth whatever in this animal. Unfortunately for this theory, it is now found that the front feet were not provided with many claws, there being only a single claw on the inner side. Nevertheless, by some such means as this, these enormous animals could have obtained sufficient food in the water to support their

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SKELETON OF SMALL CARNIVOROUS "BIRD-CATCHING" DINOSAUR
Found in the Bone-Cabin Quarry, as mounted in the American Museum of Natural History

great bulk. Possibly some of these dinosaurs fed exclusively while on land, in which case the elevation of the body on the hind limbs may have been for the purpose of enabling them to browse from the taller trees.

### THE CARNIVOROUS DINOSAURS

MINGLING with the larger bones in the quarry are the more or less perfect remains of swamp turtles, of dwarf crocodiles, of the entirely different group of plated dinosaurs, or *Stegosauria*, but especially of two entirely distinct kinds of large and small flesh-eating dinosaurs. The latter rounded out and gave variety to the dinosaur society, and there is no doubt that they served the savage but useful purpose, rendered familiar by the doctrine of Malthus, of checking overpopulation. These fierce animals had the same remote ancestry as the giant dinosaurs, but had gradually acquired entirely different habits and appearance.

In a portion of the first "thunder sau-



Drawn by Charles R. Knight

RESTORATION OF THE "BIRD-CATCHING" DINOSAUR IN THE ACT OF CATCHING THE JURASSIC BIRD ARCHÆOPTERYX



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BONE-CABIN QUARRY, ALBANY COUNTY, SOUTH CENTRAL WYOMING
SCENE OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPEDITIONS 1898-1904

KEY SHOWING THE MINGLING OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL TYPES IN THE QUARRY

Great Amphibious Dinosaurs: "long-limbed" Dinosaur *Diplodocus*, Nos. 251, 516, 655, 969; "heavy-limbed" Dinosaur, or "thunder saurian," Nos. 897, 675, 690, 860; "short-limbed" Dinosaur, or *Camarasaurus*, Nos. 467, 694, 823; undetermined, Nos. 252, 324, 339. Plated Dinosaurs, or Stegosaurs, No. 536. Large Carnivorous Dinosaurs, Nos. 290, 324, 600, 680, 684, 960. Small Carnivorous Dinosaur, No. 619. Crocodile, No. 570.



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rian" skeleton found in the Como Bluffs, we discovered an interesting bit of evidence as to the probable cause of death, revealed in the picture of the tail vertebræ on page 688. As these bones were being worked out of the rock, the tips of the spines of several vertebræ of the tail were found to be incomplete, and close examination proved that they had been bitten off, not broken off, as first appeared to be the case. On the sides of the spines were large furrows at regular intervals, made by sharply pointed teeth, which intervals corresponded with the intervals between the teeth of the large carnivorous dinosaurs of the period. There is no manner of doubt that the "thunder-saurian" carcass was preyed upon somewhat as represented in the restoration on page 688, and that the bones were thus pulled apart and scattered. With less direct circumstantial evidence we may draw the inference that the big animal had been attacked, probably at the throat, as the most vulnerable point.

The sharpness and serration of the teeth were not the only distinction of the flesh-eating dinosaurs. Far inferior in size, they were superior in agility, exclusively bipedal, with very long, powerful hind limbs, upon which they advanced by running or springing, and with short fore limbs, the exact uses of which are difficult to ascertain. Both hands and feet were provided with powerful tearing claws. On the hind foot is the back claw, so characteristic of the birds, which during the Triassic period left its faint impression almost everywhere in the famous Connecticut valley imprints of these animals. That the fore limb and hand were of some distinct use is proved by the enormous size of the thumb-claw; while the hand may not have conveyed food to the mouth, it may have served to seize and tear the prey. As to the actual pose in feeding, there can be little doubt as to its general similarity to that of the *Raptores* among the birds, as suggested to me by Dr. Wortman, and as illustrated on page 689: one of the hind feet rested on the prey, the other upon the ground, the body being further balanced or supported by the vertebræ of the tail. The animal was thus in a position to apply its teeth and exert all the power of its very powerful arched back in tearing off its food. That the gristle of the bone or cartilage was very palatable is attested not only by the tooth-marks upon these bones, but by many similar markings found in the Bone-Cabin Quarry.

### THE BIRD-CATCHING DINOSAUR

Of all the bird-like dinosaurs which have been discovered, none possesses greater similitude to the birds than the gem of the quarry, the little animal about seven feet in length which we have named *Ornitholestes*, or the "bird-catching dinosaur." It was a marvel of speed, agility, and delicacy of construction. Externally its bones are simple and solid-looking, but as a matter of fact they are mere shells, the walls being hardly thicker than paper, the entire interior of the bone having been removed by the action of the same marvelous law of adaptation which sculptured the vertebræ of its huge contemporaries. There is no evidence, however, that these hollow bones were filled with air from the lungs, as in the case of the bones of birds. The foot is bird-like; the hand is still more so; in fact, no dinosaur hand has ever before been found which so closely mimics that of a bird in the great elongation of the first or index-finger, in the abbreviation of the thumb and middle finger, and in the reduction of the ring-finger. These fingers, with sharp claws, were not strong enough for climbing, and the only special fitness we have been able to imagine is that they were used for the grasping of a light and agile prey (see page 690).

Another reason for the venture of designating this animal as the "bird-catcher" is that the Jurassic birds (not thus far discovered in America, but known from the *Archæopteryx* of Germany) were not so active or such strong fliers as existing birds; in fact, they were not unlike the little dinosaur itself. They were toothed, long-tailed, short-armed, the body was feathered instead of scaled; they rose slowly from the ground. This renders it probable that they were the prey of the smaller pneumatic-built dinosaurs such as the present animal.

This hypothetical bird-catcher seems to have been designed to spring upon a delicately built prey, the structure being the very antipode of that of the large carnivorous dinosaurs. A difficulty in the bird-catching theory, namely, that the teeth are not as sharp as one would expect to find

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Drawn by Charles R. Knight

RESTORATION OF A GROUP OF BRONTOSAURS, OR "THUNDER SAURIANS," ILLUSTRATING THE HYPOTHESIS THAT THESE ANIMALS WERE AMPHIBIOUS

Remains of twenty members of this genus were found in the Bone-Cabin Quarry



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them in a flesh-eater, is somewhat offset by the similarity of the teeth to those of the bird-eating monitor lizards (*Varanus*), which are not especially sharp.

### THE GREAT YIELD OF THE QUARRY

OUR explorations in the quarry began in the spring of 1898, and have continued ever since during favorable weather. As shown in the diagram on page 691, the total area explored at the close of the sixth year was seven thousand two hundred and fifty square feet. Not one of the twelve-foot squares into which the quarry was plotted lacked its covering of bones, and in some cases the bones were two or three deep. Each year we have expected to come to the end of this great deposit, but it still yields a large return, although we have reason to believe that we have exhausted the richest portions.

We have taken up four hundred and eighty-three parts of animals, some of which may belong to the same individuals. These were packed in two hundred and seventy-five boxes, representing a gross weight of nearly one hundred thousand pounds. Reckoning from the number of thigh-bones, we reach, as a rough estimate of the total, seventy-three animals of the following kinds: giant herbivorous dinosaurs, 44; plated herbivorous dinosaurs, or stegosaurs, 3; iguanodonts or smaller herbivorous dinosaurs, 4; large carnivorous dinosaurs, 6; small carnivorous dinosaurs, 3; crocodiles, 4; turtles, 5. But this represents only a part of the whole deposit, which we know to be of twice the extent already explored, and these figures do not include the bones which were partly washed out and used in the construction of the Bone Cabin. The grand total would probably include parts of over one hundred giant dinosaurs.

### THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE AMONG THE DINOSAURS

NEVER in the whole history of the world as we now know it have there been such remarkable land scenes as were presented when the reign of these titanic reptiles was at its climax. It was also the prevailing life-picture of England, Germany, South America, and India. We can imagine herds of these creatures from fifty to eighty feet in length, with limbs and gait analogous to those of gigantic elephants, but with bodies extending through the long, flexible, and tapering necks into the diminutive heads, and reaching back into the equally long and still more tapering tails. The four or five varieties which existed together were each fitted to some special mode of life; some living more exclusively on land, others for longer periods in the water.

The competition for existence was not only with the great carnivorous dinosaurs, but with other kinds of herbivorous dinosaurs (the iguanodonts), which had much smaller bodies to sustain and a much superior tooth mechanism for the taking of food.

The cutting off of this giant dinosaur dynasty was nearly if not quite simultaneous the world over. The explanation which is deducible from similar catastrophes to other large types of animals is that a very large frame, with a limited and specialized set of teeth fitted only to a certain special food, is a dangerous combination of characters. Such a monster organism is no longer adaptable; any serious change of conditions which would tend to eliminate the special food would also eliminate these great animals as a necessary consequence.

There is an entirely different class of explanations, however, to be considered, which are consistent both with the continued fitness of structure of the giant dinosaurs themselves and with the survival of their especial food; such, for example, as the introduction of a *new enemy* more deadly even than the great carnivorous dinosaurs. Among such theories the most ingenious is that of the late Professor Cope, who suggested that some of the small, inoffensive, and inconspicuous forms of Jurassic mammals, of the size of the shrew and the hedgehog, contracted the habit of seeking out the nests of these dinosaurs, gnawing through the shells of their eggs, and thus destroying the young. The appearance, or evolution, of any egg-destroying animals, whether reptiles or mammals, which could attack this great race at such a defenseless point would be rapidly followed by its extinction. We must accordingly be on the alert for all possible theories of extinction; and these theories themselves will fall under the universal principle of the survival of the fittest until we approximate or actually hit upon the truth.

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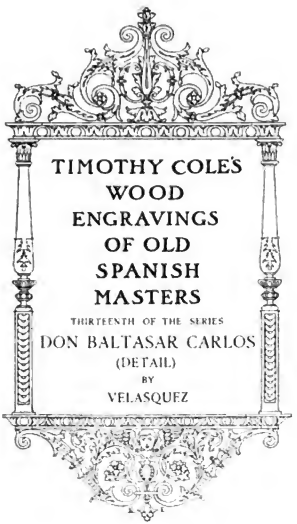


From the original painting in the Madrid Museum. See "Open Letters"

DON BALTASAR CARLOS (DETAIL). BY VELASQUEZ

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: THIRTEENTH OF THE SERIES)

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DISTANT VIEW OF AN EXPLOSION FROM ASAMAYAMA

# JAPAN'S HIGHEST VOLCANO

## A LOOK INTO THE CRATER OF ASAMAYAMA

BY HERBERT G. PONTING

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ASAMAYAMA, in the province of Shinano, the highest active volcano in Japan, is 8280 feet high; but as the village of Karuizawa, the starting-point for the ascent, is 3270 feet above sea-level, only 5000 feet have to be climbed after leaving the train; and, after all, it is a climb only in name, for this accommodating volcano has spread itself in such a manner that a walk of several hours up a steady incline brings one to the top.

The railway from Tokio follows the district traversed by the old mountain highway of Japan that in feudal days connected the capital of the Mikado at Kioto with the Shogun's capital at Yeddo; but the scenery is not remarkable until the town of Myogi is reached. At this point the line enters a region surrounded by mountains of great beauty.

The morning after I arrived at Karuizawa, in company with Mr. Denis Hurley of the British war office, was clear and still. At 7 A.M. we started, with a guide and three coolies to carry our heavy photographic apparatus. In the crisp air the mountain stood out clear and sharp in every detail, with a faint white vapor issuing from the rounded top. In a little while one of the coolies gave a shout and pointed to the mountain, where we saw a great ball of white vapor rising from the crater, followed by a black cloud of smoke. For nearly ten minutes dense volumes of smoke and steam poured forth in beautiful convolutions to a height of three or four miles,



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until a high current of air caused the top to flatten and finally the whole column to drift off lazily. Our host of the hotel came running after us, warning us to be very careful how we ascended the mountain, and not to venture near the crater unless smoke was issuing freely.

Passing through the straggling village of Kotsukake, the road led past rice-fields, and gushing streams with quaint water-wheel mills, to a beautifully wooded sloping moor, which soon gave way to rolling hills of volcanic ash and scoriæ, covered with the grotesque pines that all over Japan seem to grow as if planted for artistic effect. Shortly after ten we came to the place where those who ascend on horseback must leave their steeds behind; for, like all volcanoes in Japan, Asamayama is held sacred, and past a certain spot no horse's foot may tread. From here to the summit is simply a matter of walking over a bed of cinders and pumice, which gets steeper and looser as one nears the top. At twenty minutes past eleven another explosion occurred, with monstrous clouds of smoke and steam and a muffled sigh of rushing wind. Immediately a shower of ash fell about us.

As our guide said the mountain was extremely dangerous when in that mood, and sometimes ejected showers of stones, we tarried for luncheon. At one o'clock we reached the top of the great ridge known as the outer cone. Myriads of stones studded the soft ash, and many of them were quite warm, showing that they had been ejected in the explosion which occurred as we were nearing the summit. There was a slight depression beyond this, and then another slope, which is the inner cone. The roar of the caldron within could be heard as we neared this spot. The crater is about six hundred feet across, almost perfectly round, and the walls are perpendicular, so that one may stand at the edge and see the bottom five hundred feet below. Only a thin film of vapor then rose from the great pit, through the bottom



Drawn by Harry Fenn from photographs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

AN EXPLOSION FROM ASAMAYAMA, VIEWED FROM THE VILLAGE OF KOTSUKAKE

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"A LAST LOOK INTO THE CRATER OF ASAMAYAMA"

of which molten matter and flames could be seen welling up with a boiling noise. The rock on the sides of the crater was chiefly red and yellow, and from countless crevices hissed jets of sulphurous steam.

The whole summit of the mountain was covered with freshly ejected stones, some of which must have weighed a ton. Our coolies emphatically drew our attention to them, intimating that it would be exceedingly hazardous to tarry where we were very long. Shortly after three o'clock, as we stood on the brink for a last look into the crater, there came without warning from the abyss a crashing roar, followed by a terrible crunching sound as tons of rock were hurled against the crater walls. Volcanic bombs burst in the air with loud reports, and a prolonged rattle as of musketry was caused by stones which were thrown hundreds of feet upward. Pieces of rock flew past us with a whistling sound, and so great was the rush of air that Mr. Hurley's Panama hat was carried upward, to fall back into the crater. Instantly I sought safety by flight; but after running a few steps I realized that the stones were just as likely to hit me running as standing still. Hurley, who had also started to run, evidently came to the same conclusion; for we stopped simultaneously and awaited our fate. The majority of the rocks seemed to fall on the north side of the crater, and many close to us on the east. We were on the southern rim.

As soon as the stones had fallen and all immediate danger seemed to be over, my first thought was to secure a photograph of the weird spectacle. On looking around for my coolies, I saw them rushing madly down the hill with my cameras. Realizing that if I did not stop them I should miss the chance of a lifetime, I ran after them, calling for them to stop. My guide shouted back that we should all be killed if we waited, and they continued their rush. Being unencumbered, I soon overhauled the man with my hand-camera, stopped him with a blow, and having taken the camera, returned with one old coolie to the volcano's mouth, where I secured a photograph of Hurley on the brink of the crater, with the belching smoke for a background.

When all danger was apparently over, the coolies, who were busy haranguing the guide half a mile away, returned, and I could see that they meant to make trouble. The guide demanded what I meant by striking a man who was running to save his life. I knew it was a serious offense in



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Japan to hit a man, and that I should surely be arrested unless I could turn the tables on them; so, simulating all the wrath possible, I demanded in turn to know what they meant by shirking the work I was paying them liberally to do, and running away with my apparatus when the time vented his wrath on the coolies, overlooking the fact that I had included him in my denunciation as being the greatest coward of the lot; for, with nothing to carry, he had outstripped the others in the flight to safety. The old man with the plate-case who had stood by me I rewarded with a



MR. HURLEY AND THE OLD COOLIE NEAR THE CRATER'S BRINK SOON AFTER THE EXPLOSION

came to use it. I denounced them as cowards unworthy the name of Japanese, whom I had hitherto supposed to be a courageous people able to look death in the face without flinching, but that henceforth I should look upon them as poltroons who could be frightened out of their wits by a little smoke and a few stones flying in the air. This had the desired effect, and the interpreter now veered round and substantial tip then and there, much to his satisfaction.

For the rest of the day the volcano relapsed into a state of steady activity, thick black smoke pouring from the crater. This was the condition our host at the hotel had told us to wait for before making the ascent; for when smoke issues freely it denotes that the vent is clear and the crater may be approached with safety.

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# THE NELICATAR OF ARCTIC ALASKA

## THE GREAT FEAST OF THE WHALE

BY EDWARD A. McILHENNY

THE Eskimos of Arctic Alaska, like all uncivilized races, in their movements are governed largely by superstitions and traditions handed down for ages by word of mouth. These customs and peoples change but little. It was my good fortune to spend more than a year among the Eskimos of Point Barrow, Alaska, where I learned many of their customs, one of which, the Nelicatar, or Great Feast of the Whale, I shall describe.

The principal occupation of these Eskimos during the spring is the hunting of the bow-head whale in the leads, or open water, and among the floe-ice of the Arctic Ocean. The taking of a whale is always a time of great rejoicing with these people, for it means not only an abundance of food and fuel, but a large amount of valuable trading material.

After the whaling season is over, the boats which have been used in the chase are gathered on the leads between the pack- and shore-ice, which is often some miles from shore, at the foot of some road that has been cut through the rough ice from the land to the water. The most successful boat's crew, with their *umiak* (a whaling-boat covered with skins), takes the lead, followed by the other boats in the order of their success. The harpoons, floats, paddles, and everything pertaining to the chase of the whale, are placed in their respective positions. The umiak is then placed on a flat ivory-runnered sled and lashed firmly in place. The owner, who is called *omelic* (head man), stands on the ice at the right-hand side of the bow; the boat-steerer stands at the stern, and the paddlers stand at their respective places along the sides of the boat. When all is ready, the omelic gives the word to go forward, and each of the crew slips over his shoulder a broad breast-strap of seal-skin, which is attached to a short line made fast to the thwarts of the boat. When all is ready, the boat is pulled forward a few lengths, and the next boat in order goes through the same form, moving on in its turn, until all the umiaks are strung out in a long line on the grounded ice, ready for their return to land.

At a signal from the head boat, all move forward, chanting weird songs of the goodness and power of the whale; for one of the superstitions of these people is that whenever working on any object to be used in whaling, or doing anything connected with whaling, they must constantly extol the merits of this great animal.

Long before the boats reach shore, the entire population left in the village—men, women, children, and dogs—congregate on the beach to welcome the home-comers. When the first boat nears land, it is brought to a halt a few feet from the shore-line, and



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From a photograph

THE PROCESSION OF UMIAKS MOVING TOWARD THE SHORE

its talisman, which is always carried in a little pouch in the bow, and may be a wolf's head, the head of a raven, iron pyrites, or any odd thing, is lifted out by the omelic and held in his right hand toward the shore, where stands the chief medicine-man of the tribe, who pours over it a little fresh water to refresh it and thank it for the benefits given, if the boat has secured a whale; or, if the boat has not been lucky, to appease any slight that may have been put upon the talisman, in the hope that it will give them better luck in the future.

After reaching shore, a day or possibly two may be given for preparation, and then the great feast begins. Each successful boat-owner, beginning with the one whose boat secured the most whales, gives a feast, to which he invites all the members of the tribe and any other people who may be in the village. First a wind-break of umiaks, sails, or skins is built to act as a shelter against the chilly blasts of the polar winds. It is placed in the form of a large circle, if enough material can be secured, in the center of which a walrus hide is placed on the ground; and to its four corners are tied long ropes, which are passed over tripods placed about twenty-five feet from the skin. The ends of the ropes are then drawn tight and made fast with stout stakes driven in the ground, thus raising the skin about four feet. The skin thus becomes a platform some eight or ten feet square, which serves as a sort of movable stage on which the young women dance.

The feast usually begins at the time when the sun reaches a due western point, about six o'clock in the afternoon; for during the eighty days of summer at Otkeavic the sun never sets, and being without timepieces, the Eskimos mark their time by the position of the sun while it is visible, and by the moon and stars when the sun has gone for the long Arctic night. These feasts sometimes last twenty-four hours.

When the time for the feast draws near, the people begin to arrive, men, women, and children dressed in their cleanest suits of furs, and presenting a handsome appearance. Many of their fur suits are really beautiful, and would be greatly sought after in a civilized community; for the Eskimos are the finest workers of fur in the world, and with their rude implements far excel the workmanship of our most expensive furriers.

As the crowd thickens, one can readily distinguish, by the beauty and brightness of their dress, the young women who are to perform on the dancing-skin. It is considered an honor, and the first one asked to dance is shown a special mark of favor, and may be considered the belle of the occasion. The choosing of a dancer is made by acclamation. Often two or more names are called at once; but one is quickly selected by all, the others good-naturedly awaiting their turns.

The band, which consists of eight or ten men generally pretty well advanced in years, is seated in a row well back, and facing the dancing-skin. Each man is armed with a kind of tambourine, the only musical instrument used by these people, consisting of a hoop of wood over which is tightly strapped a thin, transparent membrane (made from the intestines of some large animal), and having a carved ivory handle. The handle is held in the left hand, while with the right the musician beats on the tambourine with a slender rod of ivory or hard wood. This beating is apparently



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only to keep time, for it is accompanied by a continual chanting of the musicians, which is the real music. When eight or ten of these musicians get to work, pounding their tambourines and chanting, the dogs all begin howling, and the effect is doleful in the extreme. The band having begun its pounding and chanting, the dancing-skin is quickly surrounded by as many men and women as can get a hand on its edges.

Having taken her position in the center of the skin, the dancer turns a smiling greeting upon those present. Then, leaping lightly from one foot to the other, keeping time to the swaying of the skin, she gradually gathers impetus, going higher in the air with each upward movement, as those who have hold of the edges of the skin put more force into their upward pull, until she seems fairly to fly into the air, sometimes rising as high as twelve or more feet, and while in the air posing in graceful attitudes, or depicting by rapid movements some event of her life. With the most extravagant gestures she will go through the motion of hauling a seal into camp, showing how she crossed the rough ice, then skin it, cook and serve it, clean and cure its hide, and make it into clothing; or she will show how she has run in front of a dog-team on a long trip inland, finally making camp at some river, and has helped set the nets under the ice, hauled out fish, etc., all the time rising and falling in perfect cadence, and keeping perfectly her balance.

A dancer usually remains on the platform until exhausted, the time varying with the violence of her movements. I have seen very active women keep up the most lively form of this curious entertainment for twenty minutes, without a stop or loss of balance. When a dancer wishes to stop she makes a sign with her hands, and as the movement of the skin is arrested, she leaps lightly to the ground, amid the cheers of her admiring audience. As soon as one dancer is tired out, another is called, and the place about the skin filled by fresh pullers; for all are anxious to help in the entertainment, and a dancer's particular friends are always ready to help toss her, for the one that flies highest gets the most applause. This sport is kept up for hours, until all are tired out, when a rest is made and the feasting begins.

Although the Eskimos prefer frozen food to cooked food, they prefer cooked food to raw unfrozen food. While the dancing has been going on, the female relatives of the man who is giving the Nelicatar have been busily engaged getting ready the feast. Chunks of whale or caribou meat are cooked, and ducks of the different species found along this coast. The ducks and other birds have only the larger feathers plucked out, and are then put in the pot entire; for with the Eskimo there is no part of the bird or animal that is not used for food. When whatever is in the pot has been warmed through,—it could hardly be considered cooked,—it is taken out and put into bowls made of wood or whalebone. This cooking is kept up as long as the feast continues; for these people are prodigious eaters, and a grown person will consume from five to ten pounds of meat at one time, lie down and sleep a few hours, then eat as much again.

When the feast is ready, great platters are placed on the ground among the people, who are now all seated around the circle, and these are kept piled with half-cooked meat, frozen fish, *muktuk* (the skin of the bow-head whale), and other delicacies. All present help themselves from the dishes, using their hands for plate and fork, then putting portions of chunks of food into their mouths.

All during the feast, boys with large vessels filled with ice-cold water move about among the people; for if the Eskimos are large eaters, they are greater drinkers, consuming enormous amounts of water, which, fortunately for them, is to be had in unlimited quantities.

After most of those present have had their appetites satisfied, men and women produce their pipes—long, clumsy affairs with large, flat metal bowls, having a small hole in the center, which holds just enough tobacco to give them two good puffs; and after smoking a few pipes, the assembly is invited into a large tent specially erected for the occasion, at the back of which is a much smaller tent used as a dressing-room for the performers. In the center of the large tent is a walrus hide spread on the ground, which constitutes its only furnishing. In a semicircle facing this hide are seated the musicians with their tambourines. The audience seat themselves on the ground about the skin, packing themselves into a tight mass. When only the

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Drawn by Corwin K. Linson from photographs. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE DANCE AT THE GREAT FEAST OF THE WHALE

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skin and a narrow passage to the small tent are unoccupied, the band starts its pounding and chanting, and there crawl into the passage several gaily dressed men, who proceed to the skin. These men are usually the best dancers in the village, or have had unusual experiences in their lives, and have been asked to recite them for the benefit of the audience. These recitals are all given in pantomime, no words being used, unless the dancer becomes very much excited, when he shouts and cries out as if the incident were actually occurring.

In these dances many articles of adornment are worn not used at other times. On their heads are tall, pointed caps made of caribou-skin, with the hair side turned in. The outside is colored with bright pigments and surrounded by rows of teeth of caribou or mountain-sheep. Over their faces are grotesque masks of wood, highly colored. Across their breasts are flat, semicircular pieces of wood decorated with extravagant figures of men and animals. On their hands are worn gloves, on the backs of which and on the ends of the fingers are fastened numbers of empty rifle-cartridges, which jingle loudly as the hands are moved; and to the back, just below the waist, is fastened the tail of a wolf or wolverine, which wags most naturally as the dancers move about.

Often there will be six or eight men on the skin, which is not more than eight or ten feet square, at one time. Suddenly one will spring forward, stoop low, as if coming from his *iglo* (house), stretch himself, take from an imaginary rack his spear and rifle, sling them over his shoulder, and walk at a good pace out on the pack-ice. Now he is on very rough ice, and is obliged to jump and crawl, using his spear to insure his foothold; then he will come to new ice, which he carefully tests with his spear before venturing on it. Constantly he scans the ice ahead and around him for signs of his game, the polar bear. Suddenly he comes across a fresh bear trail, and, stooping low, examines it carefully. Throwing back his hood, he takes the direction of the wind by turning his face until he feels it on both ears. Then if the wind is favorable he follows the trail at a rapid trot; if not, he makes a long detour and comes back to it farther ahead. As the trail becomes fresher, he goes forward warily, climbing on the ice-hummocks, and carefully looking ahead before proceeding. Suddenly he sees his game, and immediately crouches, taking cover behind a cake of high ice. Having determined on the best course to pursue, he quickly executes the movements, and, having got within range, shoots until the bear is quite dead. The hunter then gives way to excitement. The audience, carried with him by his realistic acting, have had difficulty in restraining themselves while he stalks his game; but as soon as the successful shot has been fired, they, too, give way to their excitement, and yell and encourage the performer.

As soon as one retires, another takes his place and shows some event of his life. Sometimes a number of the dancers will act in unison, showing how they capture a whale.

In going through a pantomime performance of this kind, no actor ever moves from a space two feet square, and a good performer will go through all the details of his subject, running, leaping, etc., always bringing his feet down in the same spot, but giving such a vivid and true picture of the scene he wishes to portray that one follows his narrative as easily as if it were spoken.

This form of entertainment is kept up until the regular dancers or actors are worn out, when their places are taken by the different members of the audience, who go on the stage and go through a sort of body dance, both men and women joining in this sport. In doing the body dance, the feet are motionless, but every other part of the body is moved to its full extent. As the hours slip away, the people become exhausted, and the crowd gradually thins out until all are gone and the entire village is at rest. The next evening another windbreak is erected and another feast of the whale begins.



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# THE GREAT AMERICAN PIE COMPANY

## BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



IF you take a pie and cut it in two, the track of your knife will represent the course of Mud River through the town of Gloning, and that part of the pie to the left of your knife will be the East Side, while the part to the right will be the West Side. Away out on the edge of the pie, where the town fritters away into the fields and shanties on the East Side, dwells Mrs. Deacon, and a fatter, better-natured creature never trod the crust of the earth or made the crust of a pie. Being in reduced circumstances, owing to the inability of Mr. Deacon to appreciate the beneficial effects of work, Mrs. Deacon turned her famous baking ability to account, and in a small way began selling her excellent home-made pies to those who liked a superior article. In time Mrs. Deacon established a considerable trade among the people of Gloning, and Mr. Deacon was wrested from his customary seat on the back steps to make daily delivery trips with the Deacon home-made pies.

Ephraim Deacon was a deep thinker and philosopher. He was above his environment, or at least he felt so, and while waiting for opportunity to approach and give his talents full vent he scorned labor. So he sat around a good deal, and jawed a good deal, and smoked.

But if you will return to your plate of Gloning you will see on the pie, far over on the West Side, where the scallops lap over the edge of the plate, a little spot that is burned a bit too brown. This is the home of Mrs. Phineas Doolittle, as base and servile an imitator as ever infringed on another person's monopoly. For, seeing and hearing of the success of Mrs. Deacon's pies, Mrs. Doolittle put a few extra pieces of hickory in her stove, got out her rolling-pin, and became a competitor, even to making Mr. Doolittle deliver her pies. The Deacon pies had sold readily at ten cents; three for a quarter. The Doolittle pie entered the field at eight cents; three for twenty cents.

Mrs. Deacon stood this as long as possible, and then she decided to stand it no longer—unless she had to.

"Eph, you good-for-nothin' lazy animal," she remarked to her husband one morning, as she started him on his rounds, "if you was a man, I 'd send you over to talk to that Doolittle woman; but you ain't, so it ain't no use sendin' you. But if you meet up with that lazy, good-for-nothin' husband of hers, you give him a piece o' my mind, an' let him know what I think o' them what comes stealin' away my business, an' breakin' down prices, which I don't wonder at, her pies not bein' in the same class as mine, as everybody knows. If you was any good, you 'd mash his head in for him, just to show her what I think of them. But there! Like as not, if you do catch up with him, you two will sit an' gossip like two old grannies, which is all you are good for, either of you."

Being thus admonished, Eph Deacon set forth to deliver his pies.

As he reached the bridge over Mud River, Phinny Doolittle, with a basket of pies on each arm, started to cross the bridge

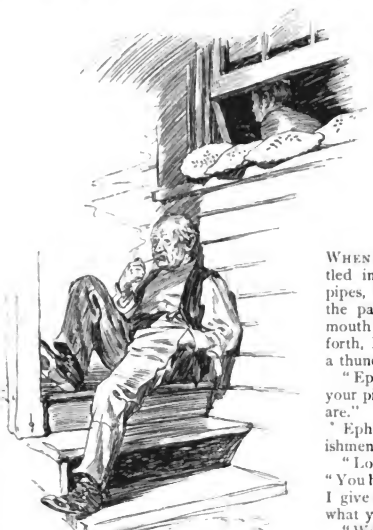


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from the opposite side, and the two men —if Mrs. Deacon will allow me—met in the middle of the bridge, and with a common impulse put down their baskets and wiped their brows.

"Howdy, Phin! Blame hot day to-day, hey?" remarked Eph.

"Howdy! Howdy, Eph!" replied Phineas; "'t is so—some smatterin' o' warmth in the air, ain't it?"



"EPHRAIM DEACON WAS A DEEP THINKER AND PHILOSOPHER"

"Dunno as I know if I ever knew one much hotter," said Eph. "How 's the pie business over your way?"

"Well, now," said Phin, "'t ain't what you 'd call good, ner 't ain't what you 'd call bad. I dunno what I *would* call it, unless I 'd call it 'bout fair to middlin'. How 's it over your way?"

"Well," Eph said, "I dunno. I ain't got no real cause to complain, I reckon; but it does seem as if prices on pies was gittin' too low to make it worth while fer a man to keep his woman over a hot stove a day like this. It don't seem right fer folks to break into business an' cut the liver out of prices."

"Oh, now, Eph!" Phin expostulated, "you ain't got no just cause fer to say that. A man 's got to do something to git started, ain't he?"

"If we 're goin' to fight this out," said Eph, calmly, "I move we adjourn over yon into the shade an' set down to it. This ain't no question fer to settle in no two shakes of a ram's tail, Phineas, an' we mought as well settle it right now an' git shet of it."

"I dassay you 're right in that, Eph," Phineas agreed; "an' we 'll jest kite over yonder an' set down an' figure the whole blame business out, so 's we won't have to bother about it no more."

II

WHEN the two men were comfortably settled in the shade and had lighted their pipes, Eph, as the senior in the trade and the party with a complaint, opened his mouth to speak; but before the words came forth, Phineas outflanked him and let fly a thunderbolt.

"Eph," he said, "you got to lower down your pie prices to even up with what mine are."

Eph looked at his companion in astonishment.

"Lower down my prices!" he ejaculated. "You be crazy, Phin; plumb crazy! Don't I give a bigger pie an' a better pie than what you do?"

"Well, then," remarked Phineas, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "how do you reckon I can h'ist my prices up any? Mebby you think I can git ten cents fer a small, mean pie whiles you ask ten cents fer a big, good one? My idee is that if we want to run along nice an' smooth, an' not have no trouble, what we want to do is to git together an' go in cahoots, an' then it don't make no difference what we sell at."

"I 'm ag'in' trusts," said Eph, coldly.

"So 'm I," said Phineas. "Who said anything about trusts? All we want is to even things up a bit. Fust thing you know, you 'll git mad an' cut your prices down to eight cents, an' I 'll have to drop to six;

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an' you 'll come to six, an' I 'll go to four; an' you 'll go to four, an' I 'll sell pies at two; an' you 'll put your pies down to two cents, an' blame my hide if I don't give pies away. Dog me if I don't!"

Eph looked worried.

"Oh, come now, Phin," he said anxiously, "you won't up an' do that, will you?"

"Dog me if I don't!" Phin repeated stubbornly.

Eph arose and shook his fist at Phineas.

"You old ijit!" he yelled. "I 'll teach ye!" And bending over, he seized a large, soft pie and slapped it down over the head of the seated Phineas. In a moment the two men were standing face to face, fists clenched, and breath coming short and fast, each waiting for the other to strike the first blow.

But neither struck. Eph's eyes fell to Phineas's shoulder, where a large fragment of pie had lodged. Phineas moved slightly and the pie fragment wavered, tottered, and— Eph reached out his hand quickly to catch it, and Phineas dodged and, closing in, grasped him around the waist and pulled down. Eph sank upon his knees and Phineas followed him, and the two men, nose to nose, eye to eye, looked at each other and grinned.

"If we 're goin' to fight this thing out," said Eph, "let 's go over in the shade an' set down. It 's too blame hot fer wrastlin'."

III

"I RECKON you see now how your plan would work out," said Phineas; "we 'd give away nigh on to a thousand pies, an' all because we did n't use hoss sense. I 'm ag'in' trusts, same as you. I 'd vote any day to down any o' them big fellers, but a little private agreement between gentlemen don't hurt nobody. What I say is, git together an' fix on a fair price an' stick to it."

"Jest what I say," said Eph. "You lift your price up to ten cents—"

"Never in this green world," said Phineas. "Contrariwise, you drop your grade of pie down equal to mine, an' put your price down to eight cents."

"Not so long as I live!" said Eph.

"Well, then," said Phineas, "it stands this way. If we leave our prices as they be, it means fight an' loss to us both, an' we won't change em, so what 's to be done?"

Eph looked out over the river gloomily.

"Dog me if I know," he sighed.

"There 's just one thing," said Phineas. "We got to form a stock company, you an' me, an' put all our earnings together, an' then, every so often, divide up even. Then if I sell more pies because mine are eight cents, you 'll git your half of all I sell; an' if you sell more because your pies are bigger an' better, I 'll git my share of what you sell. An' when things git goin' all right, we 'll raise up the price all around —say, my pies to ten cents an' yours to twelve; an' bein' in cahoots, there won't be nobody to say we sha'n't do it, an' we 'll lay aside that extra profit to build up the business."

"Phineas," said Eph, solemnly, "it 's a wonder I did n't think o' that myself."

"Ain't it, now?" asked Phineas. "But I 've give this thing some thought, an' I ain't begun to tell you where it ends. I wanted to see how you took to it before I let it all out on you."

Eph leaned forward eagerly.

"Go on," he said. "Let it out on me now."

"When the only two home-made pie-makers git together like we 'll be," said Phineas, triumphantly, "I 'd like to know who 'll stop us from liftin' up the price. Huh! Them that don't like to pay our prices, they can eat bakers' pies an' welcome."

"I know some folks in this town," Eph said, "that would n't eat bakers' pies if they had to pay twenty-five cents apiece for home-made." He paused to consider this pregnant statement, and then added: "But I reckon the bakers would git away a heap of our trade if we begun liftin' our prices much."

Phineas's eyes snapped.

"They would, hey?" he said, laughing. "Mebby they would an' mebby they would n't. What do you suppose we 'd be doin' with that surplus we 'd accumulate? Come strawberry season, we 'd up an' buy every strawberry that come to Gloning. We 'd pay more than anybody could afford to, an' add the difference to our strawberry-pie price, because we 'd have the only strawberry pies in town. An' what strawberries we could n't use right off we 'd can for winter pies. An' as other fruits

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"'I GUESS MEBBY WE 'D BETTER TAKE TURNS BEIN' TREASURER,' SUGGESTED PHINEAS"

come in, we 'd buy them up the same way. But we would n't be mean. We 'd open a fruit-store an' sell folks fruit at a good high price if they 'd sign an agreement not to use any fer pie. An' in a little while the bakers would git sick an' sell out their shops to us fer almost nothin'. An' then we 'd go into the bakin' business big."

"We 'd bake cakes an' bread then," said Eph, eagerly.

"Cakes an' bread an' doughnuts an' buns an' everything," said Phineas, with enthusiasm. "We 'll git one big bake-shop an' save on expenses, an' shove up the price of stuff a little, an' just coin money."

"We 'd ought to git at it quick," said Eph. "We 'd ought n't to waste no time. What do you reckon would be a good name fer the company?"

"I 've fixed that all up," said Phineas. "We 'll call it the American Pie Company, Incorporated; an' bein' as only you an' me will be in it, we 'll each have to be officers."

"I 'm goin' to be president," exclaimed Eph, with all the eagerness of a boy.

"All right, Eph," said Phineas. "We don't want to have no more fights, an' I want to do what 's right, so you can be president. I 'll be treasurer."

Eph thought for a minute. He knew Phineas well.

"I want to do what 's right, too," he said at last. "You can be president. I 'll be treasurer."

"I guess mebby we 'd better take turns bein' treasurer," suggested Phineas.

"All right," said Eph; "I want my turn first."

## IV

WHEN the two men had settled the treasurer question, they smoked awhile in silence, each lost in thought; and as they thought their brows clouded.

"Say, Eph," said Phineas at length, "what be you thinkin' that makes you look so glum?"

Eph shook his head sadly.

"I been lookin' ahead, Phin," he said —"'way ahead. An' I see a snag. I don't hold it ag'in' you, Phin; but the thing won't pan out."

"What—what you run up ag'in', Eph?" asked Phineas, solicitously.

"Fruit," said Eph, dolefully. "Loads of it. Phin, what if we *do* gather in all the fruit that comes to town? Ain't there just dead loads an' loads o' fruit in these here



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United States? An' the minute we git to puttin' up the price, it 'll git noised about, an' Dagos an' Guinnies 'll pile in here with fruit an' cut under us." He sighed. "'T was a good business while it lasted, Phin; but it did n't last long."

Phineas lay back on the grass and laughed long and squeakily.

"Is *that* all the farther ahead you looked, Eph Deacon?" he asked when he had recovered his breath. "Any old fool ought to know that the second year we was in business we 'd buy up all the fruit in the United States."

Eph's face cleared and he smiled again, but Phineas's face clouded.

"What worried me, Eph," he said, "was 'bout payin' sich high prices for fruit as them blame farmers would likely ask. Ner I won't stand it, neither. Will you?"

"Not by a blame sight, Phin," said Eph. "I won't let nobody downtrod me. But," he asked anxiously, "how you goin' to stop it?"

Phineas dug his heel in the soft turf.

"We got to buy out the farms," he announced decisively, "an' hire the farmers to run 'em."

"Think we can afford it, Phin?" asked Eph. "We don't want to go puttin' our money into nothin' losing?"

"We got to afford it," said Phin. "We 're in this thing so deep now we can't go back. An' we 'll need part o' the farms, anyhow, fer our wheat."

"Our wheat?" said Eph, puzzled. "Be we goin' to sell wheat, Phin?"

"Sell wheat?" said Phin, with disgust. "No such fools. Won't we need all the wheat this country can grow to keep our big flour-mills runnin'? When we own all the flour-mills in the country, it stands to reason we 'll have to own all the wheat, don't it?"

Eph looked at his companion with open mouth.

"Mills!" he ejaculated. "What fer do we want to own all the mills?"

Phineas waved his hand in the air.

"'T ain't 'want to,'" he said decisively, "it 's 'have to.' I did n't say we 'd buy all the mills, because I thought you 'd surely see fer yourself that we 'd have to buy them."

"Now, I ain't kickin', Phin," said Eph, in a conciliating tone; "if you say buy the mills, we 'll buy 'em. I 'm ready an' willin' any time you are. All I ask is, Why? That 's all I ask—Why?"

"Well, sir," explained Phineas, "if our bakery here puts up the price of bread, the outside bakeries will ship in bread, if we don't buy out the outside bakeries. An' once we start, we 've got to buy out every bakery in the country. An' when we do that we 've got to own all the mills, so no one else can get any flour to start bakin'. An' to keep anybody else from startin' mills, we 've got to own all the wheat-belt. It 's only right to be on the safe side, Eph." Eph crossed his knees and smoked silently, nodding his head slowly the while.

"I dassay you 're right, Phin," he admitted at length; "but you ain't far-seein' enough. S'pose—just s'pose, fer instance—it come time to ship a lot o' flour from our mills to our bakeries, an' them lumber fellers up North would n't furnish timber to supply our barrel-factories."

Phineas laughed.

"We 'd use sacks," he said shortly.

"Well," said Eph, "s'pose—just s'pose, fer instance—that 'bout the time we needed cotton to run our cloth-mills to make sacks fer our flour—" He paused. "We would run our own cloth-mills, would n't we, Phin?" he asked.

"Surely, surely," replied Phineas.

"All right," continued Eph. "S'pose them cotton-growers down South an' them timber-growers up North would n't let us have no cotton or no timber. What then?"

Phineas nodded that he comprehended the wisdom of the deduction.

"You 're right, Eph," he said. "American Pie has got to buy out the timber-belt an' the cotton-belt. I 'm glad you thought of it. It shows you take an interest in the business, even if you did interrup' me when I was thinkin' on a mighty important point."

"What 's that?" asked Eph.

"We got to buy out the railroads," said Phineas. "Once we own them, we can get proper freight rates."

"Ain't you afraid mebby some of them foreign countries 'll ship in flour or fruit or crackers?" asked Eph.

"How can they when we put the tariff up, like we will?" asked Phineas. "Course, while we 're buyin' up these other things, we 've got to buy up Congress."

"Phin!" exclaimed Eph, suddenly, "we 'll have a dickens of a tax-bill to pay."

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"We 'll swear off our taxes," said Phineas, shortly.

Eph relapsed into meditation.

"Why, Phin," he said at length, "we 'll be as good as bosses of these United States, won't we?"

"Surely we will," Phin replied. "Do you suppose I 'm doin' all this work an' takin' all this worry just fer the money? What do I care fer a few millions more or less, Eph, when I 've got millions an' millions? What I want is power. I want to have this here nation so that when I say, 'Come!' it will come, an' when I say, 'Go!' it will go, an' when I say, 'Dance!' it will dance."

He stood up and inflated his thin breast, and tapped it with his forefinger.

"Eph," he said, "with this here American Pie Company goin', you an' me can go an' say to them big trust men, 'Eat dirt,' an' they 'll eat it an' be glad to git off so easy. We can—"

He paused and glanced up the road uneasily. He shaded his eyes and looked closely at the distant figure of a stout woman who was waddling in their direction.

"Skip!" he exclaimed; "here comes your wife!"

Eph rolled over and made a dash on his hands and knees for his basket of pies. Phineas was already walking rapidly up the road.

V

THE stout woman was not Mrs. Deacon. She turned off the street before the truant pie-men had gone many steps, and they returned to the grass beside the bridge. For some reason they were not so jubilantly hopeful.



"'SKIP!' HE EXCLAIMED; 'HERE COMES YOUR WIFE!'"

"Dog it!" said Eph, as they seated themselves in the shade, "I wish t' goodness I had n't mashed that pie on you, Phin. I don't know what on earth I 'm goin' to say to her about it. She 's pesky stingy with her pies these days."

"Same way up to my house," said Phineas; "but that 'll all be different when we get the American Pie Company goin'. I guess we 'll likely have pie every day then, hey? An' not have nobody's nails in our hair, neither."

"Speakin' of nails," said Eph, but not enthusiastically, "think we 'd better make our own nails. We 'll need a lot of 'em, to crate up pies an' bread to ship."

"Yes," said Phineas; "an' we 'll just take over the steel business while we 're about it. We 'll have a department to do build-

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in'; there ain't any use payin' other folks a big profit to build our mills, an' we might as well do buildin' fer other folks. An' we 'll need steel rails fer our railroads."

Eph began to grow enthusiastic again.

"We 'd ought to build our own injines, too," he suggested.

"An' run our own stores to sell our bread an' pies in every town," said Phin.

"An' our own cannin' factories to can our fruit," said Eph.

"An' our own can-factories to make the cans," added Phin.

"We 'll have our own tin- an' iron-mines, of course," said Eph. "An' our own printin'-shops fer labels an' advertisin' an' showbills."

"Better buy out the magazines an' newspapers. We can use 'em," said Phin.

"Yes," agreed Eph, "an' have our own paper-mills."

"Certainly," said Phineas, "there's good money in all them. We 'll make more than them that 's runnin' of 'em now. We 'll economize on help."

"That 's right," said Eph. "By consolidatin' we can do away with one third of the help. We 'll have a whoppin' big pay-roll as it is."

"Well," said Phineas, "you 've got to pay fair wages where you have to depend on your help."

"Fair wages is all right," said Eph; "but nowadays they want the whole hog. You don't hear of nothin' but labor unions an' strikes. If you an' me put our money into a big thing like American Pie, we take all the risk and then the laborin' men want all the profits. It ain't square."

"No, it ain't," said Phineas. "An' if you don't pay them more than you can afford they strike right at your busiest time. They could put us out of business in one year. First the farmers would strike at harvest, an' all our fruit an' wheat would go to rot. Then the flour-mill hands would strike an' the wheat get wormy an' no good. Then the bakers would strike, an' no bread in the country — we 'd most likely be lynched by the mobs."

Eph thought deeply for a while, and the more he thought the more doleful he became.

"Phineas," he said, at length, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I think this American Pie business is 'most too risky to put our money into."

Phineas had also been thinking, and his face offered no encouragement.

"Eph," he said, "you 're right there. If our farmers an' millers an' bakers did strike, an' folks starved to death, we 'd like as not be impeached an' tried for treason or something, an' put in jail fer life, if our necks was n't broke by a rope. I like money, but not so much as to have that happen."

"Neither do I," said Eph; "an' I been thinkin' of another thing. Could we get our old women to go into this thing? My wife ain't so far-sighted as I be; an' just at first, until we made a million or two, we 'd have to sort o' depend on them to do the bakin'."

"Well, now that you put it right at me," said Phineas, "I dunno as my wife would take right up with it, either. She seems bound to do just the contrary to what I want her to do. But I dunno as I 'd care to put money into anything while these here labor unions keep actin' up."

"I dunno as I would, either," said Eph. "I guess mebby we 'd better let this thing lay over till the labor unions sort of play out. What say?"

"I reckon you 're right," agreed Phineas. "I guess we 'd better mosey along with these here pies, too."

The two men arose from their shady seats, and Phineas swung his baskets upon his arms, but Eph seemed to be considering a delicate question.

"That there pie I mashed," he said at length — "I dunno what to say to my wife about it. She 'll like to take my scalp off when she finds out I 'm ten cents shy."

"Dog me, if I ain't glad it was n't my pie," said Phin, heartily.

Eph coughed.

"You don't reckon as mebby you could give me the loan of a dime till to-morrow, could you, Phin?" he asked.

Phineas grinned.

"Well, now, Eph," he said, "I 'd give it you in a minute if so be I had it; but I swan t' gracious, I ain't got a cent to my name."



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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

AFTER AN ASCENSION—CARTING THE PACKED BALLOON TO A RAILWAY-STATION

# BALLOONING AS A SPORT

## BY GEORGE DE GEOFROY

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

THE idea of considering ballooning as a sport, in the same class with yachting or automobiling, seems to have made little if any progress in this country. Abroad, in Paris particularly, an astonishingly large number of people have taken it up, and even ladies are known to have one or more trips to their credit. Here, on the contrary, the amateur who has been up in a balloon is looked upon as absolutely reckless and foolhardy.

I must confess that before taking my first balloon trip I had no idea of the actual pleasure to be derived from it, and undertook it, as most people do, I suppose, merely as an experience.

The fascination, however, was a revelation, but one that can hardly be described. The apprehension which is only natural at the start of the first fly, or rather float, through the air is immediately dispelled, giving way to the keenest enjoyment of the novel sensation and the ever-changing scenery.

There are few people who experience any dizziness from looking down, but those who do should never attempt to balloon. The only feature of a balloon trip that may be considered really dangerous is the landing, and that, as a rule, only when it takes place in a very high wind.

It is of course foolhardy to start in such weather. The chances of a dangerous gale developing after the start are small, since they are usually to be predicted a day or two in advance, and balloon trips last only a few hours. It will be seen, further, that even were a gale to arise, a landing can generally be made in safety. Other kinds of accidents, such as being struck by lightning in an electric storm, or being blown



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SANTOS DUMONT LEAVING HIS STATION AT ST. CLOUD FOR A VOYAGE IN HIS AIR-SHIP

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out to sea, are rare, and can be avoided by descending; for both a thunder-storm and the sea are generally visible a long way off.

If statistics can be considered convincing, it may be interesting to state what I was told at the Paris Aéro Club last August; that is, that after more than a thousand ascents, with each balloon carrying on an average two, and very often three, passengers, the worst accident on record in the club was a broken foot.

It is not necessary to add that accidents happening to so-called dirigible balloons, flying-machines, etc., are not included in this summary.



From a photograph by Hollinger & Co.

A. SANTOS-DUMONT

After a few trips under favorable conditions, and a few very easy landings, beginners are apt to become over-confident, and too sure that nothing *can* happen. This is the gravest mistake. Although the handling of a balloon is comparatively simple and can be readily understood, experience,

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A RECEPTION OF THE AÉRO CLUB AT THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB, PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS

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judgment, and cool decision are necessary to make a good captain. The Paris Aéro Club bestows the rank of captain upon a candidate who has at least six trips to his credit, besides being otherwise qualified. Such a captain is considered expert enough to take with him the absolutely inexperienced. This club was founded in 1898, in order to help and encourage the pursuit of all sciences connected with aëronautics, as well as pleasure-ballooning. Its list of members includes many well-known names in the world of science and in that of sports, such as Mr. A. Santos-Dumont of wide reputation, and Count G. de Castillon de Saint-Victor, who, with Count Henry de la Vaulx, holds the world's record for the longest distance covered at one flight from Paris to Korosticheff, October 9–11, 1900, a distance of 1925 kilometers (about 1200 miles).

The club has made ballooning very easy not only for its members, but for outsiders, who may be invited to take trips with members, and enjoy all the facilities the latter do, by paying the club a very small sum for each voyage. The club possesses three balloons of different sizes, which any member can use for fifty francs a trip. In addition to these, there is a large "fleet" of nearly fifty balloons owned by members. These and the club balloons, after each trip, are sent to a balloon-maker, who carefully looks them over, patches up any leaks, and puts them in perfect condition for the next voyage.

The starting-place of the club is at St. Cloud, just beyond the Bois de Boulogne. There a corrugated-iron building has been constructed, one end of which is closed by large rolling doors. In this the balloons are inflated, under perfect protection from the wind, a few hours before the start.

Adjoining the building is a large open space into which the balloon is brought. The car is overloaded with ballast. This ballast consists of fine sifted sand put up in canvas bags holding about forty pounds each. The number of bags carried during a trip depends entirely upon the relation between the size of the balloon and the weight and number of its passengers. Needless to say, when ballast is thrown overboard, the sand alone is thrown, and *not* the bags.

Balloons vary considerably in size: the smallest (to carry one person) have a capacity of a little over four hundred cubic meters; the largest owned by the Paris Aéro Club are, I believe, of thirty-four hundred cubic meters capacity, and are used only when a very long trip is contemplated, or a large number of passengers are to take part in the excursion. The length of the trip one can look forward to is in proportion to the amount of ballast carried.

The cost of making these balloons varies with the size, of course, but even more with the material used. Silk is the strongest and lightest material of which they can be made. Lately, however, cotton has largely taken its place, not only for reasons of economy, but because of the fact that its surface is less easily charged with static electricity, which might cause dangerous sparks. These materials are made sufficiently gas-tight by a special varnish.

A silk balloon of ordinary size (from one thousand to two thousand cubic meters) may cost, with car, ropes, etc., about five thousand dollars, while a cotton balloon of the same size would not cost over six hundred dollars.

The balloon having been moved out of the shed to the open space (which, in a fresh wind, is not an easy task), its passengers take their places in the car with their instruments, coats, cameras, lunch, etc., and then sand-bags are removed from it until the balloon has a tendency to rise clear of any obstacles before the wind carries it toward them.

As soon as this point is reached, no time is lost in opening the tube at the lower extremity of the balloon and letting go.

This tube is about a foot in diameter and three or four feet in length, and is made of the same fabric as the balloon itself. The latter is filled with gas through this opening, which is then tied up until the start. A second before the command is given to let go, the knot that holds it is unfastened from the car, and the tube is allowed to hang loose and open, which it does during the whole trip.

The gas inside, being lighter than air, cannot, of course, force its way down against the atmospheric pressure, unless the heat of the sun or a lowering of the atmospheric pressure cause it to expand.

A small amount of the gas then escapes through this tube, which acts as a safety-valve, and makes impossible any bursting of the balloon from undue expansion.



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The object of a ballooning trip being generally to go as far and see as much country as possible, the captain will endeavor from the start to balance the balloon as well as he can at a constant height of about a thousand feet. Moreover, he will try to do so with the least expenditure of gas and ballast, which is a matter of skill and experience.

In the daytime, especially in half-cloudy weather, constant rising and falling of the balloon from various causes is unavoidable. If it comes from the shade of the clouds into sunshine, the gas rapidly becomes warm, and, in consequence of lower specific gravity, the balloon then rises rapidly, and some gas escapes. When, however, a height is reached where the air is more rarefied, the ascensional motion stops of its own accord, and after a few minutes the gas in the balloon is cooled by the cold air of high regions, and contracts. Some of the gas having been lost during the ascent, it no longer quite fills the balloon, the lower part of which shrivels up to a certain extent, and the balloon begins to descend.

It is then of course necessary to lessen its weight by throwing out sand, and, moreover, important, for the sake of economy of ballast, that this be done as soon as the balloon starts on its downward course. If not lightened in time, it will fall faster, and the downward impetus will soon be such that only a considerable loss of weight will stop it.

The balance between ascensional power and weight having been reëstablished at a moderate altitude, the balloon will float at that height only while the temperature remains unchanged, and will rise again if subjected to the conditions that caused the first bound.

Each successive bound is generally a little higher than the preceding one, as the volume of the balloon when completely filled by any quantity of warm and expanded gas is the same, whereas the weight of the car has been diminished. During a trip from Berlin to Bohemia, under rather unfavorable circumstances (a warm, partly cloudy day), the height of each of the five oscillations we made was 2310, 3560, 4200, 5610, and 12,000 feet. These had made us throw over so much sand that, although we started with over eight hundred pounds of it, we had to land seven hours after the start through fear of running short of ballast.

The vertical speed of such rises and falls, more especially that of the falls, is at times very great. Our last fall from twelve thousand feet to the ground, which was virtually unchecked, as we had decided to land, lasted barely fifteen minutes.

Such rapid falls, and, in consequence, such rapid changes in the atmospheric pressure surrounding the aëronauts, seem, in those limits, to produce no other evil effect than a temporary deafness, which is easily remedied by constantly going through the motion of swallowing. The heart is not taxed by any exertion, which is, I believe, the reason why no discomfort is felt by those in a balloon when ascending with tremendous rapidity, whereas mountain-climbers suffer from shortness of breath at far less height. It is generally only at altitudes exceeding sixteen thousand feet that any accident, such as fainting, occurs, and a balloon can always be prevented from reaching these heights by the use of the valve.

After what has just been said, it will be easily understood that the best time to travel on a level is at night. The temperature is even, and it is then comparatively easy to reach such a perfect equilibrium as to float for several hours without rise or fall, thus wasting no gas and ballast. Ascents under the auspices of the Paris Aéro Club very often take place at 10 P.M., lasting generally all night and well into the following day.

The instruments used are simple, and consist of two barometers and a compass. The barometers are graduated so as to indicate altitude, and, at the start, such correction is made once for all as is necessary to take into account the barometric pressure of the day. In calculating the altitude it is assumed that the pressure has not varied during the trip.

Although a good barometer will indicate accurately slight differences in level, in France another instrument, called a "stadoscope," is also often carried, which is so sensitive to changes of pressure as to indicate a rise or fall of two or three yards in a second, and is therefore of very great assistance in helping to tell when ballast is to be thrown out.

This instrument and the barometer are consulted every moment, and ballast is always ready at hand. This constitutes the essential features of what may be called balloon navigation.

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The direction one is taking is generally easily determined by the compass and by following the course on a map. Moreover, people on the highroads, in the fields, or in villages are often spoken to, and, as the balloon moves with the wind, and the latter therefore does not interfere with the sound-waves, their answers are heard with astonishing distinctness as high as twelve hundred feet.

There being, as far as the aëronauts are concerned, an absolute absence of wind, cold is comparatively little felt. However, it is advisable, especially for night voyages, to take a warm coat.

During the daytime the sun is to be carefully guarded against, as it is very hot at high altitudes, and, if a sufficient height is reached to dominate the clouds, its rays are reflected from their dazzling white upper surfaces as they would be from snow. In such conditions the clear sky above is of a darker blue color than it is when seen from below.

The necessary complement to the equipment of an aëronaut is of course a camera. Isochromatic plates should be used in preference for cloud effects, and the lens should be very much stopped down, as the light is even more intense than it looks. The photographs that I have taken are all more or less over-exposed, although a small stop was used, and the speed of the shutter was very great. Judging from them, I should conclude that the light is eight or ten times as strong above the clouds as it is on the earth.

Before describing the landing, which requires skill, judgment, and experience, it is necessary to give a few words of explanation about the implements that are used at that stage.

The valve at the top of the balloon is about two feet in diameter, and is so arranged that it can be opened by a rope that goes through the inside of the balloon and hangs in the car through the lower opening. The guide-rope, a heavy rope about three hundred and fifty feet in length, is fastened to the ring just over the car, and is allowed to hang from the very start. The anchor-rope is half as long, and ends in a large knot. It is passed through the ring of the anchor, and remains coiled outside of the car during the trip. Moreover, a device is provided by which the balloon can be torn open from the top to the equator circle by pulling a rope, so as to empty it entirely of its gas in a few seconds if necessary.

When it has been decided to land, all loose objects are first packed up, generally finding place in the seat at one end of the car, which can be closed securely like a basket trunk. The bags of ballast that are still full are all placed together on one side, where they can be easily reached. The valve-rope, tearing-rope, and anchor being in readiness, the balloon, if very high, is allowed to come down to a moderate height, that a landing-spot may be selected. If necessary, the valve is used to bring this about.

As soon as the distance from the earth is less than three hundred and fifty feet the guide-rope begins to drag. The balloon, being thus relieved of the weight of that part of the rope which is on the ground, automatically stops in its downward motion, and travels along at a slight altitude, the horizontal speed being at the same time considerably reduced by the friction of the guide-rope on the ground. At this point a sharp lookout must be kept for such obstacles as houses, telegraph wires, etc., that might be damaged by the rope. If any are seen directly ahead, half a bag of ballast emptied all at once sends the balloon and rope clear over them, to be brought down again beyond. This may require the expenditure of a good deal of ballast. It is wise, therefore, to land when one still has an ample reserve of it.

A convenient open field having been found, the valve is pulled wide open again and the anchor-rope uncoiled. As soon as the car is only a few yards from the ground, the anchor itself is thrown out and allowed to slip down its rope. On arriving at the end, it is stopped by the knot, begins to plow the ground, and, if the wind is not strong, stops the balloon altogether.

The valve being kept open during all this time, the car comes down in a few seconds, and, after striking and slowly bounding up a few yards once or twice, remains on the ground. The balloon gradually empties itself and collapses, the wind always being strong enough to keep it clear of the car.

In a stiff wind, matters do not go so easily; the anchor does not stop the balloon, and the car is dragged on the ground until the balloon itself flops down nearly

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empty. This may give the passengers a severe shaking up. When the wind is strong this dragging may be very dangerous, and must be avoided by tearing open the balloon as soon as the car is about to strike the ground. Almost all the gas escapes instantly, and little or no bumping takes place. In Germany no anchor is carried, and this method of landing is used even in calm weather.

In case an unforeseen gale of wind were to spring up during the trip, a safe landing could be made by coming down in a forest. In such cases the car is dragged over the pliable tree-tops without danger to its passengers, and, as soon as the balloon has been emptied, comes down through the trees, the fall being impeded by the entanglement of ropes in the branches. This method is resorted to only in case another kind of landing would be really dangerous, as the work of disentangling the ropes and balloon from the trees is an enormous and disheartening undertaking. The damage done to the thin fabric of the balloon by the branches may also be considerable.

Wherever a balloon may come down, a large crowd of peasants always collect rapidly, and it is easy to find men to help in rolling up the balloon, tying it in a piece of tarpaulin, and putting the net and ropes into the car, which is then closed by a canvas cover and serves as a trunk. The whole of this work should take only about forty minutes, and can be done in a little more time by the balloonists unaided. A cart is then engaged to carry the two bundles to the nearest railway-station, and they are checked back to the balloon-maker. The aëronauts are then at liberty to set out and inspect the country to which the wind has blown them.

The expense of such a trip is less than might be expected. A trip from Paris to Luxembourg (about two hundred miles), and back by train, which included three of us, cost each one about thirty dollars. In this country, trips taking place from a town where natural gas can be had would be much less expensive, as the greatest item of expense is gas. With such natural advantages, and the American enterprise, it is very surprising that such an interesting sport as this one should not yet have been taken up in this country.

# A MERRY, MERRY ZINGARA

## (STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: IV)

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

IT had been Crosby Batterman's custom to climb the steps that led to Madigan's every Wednesday afternoon at four, with his music neatly done up in a roll, on his way to play duets with Sissy.

On the Wednesday that followed his birthday party—the mere mention of which, after the lapse of four days, was enough to send Sissy into hysterics—that young lady was seated in the parlor, ready for her guest. She was ready for him in all the senses a Madigan knew how to infuse into that frame of mind. She intended to make him as miserable as she herself had been ever since that disgraceful episode in which she had so innocently played the victim's part. She would show the betrayer of trust no mercy—none. She would accept no apology. She would trample upon his excuses and tear them limb from limb. She would show him her scorn and detestation and make him feel how everlastingly unforgivable his offense was; then she would send him forth forever from the house, and dare him to so much as speak to her at school.

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She pictured him going down the stairs for the last time, utterly wretched, broken, despised, condemned. And in order to make the picture more real, she glanced out of the window. Suddenly her hands flew in terror to her breast, and all her plans for vengeance were left hanging in mid-air; for it was not Crosby's trim little figure that was climbing the steps, but the stately solidity of Mrs. Batterman herself.

In her extremity, Sissy did not even stop to look at the back legs of the piano; she sped across the room and made a flying leap through the low west window. Mrs. Batterman, glancing in through the open door as she rang the bell, got a glimpse of two plump disappearing legs, but when she and Miss Madigan entered, there was no trace of Sissy except her jackstones. They stumbled over these, lying scattered on the floor, where she had been sitting waiting for Crosby and concocting schemes of punishment.

"I come to explain," said Mrs. Batterman, stiffly and a bit out of breath, seating herself with a rigidity of backbone that would have justified Sissy's bestowal upon her of the nickname Mrs. Ramrod, if she could have seen it. But Sissy, lying attentive beneath the open window, could not see; she could only hear. "I am here to tell you, Miss Madigan, why Crosby did not come to-day to play duets."

"Dear me! did n't he come?" asked Miss Madigan, absently. "He is n't sick, is he? Irene complains of headache and backache, and she 's so languid she let Sissy get the wish-bone—I call it the bone of contention—at dinner yesterday without a struggle. I 'm half afraid she 'll not be able to sing to-night at Professor Trask's concert; but perhaps it 's only that she danced too much at Crosby's party. She al—"

"It 's about that—about the party that I wanted to speak to you," interrupted Mrs. Batterman, severely.

"Yes? Such a lovely party, the girls say! I 'm sure, Mrs. Batterman, it 's just—"

"Did they tell you what—occurred?"

Miss Madigan blinked reflectively. Her acquaintance with the stately and wealthy Mrs. Batterman was her most prized social connection. What could have occurred?

"Why, of course, of course!" she laughed after a bit, pleasantly, still trying to remember what the girls had gossiped about. "Delightful, was n't it?"

Mrs. Batterman lifted her plumed head with a slow and terrible solemnity. "De-lightful, Miss Madigan, de-lightful!"

The smile vanished from Miss Madigan's face. "I hope, dear Mrs. Batterman, that the girls did nothing that—that—They 're such madcaps, and their father never will—"

Miss Madigan's distress touched her august visitor. "I trust this," she said significantly, "will be a lesson to Mr. Madigan."

"What—what will? If there 's a lesson for Madigan, let him have it direct, Mrs. Batterman."

Lying flat on her stomach beneath the window, Sissy heard her father's voice come clanging harshly on the lighter-timbred dialogue. Cautiously she raised herself on her elbow and let a single eye peer through the curtain at the group within. There, with his paint-pot in his hand, his brush and his pipe in the other, his unique night-cap rakishly on one side and drawn over his white head to protect it from the paint, Madigan stood in his overalls and heavy shirt—his Michelangelo costume, Kate had called it. He had been regilding an old mirror in his room, and having some gilt left at the bottom of his can, he was going about the house in search of tarnished articles of virtu.

"Oh, Francis!" exclaimed his sister.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Madigan?" said Mrs. Batterman, bravely, putting out her hand. "I did not know you were within hearing."

"Or you would n't have offered the lesson? Well, give it to me, now that I am here. No, I won't shake hands; mine are all sticky with gilt." He rested his elbow on his hip and stood at ease.

A savage delight at this outrage upon gentility in Mrs. Ramrod's very presence possessed that red republican Sissy. She giggled within herself, Madigan's attitude, his streaked and gilded face, his confident voice, showed such delightful indifference to the effect his unconventional attire must have upon this Priestess of Form.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Madigan," said that lady, in her most official tone, "for using the expression I did. The matter I wished to bring to Miss Madigan's attention—and to yours, now that you are here—concerns one of your daughters. I should have come to tell you of it before,

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as was my duty, as I would wish any mother to do for me were it my daughter; but I have been busy helping the Misses Bryne-Stivers and Professor Trask with this concert for to-night. This must be my apology for the delay. For speaking—for telling you what I have to tell, no mother could apologize."

"H'm!" Madigan cleared his throat threateningly, and out in the sage-brush Sissy shook with apprehension. She knew that preliminary bugle-call to battle.

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Batterman, we can have only the kindest feelings for any one who will take an interest in those motherless—"

"Let Mrs. Batterman go on, Anne," interrupted Madigan, harshly. "Just what is it, ma'am? Out with it."

Mrs. Batterman rose, rustling her heavy silks.

"Merely, Mr. Madigan, that with my own eyes I saw your daughter take part in a vulgar kissing game—the only occurrence of any kind that marred the perfect propriety of my son's birthday party."

There was a long silence inside. Sissy, without, her heart beating so loud that she was afraid it might drown all other sounds, heard, despite it, Aunt Anne's gasp of horror, the tinkle of the jet on Mrs. Batterman's heavy gown, the squeaking of her father's paint-spotted slippers as he shifted his weight.

Finally it came. "That ox!" exclaimed Madigan, in a rage.

Mrs. Batterman moved in majesty toward the door. "My son," she said slowly, "chivalrously tries to take the blame from her and insists that he proposed the game himself. But I know Crosby to be incapable of such a thing."

"H'm! Yes. So do I," assented Madigan.

Miss Madigan turned to her brother, and in a voice that suggested long years of martyrdom, said: "You will send her to the convent now, Francis? You positively must now. I really admire you for the way you have discharged a most unpleasant duty, Mrs. Batterman. For years I 've insisted that Irene must—"

"Irene? Yes, if it had been Irene, one could expect it," remarked Mrs. Batterman, funereally.

"But it was n't—it could n't be—"

"It was Cecilia." Mrs. Batterman's grief-stricken tones conveyed all the disappointment she felt.

Cecilia, on her quaking knees, now peering through the window, saw a quick change come over her father's dread countenance. It smoothed, it wrinkled, it twitched, and his shoulders began to shake silently.

"No! Sissy?" he exclaimed, with an appreciative chuckle, which made that young perfectionist outside feel seasick, as though the hillside had swelled up beneath her. "And who was the boy, might I ask?"

"It was"—Mrs. Batterman paused to mark both her shocked surprise at Mr. Madigan's reception of the news, as well as the further enormity involved in its completion—"my son Crosby."

"No! Ha! ha! ha!" Madigan's rare laugh rang out.

Mechanically Sissy turned down her thumb to mark the number of times she had heard it, since Sprint and she had made a wager on it. Inwardly, though, she was nauseated by the thought that she was being laughed at. As nearly destitute as a Madigan could be of humor, she would so much rather have been flayed alive, she thought in the depths of her puritanical soul, than suffer ridicule.

"Crosby—eh?" Madigan was recovering. "Congratulate him for me. I did n't know the little milksop had it in him. You ought to thank Sissy, ma'am, for proving that he is not really stuffed with sawdust. Where is she, anyway?"

Lying flat, her blushing face buried in the sage-brush, was Sissy at that moment, while Mrs. Ramrod rustled out of the room, precisely as she had done the day Crosby failed in the public oral examination in geography, Miss Madigan hurrying placatingly after.

But outside Sissy wept and would not be comforted. Her purist's pride was wounded; her prudish maiden's modesty was outraged—that her own father should believe it of her! And she must not open the subject or try to alter his opinion, for fear of the ridicule which seared her very soul!

A TASTE for the ethereally symbolic had not strongly manifested itself in Virginia City, yet under Professor Trask's direction the cantata of "The Flowers" had been

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in active rehearsal for weeks. The professor relied upon the school-children for chorus material, and upon the Madigans to fill those lieutenancies without which the spectacular features of his production must be a failure—this last as a matter of course. For there were many Madigans, and those of them that were not leaders by instinct had developed leadership through force of environment, a natural desire to bully others being not the least important by-product of being bullied. Besides, the reputation they had of being talented the professor knew to be almost as efficacious in lending children self-confidence as talent itself.

Kate, therefore, who could not sing a note, but who was grace embodied, led a chorus of Poppies, whose red tissue-paper garments creaked and rustled as they swayed, waving their star-tipped wands and chanting "Breathe we now our charmèd fragrance."

Florence and Bessie, whom the curse of being twins linked like galley-slaves, were Heather-bells in a childish chorus which piped forth the information "We are the Heather-bells: list to our song," but which was almost ruined by their common desire to get away from each other and lead in two different directions.

Quite self-possessed (even if she was very much off key), Sissy, who was the best "speaker" in her class, warbled her part of a sanctimonious little duet in which Heliotrope and Mignonette voiced the sentiment—

> "'T is not in beauty alone we may find
> Purity, goodness, and wisdom combined."

Even small Frances, most self-conscious of Madigans, in a costume so inadequate that Bep's doll would have been scandalized at the idea of wearing it, posed and attitudinized as a Dewdrop. She was pronounced a "regular little love" by the Misses Bryne-Stivers, whom the Madigans had nicknamed the Misses Blind-Staggers—a resentful play upon their hyphenated name, as well as a delicate reference to their blue goggles that might have served as blinkers.

For Irene, though, as the unquestioned possessor of a voice, a solo had been interpolated. She was to repeat, for the first time on the professional stage, that renowned success in "The Zingara" which school exhibitions had made famous.

Just before the time came for Sprint to sing, Sissy was hovering about the prima donna in the dressing-room. As Miss Heliotrope she wore the dark-purple gown which Aunt Anne had made over from her own wardrobe. (Being Comstock-born, Sissy knew no flower intimately, and could easily be imposed upon as to their habits and colors.) Above it her round little dark face looked almost sallow, in spite of the excited red that flamed in her cheeks.

The atmosphere of a theater was like wine to the Madigans. The smell of escaping gas in the dark was, in itself, enough to transport them by association of ideas out of the workaday world; and emotion due to a dramatic situation was the one evidence of sensibility they permitted themselves.

Yet Sissy, who was tying the ribbons on Sprint's tambourine, looked in vain for a reflection of that fever of delight which possessed herself. Sprint was cross. She was languid. She was dull. She did not seem to enjoy even the pair of slippers she was pulling on. They had been given to Sissy by Henrietta Blind-Staggers, and their newness and beauty had tempted the poor Zingara. But if Sissy had not felt that the family fortunes were at stake, as she always did in the matter of a public appearance, she would never have made so generous an offer of her cherished property.

"But they seem awful tight, Sprint," she suggested.

"They 're nothing of the sort," snapped Sprint, wincing as she rose to her feet.

"I don't see how you 're going to dance in them."

"Will you just leave that to me, Miss Cecilia Morgan Madigan, and mind your own business?"

Deeply offended, Sissy withdrew. No one called her Cecilia Morgan Madigan who did not want to wound her to the soul and remind her of an incident it were more generous to forget. She went out to the wings and stood there looking upon the stage and Professor Trask, who, as the Recluse, was gowned in mysterious flowing black, while he chanted "Here would I rest" in a hollow bass. But Sissy was worried. Not even being behind the scenes could still her apprehensions about Sprint. She longed to confide in some fellow-

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Madigan, but Kate was on the other side of the stage, and to all her winks and beckonings turned an uninterested back. Then, all at once, sooner than she expected, the Recluse departed, the scenes shifted; there, alone on the stage, looking white in the glare of the footlights, was a bedizened, big-eyed, panting little Zingara, and the syncopated prelude began.

Sissy's fingers thrummed it sympathetically upon her knee, but Trask, who was playing the accompaniment behind the scenes, had put an unfamiliar accent upon the notes. Out on the stage the Zingara was beating her tambourine sadly out of time and was longing, with a panicky fear, for the familiar touch of Sissy's hand upon the piano.

"Dum — dum-de-dum-dum — dum-dum —dum-dum!"

The notes came like a warning signal. The Zingara's throat was parched, her feet ached excruciatingly merely from carrying her weight—how, oh, how was she going to dance?

"Dum — dum-de-dum-dum —dum-dum —dum-dum—"

The last note prolonged itself into a summons. The Zingara's eye, turning from the faces that danced before her, sent appealing glances to the wings, where Sissy yearned toward her, all rivalry drowned in a mothering anxiety for her success.

"I 'm a—mer-ry, meh-hi-ri-y — Zin-gara!" wailed Sprint, trying to get her breath. "From a—gold-e-en—clime I come!"

Sissy's hands flew to her breast, then with a wild gesture up over her ears, and she fled back to the dressing-room. Sprint the redoubtable, Sprint the invincible, the impudent, ready, pugnacious Sprint had stagefright! The world rocked beneath Sissy's feet. Time stopped, and all the world stood agape witnessing a Madigan's failure! It seemed to the third of them that she could never bear to lift her head again and meet a Comstocker's eye and see there that shameful record against the family. But she scrambled quickly to her feet when Irene came running in, "The Zingara" all unsung.

Irene's face was white and her eyes glittered. Sissy did not dare meet them, for, to a Madigan, to put a shame in words or looks was to double and triple it. She did not dare to condole; she had no heart to accuse. So she bent down again, ostensibly to tie her shoe, in order to give the furious little Zingara time to recover and to begin to undress. She heard the tambourine's tingling clatter as it was cast to the floor. She looked anywhere but at her sister, but she heard buttons give and buttonholes rend, and bowed her head to the storm.

"I must say," she remarked in a scornfully careless tone when the silence became oppressive, "that Trask plays funny accompaniments." And she lifted her head, fancying herself rather clever in finding a scapegoat.

She ducked immediately, but not in time. One of her own slippers,—oh, the irony of things!—torn off and thrown by Sprint's impatient hand, struck her in the face.

Sissy's cheek flamed. "Did you do that on purpose, Sprint Madigan?"

Sprint Madigan had not done it on purpose, for the reason mainly that it had not occurred to her. But now that it was done, it was not in her present fury against all the world to disclaim intention to insult so small a part of it. Glad of an excuse to outrage some one, any one,—and, even then, preferably Sissy,—to make her sister share some of that hurt and sting and smart that burned within herself, she met Sissy's eye maliciously, triumphantly, significantly.

Sissy gasped. She took the slipper in her hand and made for her enemy. She intended, she believed, to ram her own best Sunday slipper down Sprint Madigan's throat! And she got quite close before she could have been made to believe that anything on earth or anywhere else could alter her intention. But a little thing did; merely the sound of voices outside the door and a swift, piteous change of expression in that defiant face opposite.

Sissy dropped the slipper and flew to the door. She had a glimpse—which she pretended not to have seen—of the Merry Zingara crumbling in a passion of regretful sobs to the floor. Then she was standing outside, her back to the closed door, a determined, fat little Horatius in purple, with two red cheeks,—one, indeed, redder than the other where the slipper had struck, —vowing to hold the bridge against all comers, so that Sprint might mourn in peace.

"But is she *very* sick?" came the eager question.

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"Well—pretty sick," said the doctor, gravely.

"Not very?" Sissy's voice fell disappointedly. She opened the door for him and stood at the head of the steps as he prepared cautiously to descend.

The doctor's dim old eyes looked curiously at her. "I believe you 've got some deviltry in your head, Sissy. Now, you mind me and let your sister alone. There!



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"CECILIA . . . SAW A QUICK CHANGE COME OVER HER FATHER'S DREAD COUNTENANCE"

"You don't want your sister to be dangerously ill, do you?" Dr. Murchison demanded sharply, turning upon her.

"N-no," said Sissy.

"Well, see that you don't squabble with her. Your aunt ought to have sent for me five days ago, instead of which she lets a sick, nervous, half-crazy child dance and sing on the stage. All poppycock!"

"Can I help you down the first step, doctor?" asked Sissy, gratefully.

She was so thankful for his words. No one—not even a Madigan, accustomed to be held strictly accountable—could be to blame for a failure if she had been ill at the time. The family was almost rehabilitated, it seemed to Sissy.

The doctor's dim old eyes looked curiously at her. "I believe you 've got some deviltry in your head, Sissy. Now, you mind me and let your sister alone. There! I 'm all right now. I can go all right the rest of the way when I 'm once started down your infernal stairs. I ought to charge your father double rates for risking my old bones on them. Yes, it 's all right now. It 's only the first step that bothers me. It 's always the first step that costs—eh, Sissy?"

She looked blankly up at him.

He bent down and patted her head. "See here," he said, "I 'll bet you 've got more sense than you want us to believe."

Sissy blushed. It was a tardy tribute, she felt, but as welcome as it was deserved.

"With a lot of common sense and a



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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"SHE WAS PRONOUNCED A 'REGULAR LITTLE LOVE' BY THE MISSES BRYNE-STIVERS"

physique like yours, you ought to make a good nurse. Take care of your sister," he added almost appealingly, divided between his knowledge of how poor a nurse Miss Madigan was and how impossible it was to tell this to her niece. "She 'll be cross and irritable and—even worse than usual," he said, with a grim smile that recognized the battle-ground upon which the Madigans spent their lives; and this recognition made him seem more human to them than any other adult. "But you just treat her like a teething baby. She 's got a hard row to hoe, that poor, bad Sprint. She must sleep, and you understand her—Lord! Lord! the care these queer little devils need!" he muttered, shaking his shoulders as he went on down the steps, as though physically to throw off care.

Sissy turned and went back into the house. It was a queer house, she thought. To her alert impressibility, the sickness and apprehension it inclosed were something tangible. She could taste the odors of the sick-room. She could feel the weight of the odd stillness that filled it. The sharpness of sound when it did come, the strangeness of suppressed excitement, the unfamiliar place with Sprint's quick figure missing, the loneliness of being without her, the boredom of lacking a playmate or a fighting-mate—it all affected Sissy as the prelude of a drama the end of which has something terrifyingly fascinating in it. It must be wonderful to die, thought Sissy, with a swift, satisfying vision of pretty young death—herself in white and the mysterious glamour of the silent sleep. Poor Sissy, who had never been ill!

Sprint, with shorn head and with wide-open eyes and hard, flushed cheeks, lay tossing on the big bed in the room off the parlor, which had seldom been used since Frances was born there. "Mother's bed" the Madigans always called it, and they crept into it when ailing, as though it still held something of the old curative magic for childish aches, though all but Kate had forgotten the mother's face as it was before she lay down there the last time. Sprint had a big hot silver dollar in one hand,—Francis Madigan's way of recognizing and sympathizing with a child's illness,—and in the other an undivided



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crange, evidence enough of an extraordinary occasion in the Madigan household. But she was not waking. She was not sleeping. She was not dreaming. She knew that Sissy had come in and had squatted on the floor with Bep and Fom, playing dolls, probably. Yet she felt that numb, gradual, terrifying enlargement of her finger-tips, of her limbs, of her tongue, her body, her head, that she had been told again and again was mere fancy. With a self-control that was unlike her, an unnatural product of her unnatural state, she locked her jaws together that she might not scream this once. And in the eery stillness that followed the effort, which had made her ears buzz and her temples throb, she heard quite sanely Florence's denial of some charge her twin had brought against her.

"I did n't do any such thing," she whispered.

"You did," said Bep.

"I did n't."

"Cross your heart to die?"

The scream burst from Irene then—not the cry of delirium, but a sharp, terrified, if inarticulate, call for help. If there was one thing Sprint did respect, it was that Reaper whose name she could never hear without a quick indrawn breath. Yet—in her heart—she knew that, though others might fall at the touch of that fearful scythe, she, Sprint Madigan, as fleet of



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'I DON'T SEE HOW YOU 'RE GOING TO DANCE IN THEM'"

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limb as a coyote and as sound of heart as a young pine-cone, could never, never die; that the world could never be when her quick red blood should be quiet and her mountain-bred lungs should be stilled.

With a bound Sissy pushed the twins out of the door. She was at the bedside when Miss Madigan entered.

"Go outside, Sissy!" she commanded. "Can't you see you 're exciting her? Is n't it hard enough for me to take care of her when she 's so cross? She 's not to be excited. She 's to be kept quiet. There, there, Irene—it 's only fancy, I tell you! Look at your fingers; they 're thinner, littler than they ever were. Look at Sissy's; see how much bigger they are."



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by Walter M. Aikman

"'BUT IS SHE *VERY* SICK?'"

Irene lifted her fingers that had caught Sissy's. She looked from her own fevered hand to Sissy's dimpled one and was comforted. But her hold on her old enemy did not relax. She had something tangible now to reassure her; something that spoke to her in her own language. Her eyes closed, her tense little hand dropped wearily, but she held Sissy fast.

When she thought her patient was asleep, Miss Madigan tried to open her fingers, but, with something of her old waywardness, Irene resisted. And Sissy, with an old-fashioned nod of advice, motioned her aunt to let things be. She curled herself up on a corner of the bed, and —it being quite safe, no other Madigan being present but this unnatural one lying prone, half conscious, half dazed—she put her other hand over the one that held hers, and sat there quietly waiting.

The minutes came to seem like hours, but Sissy sat motionless and Miss Madigan left the room. Presently an eery humming came from Sprint's lips. Then, mechanically, Sissy's fingers picked out on the spread the simple little melody Sprint sang as in a dream.

"Play it," the sick girl whispered, pushing away the hand she had held.

Sissy jumped as though she had been discovered indulging in gross and inexcusable sentimentality. She looked down at Sprint with a puzzled, sheepish smile, wondering how long it had been since her sister had come into the real world out of that fantastic one where marvelous things might happen.

"Play it!" repeated Sprint, fretfully.

Sissy rose and walked softly into the front room. She fancied if she took a long time, yet appeared about to obey, Sprint would forget her desire and, left alone in the silence, would fall asleep. She opened the piano softly and pulled out the stool. Then leisurely she pretended to arrange the light and the piano-cover.

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Sprint, quieted by her apparent compliance, lay back with a sigh of content. Her mind, whose very apprehension of the delirium had excluded other thoughts, dwelt now restfully upon the combination of easy mental effort and soothing melody her "piece" meant to her. Besides, she was ordering her junior about, using her illness as a club to beat down remonstrance. Sprint was really on the way to being herself again.

After a bit she found that she was almost dozing off and waked with an indignant start to see Sissy stealing softly out of the room.

"Where are you going?" she demanded. "Why don't you play it when I tell you to?"

For an instant Sissy rebelled. Then she looked at the passionate little figure sitting tensely upright, at the white fever-circle about the dry lips, at the short hair and the unnaturally bright, angry eyes. She went back to the piano, sat down, and with her foot on the soft pedal, that Aunt Anne might not hear, she began to play.

The melody was simple and light, with a little break in its sweetness. Sissy's touch was childlike, but her impressionable temperament, quickened by the strangeness of that dark room behind her, overflowed into the melody her fingers brought out. The accompanying bass was rhythmic, and the nervous, fevered child found mental and physical occupation in letting the fingers of her left hand pick out its detail upon the pillow, which she had lately thrown in a passion against the wall because it had been so hot and she so miserably uncomfortable.

Sissy had begun the second part, the changing bass of which had been poor Sprint's *pons asinorum*. It was the part to which Sissy had always given a dramatic touch—partly because, it being simpler music than she was accustomed to, she could safely do so, and partly because it irritated Irene, to whom the most forthright interpretation was difficult. Her foot slipped now, through force of habit, upon the hard pedal, and in a moment she heard the whirring of Aunt Anne's skirts.

"Sissy, are you crazy, you—" she heard behind her, and then there came a sudden, an unaccountable stop.

Sissy turned. Behind and above Miss Madigan towered tall old Dr. Murchison. He had come back, as usual, up the long flight of steps, for his forgotten spectacles. One of his hands was clapped with good-humored firmness over the lady's mouth; the other was pointing to Sprint, sleeping like a Madigan again, while over Aunt Anne's head the doctor nodded and bobbed encouragingly to Sissy, like a benignant musical conductor deprived of the use of his arms.

Sissy turned again to the piano. It was a beautiful opportunity for her to affect disgust with the situation; to register a silent, but expressive, exception to being compelled to entertain Irene; and to pose, not only before her aunt but before the doctor, too, as a very important personage, whose services were in urgent demand, and who yielded under protest. But as a matter of fact she was too happy. There was no misconceiving the light that illumined the doctor's rosy, round face. Something her undisciplined, childish imagination had been coquetting with, as an untried experience, though never admitting its full, dread significance, was carried out of her horizon by the shining look of success in old Murchison's face; something that shook her strong little body with a long shiver, as she realized, in the second when she could almost feel the lift of its dark wings taking flight, the thing that might have been.

So Sissy played "In Sweet Dreams" "with expression."

Later she played it, and over and over again, with the salt tears trickling down her nose and splashing on the keys; played it with tired, fat fingers and a rebellious, burning heart. But this was during Sprint's convalescence—a reign of terror for the whole household; for to the natural taste she possessed for bullying, Sprint Madigan then added the whims and caprices of the invalid, who uses her weaknesses as a cat of a hundred tails with which to scourge her victims into compliance.

She was loath to get well, this tyrannical, hot-tempered, short-haired Zingara, who led her people such a merry dance, and she left the self-indulgent land of convalescence and the bed in the big back room with regret.



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# CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

"And by this cape goe the Portingales to their spicerie."



ABO TORMENTOSO the sailors called it first,
And Stormy Cape all mariners shall find it evermore.
The passion of the hurricane on its iron rocks is nursed,
Veering winds of huge desire that thwart the plunging bark.
Pale witch-fires glisten on the wave and beacon from the shore,
And shipwrecked voices bid beware of gramarye accurst.
Cape of Good Hope! We seek it far across the waters dark,
But Cabo Tormentoso the sailors named it first.

By this wild cape the mariners go to their spicerie,
Weather-wasted mariners with dreaming, dreaming eyes.
Behind them toss the sullen leagues of monster-haunted sea;
Before them, oh, before them lift the breathing groves of mace,
Nard and clove and cinnamon, where fragrance never dies,
Where amber balsam drips from the flame-shaped incense-tree.
Cape of Good Hope! Year in, year out, the reckless sailor-race
Throw scorn upon your tempests for a waft of spicerie.

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

CORPORAL SWEENEY'S DASH FOR LIBERTY

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# CORPORAL SWEENEY, DESERTER

By Ralph D. Paine



WITH PICTURES BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

"I'LL be gettin' five years—five years at least."

The surging fear became fixed in these words, and they, in turn, swung in with the cadenced tramp of Corporal Sweeney, the other prisoner, the sentry, and the young lieutenant along the Chien-men Road toward the American camp and the guard-house. As the refrain rolled itself over in the brain of the corporal, he discovered that he was muttering it aloud when the other prisoner said explosively:

"I know you will, and so will I; but, by ——, I 'm going to make a run for it!"

"You 're the silliest fool in Peking if you do," replied the corporal. "An' where would you be after runnin' to? No place to—"

He checked himself and turned his head. The sentry and the lieutenant were at their heels, but in the clamor of the crowded thoroughfare the talk had been unheard. A swirl of Chinese street merchants was scattering from in front of a German wagon-train, a troop of Bengal Lancers clattered recklessly into the ruck, and the road flung the tangled traffic to and fro between its walls, like a tide in a mill-race. The corporal muttered again to the scowling man beside him:

"Nothin' doin'. Sure to be captured this side Tientsin. Forget it. You 're crazier than thim—"

A shout in his ear made him jump aside, and he saw the sentry lurch against the flank of a transport camel and lose his footing as a cart-wheel struck him from behind. The loaded rifle fell on the chaotic stone flagging. The other prisoner heard the crash and knew what it meant. Here seemed the chance he sought, but instead of doubling into one of the crooked side streets, he broke away down the middle of the Chien-men Road, and the traffic opened up for him, as the crowd, grasping as by instinct what was happening, scattered in panic.

The young lieutenant whipped his revolver from its holster and took a snap-shot at thirty yards, not caring overmuch if a Chinese got in range of the heavy bullet. As he fired, the fugitive seemed to trip and catch himself, then ran a few steps farther, falling all the time, until he crumpled up in the filthy mud of the pavement. The lieutenant stood looking at his quarry, his eye still ranging along the barrel of the revolver, while the sentry had picked up his muddy rifle, and, feeling faint and shaky, watched a private of his own regiment become, in an instant, something that looked like a roll of blankets doubled under the feet of the Chinese street mob.

The two had forgotten the corporal, who stood beside them, as intent as they upon the pitiable tragedy; and the three appeared to be posing for a military tableau. But almost as swiftly as death had come to the escaping prisoner, there swept over the one that remained a frenzy of desire to run. He knew how remote was the possibility of freedom, how desperately small the chance against recapture, dead or alive. But hammers were beating in his head the



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cadence of "I 'll be gettin' five years—five years at least." And the opportunity was made by another's unwilling sacrifice.

The corporal was unconscious of a voluntary act, and something seemed swiftly to drag him, as he wheeled and dashed for the entrance of an alley not more than ten yards away. A peddler's shoulder-yoke was splintered against his shoulder, and he thought that the bruising impact was the shock of the expected bullet; the yells of the sweetmeat-sellers at the alley's mouth sounded like the outcry he dreaded to hear: but the lieutenant and the sentry turned in time to see only the trail of sprawling Chinese left in the wake of the escaping prisoner. The sentry jumped in pursuit, stumbled into the tortuous alley, and saw a blank wall ahead. Between that and the Chien-men Road three lanes twisted off to left and right, and he ran up the nearest one at random.

Somewhere beyond the huddled houses, he could hear the thud of leather-shod feet, the staccato flight of which marked the trail of the deserter; but the pursuer could find no way through or around. When he entered the street beyond, there was no blue overcoat in the crowded field of vision, and the shuffling sound of felt-soled native shoes gave no clue. He returned to the lieutenant, genuinely weary and speciously disappointed. The officer was leaning over the body of the other prisoner, and there was keen unhappiness in his flushed young face.

"I 've found an empty cart," he said to the sentry. "Help me carry this poor fellow to camp. He has no use for a doctor. As for Sweeney, he can't get away. He 's hiding in the American section, and I will get the provost-marshal over the field 'phone from headquarters, and have the guard sweep the district from end to end. The man will be captured before morning."

This occurred to the fugitive, also, as certain to happen, when he staggered through a little courtyard, far in the heart of the "Chinese City," and fell into a corner of a smoke-fogged room. It was so nearly nightfall that the one occupant, failing to recognize the headlong visitor, yelled and scuttled away from the brazier which he was trying to coax into warmth against the winter night.

"It 's me—all same me—come back. You no sabee this American soldier if men come look see me," gasped the corporal.

The Chinaman nodded without speaking and slipped out. Sweeney was fighting for breath, and the fumes of coal-gas in the fetid room were suffocating him. He tore a hole in the side wall of oiled paper, and gulped his lungs full of the frosty night air. It was the room from which he had gone the day before, when, after drinking much Japanese beer, he had bought a quart of *samshu* to carry away with him.

It was the deadly, maddening samshu that had caused the downfall of Corporal Sweeney, and now he was trying to remember what had happened in the twenty-four hours before he had been marched down the Chien-men Road with the other prisoner. He knew that he had overstayed his leave, but that was a minor matter compared with the row in the canteen on Legation street. He recalled that an American officer had entered the place to investigate the uproar, and the corporal's mind held a blurred picture of himself conspicuously cursing his superior officer with black oaths, and struggling to "knock the face off him." Then he had fled, to be picked up later by the lieutenant who had shot and killed Private Smathers on the way to camp.

The corporal drew back from the hole in the paper wall, and slumped down on the floor, a Chinese blue blouse tucked under his aching head.

"An' five years more for attempted escape," he groaned, "an' two clane enlistments behind me, an' promotion a cinch in the next six months. Never a coort martial ag'in' me. It was all the —— samshu. Serves a white man right for foolin' with haythen liquor. An' they 'll be pullin' me out of here in no time at all. Holy Mother! where kin I go?"

The disgraced soldier turned as a new dread smote him.

"An' the Boxer swine that kapes this poison-shop will be handin' me over as soon as he hears the news of the shindy down the Chien-men Road."

Panic fear caught hold of the corporal, body and soul, and he wrestled with it in the darkness. He knew not whither to turn. Hiding among the Chinese in the city was impossible, and to take to the open road meant capture at Tientsin or Taku if he made his way that far in a flight toward the sea-coast. To go blindly into the country about Peking, unarmed and

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penniless as he was, knowing perhaps five words of Chinese, was to drag out the finish in slow starvation, or to be picked up by a foreign outpost, or to fall among hostile natives. He was as helpless as a castaway adrift on a raft in mid-ocean. The penalties of capture or surrender seemed worse than any sort of death, for Corporal Sweeney had been a good soldier, bred to a hardy outdoor life.

The disgrace tortured him, and either alternative of his situation was unthinkable. Yet after three hours of trembling in his trap, he would have welcomed the chance of flight into the open, beyond the walls of the nightmare city. The Chinese landlord had not returned, and it seemed likely that intruders had been warned away from the smoky room with the hole in the oiled paper of the side wall. The deserter had found a bottle of samshu, and tried to brace his nerves with a swallow of it, but the smell sickened him, and he flung it against the brick partition, in a passion of rage at the source of his cyclonic ruin. The heavy, yellow liquid guttered across the floor, and the stench of it drove the soldier into the courtyard, where the chatter of Chinese voices sent him quaking back into his little inferno.

He was not a coward, but he was alone in the darkness with such fears as wrested from him all weapons. Somewhere outside, a Chinese watchman, drifting along on his rounds, was beating a gong to frighten away evil-doers. The measured *bong, bong, bong*, caused the fugitive to wish that sudden death might overtake the harmless old gentleman, for at each stroke it seemed as if tacks were being driven into his skull. Toward midnight Corporal Sweeney fell into a stupor of complete exhaustion that was no more than a caricature of sleep. A scratching on the paper door and a falsetto whisper awoke him, and he sprang to his feet, striking out in the gloom, to ram his fist through the fragile panel into something yielding which said:

"O-w-w—a-i-i! Me, master; You Han. Somet'ing do-ing, all l-l-ight?"

The deserter extended a muscular arm, grasped a handful of wadded coat, and dragged the visitor in with one lightning sweep. Then, trying to choke his amazed voice into a whisper, he croaked:

"Oh, me cock-eyed darlin' lad! An' how did you dig me out? I niver felt like kissin' a Chink before. Now get me out o' this, or I 'll break your back over me two knees. I 'm down an' out this time. Are you goin' to give me up for the sake o' the rewarrd?"

The boy, whom the corporal had picked up, a starving outcast from a plundered village, on the march to Peking, tried to tell what he knew in painfully Pidgin English, shattered by his master's interruptions. He had learned that the corporal was a day overdue in camp, and had started out to find him early that morning. Then came the tragedy and the escape, the tidings of which were brought to the camp with the body of Private Smathers. You Han had heard the name "Sweeney" scattered through the excited talk of the company, until he pieced together a working impression of what had happened. He had ransacked canteens, tea-houses, and gambling-dens from the camp to the Tatar city wall until he began to pick up the trail from groups at the street corners who had seen the "madman runaway soldier."

The corporal chopped the narrative short, because he was not interested in the way of his fall into the bottomless pit, but in an agony of speculation regarding the new possibility of a way out. The coming of You Han made him clutch the hope of the open country, anywhere, anyhow, no matter what lay beyond. The thought of flight alone among the millions of mysterious aliens had oppressed him horribly. You Han had the fidelity of a dog for the domineering American soldier, whose ways he did not understand, but, because they were his ways, they were believed to be impeccable. Now his lord had done something more extraordinary than usual, for which, it appeared, decapitation threatened. In addition to blind obedience, You Han knew what samshu was, and was ready to make large allowances. It was only this new tone of entreaty, almost of supplication, that alarmed the servant. Corporal Sweeney shook off the paralyzing grip of his fears long enough to give You Han orders in a voice that still quavered in little broken gasps:

"You get Peking cart, quick? Qui-qui—chop-chop—chase yourself—sabee? Have you got any money in thim flowin' robes?"

You Han flashed a bisecting grin that

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was like splitting a sheet of parchment, and dove into a knotted sash, where the clink of silver made reply. Then he was gone, and the deserter became instantly submerged in the returning rush of his manifold terrors. It seemed years before he heard the protesting shrieks of a cart axle and the rattle of harness in the compound. You Han stole in, and half dragging the corporal to the cart, helped him to crawl under the curtained hood, whispering:

"One piecee cart belong my cousin. No pay him. You stay bottom side. We go countlee."

As the cart jolted into the alley, the man beneath the cover heard, faint and far, the beat of cavalry hoofs on the frozen earth. They were coming nearer, and the fugitive flattened himself under a pile of quilts, while the sweat beaded on his face. In a few moments the clink of sabers and the creaking of saddle-leathers were audible, and the patrol wheeled into a side street so close to the jogging cart that the deserter caught the voice of a Sixth Cavalry trooper objecting:

"It 's a blazin' cold night to be pokin' in all the rat-holes of Peking for as good a blank-blanked son of a gun as Jack Sweeney. Wonder how he got up against it so hard."

The reply was lost, for the deserter's heart was whanging against his ribs and sounding louder to him than the clatter of cavalry. You Han drove the mule at a gallop and said no word except once, when he turned and remarked:

"Samshu no good, master. Floget it. Dlink water, all l-l-ight."

At daylight the cart was beyond the outer wall of Peking, heading west, as aimless a derelict as ever tossed in uncharted seas. You Han did not veer toward his own home on the Pei-ho, for he knew that it lay in the track of the traffic to Tientsin, and that over the ruins of his village floated the flag of an American infantry outpost. The dawn came clear and cold, but sad in the gray aspect of tenantless villages, and the litter of ungarnered millet-fields stretching over the flat lands to the horizon. The driver told the deserter that the last foreign outpost had been passed, and that he might get out and walk with safety. Half frozen, bitterly bruised from tossing between floor and roof of the springless cart, hungry and weak, the deserter climbed from his ignominious hiding-place, and trudged in silence along the rutted highway. Presently You Han turned off the road, threaded a course through the yards of a shattered temple, and drew up by a marble altar.

"Have chow now," said he, and the summons to breakfast aroused a shadow of animation in the deserter. He knew not where the meal was coming from, but he was past wondering, and the Chinese youth was in full command of the sorry expedition. You Han crawled into the cart and produced a charcoal stove, dried fish, potatoes, and a teapot.

"All belong my cousin. He keep store; pay bimeby," said the boy, with what might have passed for a wink.

The companions ate in silence. Shame had begun to march in the foreground of the deserter's thoughts, crowding fear a little to the rear. The soldier of a conquering race was as helpless as a child in the hands of one of the conquered whom he had not considered wholly human, whose swarms had fled like rats before the path of the columns in khaki. The fugitive cursed and hated himself, possessed by an unmanly humiliation impossible to imagine a few hours before. The little dun mule munched dry millet-stalks, and squealed when You Han fetched him water from the temple well.

"I ain't got as much sand left in me as that sawed-off apology fer a mule," groaned the corporal; "an' he 's a good deal more of a man than meself."

You Han resumed the march without consulting his lord, which made the deserter writhe anew, but he could say nothing. The cart trailed along the foot of an ancient military wall for several miles, while the man sullenly chewed the cud of bitterness and the boy revolved great things in his unruffled mind. You Han was about to venture on some fragmentary consolation, when the deserter, who was walking a little in advance, balked in his tracks and stood crouched as if he had seen a rattlesnake. The dun mule snorted and fanned its ears like an agitated jack-rabbit. A furlong beyond, the steel ribbons of a railway-track cut across the road and vanished in sandy cuttings. Corporal Sweeney looked instinctively for a telegraph line and saw one wire threading the

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sky-line in a humming loop. The sight hurled him back to the Chien-men Road and the lieutenant alertly picking off Private Smathers with a long snap-shot.

"What 's this fool railroad doin' here? I wonder are they consthructin' it to ketch up with me? Come a-runnin' there, *pronto*,[1] chop-chop. Ain't there no gettin' away from annywhere?"

He volleyed the questions at You Han as if they had been jerked out of him. The boy looked puzzled as he replied:

"Devil cart go Pao-ting-fu, then go Peking. No belong American soldier. English have got."

They crossed the rails on the run, as if the metals burned their feet, and the deserter flogged the mule into a gallop, until their road twisted beyond sight of the track and its unexpected autograph of a civilization they were fleeing headlong. He would not have dared predict it, but in the afternoon Corporal Sweeney began to be a man again. They had passed beyond the area laid waste by the Christian allies, and the villages were populous and busy. You Han had glimpsed a shadow of the shame that smoldered in his master's mind, and he was for making little overtures, simple yet crafty, to win him back to himself. As the first step in reconstruction, he called "Look-see, master!" and pulled from beneath the body of the cart a "Krag" rifle, bayonet, and cartridge-belt. The deserter threw back his shoulders at sight of them, and in an outburst of gratitude smote his benefactor so that his head ached for several hours.

"Last night, when get cart, go back camp," twittered You Han; "find one piecee master's gun in tent. Plenty dark. Sently shoot, no can hit. Good, by golly?"

"Good! you twenty-four-carat jewel of Asia! You 're the goodest imitation of a white man that was ever bound in yeller leather by mistake. Now I feel as if I wanst looked like a man meself. Give me a rag an' a bit o' that stinkin' cookin'-grease, an' make room on the carrt till I do up me house-cleanin'."

You Han grinned and began to wail an interminable song about a girl called "Little Fat Spring Fragrance," who lived in the "Village of the Wise and Benevolent Magistrate." The ballad rose shriller as the singer saw the corporal swinging along ahead, his rifle nestling on his squared shoulder as if it had come home to its own, his back as flat as a board. You Han was even more jubilant when his master spun on his heel, and shouted with the rasp of the drill-ground in his voice:

"Shut up that racket! It 's worse 'n the carrt axle."

The bracing wind swept keen out of the Siberian north, and sunshine flooded from a cloudless sky. The deserter forgot much of his weariness, and caught himself whistling "assembly," but broke off with a groan.

Toward sunset the surrounding wall of a village was outlined like a rocky island in the level plain. You Han halted a ragged wayfarer, and coaxingly addressing him as "great elder brother," dragged forth the information that the town was of considerable size, and that in it was the residence of the ruler of the district. The song of the "Village of the Wise and Benevolent Magistrate" had suggested an inspiration whose magnitude made You Han gasp. But he took possession of it without flinching, and when they were within a mile of the gateway in the wall he said to the deserter:

"You wait. I go look-see."

The mule browsed by the roadside, the corporal sprawled near by, and the brave figure in blue cotton trudged on alone to the town the strangeness of which made his heart flutter. He swaggered in past the outer wall, searched out the *yamen* of the district magistrate, and that dignitary graciously consented to see the importunate pilgrim. You Han kotowed before the heart-quaking presence in the gilded audience-room, and with wailing stammer delivered the oration composed on the cart:

"An illustrious and most honorable general of the foreign soldiers comes to visit your beautiful city. I am his insignificant and thrice-despised servant. This valiant and inexpressibly distinguished hero is of the Americans, who protect and do not plunder and destroy. He comes to extend peace and protecting power to your Heavenly Presence, and to learn whether you have been molested by other foreign-devil armies, whom he will swiftly punish if it be your august pleasure to ask it. My

[1] Soldiers who have campaigned in the Philippines use the word *pronto* for "hurry up" or "hustle."

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insufferably benevolent master leaves soldiers, cannon, horses behind him, lest he terrify the country round about, already in fear of the devastating foreign fighting-men. He sends the greetings of one ruler to another, and also his card."

You Han bobbed his head to the floor by way of incessant punctuation, and



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"THE DESERTER SAW APPROACHING A PROCESSION"

watching eagerly from the tail of his eye for results hopeful or otherwise, laid before the magistrate the vivid label of a tin of "Army Cut Plug," on which heroes in blue and khaki posed nonchalantly in a "baptism of fire." A group of official servants, crowding within ear-shot, saw a gleam of surprised pleasure twinkle through the huge spectacles of their ruler. They took their cue, and helping the trembling You Han to his feet, were soon bustling through the courtyard, propelled by vehement commands to make haste.

Half an hour later, the deserter saw approaching a procession led by You Han and a squad of yamen runners, whom he knew by the red tassels on their flat hats. These rode shaggy rats of ponies, and behind them tailed off scores of villagers on foot and coveys of squealing children. The American grabbed his rifle and dodged behind the cart, ready to run or open fire, until he heard You Han's shrill shouts of reassurance. Then he was swept up in an admiring throng, whose bodies doubled in homage, down to the wee tots who fell on their flat noses when they tried to kotow.

You Han had no time for explanations. He was expanding in the reflected glory of his own devising, and busy chasing children from under the agile hoofs of the ponies. In their layers of wadded coats, like so many puffballs, the jolly youngsters rolled to the roadside, and the deserter felt a stir of emotion which he could not have defined. Yes, there were homes and firesides and mothers and play and work and love in this land of desolation,

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and the smoke of the village hearths beckoned with vague homeliness.

The shopkeepers left their wares and the old men in the doorways tucked away their pipes when the procession filled the little streets, and the deserter rode to the yamen like a conquering hero. In the courtyard of the compound other servants waited to escort the "benevolent foreign general" to rooms made ready for him. There was fire in the brick *kang*, or sleeping-platform, and chickens, eggs, fruit and potatoes, and a fur-lined robe were heaped on a table. You Han vanished, and the outlaw sat himself down in speechless wonderment. Presently You Han returned and announced that the magistrate would be inexpressibly honored to receive the Personage in the evening, and the reason for not inviting him to dine was that he knew the guest would prefer his food prepared after his own strange fashion by his own servant. As in a gorgeous dream the deserter dined, with three attendants squabbling with You Han for the honor of passing each dish. Then he brushed his dusty leggings and blue clothes and summoned a barber.

A little later the guest was greeted as a person of rare distinction by the dignified elderly gentleman in red-silk robes who ruled and "squeezed" the district. The corporal rose grandly to the occasion. The two mingled to a nicety their mutual attitudes of respect, cordiality, protection. They talked laboriously through the doubtful medium of the overpowered You Han, whom the intricacies of the mandarin dialect bowled over from the one side, and on the other such instructions as these from the corporal:

"Tell old Four-Eyes that I 'm the personal ripresintative of George Washington and Gineral Grant, an' that when I stamp me fut a million brave soldiers trimble violently; but that because I know a great intelleck when I see one, me heart is swelled with pride to sit down and talk it over as man to man. Poke that into him good and har-r-d."

The official volleyed many questions and the deserter parried what fragments of them You Han was able to pass along. A military escort to the next village was offered, but the guest declined with polite emphasis. He was not seeking ostentation in public. When he went to his apartments after a surfeit of cakes, wine, and tobacco, Corporal John Sweeney rubbed his close-cropped head and puzzled over his identity. As he curled up on the warm brick kang, he was a deserter fast becoming reconciled to his fate.

"It strains the rivets of me imagination to believe it 's rale. I hope there 's more miracles in stock where this one was projuced," he murmured sleepily.

Just at dawn he awoke. There was a clatter of voices in the courtyard, and the sound of horses moving hurriedly. Presently the paper of the latticed wall was ripped, and a brown finger popped through. All the fears of the refugee came trooping back with squadrons reinforced. He ripped the door open, rifle in hand. A string of traders' ponies was filing out for an early start toward Peking, and a hostler stood with his face pressed against the hole in the wall, trying to catch a glimpse of the lordly foreigner. That was all. But the deserter saw again the smoky room in the "Chinese City," and heard the Sixth Cavalry squad wheel just in rear of his frantic flight. The "illustrious guest" was again the fugitive, escaping, he knew not whither, from "five years—five years at least."

He kicked the sleeping You Han into action, and the cart was under way as soon as the mule had fed.

"Only thirty miles from Peking," growled the corporal; "not half far enough. An' cavalry is prancin' out to loot, pacify, an' scatter Christian blessings with th' mailed fisht where they have no business to be thinkin' of. I hike till I drop, an' that 's me ultimatum."

They pressed on all day until the dun mule swayed in the shafts and the pilgrims were ready to drop by the roadside. The night was passed in a village tavern, for You Han was too weary to organize a reception. The deserter slept fitfully, and awoke often talking to himself. Nervous and foot-sore, he took the trail at dawn of the third day, You Han watchful and worried. As the deserter turned frequently to look behind him, the aspect of the future crushed him, while the imminent past lashed him to persistent flight. Camp, and the close comradeship of men in blue and khaki; the routine round of his army years; the Chicago streets that had known his boyhood; the father and mother who were proud of his record—these and all other

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links in the chain of his thirty years were as if they had never been forged. Names, faces, and scenes of which he had been an intimate part, were in an obliterating distance, and nothing that had gone before was given strength to follow him, except the incidents of his escape, and these filled all the landscape with portents.

Soon they came to a school-house in the middle of a tiny hamlet. You Han knew it for such when the refugees were rods away, since from the squat building came an incessant sound like the hum of a gigantic top. The children were reciting their daily task from the Confucian Analects at the limit of their lung-power, when the foreigner was spied by a truant outpost, and the teacher could not hold the clamorous flock in leash. By scores they tumbled out to scamper off in terror until You Han shouted his message of good will and the corporal laughed, threw down his rifle, and became one of them. It was not long before uproarious applause greeted his attempts to play jackstones and strike the sharpened stick to make it fly into the miniature mud-pie "city."

Again the feeling of homeliness tugged at his heart, and he lingered among the children until the teacher gathered them in, with labor like that of collecting spilled quicksilver.

You Han swaggered into the next village beyond, with a port inspired by remembrance of the magistrate's yamen, but he came to grief at the hands of the village bully. There was no mistaking the character of this truculent ruffian. His garments were studiously awry, and his queue was loosely braided and coiled around his neck to show that he thirsted for combat. He resented the lofty bearing of the stranger, and the two clashed with disaster to the features of You Han, who was plucky but overmatched. He was rescued by the corporal, who gave the bully the worst beating of his career. The feat was applauded by a throng of villagers whose peace had been much disturbed by this chronic nuisance, and they feasted the hero at the house of the head man with complex and effusive hospitality. The wayfarers were pressed to stay and make the town their home for life.

This incident, coming in a sequence of revelations of the life of this hitherto despised people, set the thoughts of the deserter definitely into a new and hopeful channel.

"I begin to think," he said to You Han, "that I could stick it out in one of these back counties, at worst until the troops are l'avin' China in the spring. An' I could come pretty near to runnin' a town or two meself. One more day's march an' I 'll risk stakin' out a claim for a while. An' I 'll be a leadin' an' dignified citizen, an' grandfather by brevet to all the kids in the camp."

The advance was checked by the discovery that the cart axle had split and must be repaired to prevent a breakdown over the next bit of rough-going. The corporal was in a bluster of impatience to press forward. Delay had not lost its power to frighten him. The next village lay ten miles beyond, but between was a desolate stretch of waste land in which no one lived, in which nothing grew. From the tiled roof of the tavern the corporal could see this little desert rolling like a lake almost from the village walls to the sky-line. It caught his fancy with a huge onset of relief. Once beyond this barrier, he would feel secure against discovery, and he magnified it as the borderland of safety. You Han was surrounded by a group of voluble citizens who urged waiting two days until a new axle could be hewn from the solid tree; but the deserter exploded the conference by shouting:

"Dump the carrt here. Pack the mule, an' we 'll send back for the Noah's ark when we get settled over beyant. Make haste an' upholster the mule with the baggage of light marchin' order."

When the dun mule, in tow of the boy, limped out of the gateway across the crumbling moat, its small hoofs sank to the fetlock in white sand, and the trail of cart-wheels winding across the plain shimmered in an aching dazzle of sunlight. At the end of an hour the village behind them was a brown smudge not more than two miles distant. The deserter made peevish comments, but there was cheerfulness in the crackle of his profanity, as he plodded painfully ahead of the boy and the mule. Whenever they paused to rest he talked to You Han, not caring whether the boy understood one word in five. The two seemed alone in all the world; their calamitous fortunes were more closely knit than at any time in the flight; and hope lay

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'TELL OLD FOUR-EYES THAT I 'M THE PERSONAL RIPRESINTATIVE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND GINERAL GRANT'"

somewhere beyond this barricade provided by a fate grown strangely kind.

"You 'll have the next week to get the sand out o' thim foolish shoes o' yourn," observed the corporal. "An' me blisters will be attinded to by the chief surgeon of the county. Like chickens an' silk overcoats, my son? We 're goin' hell-bent for the comforts of life by the carrt-load."

You Han talked to the mule in encouraging whistles, and replied, "Can do," to the monologue of the corporal, who rambled on:

"Say, thim kids did me more good than a barrel o' monkeys. Were n't they corkers? By the holy poker! I 'm goin' to marry you off to a little squeeze-toed fairy in the big town over the way, an' you 'll live without worrkin' forevermore. Maybe the old man will follow suit. It 's me life ambition to be idle an' palatial. An' You Han will be the hottest sport in fifty li. Dinghowdy? All right?"

In the third hour they were not more than half-way across, and the short winter afternoon was reddening. The level desolation had begun to tumble up into crowding little hills and sand barriers among which the trail now and then entangled itself. But the air was crystal and windless, and scrambling to the top of one of the white hills, the corporal could see the faintest tracery of a towered temple on the farther side of the desert as a guiding landmark. It was a forced march, and a halt was made only for a fragment of sup-



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per and a swig for man and mule from the water-bottle on the pack. The moon rose in the sleeping dusk, but before it was clear of the scalloping ridges of sand the sky became spattered with rags of flying cloud. Presently the wind behind the angry scud began to pick up gusts of sand and flirt them from one crest to another. The travelers rubbed their eyes and coughed as they plowed steadily westward, steering a course by the cart-trail, still discernible, and by the moon behind them. "We 're more 'n half-way over," shouted the corporal, "an' it 's silly to be dr'amin' of losin' ourselves in this two-by-four desert."

Then the gray sky closed down in blackness everywhere, and leaping billows of sand seemed to meet it. The rush of the terrific wind wiped out the trail as if it had been no more than a finger-mark. There were no more hills nor winding passages among them, only a fog of whirling sand. The wind had an icy edge as it brought the killing cold of Mongolian steppes a thousand miles away. The deserter and the boy covered their faces with their hands, their garments; and almost instantly they were adrift, cowering, lost, helpless. So dense was the driving smother of sand that they could scarcely see the mule straining at the end of its halter-rope. The hillocks were shifting with a complaining roar, and the shriek of the wind in mid-air was pierced with a shrill rasp like the commotion of innumerable iron-filings.

The corporal and You Han groped toward the side of a hillock, seeking a lee; but the flooding sand tumbled down its side knee-deep, and the wind sucked round and searched them out, as if in chase. The flinty particles pelted in sheets, and bit their faces like incessant volleys of fine shot. There was no more time to think of what should be done than when a swimmer is plunged over a dam.

It did not seem possible that the danger of death was menacing in this absurdly small theater of action, yet it could not have been many moments before the deserter began to realize where lay the odds in another hour's exposure to such a storm. All sense of direction had been snatched from him, and he fought only for breath. You Han had no knowledge of desert storms in his home on the bank of the Peiho. He gasped whatever prayers came to him, but placed his active faith, still unshaken, in the ability of his master to save him from the choking, freezing terror. The man and the boy were not only stifled, but soon benumbed, for neither had ever felt anything to compare with the searching cold of this blast. They stumbled from one hill to another, sometimes keeping their feet, falling oftener, rising more slowly, the little mule trying in vain to turn tail to the storm.

There could be no conversation. At length the deserter muttered drowsily to the storm such fragments as these:

"No place like home. It 's the finish that 's comin' to me. C'u'd n't take me medicine like a man. P'r'aps this 'll blow over soon. I 'm blinded entirely. Good God! forgive me poor cowardly sowl! I niver meant to go wrong. Had to bring that poor fool You Han into this mess."

The deserter pitched forward on hands and knees, his rifle buried somewhere in his circling wake. He caught hold of You Han's queue lest they lose each other, and then the mule pushed impetuously between them, ears forward, muzzle outstretched, trumpeting joyfully.

"He b'lieve can find. He sabee plenty," feebly sputtered You Han.

The frantic mule dragged the boy by the lead-rope a few paces, the corporal falling, sliding after, and then stopped. The linked procession could go no farther. You Han collapsed in a little heap, and the corporal toppled face down. The boy had tied the lead-rope around his own wrist, and the impatient mule was jerking it so that the forlorn figure in the sand seemed to make appealing gestures. The corporal was without motion, and with a mighty effort You Han pulled himself a little nearer, and the mule followed protestingly. The swaying curtain of sand closed in around the three figures.

You Han struggled to his knees and with his teeth loosed the knotted cinch, and the pack fell from the mule. The boy writhed over on the corporal and tried to raise the dead weight, tried to talk to him in a wordless and appealing whimper. The deserter strove to rise, and failed until he dully comprehended that the boy sought to make him mount the mule, or at least to hitch him in tow with the lead-rope. Then the soldier awoke, and fighting off the death that had almost mastered him, lurched to one knee and pushed You Han

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toward the mule that was standing over them. His voice thick and rasping as if his tongue were of sandpaper, the deserter succeeded in saying:

"Get aboard that mule. No Chinese village in mine. Better man than me—you an' mule both better men. You won't? —— —— you, take that!"

The deserter swung his fist against the jaw of the struggling boy, and the blow went home with the last flicker of the old-time fighting strength of Corporal Sweeney. You Han dropped limp, as if shot. Then the fugitive from army justice braced himself, tried, and failed to lift the light body in his arms. Three times he tried and failed, and then, as the mule swerved, he fell against it and dropped the lad across its back, like a bundle of quilts. The cinch, trailing in the sand, tripped the man, and he slipped it over You Han and pulled it tight before he fell back in the tossing sand. The mule stumbled a step or two with its burden, found that it was free, and in a moment tottered beyond the vision of the deserter.

Not more than a hundred yards away a camel-train lay encamped against the storm, and to the Mongolian drivers, huddled in furs close to their beasts, came a little dun mule half dragging an unconscious Chinese youth, whom they took for dead as they wonderingly cut him loose from his lashing.

Daylight and the tail of the sand-storm had come before he was able to speak, and the camels were jostling into the line of march. The swarthy drivers scoffed at the story told by the raving stranger, until the bell-camel shied at something nearly buried in the sand. You Han fought the greedy Northerners off until he had disclosed a figure in army blue and a clean-cut Irish face whose expression was vastly peaceful.

The last silver coin was gone from the knotted sash of You Han after he had persuaded the camel-men to carry the body to the village where Corporal Sweeney had expected to find a refuge from fear.



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

CORPORAL SWEENEY'S LAST MARCH

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. PAINTED BY HILAIRE GERMAIN DEGAS

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# HIDDEN EGYPT

## THE FIRST VISIT BY WOMEN TO THE COPTIC MONASTERIES OF EGYPT AND NITRIA

### WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE CONDITION AND REASONS FOR THE DECADENCE OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH

BY AGNES SMITH LEWIS

Author of "What Language Did Christ Speak?" etc.

READERS of THE CENTURY will remember an article in this magazine for December, 1896, by Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis, with the title, "What Language Did Christ Speak?" In the introductory note to this article, by Dr. William Hayes Ward, it was stated that Mrs. Lewis had made "one of the greatest biblical discoveries of the century," viz., an ancient Syriac text of the four Gospels. The discovery was the result of her visit to Mount Sinai with her sister, Mrs. Gibson. These distinguished ladies, residents of Cambridge, England, made a subsequent visit to Mount Sinai, resulting in other important discoveries. They not long ago ventured upon further travels in the desert, this time searching for manuscripts in the Coptic monasteries of Egypt and Nitria, being the very first of their sex to be admitted to these ancient monastic precincts. While the search did not result in any very important finds, their tour brings to light the condition of these remarkable communities and gives occasion for comment upon the present condition and probable future of one of the oldest of Christian churches.

EDITOR.

## THE MONASTERIES NEAR THE RED SEA

THE bells of London city were ringing in the new century as my sister, Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson, and I slept for the last time in our native land previous to embarking on a new quest for ancient manuscripts in the land of the Pharaohs.

Among the hybrid population of that oft-conquered country, where race, type, and color are so perplexingly mingled, we may point to one community of comparatively pure blood as containing the undoubted descendants of the race which has given us an imperishable record of its early faith, culture, and conquests in the hieroglyphics and in gigantic monuments. That community is a Christian one. Its very name, Copt, is the "gypt" of Egypt, modified to suit the vowel chords of its Moslem oppressors; and its language (could they but speak it) is a primitive one, chiefly representative of the Hamitic family of mankind.

Political power departed from the Egyptian race several centuries before the Christian era, but a new period of glory dawned on it with the preaching of St.-Mark, whom it counts as its first patriarch. The church, which includes Athanasius among its popes and Origen among its teachers, and whose



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From a photograph

THE MONKS OF DEYR ANTONIUS

roll of martyr heroes is undoubtedly the very longest in existence, ought to hold no mean place in the economy of Christendom. This condensed narrative of our visit to the monasteries may perhaps enable us to trace the causes of their decadence.

Through the kindness of Lord Cromer and of Butros Pasha, minister for foreign affairs, we obtained an introduction to the Coptic patriarch, Cyril V, and he in turn gave us letters to the bishops of two monasteries, Deyr Antonius on the Red Sea, and Deyr Macarius in the Nitrian Desert, about sixty miles west of Cairo.



From a photograph

A GROUP, INCLUDING ONE OF THE VISITORS, AT DEYR ANTONIUS

We were prevented from setting out on our first trip till February 18. We contracted with Suleiman Moussa, a young Copt from the Fayum, to take us, with every possible comfort, to the two monasteries near the shore of the Red Sea, and afterward to the four in the Wady Natrôn, or Nitrian Desert.

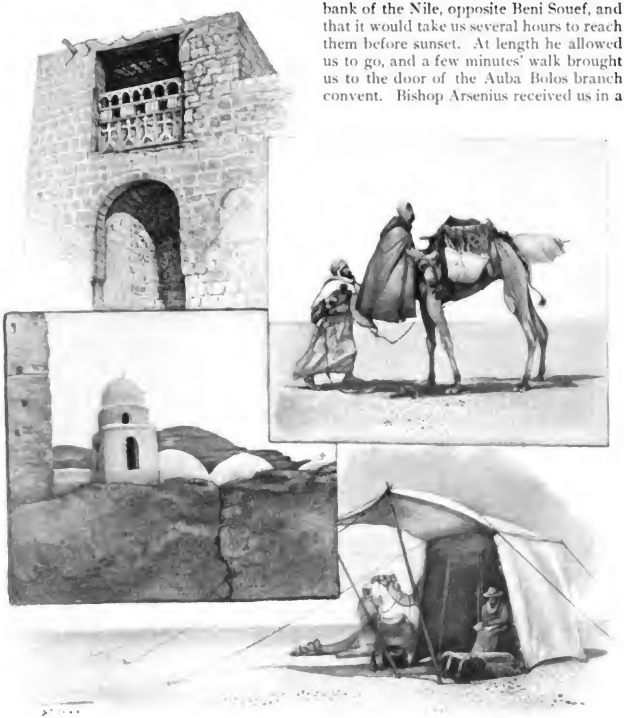
Suleiman went to Bôsh, a town containing the two branch monasteries which supply the Red Sea convents with necessaries. He first presented the patriarch's letter to the bishop of Deyr Antonius, from whom he had a very gracious reception.

Bishop Arsenius of Auba Bolos, however, was more difficult to conciliate. He at first declared that no woman should ever set foot in his monastery. This was not quite unreasonable, seeing that such an event had never occurred during the sixteen hundred years of its existence. After parleying with the bishop for about six hours, Suleiman was told that the convent of Auba Bolos could not brook the indignity of being supposed to follow in the wake of Deyr Antonius, and that if its gate—or rather trap-door—was to be opened, the patriarch must write a special letter to Bishop Arsenius. This his Holiness very kindly consented to do; and so on Monday, the 18th, we took a morning train for Bôsh, and found a carriage with two horses waiting for us



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at the station. At the branch monastery of Deyr Antonius a strip of carpet was spread on the stone ledges outside of the



Drawn by Harry Fenn from the author's photographs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

ANCIENT ENTRANCE TO DEYR ANTONIUS; SULEIMAN MOUNTING A CAMEL; CHAPEL AT DEYR ANTONIUS; THE LUNCHEON-TENT EN ROUTE

gates, and we were asked to partake of a cup of coffee, as the bishop was asleep.

The bishop finally appeared, a tall, benevolent-looking man. He received us most cordially, and took us to an upper room, where coffee and sweets were served. He was very anxious that we should stay and dine with him; but we represented, first, that we had another complimentary visit to pay to his colleague of Auba Bolos, and, second, that our tents were on the eastern bank of the Nile, opposite Beni Souef, and that it would take us several hours to reach them before sunset. At length he allowed us to go, and a few minutes' walk brought us to the door of the Auba Bolos branch convent. Bishop Arsenius received us in a ground-floor apartment quite near the entrance. He was seated squatting on a divan before which lay the slippers which had dropped off from his stockinged feet; and from his head the tarboosh had likewise fallen, leaving a white skullcap behind it. He had a portly figure and a heavy round

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face, which suggested a cross between the Semite and the Libyan. After we had been accommodated with chairs, the tarboosh contrived to creep back to the episcopal head. At last, after imbibing several cups of coffee, he sent a messenger to fetch that potent instrument, his pen. The room was so bare of furniture that we began to wonder where the ink and the paper were to come from. The pen turned out to be a self-filling one, and I felt rebuked for having harbored a lurking suspicion that this man, who can trace his ecclesiastical descent in an unbroken line from St. Mark, might perchance be illiterate. He simply wrote on the back of the patriarch's letter to himself, holding it Arab fashion in his left hand. We maintained breathless silence while the fateful missive came into being.

We took leave of his Holiness with suitable expressions of gratitude; and when we perused his letter we found, first, that it was written in red ink (probably as a mark of the writer's episcopal dignity); secondly, that the wakeel of the desert monastery was commanded to show us all its books; and, thirdly, that if any of the monks should be refractory, and should object to the presence of women in the convent, they were to be locked up together in a room during the period of our visit.



MRS. AGNES SMITH LEWIS



MRS. MARGARET DUNLOP GIBSON

From photographs by Elliott & Fry

### THE START

On crossing the river and reaching camp, we made the acquaintance of our escort. Suleiman had engaged for us a first-rate cook, a spare elderly man, named Mohammed Abdul Daim, "slave of the Eternal," who, though a Moslem, wore European dress. The waiter was a very smart, good-natured little Copt named Bishoi.

Suleiman had made a contract with the sheik of the Bedouin tribe who have the hereditary duty of carrying provisions on their camels to the Red Sea monasteries.

The sheik Suleiman el Mubarrik signed the contract, but did not himself come with us. He sent his brother Suleiman (contracted to Salman), an elderly man, in special charge of me and my camel; and his nephew Hassan, only slightly younger, with Mrs. Gibson. These men were much gentler and less quarrelsome than our Bedouin friends in the Sinaitic peninsula.

In starting we were escorted by sheiks Salman and Hassan, who told us that all the district round the seven-domed monastery where we had passed the night is called Byad ul Nasara, "the region of the Christians," being inhabited exclusively by Copts.

We then turned our backs to the Nile and our faces to a range of white limestone

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hills, the highest peak of which is called Hangar esh-Shabruk.

On the evening of the 23d we approached the convent. It was eery work riding by moonlight on that unknown path—unknown even to our dragoman. The sheik at length sent a thrill of hope into our hearts by calling out, "Ed-Deyr," and we peered eagerly through the darkness, trying to catch a glimpse either of the convent or of our white tents against the outline of the cliffs that loomed in front of us. At last we became aware that we were skirting a great white wall, and then we saw our tents, illumined from within. Before them were a number of shapeless dots, our camels; and beyond them a group of dark figures, the monks. Bishoi and the Bedouin helped us to alight, and we had to pass before the hooded group, shaking hands with some twenty of them, Mrs. Gibson getting her fingers kissed by several.

Next morning being Sunday, we were escorted by the wakeel, Abuna Ecladius, through a small opening in the wall, or rather through a doorway which had been partly built up, and then through a ponderous gate (unlocked by two clumsy wooden keys), which had been presented to the monastery fifty years ago by a patriarch (Cyril IV) who was one of the monastic community. It is opened only once a year, but an exception was made in honor of our visit; for the monks still cling to their ancient mode of entrance by a windlass and a rope.

### A TRADITION OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED YEARS BROKEN

As we stepped across the threshold we had the unique sensation that we were breaking the tradition of sixteen hundred years; and only the conviction that the said tradition is not holy, that it has its roots in the worship of Serapis rather than of the true God, enabled us to overcome the natural diffidence which we felt.

Passing some of the cells, we entered the church, the two domes of which were supported by square pillars, and arches some of which were round and others pointed. In its little nave was a congregation of black-robed monks. Between the nave and the sanctuary was a kind of narrow chancel occupied by a choir of six men, where Suleiman and we were accommodated with chairs. The sanctuary was shut off by a magnificent screen of olive-wood, inlaid with a design of Coptic crosses in ivory and mother-of-pearl fitted into a massive wall, from which the whitewash has been slowly crumbling for four centuries. Over the central door of the screen was a Coptic inscription: "Hail to the temple of God." Two glass lamps and six ostrich eggs caged in silver were suspended from the roof.

A half-defaced Arabic inscription on the wall reminded us of the tragic history of the place. Four hundred years ago some Moslem slaves whom the monks of Deyr Antonius and of Auba Bolos had imprudently bought and treated with severity rose in rebellion and slew their masters, burning the two monasteries and all the treasures, including the manuscripts which they contained. For eighty years none dwelt in the deserted ruins, but then they were rebuilt, and a community of ascetics reoccupied the sacred sites. The two celebrants wore flowing white linen gowns with hoods over their heads; on the breast, back, and sleeves of these were embroidered large Coptic crosses in red and brown. The *kommos*, or prior, sang in the choir; he had a very fine voice and musical taste. He also played very prettily on a tinkling cymbal of ancient form. Each monk held in his hand a staff the handle of which formed a cross, and the faces of all bore deep marks of the privations they had endured.

The service lasted for two hours, and toward its close all present, including ourselves, went up to the door of the sanctuary and received a blessing from the chief celebrant, which consisted mainly in his laying a hand on our cheeks. Then followed a distribution of consecrated loaves, rather larger than scones, each stamped with sixteen little crosses inside a circle round which the legend Ἅγιος ὁ θεός is repeated three times. We then inspected the coarse wooden paintings on the church walls, saw the tomb of Auba Marcus, the disciple of Deyr Antonius, and visited two other churches with five inlaid screens, on the floors of which wheat was piled up and olives were spread out to dry.

We then passed into the garden, which covers about four acres of ground, and among its palm-trees, olives, tamarisks, and apricots we saw the feeder of all its life—a fountain gushing out of the limestone rock.



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After our midday rest we returned to the convent and examined the manuscripts, which are kept in a small room behind the sanctuary in a little church. Before seeing them we were conducted into the *qasr*, a little square tower approached by a rough wooden drawbridge. It had a steep, narrow stone stair and several rooms, containing absolutely nothing of value. It has been constructed as the last place of refuge for the garrison in the event of a siege.

The books were piled in a disorderly fashion on tables, and in and on two low cupboards. They were partly printed and partly Arabic or Coptic manuscripts not earlier than the fourteenth century. Among them were editions of Coptic and Syriac Bibles similar to those we possess at home, and recent publications of the patriarchal press, and even of the American Presbyterian Mission.

The only manuscripts which interested us were two copies of the "Didascalia Sanctorum Apostolorum" in Arabic, and a copy of the romance of "Barlaam and Josaphat." While I was examining the latter, the wakeel remarked that there was a better copy; he did not know where it was, but I would come to it. When I did come to it, however, it was neither so old nor so clearly written as the copy I had first seen, so I took that down to our tents and photographed the twenty-four pages which contained the apology of Aristides, thinking that an Arabic version might be interesting to our friend Dr. Rendel Harris, the discoverer of the Syriac version on Mount Sinai.

When we had finished this, Suleiman came and said: "The wakeel says it is a pity the ladies should take so much trouble, for he has made a faithful copy of the whole book with its one hundred and seventy leaves, and he is willing to sell it to you for twenty shillings." I at once agreed to buy this copy, for we did not care to spend three hundred and forty out of our five hundred films on a single paper manuscript. Moreover, the carelessness of Suleiman's servants had deprived us of half our means of photographing.

The next news we had was that the wakeel had been imprudent enough to tell the other monks about the proposed sale, and that they had vehemently opposed it, threatening to beat him, and even to kill him, if he carried out his intention. They allowed that a copy made by himself was his own property, but argued that it was his duty to present it to the monastery as a possession forever.

It was passing strange that a question which had agitated the Church of Ireland in the sixth century, which led to a bloody war and afterward to the excommunication and banishment of St. Columba, should crop up again in the twentieth century. But I was not at all inclined to acquiesce in King Diarmaid's verdict that "a calf should go with its cow."

### ST. ANTHONY'S CLOSE QUARTERS

Shortly before four o'clock we started to climb up the face of a steep chalk hill to St. Anthony's cave. Before we had reached the height of one thousand and fifty feet above the convent we felt as if we were being roasted alive. The cave is entered by a small aperture in the face of this cliff, leading into a narrow passage where there is hardly room for both one's feet, and none for one's head without stooping. One wriggles with difficulty into a circular chamber nearly filled with an altar of rock and earth, on which the guide had placed a taper; to the right of this is the hole where the saint slept.

### THE BIRTHPLACE AND NURSERY OF MONASTICISM

It is easy to comprehend on these lonely, barren cliffs why Egypt has been the birthplace and nursery of monasticism. Recent discoveries have revealed the fact that this existed before Christianity; for there was a community of ascetics in the Serapeum of Memphis in the fourth century B.C. During the persecutions under Severus, Decius, and other Roman emperors, what was more natural than that well-known Christians should fly from the populous towns and green fields of the Delta and Nile valley, to take refuge in mountain caves, near to some little oasis, placing many leagues of barren wilderness between them and their tormentors? Food might be scarce, but water was assured to them; and in these circumstances marriage, with the prospective care of young children, would be highly undesirable, or, as St. Paul puts it, not "good for the present distress."

What was at first a necessity came to be looked on as a virtue; a false conception of God's character as that of a hard task-

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From a photograph

THE TENT OF MRS. LEWIS AND MRS. GIBSON AT DEYR ANTONIUS

master was engendered; one of our Lord's sayings and certain passages of St. Paul's Epistles, isolated from their context, were interpreted, without any reference to the rest of Holy Writ, as a prohibition of marriage to the followers of the Christ. Thus a new yoke, harder than that of Judaism, was fabricated; holiness was supposed to consist largely in outward observances; and mortification of the flesh was put on a level with sanctification of the spirit. Asceticism was taught to the Latin Church by Athanasius, the great Pope of Alexandria, during his six years' exile; in the land of his birth it took such deep root that in the fourth century a traveler named Rufinus found that the whole population of Oxyrhynchus had become monks and nuns, each sex occupying a separate quarter of the town.

The process of flight from the city to the caves must have been often repeated during the period of Moslem misrule; and to this we probably owe the preservation of many valuable manuscripts; for neither the most daring of Mameluke soldiers nor the most bloodthirsty of Mohammedan street mobs would have cared to follow the fugitives over a "black country" where food and water could be supplied to them only by an organized transport of camels.

A little below the cave is the ruined chapel of Bolos, Anthony's disciple. We hurried down with the help of the two sheiks in order that we might make use of the fast-fading daylight in getting over the steep rocks and loose stones. Suleiman kept speculating whether it was true that the saint came down by this path twice a day for water, and that his only sustenance was a small piece of bread once in every five days. My sister and I thought the former tale not improbable, Anthony probably having been a much more nimble mountaineer than our little dragoman; but the latter tale must be the expansion of some much more credible fact.

The kommos called on us in the evening, and was much more shy than any country peasant girl; he kept a fold of his soft dark robe over one eye, while the other was religiously cast down. All his talk he directed to Suleiman.

Leaving at half-past seven, we rode along the Wady el Arabah in front of the chalk hills till half-past eleven. This was the only portion of our journey in which we suffered from intense heat. Remounting at quarter-past two, we came in sight of the Red Sea and a portion of the Sinaitic peninsula about Hamam Faraôn. The



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glare from the white rocks was very trying to our eyes, and we were glad to find our tents at ten minutes to six in the shelter of some little sand hills.

### A MYSTERIOUS CRY

NEXT morning (February 27) we were awakened before four o'clock by the monotonous shrill cry of an animal. It murdered sleep, so I went out with a lighted candle, but could not see whence the sound came. There was not a breath of wind, and the kitchen tent and the Bedonin's camp lay perfectly still. Yet the thing whirred away, sometimes quite close to me, sometimes several yards off. I returned to bed, and, in spite of the persistent disturbance, fell asleep, only to wake again at six and hear the whir as loud as ever. I went out again, but failed to find anything in the first dawn. The noise only ceased when our servants awoke and began to talk, although no one save ourselves had heard it. Sheik Mohammed said from my description it must have been a wild eagle.

We started at twenty-five minutes to eight, and in fifteen minutes stood on the ridge of a small pass, whence we had a magnificent view of the Red Sea, with the Sinai range beyond it, every peak of which we were able to identify. Ten minutes later we were on the sea-shore.

At a quarter to six we came in sight of the little convent perched high on a rock. We had proposed, in view of the dislike which the monks would probably feel for our presence, to encamp at half an hour's distance; but the Bedouin could not be restrained from squatting as close as possible to a fountain; so, after clambering over a rugged hill, we were delighted to see our tents pitched before the main entrance (I dare not call it a gate) and a monk talking to a group of our Bedouins from the lofty parapet. Before we had time to present the bishop's letter an invitation came to us from the community to take either lunch or dinner in the monastery next day.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from the author's photograph

LOWERING MRS. GIBSON FROM DEYR AUBA BOLOS

### ENTRANCE BY ROPE AND WINDLASS INTO THE MONASTERY

NEXT morning we found we had not been misinformed as to the mode of entrance into the convent. Like Deyr Antonius, it is surrounded by a not very ancient wall some fifty feet high, monotonous in its

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grayness, and broken on the northwest side only by an apse-like recess, above which a trap-door may be opened or shut at will. Through this trap-door a thick cable rope is raised or lowered by means of a great wooden windlass. The kommos Ecladius, a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, mounted in order to show us the way. Large iron hooks attached by small ropes to the great cable were fastened round his waist, and he held firmly to the cable with his hands while he was being drawn up, pushing himself away from the wall with his feet as he rose. Suleiman was the next victim; but as he neared the top he became giddy and his feet waggled backward and forward. But the ropes round his waist saved him from falling, and he disappeared safely up through the trap-door.

Mrs. Gibson and I sat down on stones and declared positively that if this was the only mode of ingress we must relinquish the pleasure of seeing the interior of the convent. An ordinary rush basket was then let down, and I was invited to enter it. But my sister said she would never consent to this; and in truth it looked hardly strong enough to bear my weight. Some of the rope netting, which had been used for protecting our baggage when on the backs of the camels, was then brought and was now formed into a basket; a red quilt was folded into it, and I was made to kneel on this, the rope netting being roughly sewn round my waist. I closed my eyes, and a minute later opened them, to find a dozen monks, in a state of great delight, standing ready to help me out.

A few minutes later Mrs. Gibson was by my side. Then about thirty monks fell into their places in a procession, carrying candles, crosses, and banners; a bell was pealed, a cymbal tinkled, and we marched behind them, along narrow winding paths between cells of unburnt bricks, to the church, where we found some chairs placed for us in the choir. The center of the building was surmounted by a dome supported by three round but slightly pointed arches, reposing on a wall and two massive square pillars. The sanctuary was fenced off with a screen of olive-wood inlaid with ivory. It had two doors, and between them stood the reading-desk. The service lasted for two hours and was conducted by two white-robed celebrants, as at Deyr Antonius.

Suleiman was asked to read one of the lessons from an Arabic manuscript of the Gospels, and he did it in a clear, distinct voice. Then lighted tapers were placed in our hands, and the kommos, Abuna Ecladius el-Farragh, delivered an Arabic oration in very sonorous tones in honor of our visit. We were told that "all things in heaven rejoice with us this day, all things on earth rejoice with us this day, and all the angels rejoice with us this holy day, over the coming of these ladies." From this the speaker passed to an enumeration of the good works we were supposed to have done, in which he must have drawn largely on his imagination, for I could not in the least follow him, excepting that the last was "we had built up the house of Israel."

Next came a eulogium on our beloved sovereign Queen Victoria, and a lament over her death; then an expression of gratitude to Lord Cromer, and to the noble English nation, for their deliverance of the Egyptians from Ahmed Arabi Pasha, for the works of irrigation, and for the establishment of schools, etc. It ended with an eloquent passage about the triumphs of the cross. The whole proceeding took us greatly by surprise, for we had in no way expected to be looked on as representatives of such important interests.

We then inspected the bakery, walked round the little garden, photographed some of the monks, and examined their small store of manuscripts, which were similar in character to those at Deyr Antonius, only that one containing the sermons of St. Simeon the Stylite was on vellum.

We partook of luncheon supplied, not without difficulty, by our own cook, in a dusty, dimly lighted chamber; then we were conducted to the trap-door. I was again sewed up in the rope netting. The windlass was turned, I closed my eyes, and just as I opened them to ascertain if I had yet begun to descend I found myself on mother earth, with Bishoi bending over me in his yellow dress, ready to help me out. The kommos and the wakeel drank coffee with us after dinner, and during their visit the supposed eagle began his cry, and they at once pronounced him to be a cricket!

Next morning, after breakfast, we found the kommos and three other monks prepared to escort us down the valley. They

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From a photograph

MONKS AT DEYR MACARIUS

parted from us after repeating together a prayer for our safety and crossing themselves. We reached the tents at half-past five.

As the monks expected us in the church at half-past eight the next morning, we went and listened to the same kind of service that we had heard on the previous Sunday. Only I understood it better, and caught several phrases of the droned Coptic. Some of the responses, such as *εὐχαριστοῦμεν Κύριε* ("We thank thee, O Lord"), were decidedly in pure Greek. An old man read a lesson from an Arabic translation of St. John.

THE DESERTS SET THE AIR IN MOTION

In the early part of the night there was again a very high wind, which fell toward morning. It occurred to us that this may be the very purpose which the vast African deserts serve in the economy of nature, namely, to set the air in motion. The sand is very tenacious in retaining the heat of the sun, and as the air cools rapidly after sunset, the contrast between its temperature and that of the hot earth causes a current of exchange between the two which makes its effect felt far beyond the desert; so that possibly the Sahara contributes to the health of Europe.

We lunched in the mouth of a cave, and then rode for half an hour along the east bank of the Nile toward our white tents.

## THE MONASTERIES IN WADY NATRÔN (NITRIA)

[Starting from Cairo on the 12th of March of the same year, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson visited the Coptic monasteries of Nitria. They traveled on dromedaries from the Pyramids, and came first to Deyr Abu Macar (Macarius).]

We were admitted through a very low doorway, where even camels and donkeys have to kneel in passing. It can be effectually closed in time of war by two granite millstones which are kept in readiness near it. We were received by the wakeel, who had traveled all night from Izbet Tris, a village on the canal, connected with the monastery, in order to receive us, Suleiman having sent him the patriarch's letter from el-Wardan. As we were talking with him in an upper room, a monk, sixty years of age, came in. He had lived for thirty-five years in the convent, and had then betaken himself to the solitary cave, which he had occupied for the preceding six years, emerging only on Sundays to attend the church service, or when he desired to see the wakeel. He was a spare man with a finely shaped forehead, good teeth, a cavernous hole in each cheek, and eyes dropping water from ophthalmia.

I soon asked about the manuscripts, and we were conducted into the keep over a drawbridge. The books were kept very untidily in a three-shelved cupboard, and were late Arabic texts of no great value. The floor of the room was literally inch-thick with dust (like city streets), but a carpet was spread on it, whereon we deposited the books as we took them out. Some of the monks squatted round and began to read, droning aloud as they did so, a process which was calculated to give us a headache, while we were deciphering colophons and titles in the faint light afforded by tiny slits of windows.

I observed a large table at the end of the room; upon it lay a pile of manuscripts which had lost their bindings and had a great quantity of loose leaves. They were evidently all Arabic paper, but a few of their leaves had fallen on the floor, where they were trampled into the thick dust by

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any passing foot. The wakeel was not in the room, and it would have been absolutely useless to say anything to the almost illiterate company who surrounded us. I could very easily have placed some of the manuscripts under my traveling-cloak without the slightest fear of detection, but my conscience would not allow me to do so. My sister had in the meantime opened a box in which were some worthless odds and ends; also some manuscripts, one of which contained the story of Aphikia, lately edited by her from a Paris manuscript.

I sent Suleiman to the wakeel Abuna Faltaus, with a message to say that as the monks evidently did not care for the pile of papers on the table, it would be an advantage if he were to sell them to us. The wakeel replied: "Have you not noticed the curses which are written at the end of these books on whosoever shall take them out of the convent door? I have no wish to stand beside Judas Iscariot on the day of judgment."

So I sent back a message to the effect that I was willing to take all these curses on myself alone if he would only give me the right to carry the books out. This I could do the more readily because I believed that the Almighty had given us the power to bless one another, not to curse.

But the wakeel was obdurate. He had not the power to do it, he said, and he was not sure if any one else had. The books will have disappeared,—some of them in five years at the most,—for the moths will eat them up; but out of the door of the convent they should not go.



From a photograph

MONKS AT DEYR SURIANI

I could not help a parting shot, so I bade Suleiman say, "If my sister and I had only been two moths, you would have let us have these books gratis."

Next morning we attended service in the so-called "Church of the Elders," where the still unburied bodies of the three Sts. Macarius repose on an ancient and massive wooden bier.

Tradition has not reported accurately as to which of these three saints it was who founded the monastery: the one who was a priest in Alexandria in the days of Athanasius; the one, his contemporary, who lived in this desert, being a disciple of St. Anthony; or yet a third, about whom very little is known. Therefore, to make sure of being protected by the right saint, the monks keep all three bodies, and remove them to a bier which stands empty in each of the other churches within the convent walls whenever a special service is held in any of them. This is probably a survival of the ancient Egyptian belief in the *ka*, or shade of the departed, who was always supposed to be present wherever his mummy might be.

Next morning we visited the monastery of Deyr Suriani, which, to Syriac scholars, has become classic ground, seeing that some of the greatest treasures of the British Museum were for centuries concealed within its walls, and in particular the Curetonian fragments of the four Gospels, the sister codex to the one which I found on Mount Sinai. Suriani is by far the prettiest of the Nitrian monasteries, Auba Bishoi coming second. We were admitted without difficulty, Abuna Faltaus, the wakeel of Deyr Macarius, having preceded us with the patriarch's letter.

We soon found ourselves seated in an airy, pleasant room on the ground floor, with a back door opening into the garden, and in a few minutes we were talking with the kommos and the chief monks about manuscripts. One of them chanced to ask us if there were any Syriac ones of any ancient date, and I replied:

"Oh, yes; there is one of the year A.D. 411, which the British Museum bought from your predecessors."

To our amazement, not one of these men had ever heard of Curzon or Tattam, nor did they seem in the least aware that their

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convent had ever possessed a Syriac manuscript. However, we were soon conducted to a small room in the qasr, where we found two little cupboards full of books, and a stone reservoir, partly beneath the level of the floor, containing a collection of loose leaves. There was the usual amount of dust. Mrs. Gibson noticed two very fine Coptic manuscripts of the New Testament, dated respectively A.D. 1220 and A.D. 1256.

[The sisters picked out from Arabic paper manuscripts the Books of the Maccabees, the Book of the Prophets, the Books of Solomon and Ben Sira bound together with the story of Aphikia, and the apocryphal Acts of the Apostles. They resolved to photograph the last of these, i.e., two hundred and seventy pages. This they accomplished, taking one hundred and eighty in a single day.]

### A BEAU-IDEAL OF HOLINESS

On Sunday morning we heard the end of the church service, and were then told about an old hermit who had lived far away in a cave of the wilderness for twelve years, subsisting on the charity of the Bedouin, his food being wild herbs (what could they be?) and dry bread, which can be kept for a long time and expanded in water. One day in the course of his wanderings he found himself at sunset by the wall of Deyr Suriani. He had no idea that any one lived there till he perceived a massive door and a bell-rope. He pulled the latter, and a voice from within asked:

"Who are you?"

"A poor stranger."

"Are you a monk?"

"Yes."

"Then come in."

A cell was assigned to him, and in a few days he expressed his desire to remain, but not to share the life of the community, for he never attends the church service, and never speaks to any one, except from necessity, nor does he like to be spoken to. He sits in his cell and receives a little dry bread and water every day or every second day.

In the afternoon we visited Auba Bishoi, where the monks gave us coffee and a friendly welcome. The few manuscripts which it possesses were in an upper room of the qasr, in a small cupboard, the dust in which they were lying being denser than any we had yet seen.

Deyr Barramous is much cleaner and in better order than the other monasteries. It is also more frequently visited by strangers, and I cannot therefore affirm with confidence of it, as of the previous monasteries, that no woman has entered the place before us.

On the morrow the train bore us swiftly over the dreary wilderness for four hours back to civilization.

### THE HOPELESS CONDITION OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH

The Coptic Church is now in a very critical position. To those who, like myself, have cherished the hope that she would rouse herself to feel the need of an educated ministry, well grounded in the Scriptures, and apt to teach, thus assimilating herself perhaps to the Protestant Church of England, it is a staggering reflection, and well-nigh a shattering of hope, to learn that all her bishops must be chosen from four of the monasteries which we visited —from Deyr Antonius, Auba Bolos, Deyr Macarius, or Deyr Barramous. What must be the result of taking a man, however spiritually minded he may be, who has seen nothing beyond four gray walls save the barren desert, who knows nothing of the occupations, the wants, or the difficulties of his fellow-men, and then placing him in a position which requires the utmost tact and experience? The efforts of the progressive party have in recent years been shipwrecked against the will of the present patriarch; and the consequences are, to use the expression of one of them: "Hundreds of us have become Roman Catholics, and thousands Protestant Presbyterians."

Meanwhile this ancient national church has in the field two determined enemies, Islam and Roman Catholicism, and one friendly rival, the American Presbyterian Mission. There are three causes continually at work which insure that they shall increase while she decreases.

The first and, we hope, the most powerful is that in the American mission stations the Word of God is explained and an appeal is made both to the human intellect and to the heart. The people often say to their bishops: "Give us priests who can teach us, and we will not leave the church

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Drawn by Harry Fenn from the author's photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE ENTRANCE TO DEYR MACARIUS

of our fathers." The Americans have not sought to make proselytes; they are in the country as missionaries to the Moslems and to the Jews: but when nominal Christians come to them seeking for instruction and for church-membership which they cannot find elsewhere, they are not lightly refused.

The second is this. When a man leaves the Coptic Church and becomes a Protestant, he gets rid once and forever of the obligation of fasting for one hundred and seventy days in the year. If he becomes a Roman Catholic, he has still to observe the forty days of Lent; if a Mussulman, he will have the month of Ramadan, which means eating by night instead of by day. The Coptic fasts do not mean abstinence from food, but only from fish, meat, milk, eggs, and butter. Vegetable oil is allowed. In many families no food at all is taken before three o'clock in the afternoon. This prolonged interference with the economy of nutrition has had its effect on the race. Some there are who trace to it the lack of spirit which the Copts have shown in their resistance, or rather non-resistance, to political oppression. But it tells physically also. I am confident that a comparison between the weight, height, and chest-measurements of the Coptic and Moslem fellaheen in any given district of Egypt would tell immensely in favor of the latter.

A consequence is that Copts are found in all civil employments which do not require any bodily activity, such as clerkships. If you take a Coptic dragoman on a land journey, he almost invariably engages a Syrian waiter, as if aware of the deficiencies of his own people. The shop-keeping industry in Egypt is in the hands of the Greeks, many of whom are descendants of those who settled there in the days of the Pharaohs, even long before the time of Alexander; and Italian masons have to be imported for the erection of European houses.

The third cause lies in their marriage customs. No free choice is allowed to their young people. A man must not look upon the face of the bride whom his mother or sister may have chosen for him till a day or even two days after he has been



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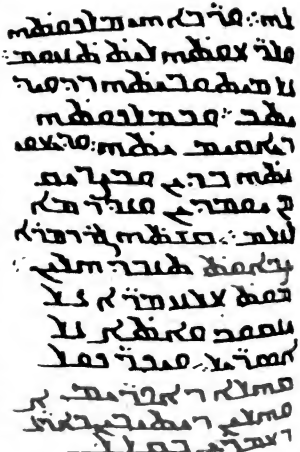
indissolubly united to her. Love in such cases does not come spontaneously. We have been told that many of the older married couples are wretched.

These things all taken together show that a change is impending. Whether it will be in the direction of the Coptic Church embracing in its own bosom the ideas of modern progress and assimilating itself more nearly to the pattern of the infant church which existed in the days of St. Mark, or whether it will become a mere empty shell of officialism and traditional ritual, the influences which affect it in the twentieth century will irrevocably decide.

POSTSCRIPT

OUR search for manuscripts in the Coptic convents of Egypt was not rewarded by any brilliant success. But several years earlier I succeeded in obtaining from a private source a manuscript to which I desire to draw the attention of the American traveling public.

It is a lectionary of readings from the Old Testament and from St. Paul's Epistles, written in Palestinian Syriac; that is, in the dialect of Aramaic, which was spoken in Galilee during our Lord's earthly life and for two centuries afterward, the tongue which "bewrayed" St. Peter. It bears the same relation to the Edessan or literary Syriac as the Doric of ancient Greece did to the Attic, or as English does to Scotch. This manuscript is absolutely unique of its kind, because, although three other copies of a lectionary in the same dialect exist, one in the Vatican Library and two at Mount Sinai, they contain a text of the Gospels, while this one provides us with lessons from the other books of the Bible.



In reduced facsimile

SAMPLE PAGE OF A LECTIONARY WRITTEN IN PALESTINIAN SYRIAC (SEE ADJOINING TEXT)

Several leaves have been torn from the book, one from the middle and about eight from the end. The dealer confessed to having sold these piecemeal to passing travelers. The leaf from the middle has turned up in Germany, having been detected and edited by Dr. Friedrich Schulthess, in the "Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft," Vol. LVI, p. 253. Its text exactly fits the gap left in the manuscript purchased by me.

It is of some importance for the history of Syriac literature that we should know the date, and that will probably be found written on one of the leaves which have been lost from the end. I therefore appeal to all who within the last ten years have acquired antiquities in Egypt to see if among these there be not a scrap of parchment with writing corresponding to the accompanying illustration, and, if there be, to communicate either with me or with the editor of THE CENTURY.

I have lately presented the manuscript to the library of Westminster Theological College, Cambridge. It might be desirable that the last leaves, if found, should be restored to the volume. But it is of far greater importance that we should ascertain their date, which is probably in the eleventh century. Each leaf measures five and three fourths inches by four inches; the writing is in one column, and there are fourteen or fifteen lines on each page. The text of the first missing leaf ought to begin with Isaiah xxv., in the middle of the third verse. The page which is shown in the illustration contains a remarkable reading of Isaiah ii. 7: "To his kingdom there is no frontier."

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From a photograph

AUDIENCE-HALL IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT SURAKARTA

# "THE NAIL OF THE UNIVERSE"

## AN EMPEROR OF JAVA AND HIS COURT

BY ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG

THERE is an empire on this planet which for strange originality might as well be situated in Mars. It is governed by two emperors at the same time, and withal is not larger than the State of Delaware. Both emperors reside in the same city, each has his own resplendent court, enormous revenues, armies, imperial chancellors, government officers, and courts of justice.

Only one of these emperors is known to the outside world, and he only to a slight extent. The name and titles of the leading one would easily fill a column; his subjects, one million in number, call him the Susuhunan, and he himself modestly signs himself Pakoe Bowono X—"Nail of the Universe, the Tenth." In him his people venerate not only their sovereign ruler but also their religious pontiff, placed so high above them that none dares approach him upright or cover him with a glance; his state ministers, and even his own brothers, crouch before him with folded hands as if in prayer, and with downcast eyes. Yet he is a powerless puppet in the hands of a small European nation, and may not even receive or despatch a letter without previously submitting it to the Javan representative of the Dutch. He actually rules his empire, every square inch of it, which he calls his personal property; yet he may not walk or ride outside the palace gates without the former's permission. He keeps thousands of troops at his own expense, men with modern swords and rifles, Ama-



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zons with ancient lances, bows and arrows; yet he is virtually a prisoner in his own palace, the grounds of which cover nearly a square mile, where there are hundreds of buildings, the most sumptuous halls, luxurious chambers, and store-rooms and stables, with many thousands of attendants. Still he has no kitchen and no cook, his own meals being sent to him daily from outside. He is absolute master over all his people, who depend for their livelihood entirely upon him; yet he may not trust any of the men, and surrounds himself entirely with women. Thousands of the latter are at his beck and call; hundreds he calls his more or less legitimate wives, who have borne him many sons; yet he has no direct heir to the throne, which is one of the oldest and most eminent in Asia.



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EMPEROR OF SURAKARTA IN STREET COSTUME

This curious personage is his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta.

Surakarta is all that is left of the once

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powerful empire of Mataram, comprising, till the last century, the whole of the island of Java, larger than the State of New York and with nearly four times its population. Since the advent of the Dutch and Eng-

Susuhunan, deeming it more practical, in view of the turbulent character of the Javanese, to govern them through their hereditary ruler, with the friendly advice of the Dutch government and its representative.



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE EMPRESS OF SURAKARTA

lish colonists, the empire has gradually dwindled down to half the size of Connecticut. During their long domination over the East Indies the Dutch have swept away many kings, rajas, and princes, but they have spared the sovereignty of the

Java is the home of volcanoes. The traveler in this superbly beautiful island sees huge smoking craters looming up everywhere in the tropical sky. So also most Javanese in their natures conceal a small volcano, ready to burst forth at a

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moment's notice. Repeated bloody uprisings of the natives in different parts of the island have proved the insecurity of the small number of Dutch residents—fifty thousand against twenty-six million. Therefore the most formidable building in the spreading capital of Surakarta, with its shady avenues and forests of gigantic tropical trees, is a stern Dutch fortress with huge walls, moats, and drawbridges. The stances. The present Mangkoe Negoro is a man of education, prouder of his distinction as honorary colonel of the Dutch army than of his exalted princely rank. Therefore he is allowed to maintain, at his own expense, an army of a thousand well-drilled Javanese soldiers, who at any moment would march upon the Susuhunan's palace at the will of their master, which is also the will of the Dutch Resident.



From a photograph

SOME OF THE EMPEROR'S WIVES IN A DANCE

guns are pointed toward the imperial palace near by, and a strong Dutch garrison, aided by a battalion of armed citizens, support the authority of the Resident. The latter's stately palace, the club-house, church, theater, and the dwellings of the few Europeans, are situated within a radius of a few hundred yards from the castle, or "Vastenburg."

These precautions would, however, be of little avail in case of a sudden outbreak, and, to guard more effectually against such emergencies, the Dutch very wisely uphold the sovereignty of a second emperor, the Mangkoe Negoro, pitting one emperor against the other, according to circum-

The Mangkoe Negoro owns a smaller empire within the Susuhunan's little empire—really a number of enclaves, governed by his own officials and absolutely independent of "the Nail of the Universe." Although the two princes are apparently on excellent terms, the Susuhunan having even chosen the Mangkoe Negoro's daughter for his first empress, they are in constant dread of each other, and the existing jealousy is ingeniously fostered by the Dutch: *Divide et impera* is the *Leitmotif* of their rule.

Naturally it is not to the interest of the Dutch that the Susuhunan should devote his enormous revenues, amounting to

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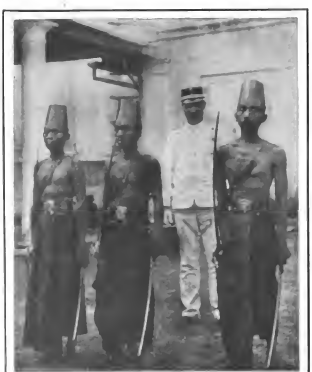


From a photograph

BRIDAL CHAMBER IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT SURAKARTA

several millions, to military purposes or to strengthen his hold upon the Javanese by personal government. His thoughts are diverted from such channels, and not having the various resources of European court life at his disposal, no costly courttheaters, corps de ballet, racing-stables, or art-galleries to support, no great expenses for traveling and amusements, the emperor devotes most of his time to the harmless intricacies of the most stupendous court ceremonial, which, with a nation so courteous and refined as is the Javanese, surpasses everything to be seen at any other imperial residence.

It is no easy matter to obtain access to the *kraton*, as the vast palace compound is called. Many travelers, including Miss Scidmore, whose delightful Javanese sketches in THE CENTURY will be remembered, have vainly applied for permission to have a glimpse of the strange life within the double line of high white-washed stone walls inclosing the kraton grounds. I surely would have fared as poorly had I not been favored with letters to the Dutch colonial authorities by two reigning sovereigns of Europe. The Resident at Surakarta, in deference to these letters, appealed to the Emperor for an audience for myself and my wife, Minnie Hauk, who, as an operatic favorite of the Dutch, had a special title to this exceptional honor.



From a photograph

IMPERIAL CAVALRYMEN



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From a photograph

'RAMPOK," THE TIGER-KILLING FESTIVAL AT SURAKARTA

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We were on a visit to the Resident, Heer de Vogel, at his sumptuous palace (which, like all the buildings in this part of Java, is, owing to frequent earthquakes, only one story high), when messengers from the Nail of the Universe appeared. They were shaded by an enormous state umbrella of yellow silk bordered by a wide stripe of gold, with a three-yard long staff. Under this portable tent, carried by a powerful Javanese, marched the bearer of the imperial letter. This missive, wrapped in a yellow silk cloth, was most ceremoniously handed to the Resident. It was written in Dutch, and the first eight or ten lines enumerated some of the principal titles of the Emperor, then the titles of the Emperor's "father," as the Resident is officially called; and this bulky epistle closed with a single line granting the audience and appointing the time for the following evening.

Surakarta is the paradise of umbrellas. They are carried proudly over the heads of every official and every nobleman, but invariably are shut at the approach of a person of higher rank, and inside the kraton no umbrella may be carried open, except that of the Emperor himself. The umbrella is the crown, the wand of office, the outward sign of rank and distinction. There are umbrellas of gold inside and out for the Emperor; of gold outside only for the Empress; with a stripe of yellow satin for the Emperor's brothers; with a wider stripe of the same material for his illegitimate brothers; of white silk with a narrow gold stripe for the illegitimate sons of the legitimate brothers, and so on *ad infinitum*. Every official, every military officer, exhibits his rank in his umbrella, which is invariably held from behind by an attendant whenever he leaves his house, in sunshine or in cloudy weather.

There is an official guide-book to the umbrella labyrinth of Surakarta, which contains not less than three hundred various designs, in all imaginable colors and ornamentation. Every rank is entitled to a differently designed staff, and, in order to give due importance to all articles belonging to persons of high rank, such as letters or betel-boxes or spittoons (invariably carried behind such persons by special attendants whenever they go out), these articles are shaded by special umbrellas when their owner does not precede them.

While partaking of our midday meal on the terrace of the hotel, I observed a number of officials passing. Some were carrying a yellow, coffin-shaped box, while an attendant held an umbrella of gold and yellow over it. These being the imperial colors, we imagined that the Susuhunan himself was passing, or that it was the funeral procession of some imperial prince. Upon inquiry we learned that the box contained the puddings and various vegetables provided by the Resident for the imperial table. The Susuhunan, although very much married and father of many sons, has not yet been blessed by his first empress with a son, who alone can succeed him on the throne. In constant dread of being poisoned by some other aspirant to the gold umbrella, he has his daily nourishment cooked at his "father's" kitchen.

At the time appointed for our audience with the Nail of the Universe, his personal aide-de-camp, a Dutch cavalry officer, called at the hotel in a state carriage, to convey us to the kraton. In obedience to the Resident's advice, we had adorned ourselves with all our badges and stars. An attendant at the back of our carriage held a richly gilded state umbrella. Crossing a vast square separating the city from the kraton, we alighted under enormous trees in front of the kraton gates, as nobody may ride inside the palace grounds. On a later occasion, when driven to the kraton under the guidance of the Emperor's eldest brother, Prince Flower-pot, we noticed his Imperial Highness leaving his own shoes in the carriage and entering the sacred precincts barefooted.

Each of the heavy gates, each passageway connecting the various courts which we passed, was guarded by imperial cavalry, not, as we were accustomed to see horsemen, in high boots and with spurs, but wearing simply the usual dress of the Javanese, a loin-cloth, the sarong, reaching to their ankles, held together around the waist by a leather belt with a cartridge-pouch, and the inevitable kris, or native dagger. The upper part of their bodies was bare, and on their heads they wore a high silk cap shaped like a flower-pot reversed. Every gate was surmounted by the imperial coat of arms, with sun, half-moon, and stars as heraldic emblems. The wide halls and galleries were highly ornamented and well kept, the whole kraton making



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indeed a striking impression. Chamberlains and court officials, all with bare bodies and bare feet, strolled about, and there were groups of women here and there, all belonging to the imperial household. We passed an enormous dining-hall, gorgeously furnished in European style, the tiled roof resting on beautifully carved and gilded columns, and finally entered the central audience-hall (see page 759), one of the most gorgeous rooms I have seen at any Oriental court. Its white marble floor, shining like a mirror, rises about three feet from the ground, with marble steps leading to it. The columns supporting the ornamented ceiling are in gold and white. Hundreds of lights were burning in costly chandeliers of gold bronze and crystal, thus illuminating the fine old portraits of former rulers. Female palace guards crouched on the stone steps; mistresses of ceremony stood erect near the door opposite, bowing low with folded hands as we entered the hall. While we admired our strange surroundings I was startled by the sharp ring of a telephone bell—and, behold, hidden between two of the old portraits there was indeed a telephone!

But we had no time to reflect on the American conquest of the world, for the wide folding door at the farther end of the hall was thrown open, and a still stranger sight presented itself to our eyes. Through the door we saw another hall, smaller but even more gorgeous than the one in which we were, surrounded by hundreds of crouching women, all dressed in sarongs of different patterns, wound round the body, leaving the shoulders and arms bare. Curiously shaped jewelry glistened in their flatly combed black hair. Women of every age, some very young and pretty, all chewing betel, looked at us with their large black eyes. The marble platform itself, covered with a beautiful carpet, was occupied by strange people. Chairs were placed on three sides of the platform, and on these sat what I took to be actors of his Majesty's theater: young men with thickly powdered faces and shaved eye-




VISITING CARD OF "THE NAIL OF THE UNIVERSE"

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brows, large black streaks painted above them, and black streaks as mustaches, somewhat in the fashion of clowns in our pantomimes. The hair was carefully combed back and tied up most artistically with dark-colored handkerchiefs, the ends protruding on the sides like donkeys' ears. Open black jackets with silk facings, like dress-coats without tails, spotless white shirt-fronts with large diamond studs, and long sarongs in strange patterns completed their costume. Their small, well-shaped feet were bare, with slippers lying before them on the ground. On the right of the men sat several women, also wearing jackets and sarongs, but beautifully embroidered and literally bedecked with costly jewelry.

I could not continue my observations, for the Dutch captain, who, with his wife, accompanied us, whispered to me, "The Emperor," and bowed low three times before the assemblage on the platform. We naturally did the same, while ascending the steps. But hardly had the young man in the center, who was blazing with diamonds, noticed my wife than he jumped from his seat and quickly approached, fixing his large eyes upon a decoration she wore. "Hey, hey!" he shouted, gesticulating at her. Suddenly the young man noticed my decorations, and, leaving my wife, inspected them with the eyes of a connoisseur, not taking the least notice of me personally, and jabbering rapidly.

At last the captain succeeded in presenting us to the young man with the clown's face; for this was his Majesty the Emperor of Surakarta, and the young lady next to his seat was his principal empress. The Susuhunan now seemed to recognize the childishness of his behavior, for he pulled himself together and introduced his brothers and the princesses, one of them being his mother. Then he wished me to be seated next to him, while my wife was asked to occupy the chair next the Empress.

The principal theme of the conversation which followed was the decorations we wore. The Emperor had never seen a lady wearing orders; nor are the Dutch officials, almost the only Europeans he ever sees, specially bestowed with these glittering ornaments. We had to tell him about them, and he could not understand how a lady could be decorated for merely singing and acting. All the while, the Emperor, and indeed the whole company, chewed betel. A repulsive-looking old creature who crouched at the Emperor's feet was intently watching his face, and offering him at intervals a richly bejeweled gold spittoon. At a sign from the Emperor, the crouching figure folded her hands before her ugly face and whispered a few words to a female dwarf squatting behind the Emperor's throne. The dwarf did the same to a number of young women in the background, and quickly, silently disappearing in the vast dark room behind the hall, they brought wine and coffee on gold trays, offering them to us, always seated on their haunches and walking on the toes.

We had heard a good deal of the curious ballet which is a specialty of the Javanese imperial court, but which very few have had the privilege of witnessing. During our conversation I alluded to the ballet. The Emperor spoke a few words to his special attendant, and a few minutes later nine young ladies, daughters of the highest noblemen of the empire, and good-looking, in the Javanese meaning of the word, appeared from behind the throne. They marched in single file, setting their tiny bare feet before them as if balancing on a rope. Their set faces, downcast eyes, and slow, measured movements were well in keeping with the funeral music of the *gamelang*.

They first placed themselves in two rows, and, throwing themselves on the ground, touched it with their foreheads. Then began their posing: for Javanese dancing is a succession of most graceful figures, poses, and movements of the body, all executed with the greatest precision. Every motion, even that of their finger-tips, was in unison. No part of their bodies was visible except their faces, shoulders and arms, and feet. Though in continual motion, they seldom lifted their feet from the ground or changed their places. The long sash suspended from the waist helped them to vary the dancing figures, at the termination of which they suddenly drew pistols from under their belts, discharged them with such precision that almost one single shot was heard, and, bowing again, retired slowly to the inner apartments.

After a short pause another group of dancers appeared, consisting only of four young women, the acme of beauty according to Javanese ideas. I was told they were

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wives of the Susuhunan, and upon my venturing to compliment his Majesty upon their bewitching appearance, he smiled with satisfaction and remarked: "Oh, I have fifty more just as beautiful." Their dancing differed from that already described, only their movements were, if possible, still more perfect examples of feminine grace.

Other dancing and theatricals followed, always accompanied by the monotonous sounds of the gamelang. In the course of the evening I asked the Emperor's permission sometime to inspect the regalia of the empire. His Majesty at once signed to his ugly attendant, and the whole imperial outfit was brought before me. A number of young women, walking in a crouching position, appeared, each ceremoniously carrying some precious object. I knew that Malay rulers do not wear crowns or scepters, but such paraphernalia as was laid before us I should never have dreamed of. There were images of elephants, horses, peacocks, and even the figure of a goose, all of gold or silver and covered with precious stones, a gold lantern containing an ordinary oil-lamp, gold spittoons, betel-boxes, boxes for siris-leaves, and handkerchiefs. All this regalia is carried behind the Emperor whenever he appears in state outside the kraton. There were also huge parade weapons of all sorts—lances, daggers, krises, swords, all of curious shapes and of the richest ornamentation. The Susuhunan explained the uses of all these things with childish pride. Suddenly he said a few words to those behind him, and another series of boxes and chests were brought in, containing a most bewildering mass of jewelry and precious stones, especially diamonds of great size and value. At the same time there was a never-ceasing procession of young women emerging from the sovereign's private apartments.

The extreme courtesy he had shown during this long evening encouraged me to ask permission to inspect these articles at leisure. He readily consented, and commanded his eldest brother, Prince Flower-pot, who sat beside me, to show us everything the following day. Then he bade us farewell, warmly shaking our hands, and we returned to the hotel. The next morning a curious procession, shaded by yellow umbrellas, appeared on the hotel terrace. Prince Flower-pot alighted from his carriage and entered our sitting-room, followed by a number of imperial attendants, each carrying a package wrapped in yellow silk. The prince presented to me with great ceremony the visiting-card of his Majesty; then, taking from an attendant what appeared to me like a red silk umbrella, carefully untied the strings at one end, and drawing from the covering a walking-stick, handed it to me. It was a magnificent cane with a knob of gold bearing the Emperor's initials, "P. B. X.," set in diamonds. It was the sovereign's own cane, and a present to me. I bowed my thanks. But more presents followed: albums of photographic views of the kraton, portraits of the imperial princes and princesses, guards, festivals, etc., sarongs of imperial pattern, eight of which were handed to my wife as a present from the first empress, and finally large photographs of the imperial couple, bearing their own signatures.

Finally the prince invited us to enter the carriage for a visit to the kraton. There he showed us the vast halls, reception- and dining-rooms, as well as the Emperor's private apartments in every detail; even the bridal chamber was not forgotten. This gorgeously furnished room is formed of richly ornamented glass walls, the principal object in it being a monumental bed of gold and silk. In this room the imperial couple remain closeted for five days after the marriage ceremony. The bridal chamber for princes of the blood is, curiously enough, not in their own palaces, but at the palace of the prime minister or grand vizir. On one of the following days we were fortunate enough to be able to see it, for, considering the great number of princes and the still greater number of marriages, this room is very much in demand.

The Susuhunan leaves the kraton once or twice a week in order to take a drive through his capital, but for each of these outings permission has to be given by the Resident. Then a procession of probably twenty-five carriages, accompanied by hundreds of attendants and state umbrella-bearers, is seen emerging from the principal entrance of the kraton, the Emperor's carriage being easily recognizable by the Dutch dragoon guard which accompanies the Susuhunan wherever he goes. On certain occasions, like the birthday of the Emperor or of Queen Wilhelmina of Hol-

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land, or religious festivals, the Susuhunan appears before his subjects in great state. At the appointed hour all the guns of the Dutch fort and of the Javanese army begin thundering, the troops fire volley after volley, all the military bands and Javanese gamelangs play, the principal gate of the kraton is thrown wide open, and the imperial procession appears. No carnival procession was ever more fantastic than this, headed by troops of various body-guards, all dressed in grotesque uniforms, all dancing and contorting their bodies, thousands of attendants, hundreds of princes and their retainers, high mandarins and court officials in quaint costumes, followed by the Emperor himself on the arm of his "father," the Resident, and surrounded by the ever-present Dutch dragoons.

On either side squads of imperial Amazon guards march in gaily colored sarongs, holding long lances horizontally as if ready to be thrown. Following the Emperor, all the state regalia is carried by women, and the procession ends with the European officials and planters, and the Javanese palace attendants of both sexes, numbering about ten thousand! As a matter of course every person entitled to an umbrella has this sign of his rank displayed above him, making a perfect forest of huge *pajongs* of all colors and designs.

The procession winds its way to a high platform above the kraton walls, the Emperor and his "father" taking their seats on two thrones, that of the Resident being somewhat higher than the Emperor's. All the native princes and officials crouch at a respectful distance on the ground, dressed only in their sarongs, the upper part of their dusky bodies being entirely bare. In this humiliating posture they remain the whole time, their hands folded before their noses, their eyes downcast, even the prime minister not daring to glance at the Emperor, who, in the attitude of a stone Buddha, sits immovable on his throne. At his command the troops march past the imperial platform, followed by the body-guards and lance-bearers, some uniformed in ancient Dutch dress with high felt hats, Directoire style, others in grotesque Javanese fashion. Behind the army the entire population of the kraton, with all the thousands of women, march past the Emperor, a large number of them carrying huge baskets or drawing carts filled with eatables, eggs, rice, fruits, and sweets, for distribution among the people who throng the vast squares. At a sign from the Emperor all these things are dealt out. White wine and sweets are offered to the distinguished company on the platform. After the healths of the Susuhunan, Queen Wilhelmina, and the Resident have been drunk, the Susuhunan retires; but the real festivities have only begun—for the throng, eating and drinking, visit the long rows of booths, where they are entertained by players, dancers, and acrobats till late at night.

On these occasions tiger-fights frequently take place. Only a short time before my visit to Surakarta the Emperor gave a tiger-fight for the entertainment of the people. Java is the tiger country *par excellence*, where a considerable number of natives are killed and eaten by these royal beasts every year. On one side of the kraton I was shown an inclosure where several enormous tigers, the property of the Emperor, were kept in rickety cages and fed on dogs. I also saw some tigers in cages inside the gates. At the tiger-fights of Surakarta a large square is formed by hundreds of volunteers, Europeans and Javanese, all armed with long lances. They stand in three rows, their lances pointed to the center of the square. In the effort to escape by jumping over the human wall and triple row of lances a tiger is soon killed.

There are many other forms of entertainment, as curious as they are ancient, at this strange imperial court, but the strangest are the person and surroundings of the Susuhunan himself.



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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

### XXVIII



HERE is no need of going into an extended recital of our suffering in the small boat during the many days we were driven and drifted, here and there, willy-nilly, across the ocean. The high wind blew from the northwest for twenty-four hours, when it fell calm, and in the night sprang up from the southwest. This was dead in our teeth, but I took in the sea-anchor and set sail, hauling a course on the wind that took us in a south-southeasterly direction. It was an even choice between this and the west-northwesterly course that the wind permitted; but the warm airs of the south fanned my desire for a warmer sea and swayed my decision.

In three hours—it was midnight, I well remember, and as dark as I had ever seen it on the sea—the wind, still blowing out of the southwest, rose furiously, and once again I was compelled to set the sea-anchor.

Day broke and found me wan-eyed and the ocean lashed white, the boat pitching, almost on end, to its drag. We were in imminent danger of being swamped by the whitecaps. As it was, spray and spume came aboard in such quantities that I baled without cessation. The blankets were soaking. Everything was wet except Maud, and she, in oilskins, rubber boots, and sou'wester, was dry, all but her face and hands and a stray wisp of hair. She relieved me at the baling-hole from time to time, and bravely she threw out the water and faced the storm. All things are relative. It was no more than a stiff blow; but to us, fighting for life in our frail craft, it was indeed a storm.

Cold and cheerless, the wind beating on our faces, the white seas roaring by, we struggled through the day. Night came, but neither of us slept. Day came, and still the wind beat on our faces and the white seas roared past. By the second night Maud was falling asleep from exhaustion. I covered her with oilskins and a tarpaulin. She was comparatively dry, but she was numb with the cold. I feared greatly that she might die in the night; but day broke, cold and cheerless, with the same clouded sky and beating wind and roaring seas.

I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. I was wet and chilled to the marrow, till I felt more dead than alive. My body was stiff from exertion as well as from cold, and my aching muscles gave me the severest torture whenever I used them—and I used them continually. And all the time we were being driven off into the northeast, directly away from Japan and toward bleak Bering Sea.

And still we lived, and the boat lived, and the wind blew unabated. In fact, toward nightfall of the third day it increased a trifle and something more. The boat's bow plunged under a crest, and we came through quarter full of water. I baled like a madman. The liability of shipping another such sea was enormously increased by the water that weighed the boat down and robbed it of its buoyancy. And another such sea meant the end. When I had the boat empty again I was forced to take away the tarpaulin that covered Maud, in order that I might lash it down across the bow. It was well I did, for it covered the boat fully a third of the way aft, and three times in the next several hours it flung off the bulk of the down-rushing water when the bow shoved under the seas.



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Maud's condition was pitiable. She sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, her lips blue, her face gray and plainly showing the pain she suffered. But ever her eyes looked bravely at me, and ever her lips uttered brave words.

The worst of the storm must have blown that night, though little I noticed it. I had succumbed and slept where I sat in the stern-sheets. The morning of the fourth day found the wind diminished to a gentle whisper, the sea dying down, and the sun shining upon us. Oh, the blessed sun! How we bathed our poor bodies in its delicious warmth, reviving like insects and crawling things after a storm! We smiled again, said amusing things, and waxed optimistic over our situation. Yet it was, if anything, worse than ever. We were farther away from Japan than the night we left the *Ghost*. Nor could I more than roughly guess our latitude and longitude. At a calculation of a two-mile drift per hour, during the seventy and odd hours of the storm we had been driven at least one hundred and fifty miles to the northeast. But was such calculated drift correct? For all I knew, it might have been four miles per hour instead of two, in which case we were another hundred and fifty miles to the bad.

Where we were I did not know, though there was quite a likelihood that we were in the vicinity of the *Ghost*. There were seals about us, and I was prepared to sight a sealing-schooner at any time. We did sight one, in the afternoon, when the northwest breeze had sprung up freshly once more; but the strange schooner lost itself on the sky-line, and we alone occupied the circle of the sea.

Came days of fog, when even Maud's spirit drooped and there were no merry words upon her lips; days of calm, when we floated on the lonely immensity of sea, oppressed by its greatness and yet marveling at the miracle of tiny life, for we still lived and struggled to live; days of sleet and wind and snow-squalls, when nothing could keep us warm; or days of drizzling rain, when we filled our water-breakers from the drip of the wet sail.

And ever I loved Maud with an increasing love. She was so many-sided, so many-mooded—"Protean-mooded" I called her. But I called her this, and other and dearer things, in my thoughts only. Though the declaration of my love urged and trembled on my tongue a thousand times, I knew that it was no time for such a declaration. If for no other reason, it was no time, when one was protecting and trying to save a woman, to ask that woman for her love. Delicate as was the situation, not alone in this but in other ways, I flattered myself that I was able to deal delicately with it; and also I flattered myself that by look or sign I gave no advertisement of the love I felt for her. We were like good comrades, and we grew better comrades as the days went by.

One thing about her that surprised me was her lack of timidity and fear. The terrible sea, the frail boat, the storms, the suffering, the strangeness and isolation of the situation,—all that should have frightened a robust woman,—seemed to make no impression upon her who had known life only in its most sheltered and consummately artificial aspects, and who was herself all fire and dew and mist, sublimated spirit—all that was soft and tender and clinging in woman. And yet I am wrong. She *was* timid and afraid, but she possessed courage. The flesh and the qualms of the flesh she was heir to, but the flesh bore heavily only on the flesh. And she was spirit, first and always spirit, etherealized essence of life, as calm as her calm eyes, and sure of permanence in the changing order of the universe.

Came days of storm, days and nights of storm, when the ocean menaced us with its roaring whiteness and the wind smote our struggling boat with a Titan's buffets. And ever we were flung off farther and farther to the northeast. It was in such a storm, and the worst that we had experienced, that I cast a weary glance to leeward, not in quest of anything, but more from the weariness of facing the elemental strife and in mute appeal, almost, to the wrathful powers to cease and let us be. What I saw I could not at first believe: days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety had doubtless turned my head. I looked back at Maud, to identify myself, as it were, in time and space. The sight of her dear wet cheeks, her flying hair, and her brave brown eyes convinced me that my vision was still healthy. Again I turned my face to leeward, and again I saw the jutting promontory, black and high and naked, the raging surf that broke about its base and

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beat its front high up with spouting fountains, the black and forbidding coast-line running toward the southeast and fringed with a tremendous scarf of white.

"Maud," I said, "Maud."

She turned her head and beheld the sight.

"It cannot be Alaska!" she cried.

"No," I answered; and asked, "Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Neither can I," I said. "So we must get ashore without swimming, in some opening between the rocks through which we can drive the boat and clamber out. But we must be quick, very quick—and sure."

I spoke with a confidence she knew I did not feel, for she looked at me with that unfaltering gaze of hers and said:

"I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for me, but—"

She hesitated, as if in doubt how best to word her gratitude.

"Well?" I said brutally, for I was not quite pleased with her thanking me.

"You might help me," she smiled.

"To acknowledge your obligations before you die? Not at all. We are not going to die. We shall land on that island, and we shall be snug and sheltered before the day is done."

I spoke stoutly, but I did not believe a word. Nor was I prompted to lie through fear. I felt no fear, though I was sure of death in that boiling surge among the rocks which was rapidly growing nearer. It was impossible to hoist sail and claw off that shore. The wind would instantly capsize the boat; the seas would swamp it the moment it fell into the trough; and, besides, the sail, lashed to the spare oars, dragged in the sea ahead of us.

As I say, I was not afraid to meet my own death there, a few hundred yards to leeward; but I was appalled at the thought that Maud must die. My cursed imagination saw her beaten and mangled against the rocks, and it was too terrible. I strove to compel myself to think we would make the landing safely, and so I spoke not what I believed, but what I preferred to believe.

I recoiled before contemplation of that frightful death, and for a moment I entertained the wild idea of seizing Maud in my arms and leaping overboard. Then I resolved to wait, and at the last moment, when we entered on the final stretch, to take her in my arms and proclaim my love, and, with her in my embrace, to make the desperate struggle and die.

Instinctively we drew closer together in the bottom of the boat. I felt her mittened hand come out to mine; and thus, without speech, we waited the end. We were not far off the line the wind made with the western edge of the promontory, and I watched in the hope that some set of the current or send of the sea would drift us past before we reached the surf.

"We shall go clear," I said, with a confidence that I knew deceived neither of us. Five minutes later I cried: "By God! We shall go clear!"

The oath left my lips in my excitement—the first, I do believe, in my life, unless "trouble it," an expletive of my youth, be accounted an oath.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"You have convinced me for the first time of your sincerity," she said, with a faint smile. "I do know now that we shall go clear."

I had seen a distant headland past the extreme edge of the promontory, and as we looked we could see grow the intervening coast-line of what was evidently a deep cove. At the same time there broke upon our ears a continuous and mighty bellowing. It partook of the magnitude and volume of distant thunder, and it came to us directly from leeward, rising above the crash of the surf and traveling directly in the teeth of the storm. As we passed the point, the whole cove burst upon our view, a half-moon of white sandy beach upon which broke a huge surf and which was covered with myriads of seals. It was from them that the great bellowing went up.

"A rookery!" I cried. "Now are we indeed saved. There must be men and cruisers to protect them from the seal-hunters. Possibly there is a station ashore."

But as I studied the surf that beat upon the beach, I said: "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland and come upon a perfectly sheltered beach where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the southwest wind; but once around the second,—and we went perilously close,—

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we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened! It penetrated deep into the land, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth ground-swell, and I took in the sea-anchor and began to row. From the point the shore curved away more and more to the south and west, until, at last, it disclosed a cove within the cove, a little landlocked harbor, the water as level as a pond, broken only by tiny ripples, where vagrant breaths and wisps of the storm hurtled down from over the frowning wall of rock that backed the beach a hundred feet inshore.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maud. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released hers, she clutched for my arm hastily. At the same moment I swayed, as if about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the cessation of motion. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves automatically for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maud said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attended to making the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we called it, land-sick from long custom of the sea.

## XXIX

"Fool!" I cried aloud in my vexation.

I had unloaded the boat and carried its contents high up on the beach, where I had set about making a camp. There was driftwood, though not much, on the beach, and the sight of a coffee-tin I had taken from the *Ghost's* larder had given me the idea of a fire.

"Blithering idiot!" I was continuing.

But Maud said, "Tut! tut!" in gentle reproval, and then asked why I was a blithering idiot.

"No matches!" I groaned. "Not a match did I bring! And now we shall have no hot coffee, soup, tea, nor anything."

"Was n't it—er—Crusoe who rubbed sticks together?" she drawled.

"But I have read the personal narratives of a score of shipwrecked men who tried, and tried in vain," I answered. "I remember Winters, a newspaper fellow with an Alaskan and Siberian reputation. Met him at the Bibelot once, and he was telling us how he attempted to make a fire with a couple of sticks. It was most amusing. He told it inimitably, but it was the story of a failure. I remember his conclusion, his black eyes flashing as he said: 'Gentlemen, the South Sea Islander may do it, the Malay may do it, but, take my word, it 's beyond the white man.'"

"Oh, well, we 've managed so far without it," she said cheerfully; "and there 's no reason why we cannot still manage without it."

"But think of the coffee!" I cried. "It 's good coffee, too. I know; I took it from Larsen's private stores. And look at that good wood."

I confess that I wanted the coffee badly, and I learned not long afterward that the berry was likewise a little weakness of Maud's. Besides, we had been so long on a cold diet that we were numb inside as well as out. Anything warm would have been most gratifying. But I complained no more, and set about making a tent of the sail for Maud.

I had looked upon it as a simple task, what with the oars, mast, boom, and sprit, to say nothing of plenty of lines. But as I was without experience, and as every detail was an experiment and every successful detail an invention, the day was well gone before her shelter was an accomplished fact. And then that night it rained, and Maud was flooded out and driven back into the boat.

The next morning I dug a shallow ditch around the tent, and, an hour later, a sudden gust of wind, whipping over the rocky wall behind us, picked up the tent and smashed it down on the sand thirty yards away.

Maud laughed at my crestfallen expression, and I said: "As soon as the wind abates I intend going in the boat to explore the island. There must be a station somewhere, and men. And ships must visit the station. Some government must protect all these seals. But I wish to have you comfortable before I start."

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"I should like to go with you," was all she said.

"It would be better if you remained. You have had enough of hardship. It is a miracle that you have survived. And it won't be comfortable in the boat, rowing and sailing in this rainy weather. What you need is rest, and I should like you to remain and get it."

Something suspiciously akin to moistness dimmed her beautiful eyes before she dropped them and partly turned away her head.

"I should prefer going with you," she said in a low voice, in which there was just a hint of appeal.

"I might be able to help you a—" her voice broke—"a little. And if anything should happen to you, think of me left here alone."

"Oh, I intend being very careful," I answered. "And I shall not go so far but what I can get back before night. Yes, all said and done, I think it vastly better for you to remain and sleep and rest and do nothing."

She turned and looked me in the eyes. Her gaze was soft but unfaltering.

"Please, please!" she said very softly.

I stiffened myself to refuse, and shook my head. Still she waited and looked at me. I tried to word my refusal, but wavered. I saw the glad light spring into her eyes, and knew that I had lost. It was impossible to say no after that.

The wind died down in the afternoon, and we were prepared to start the following morning. There was no way of penetrating the island from our cove, for the walls rose perpendicularly from the beach, and on each side of the cove rose from the deep water.

Morning broke dull and gray, but calm, and I was awake early and had the boat in readiness.

"Fool! Imbecile! Yahoo!" I shouted, when I thought it was meet to arouse Maud; but this time I shouted in merriment as I danced about the beach, bareheaded, in mock despair.

Her head appeared under the flap of the sail.

"What now?" she asked sleepily and, withal, curiously.

"Coffee!" I cried. "What do you say to a cup of coffee—hot coffee, piping hot?"

"My!" she murmured, "you startled me. And you are cruel. Here I have been composing my soul to do without it, and here you are vexing me with your vain suggestions."

"Watch me," I said.

From under clefts among the rocks I gathered a few dry sticks and chips. These I whittled into shavings or split into kindling. From my note-book I tore out a page, and from the ammunition-box took a shot-gun shell. Removing the wads from the latter with my knife, I emptied the powder on a flat rock. Next I pried the primer, or cap, from the shell, and laid it on the rock in the midst of the scattered powder. All was ready. Maud still watched from the tent. Holding the paper in my left hand, I smashed down upon the cap with a rock held in my right. There was a puff of white smoke, a burst of flame, and the rough edge of the paper was alight.

Maud clapped her hands gleefully. "Prometheus!" she cried.

But I was far too busy to acknowledge her delight. The feeble flame must be cherished tenderly if it were to gather strength and live. I fed it shaving by shaving and sliver by sliver, till at last it was snapping and crackling as it laid hold of the smaller chips and sticks. To be cast away on an island had not entered into my calculations, so we were without a kettle or cooking-utensils of any sort; but I made shift with the tin used for baling the boat, and later, as we consumed our supply of canned goods, we accumulated quite an imposing array of cooking-vessels.

I boiled the water, but it was Maud who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumpled sea-biscuit and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we would find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering Sea were thus guarded; but Maud advanced the theory —to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come —that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good spirits, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we

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must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last, but there are the seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. Then there will be huts to build, and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try out seal fat for lighting purposes. Altogether, we 'll have our hands full if we find the island uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses, and landing occasionally, without finding a sign of human life. Yet we learned that we were not the first that had landed on Endeavor Island. High up on the beach of the second cove from ours, we discovered the splintered wreck of a boat—a sealer's boat, for the rowlocks were bound in sennit, a gun-rack was on the starboard side of the bow, and in white letters was faintly visible *Gazelle No. 2*. The boat had lain there for a long time, for it was half filled with sand, and the splintered wood had that weather-worn appearance due to long exposure to the elements. In the stern-sheets I found a rusty ten-gage shot-gun and a sailor's sheath-knife broken short across and so rusted as to be almost unrecognizable.

"They got away," I said cheerfully; but I felt a sinking at the heart and seemed to divine the presence of bleached bones somewhere on that beach.

I did not wish Maud's spirits to be dampened by such a find, so I turned seaward again with our boat and skirted the northeastern point of the island. There were no beaches on the southern shore, and by early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated its circumference at twenty-five miles, its width as varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals. The island was highest at its extreme southwestern point, the headlands and backbone diminishing regularly until the northeastern portion was only a few feet above the sea. With the exception of our little cove, the other beaches sloped gently back for a distance of half a mile or so, into what I might call rocky meadows, with here and there patches of moss and tundra grass. Here the seals hauled out, and the old bulls guarded their harems, while the young bulls hauled out by themselves.

This brief description is all that Endeavor Island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm-winds and lashed by the sea, with the air continually a-tremble with the bellowing of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning-place. Maud, who had prepared me for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kindling another fire I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail-tent.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips, for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported; for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I still slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibilities at all. Then, on the *Ghost*, I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for some one else. And it was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

XXX

No wonder we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut. Maud insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And still, I was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pittance of strength bending to the tasks of a peasant woman. She gathered many of the stones that I built into the walls of the hut; also, she turned a deaf ear to my entreaties when I

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begged her to desist. She compromised, however, by taking upon herself the lighter labors of cooking and of gathering driftwood and moss for our winter's supply.

The hut's walls rose without difficulty, and everything went smoothly until the problem of the roof confronted me. Of what use the four walls without a roof? And of what could a roof be made? There were the spare oars, very true. They would serve as roof-beams; but with what was I to cover them? Moss would never do. Tundra grass was impracticable. We needed the sail for the boat, and the tarpaulin had begun to leak.

"Winters used walrus-skins on his hut," I said.

"There are the seals," she suggested.

So next day the hunting began. I did not know how to shoot, but I proceeded to learn. And when I had expended some thirty shells for three seals, I decided that the ammunition would be exhausted before I acquired the necessary knowledge. I had used eight shells for lighting fires before I hit upon the device of banking the embers with wet moss, and there remained not over a hundred shells in the box.

"We must club the seals," I announced, when convinced of my poor marksmanship. "I have heard the sealers talk about clubbing them."

"They are so pretty," she objected. "I cannot bear to think of it being done. It is so directly brutal, you know, so different from shooting them."

"That roof must go on," I answered grimly. "Winter is almost here. It is our lives against theirs. It is unfortunate we have n't plenty of ammunition, but I think, anyway, that they suffer less from being clubbed than from being all shot up. Besides, I shall do the clubbing."

"That 's just it," she began eagerly, and broke off in sudden confusion.

"Of course," I began, "if you prefer—"

"But what shall I be doing?" she interrupted, with that softness I knew full well to be insistence.

"Gathering fire-wood and cooking dinner," I answered lightly.

She shook her head. "It is too dangerous for you to attempt alone.

"I know, I know," she waived my protest. "I am only a weak woman, but just my small assistance may enable you to escape disaster."

"But the clubbing?" I suggested.

"Of course you will do that. I shall probably scream. I 'll look away when—"

"The danger is most serious," I laughed.

"I shall use my judgment when to look and when not to look," she replied, with a grand air.

The upshot of the affair was that she accompanied me next morning. I rowed into the adjoining cove and up to the edge of the beach. There were seals all about us in the water, and the bellowing thousands on the beach compelled us to shout at each other to make ourselves heard.

"I know men club them," I said, trying to reassure myself, and gazing doubtfully at a large bull, not thirty feet away, upreared on his fore flippers and regarding me intently. "But the question is, how do they club them?"

"Let us gather tundra grass and thatch the roof," Maud said.

She was as frightened as I at the prospect, and we had reason to be, gazing at close range at the gleaming teeth and dog-like mouths.

"I always thought they were afraid of men," I said. "How do I know they are not afraid?" I queried a moment later, after having rowed a few more strokes along the beach. "Perhaps if I were to step boldly ashore, they would cut for it and I could not catch up with one."

And still I hesitated.

"I heard of a man once that invaded the nesting-grounds of wild geese," Maud said. "They killed him."

"The geese?"

"Yes, the geese. My brother told me about it when I was a little girl."

"But I know men club them," I persisted.

"I think the tundra grass will make just as good a roof," she said.

Far from her intention, her words were maddening me, driving me on. I could not play the coward before her eyes.

"Here goes," I said, backing water with one oar and running the bow ashore.

I stepped out and advanced valiantly upon a long-maned bull in the midst of his wives. I was armed with the regular club with which the boat-pullers killed the wounded seals gaffed aboard by the hunters. It was only a foot and a half long, and in my superb ignorance I never dreamed that the club used ashore when raiding the rookeries measured four or five

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feet. The cows lumbered out of my way, and the distance between me and the bull decreased. He raised himself on his flippers with an angry movement. We were a dozen feet apart. Still I advanced steadily, looking for him to turn tail at any moment and run.

At six feet the panicky thought rushed into my mind: What if he will not run? Why, then I shall club him, came the answer. In my fear I had forgotten that I was there to get the bull instead of to make him run. And just then he gave a snort and a snarl and rushed at me. His eyes were blazing, his mouth was wide open; the teeth gleamed cruelly white. Without shame, I confess that it was I that turned tail and footed it. He ran awkwardly, but he ran well. He was but two paces behind when I tumbled into the boat, and as I shoved off with an oar his teeth crunched down upon the blade. The stout wood was crushed like an egg-shell. Maud and I were astounded. A moment later he had dived under the boat, seized the keel in his mouth, and was shaking the boat violently.

"My!" said Maud. "Let 's go back."

I shook my head. "I can do what other men have done, and I know that other men have clubbed seals. But I think I 'll leave the bulls alone next time."

"I wish you would n't," she said.

"Now don't say, 'Please, please,'" I cried, half angrily, I do believe.

She made no reply, and I knew my tone must have hurt her.

"I beg your pardon," I said, or shouted, rather, in order to make myself heard above the roar of the rookery. "If you say so, I 'll turn and go back; but honestly, I 'd rather stay."

"Now, don't say that this is what you get for bringing a woman along," she said. She smiled at me whimsically, gloriously, and I knew there was no need for forgiveness.

I rowed a couple of hundred feet along the beach so as to recover my nerves, and then stepped ashore again.

"Do be cautious!" she called after me.

I nodded my head and proceeded to make a flank attack on the nearest harem. All went well until I aimed a blow at an outlying cow's head and fell short. She snorted and tried to scramble away. I ran in close and struck another blow, hitting the shoulder instead of the head.

"Look out!" I heard Maud scream.

In my excitement I had not been taking notice of other things, and I looked up to see the lord of the harem charging down upon me. Again I fled to the boat, hotly pursued; but this time Maud made no suggestion of turning back.

"It would be better, I imagine, if you let harems alone and devoted your attention to lonely and inoffensive-looking seals," was what she said. "I think I have read something about them—Dr. Jordan's book, I believe. They are the young bulls, not old enough to have harems of their own. He called them the holluschickie, or something like that. It seems to me, if we find where they haul out—"

"It seems to me that your fighting instinct is aroused," I laughed.

She flushed quickly and prettily. "I 'll admit I don't like defeat any more than you do, nor any more than I like the idea of killing such pretty, inoffensive creatures."

"Pretty!" I sniffed. "I failed to mark anything preëminently pretty about those foamy-mouthed beasts that raced me."

"Your point of view," she laughed. "You lacked perspective. Now if you did not have to get so close to the subject—"

"The very thing!" I cried. "What I need is a longer club. And there 's that broken oar ready to hand."

"It just comes to me," she said, "that Captain Larsen was telling me how the men raided the rookeries. They drive the seals, in small herds, a short distance inland before they kill them."

"I don't care to undertake the herding of one of those harems," I objected.

"But there are the holluschickie," she said. "The holluschickie haul out by themselves, and Dr. Jordan says that paths are left between the harems, and that as long as the holluschickie keep strictly to the paths they are unmolested by the masters of the harem."

"There 's one now," I said, pointing to a young bull in the water. "Let 's watch him and follow him if he hauls out."

He swam directly to the beach and clambered out into a small opening between two harems, the masters of which made warning noises, but did not attack him. We watched him travel slowly inland, threading about among the harems along what must have been the path.

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"Here goes," I said, stepping out; but I confess my heart was in my mouth as I thought of going through the heart of that monstrous herd.

"It would be wise to make the boat fast," Maud said.

She had stepped out beside me, and I regarded her with wonderment.

She nodded her head determinedly. "Yes, I 'm going with you, so you may as well secure the boat and arm me with a club."

"Let 's go back," I said dejectedly. "I think tundra grass will do, after all."

"You know it won't," was her reply. "Shall I lead?"

With a shrug of the shoulders, but with the warmest admiration and pride at heart for this woman, I equipped her with the broken oar and took another for myself. It was with nervous trepidation that we made the first few rods of the journey. Once Maud screamed in terror as a cow thrust an inquisitive nose toward her foot, and several times I quickened my pace for the same reason. But, beyond warning coughs from each side, there were no signs of hostility. It was a rookery that had never been raided by the hunters, and in consequence the seals were mild-tempered and at the same time unafraid.

In the very heart of the herd the din was terrific. It was almost dizzying in its effect. I paused and smiled reassuringly at Maud, for I had recovered my equanimity sooner than she. I could see that she was still badly frightened. She came close to me and shouted:

"I 'm dreadfully afraid!"

And I was not. Though the novelty had not yet worn off, the peaceful comportment of the seals had quieted my alarm. Maud was trembling.

"I 'm afraid, and I 'm not afraid," she chattered, with shaking jaws. "It 's my miserable body, not I."

"It 's all right; it 's all right," I reassured her, my arm passing instinctively and protectingly around her.

I shall never forget, in that moment, how instantly conscious I became of my manhood. The primitive deeps of my nature stirred. I felt myself masculine, the protector of the weak, the fighting male. And, best of all, I felt myself the protector of my loved one. She leaned against me, so light and lily-frail, and as her trembling eased away it seemed as though I became aware of prodigious strength. I felt myself a match for the most ferocious bull in the herd, and I know, had such a bull charged upon me, that I would have met him unflinchingly and coolly, and I know that I would have killed him.

"I am all right now," she said, looking up at me gratefully. "Let us go on."

And that the strength in me had quieted her and given her confidence filled me with an exultant joy. The youth of the race seemed burgeoning in me, over-civilized man that I was, and I lived for myself the old hunting days and forest nights of my remote and forgotten ancestry. I had much for which to thank Wolf Larsen, was my thought as we went along the path between the jostling harems.

A quarter of a mile inland we came upon the holluschickie—sleek young bulls, living out the loneliness of their bachelorhood and gathering strength against the day when they would fight their way into the ranks of the benedicts.

Everything now went smoothly. I seemed to know just what to do and how to do it. Shouting, making threatening gestures with my club, and even prodding the lazy ones, I quickly cut out a score of the young bachelors from their companions. Whenever one made an attempt to break back toward the water, I headed him off. Maud took an active part in the drive, and with her cries and flourishings of the broken oar was of considerable assistance. I noticed, though, that whenever one looked tired and lagged she let him slip past. But I noticed, also, whenever one, with a show of fight, tried to break past, that her eyes glinted and showed bright and she rapped him smartly with her club.

"My, it 's exciting!" she cried, pausing from sheer weakness. "I think I 'll sit down."

I drove the little herd (a dozen strong, now, what of the escapes she had permitted) a hundred yards farther on; and by the time she joined me I had finished the slaughter and was beginning to skin. An hour later we went proudly back along the path between the harems. And twice again we came down the path burdened with skins, till I thought we had enough to roof the hut. I set the sail, laid one tack out of the cove, and on the other tack made our own little inner cove.

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"It 's just like home-coming," Maud said, as I ran the boat ashore.

I heard her words with a responsive thrill, it was all so dearly intimate and natural, and I said:

"It seems as though I have lived this life always. The world of books and bookish folk is very vague, more like a dream-memory than an actuality. I surely have hunted and forayed and fought all the days of my life. And you, too, seem a part of it. You are—" I was on the verge of saying, "my woman, my mate," but glibly changed it to, "standing the hardship well."

But her ear had caught the flaw. She recognized a flight that midmost broke. She gave me a quick look

"Not that. You were saying—"

"That you are living the life of a savage and living it quite successfully," I said easily.

"Oh," was all she replied; but I could have sworn there was a note of disappointment in her voice.

But "my woman, my mate," kept ringing in my head for the rest of the day and for many days. Yet never did it ring more loudly than that night, as I watched her draw back the blanket of moss from the coals, blow up the fire, and cook the evening meal. It must have been latent savagery stirring in me for the old words, so bound up with the roots of the race, to grip me and thrill me. And grip and thrill they did, till I fell asleep, murmuring them to myself over and over again.

## XXXI

"It will smell," I said, "but it will keep in the heat and keep out the rain and snow."

We were surveying the completed seal-skin roof.

"It is clumsy, but it will serve the purpose, and that is the main thing," I went on, yearning for her praise.

And she clapped her hands and declared that she was hugely pleased.

"But it is dark in here," she said the next moment, her shoulders shrinking with a little involuntary shiver.

"You might have suggested a window when the walls were going up," I said. "It was for you, and you should have seen the need of a window."

"But I never do see the obvious, you know," she laughed back. "And besides, you can knock a hole in the wall at any time."

"Quite true; I had not thought of it," I replied, wagging my head sagely. "But have you thought of ordering the window-glass? Just call up the firm,—Red 4451 I think it is,—and tell them what size and kind of glass you wish."

"That means—" she began.

"No window."

It was a dark and evil-appearing thing, that hut, not fit for aught better than swine in a civilized land; but for us who had known the misery of the open boat it was a snug little habitation. Following the housewarming, which was accomplished by means of seal-oil and a wick made from cotton calking, came the hunting for our winter's meat and the building of the second hut. It was a simple affair, now, to go forth in the morning and return by noon with a boat-load of seals. And then, while I worked at building the hut, Maud tried out the oil from the blubber and kept a slow fire under the frames of meat. I had heard of jerking beef on the plains, and our seal-meat, cut in thin strips and hung in the smoke, cured excellently.

The second hut was easier to erect, for I built it against the first and only three walls were required. But it was work, hard work, all of it. Maud and I worked from dawn till dark, to the limit of our strength, so that when night came we crawled stiffly to bed and slept the animal-like sleep of exhaustion. And yet she declared that she had never felt better nor stronger in her life. I knew this was true of myself, but hers was such a lily strength that I feared she would break down. Often and often, her last reserve force gone, I have seen her stretched flat on her back on the sand, in the way she had of resting and recuperating. And then she would be up on her feet and toiling as hard as ever. Where she obtained this strength was a marvel to me.

"Think of the long rest this winter," was her reply to my remonstrances. "Why, we 'll be clamorous for something to do."

We held a housewarming in my hut the night it was roofed. It was the end of the third day of a fierce storm that had swung around the compass from the southeast to the northwest, and that was then blowing directly in upon us. The beaches of the outer cove were thundering with the surf, and even in our landlocked inner cove a respectable

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sea was breaking. No high backbone of island sheltered us from the wind, and it whistled and bellowed about the hut till at times I feared for the strength of the walls. The skin roof, stretched tightly as a drumhead, I had thought, sagged and bellied with every gust; and innumerable interstices in the walls, not so tightly stuffed with moss as Maud had supposed, disclosed themselves. Yet the seal-oil burned brightly, and we were warm and comfortable.

It was a pleasant evening indeed, and we voted that as a social event on Endeavor Island it had not yet been eclipsed. Our minds were at ease. Not only had we resigned ourselves to the bitter winter, but we were prepared for it. The seals could depart on their mysterious journey into the south at any time, now, for all we cared; and the storms held no terror for us. Not only were we sure of being dry and warm and sheltered from the wind, but we had the softest and most luxurious mattresses that could be made from moss. This had been Maud's idea, and she had herself jealously gathered all the moss. This was to be my first night on the mattress, and I knew I should sleep the sweeter because she had made it.

As she rose to go, she turned to me with the whimsical way she had, and said:

"Something is going to happen—is happening, for that matter. I feel it. Something is coming here, to us. It is coming now. I don't know what, but it is coming."

"Good or bad?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know, but it is there, somewhere."

She pointed toward the sea and wind.

"It 's a lee shore," I laughed, "and I am sure I 'd rather be here than arriving a night like this."

"You are not frightened?" I asked, as I stepped to open the door for her.

Her eyes looked bravely into mine.

"And you feel well? Perfectly well?" I said.

"Never better," was her answer.

We talked a little longer before she went.

"Good night, Maud," I said.

"Good night, Humphrey," she said.

This use of our given names had come about quite as a matter of course, and was as unpremeditated as it was natural. In that momert I could have put my arms around her and drawn her to me. I should certainly have done so out in that world to which we belonged. As it was, the situation stopped there in the only way it could; but I was left alone in my little hut, glowing warmly through and through with a pleasant satisfaction; and I knew that a tie, or a tacit something, existed between us that had not existed before.

(To be continued)

# AT THE BEND OF BROADWAY

(GRACE CHURCH CHIMES)

BY CLARENCE URMY

THE day has dimmed to dusk, and Sleep and Rest
Have summoned busy Traffic to her bed;
The slumber-star gleams brightly overhead,
And little children seek the mother-breast.
Now softly on the stilly air is pressed
The lip of Music, pure, with peace o'erspread,
That falls like benediction angel-shed,
Or seraph-voice to earth made manifest.

"Lead, kindly Light," and now "He leadeth me,"—
The darkness seems illumined by the strain—
"Hark, hark," and "Lord, forever at thy side":
How tenderly is voiced each vesper plea!
Dear "Rock of Ages" and that sweet refrain,
"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide."

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BUILDING THE HUT (SEE PAGE 776)



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Half tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

# THE LITTLE PEOPLE

## BY MADISON CAWEIN

WITH DECORATIONS BY CLARA ELSENE PECK

I

WHEN the lily nods in slumber,
And the roses all are sleeping;
When the night hangs deep and umber,
And the stars their watch are keeping;
When the clematis uncloses
Like a hand of snowy fire,
And the golden-lipped primroses,
To the tiger-moths' desire,
Each a mouth of musk unpuckers—
Silken pouts of scented sweetness,
That they sip with honey-suckers;—
Shod with hush and winged with fleetness,
You may see the Little People,
Round and round the drowsy steeple
Of a belfried hollyhock,—
Clothed in phlox and four-o'clock,
Gay of gown and pantaloon,—
Dancing by the glimmering moon,
Till the cock, the long-necked cock,
Crows them they must vanish soon.

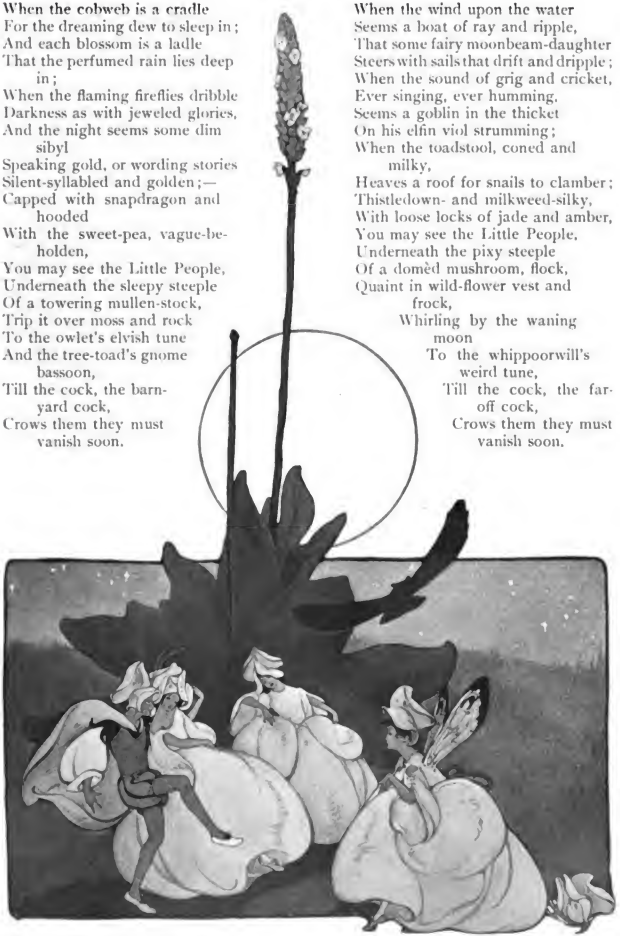
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II

When the cobweb is a cradle
For the dreaming dew to sleep in;
And each blossom is a ladle
That the perfumed rain lies deep in;
When the flaming fireflies dribble
Darkness as with jeweled glories,
And the night seems some dim sibyl
Speaking gold, or wording stories
Silent-syllabled and golden;—
Capped with snapdragon and hooded
With the sweet-pea, vague-beholden,
You may see the Little People,
Underneath the sleepy steeple
Of a towering mullen-stock,
Trip it over moss and rock
To the owlet's elvish tune
And the tree-toad's gnome bassoon,
Till the cock, the barnyard cock,
Crows them they must vanish soon.

III

When the wind upon the water
Seems a boat of ray and ripple,
That some fairy moonbeam-daughter
Steers with sails that drift and dripple;
When the sound of grig and cricket,
Ever singing, ever humming,
Seems a goblin in the thicket
On his elfin viol strumming;
When the toadstool, coned and milky,
Heaves a roof for snails to clamber;
Thistledown- and milkweed-silky,
With loose locks of jade and amber,
You may see the Little People,
Underneath the pixy steeple
Of a domèd mushroom, flock,
Quaint in wild-flower vest and frock,
Whirling by the waning moon
To the whippoorwill's weird tune,
Till the cock, the far-off cock,
Crows them they must vanish soon.



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

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Drawn by M. J. Burns from a sketch. Half tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE LAPP'S FALL HEAD FOREMOST INTO THE CREVASSE

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# ANTARCTIC EXPERIENCES

BY C. E. BORCHGREVINK[1]

Commander of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1899

IT had been a slow time in the main camp, and, eager for active service again, I started on a fresh sledge journey on the 26th of July, 1899, with the intention of attempting to reach the coast-line to the west of Robertson Bay, and, if possible, to explore the coast as far as Cape North.

Starting at midday, I took with me Mr. Evans and both of the Lapps, twenty-nine dogs, and provision for about two months.

The first part of the trip was over ice heaped up in large blocks, rendering our route almost impassable.

Already, early in the first afternoon, a gale from the southeast, with a falling barometer, arose. At 4 P.M. we pitched camp in the worn cave of an iceberg. These brilliant blue monarchs seem entirely independent of their surroundings. They move about against wind and tide, and plow their way through these tremendous ice-fields, while ice-blocks several tons in weight rise up and roll aside like foam before their glittering bows. But, independent as they seem, it is the undercurrent, an irresistible force, a natural law, which forces these giants onward, apparently against all natural laws. Owing to our rough experiences in gales in Robertson Bay, I thought it wise to set a watch, as the ice might break up, and only a timely warning would enable us to save our sledges and provisions in the iceberg.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the gale howled and whistled around the sharp corners of the berg, producing wonderful sounds in the natural trumpets formed by the cavities in the ice. The snow-squalls were so dense that we felt as if we were about to be suffocated. The dogs and sledges were quickly covered.

After a long night, with alternate watching and sleeping, we arose early in the morning. We scaled the iceberg, which was perhaps two hundred feet high, and viewed the ice toward the south. It seemed considerably more promising than that over which we had traveled the day before; so, sending Mr. Evans back to Camp Ridley to bring Lieutenant Colbeck and Mr. Fougner with more sledges and provisions, I set out for the south, accompanied by my two faithful Lapps.

We traveled through the next night without pitching camp. The temperature kept about 30° F. below zero. The field we traveled over proved, however, to be much rougher than it had appeared from the top of the berg, and it was a hard struggle to force the sledges between the rough ice-blocks. By traveling during the night, however, I hoped to be able to reach the coast-line to the west before a fresh gale brought us to a halt.

At midnight we came across a seal, which we killed. We drank its blood while it was still warm, and fed our dogs. We were suffering a good deal from cold, so, lighting the skin and blubber of the seal,

[1] Mr. Borchgrevink's Antarctic experiences began in 1894, when he visited the Southern seas in the whaler *Antarctic*. In THE CENTURY for January, 1896, he gave an account of that voyage, entitled "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent," it having been his good fortune on that occasion to be the first to land on what is supposed to be the mainland stretching to the South Pole. In 1899 he returned to the Southern seas as commander of the British Antarctic Expedition, and the experiences here given pertain to that voyage.—EDITOR.



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we sat around the fire until we were somewhat warmed, when we started on our way. For a long time after leaving it, our fire shone like a lighthouse behind us.

In the morning the weather was misty. As there was no appearance of land, and I could get no observations, I decided to camp. We pitched our silk tent between two ice-mounds in the pack. The whole of the ice-field which immediately surrounded us was one unbroken sea of mounds.

On the 28th of July it was still misty, with the barometer falling. The two Lapps were constantly asking my opinion in regard to the weather, and I had noticed that the Lapp Must had watched our sledge-dogs as they instinctively began to dig down into the snow, a proceeding which they generally adopted when they expected heavy weather. We at once started to secure our silk tent with poles and stakes, while we barricaded the southeastern side with our sledge. The natural mounds formed a protection toward the south, southwest, and north; but we were in the middle of the bay, and the ice was none too thick.

Suddenly the mist lifted, and the temperature, which generally rose during a gale, by this time had fallen to 72° of frost. The first squall brought drift-snow, and we suffered greatly from frost-bites while securing our little camp. Our reindeer sleeping-bags, which, while warm from previous use, had been packed on the sledge, where they became quite flat and frozen hard, so that when the gale surprised us, we had to thaw ourselves gradually into the bags. Later on we used the dogs to thaw out the bags for us. They always liked to roll upon anything that was not snow or ice, even were it but a thrown-away mitten; and they would turn round and round over it, imagining that they were warmer there than on the snow. When later we threw our frozen bags on the snow, the dogs generally clustered together on them at once, and soon after we could get into them.

By this time the gale was over us in earnest, and we took refuge in our sleeping-bags in the tent, from which we were not able to extricate ourselves for the next three nights and days, in which time we expected the icy floor beneath us to break up at any moment. Our silk tent rapidly filled with a dense fog, both from our breath and from the heat given out by the lantern; a thick layer of frost soon covered the inner walls of the tent, and beautiful snow-crystals shone down on us through the ventilation-hole in the bag. The drift-snow buried the tent, and the snow-pressure left us just enough space for our sleeping-bags. The dark little spot which we formed on those vast white fields was blotted out. Men, dogs, and sledges all disappeared, and the Antarctic gale as it raged over us found nothing but cold white solitude.

For three nights and three days we had to take turns in standing on all fours, to prevent being smothered by the pressure of the snow. From time to time the Lapps joined in melancholy native hymns, the monotony of which seemed in a remarkable degree to harmonize with the rage of the blizzard over our heads. We had brought a small aluminium cooking-stove with us into the tent, and with difficulty we prepared a warm meal. But in the cold the metal stuck to our fingers, and it was not pleasant to have one's turn at cooking. We roasted the heart of a seal, but other parts we ate raw. The dogs were completely snowed under. Some of them had eaten the straps of their harness in order to free themselves; but they were still unable to move, being frozen to the ice.

It was a cold job on the morning of August 1 to dig ourselves out of our tent, and to collect our outfit. We started again on our travels southward on comparatively good ice. In the evening I discovered an island to the south, and reached the western side of it an hour after dark. We were then very hungry and worn. It was 70° of frost when we pitched our tent.

After spending a very cold night, while, from bag to bag, we could hear the chattering of one another's teeth breaking the monotony somewhat, we arose early the next morning. We killed two seals and eagerly devoured their flesh. After the meal I climbed up on the island to about one thousand feet and vainly searched the horizon with my telescope. The party which was to have assisted us, and which was necessary for the realization of my exploring plans toward the northwest, was nowhere to be seen. Rightly did I anticipate that they had chosen to return to the main camp, forced by the violent gale

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which had nearly made an end of my two faithful companions and me.

The island we had discovered promised an interesting field for investigation. It is situated in 71° 35′ south, and longitude 170° 2¾′ east. It was almost free of ice and snow, mainly, I presume, because of the gales. It consisted of gray slate crossed by numerous quartz reefs. It reached a height of some three thousand feet above the sea.

Preliminarily we constructed a kind of Lapp tent out of provision-bags and seal-skins, which we stretched over our sledges pitched on end. It was not a question of being warm in the sleeping-bags, but of being less cold. Later on we constructed a stone hut at the place where we had camped that night.

It was while we had our main camp in the small stone hut under the snow that the Lapp Savio nearly lost his life by falling into a crevasse. Generally we went about with an alpine rope between us, but on this occasion Savio had ventured alone. Suddenly one of his feet stepped into space. Like white powder the treacherous bridge under him disappeared, and he fell, finally becoming jammed, head downward, some sixty feet below. Gradually, however, he was enabled to work around, and placing his back against one side of the crevasse and his feet against the other, he managed to keep his position. He called out with all the power of his lungs, but the sound died away between the cold, slippery walls. Up above, the dog which had followed him continued barking at the edge of the crevasse.

Finally, with the aid of a strong pocket-knife, he cut small steps or supports for his toes, and by this means slowly shoved himself upward. Foot by foot he worked his way up, but as the mouth of the crevasse came into view, the distance between the icy walls became greater. How he managed to climb those last few feet and at last reach the upper edge of the crevasse he did not himself know. He knew, however, that some ten feet from the top he felt as if he had no wish to get out at all. The pain and the agony which the strain brought upon his nerves seemed then to have left him in a kind of trance, in which he remained until he awoke out of a passing sleep or swoon on top of the glacier, a very few feet from the opening of the crevasse. He found the dog still there, licking his face, but it was a long time before he was able to start to walk toward the stone hut.

In the stone hut we could at times keep the temperature at about freezing by burning seal blubber. We made a small hole in the roof, which let the smoke out, but still I was always uncertain which was the greater discomfort, the intense cold or the smoke of the blubber. The greasy black soot settled in our hair, which was hanging down to our shoulders. Our faces were black, and our eyes smarted from the smoke. After the snow had covered the slabs of rock with which we had built the hut there was but little draft, and when several feet of snow covered us there was none. On windy nights the smoke inside became intolerable, and we were then completely covered by the black oily sediment from the blubber smoke. Then again, the boiling oil from the blubber threatened to swamp us by running down under our bags from the rough fireplace where we heaped huge slices of blubber together, and from which always a great deal of melted fat flowed away. For more than seven weeks we used this stone hut as a main camp, while continually conducting expeditions in the vicinity. They were hard days, in which both body and mind were tried.

The Antarctic night, with its stern depressing influence, had begun to tell heavily upon my men, and discontent was brewing, and complaints were the order of the day. It is in such moments, perhaps, that the originators and leaders of polar expeditions are tried most. Hungry, half frozen, worn, body and soul, I left the stone hut in solitude. I wanted to be alone. The stars of the Southern Cross twinkled down through the darkness upon the white landscape, which caught the rays even from the most modest constellations. All was cold; but colder than anything outside was the inside of that strong little stone hut, where that night discontent fouled the air far more than the fumes of the blubber fire. But the morning turned out bright and clear. New energy and new work were in the air. As always after a troubled night, a cheering day followed.

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# THE LOCUSTS OF NATAL

BY MARK F. WILCOX

IN South Africa locusts are not those solitary green insects that crawl lazily over the apple-tree trunks and enliven the July nights with the buzz of their Lilliputian sawmills. They are big, reddish-yellow grasshoppers with long, strong, brown wings, and two little millstones of teeth that will masticate anything that can be forced between them. They are neither solitary nor lazy. They are warriors, live and breed in camps millions strong, and campaign in armies miles in extent. They fear nothing except an explosive noise, and their coming is the signal for an uproarious rattling of pans and a frenzied yelling among grown men and women that would put to shame the Yankee small boy on the Fourth of July. Poor simple people that they are, their crops are their all; and it is a matter of life and death with them to keep off those terrible insects.

But the locusts had not visited Natal for three years, and now the garden of Umalusi was almost ready for the fourth harvest, and he was happy. He did not see the mysterious red cloud hanging low over the hills far to the north; for he lay basking in sleepy content on a mat spread in the sunshine on the west side of his little two-roomed wattle-and-daub cottage. He was a member of the white chapel that gleamed through the clump of orange-trees about the mission station two miles farther down the ridgy hills; so he had an "upright" house instead of a hut. He had just dined off a mess of boiled green corn, of which a dozen stripped cobs were scattered about in proof of the excellency of his appetite.

Down at the sluggish little stream in the gully below the house his wife was busy scraping out the pot in which the corn had been cooked. The dull rasping noise floating up the hill, the barking of a dog in the distance, the merry laughter of Umalusi's two children playing on the other side of the house, and the hum of the wild bees among the waxy flowers of the loquat-tree before the door—all combined in a soothing, drowsy melody which added much to Umalusi's dreamy satisfaction.

Between him and the little stream in the gully was a sweet-potato patch, the tangled mass of yellowish green of which nearly obliterated the winding foot-path. Across the stream a field of corn reflected many shades of green as the broad leaves danced in the dazzling sunlight. Farther down the stream there was an acre of green succulent leaves which, in America, would have been called a promising field of callas, but to Umalusi it was only a fine bed of *amadumbi*, the spicy, fragrant roots of which would offer a pleasing variety to the staple sweet-potato and corn diet of his family.

No wonder, then, that Umalusi was happy as he lay in the sunshine beside his cottage. The labors of planting and cultivating were now over, and the harvest was beginning to come. All that he had to do to supply his simple existence was to fill his small larder with the store from his garden and live at ease until the next planting-time. With his inherited tendencies toward laziness, such a prospect was so pleasing to him that he smiled, and then fell fast asleep to dream of a heaven in which he did nothing but sleep and eat.

His wife finished cleaning the pot, and, bringing it up full of water, set it down inside the house; then, having nothing better to do, she also lay down on the mat beside her husband. She, too, had not noticed the strange cloud sweeping down from the north.

The children had wandered off to play



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with some of their fellows herding cattle across the hill. The lonely dog had howled to his melancholy heart's content, and was silent. Nothing was heard except the heavy breathing of the two people on the mat and the hum of the bees among the loquat-blossoms. Peace reigned over the land; the day was the usual clear, warm, but not hot, day of summer in the uplands of Natal; there was not a cloud in the sky except that peculiar reddish-brown thing which now had blotted out all the northern horizon.

UBIBI and Umagwagwa, the two little children of Umalusi, came running home with their fat bodies fairly bursting with horror and lack of breath.

"We baba! We mame! Amaketyani! Amaketyani!" they gasped shrilly as they tumbled into the home yard. Umalusi was on his feet in an instant. The sun was low in the west, and its beams fell aslant myriads of shining things that covered the heavens.

"Amaketyani!" he bellowed like a bull in agony, and, rushing into the house, he snatched up three old two-gallon kerosene-cans. One was half full of treacle, and hastily throwing the water out of the iron pot by the door, he dumped the black stuff into it, and rushed out. His wife had arisen and was staring stupidly at the terrible things fluttering down like flakes of fire over everything.

"Here, guard the sweet potatoes," Umalusi said, thrusting a can into her hands. He thrust another into the hands of his children. Of course they quarreled over the possession of it, and of course the elder and stronger, Umagwagwa, got it. The younger entered the house and looked for something with which he, too, could make a noise. There was nothing except the iron pot beside the door. Without stopping to see what it contained, he turned it over on the threshold, and then scampered with it after his brother into the amadumbi-patch. Meanwhile Umalusi was raving at the locusts amid the uneven rows of his corn-field.

"Hebe, hebe!" he shouted, and ran up and down the hillside, beating the kerosene-can with a knob-kerry. The frightened locusts arose in brown clouds before him, but immediately settled down again behind him. It was like trying to cut a channel in water. Still the locusts came.

Umalusi called to his wife and children to come and help him. The sweet potatoes and amadumbi were so nearly ripe, perhaps it would not hurt to have their tops eaten off. But the corn—the corn was in the ear, and so soft and milky that the voracious insects were devouring it, cobs and all. Together the four people fought; but they fought in vain. The army before them was limitless in numbers, exhaustless in resources. Though they beat their tin cans flat; though Umagwagwa cracked the iron pot by his zealous cudgeling with a rusty bolt; though they screamed themselves hoarse; and though in their frenzy they trampled on both corn and insect—still the invaders came, in clouds so thick that each swish of the fighter's stick killed a dozen or more of them.

Darkness settled over the land; but silence there was none. The hills for miles around echoed with the screams and yells and iron clangor of maddened humanity fighting for life.

ACROSS the flat top of the Inyamazani Mountain the sun peeped, next morning, on a new and strange country. In America people wake up on a November morning and find the land covered with a white blanket, and they smile and say, "Winter." That morning the sun gleamed upon the hills and valleys of the Mapumulo mission, and they were covered with a blanket of bare, dirty brown. Men, weary and haggard, crawled to the doors of their huts and looked upon the brown blanket, and they smiled bitterly and said, "Famine."

Umalusi sat at the door of his cottage, tasting the very dregs of despair. All night long he had struggled against a million millstones grinding and grinding his corn, and in the contest it seemed that his heart had been crushed along with the milky kernels on the corn-stalks. Not a vestige of that field was left but the naked stalks. The tops of the sweet potatoes and amadumbi were all eaten bare. The loquat-tree was a dismal skeleton. But the final bitterness in Umalusi's cup of misery was the discovery that a precious sixpence worth of treacle had been thrown away, and an iron pot worth five shillings had been cracked so that it could not hold water. At last it seemed more than he could endure, and, cutting a stout switch from the base of the loquat, he entered the house

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and dragged forth Umagwagwa from a sound sleep. The thrashing he gave the boy acted like balm to his injured feelings, so that when his wife came to the door, rubbing her eyes in sleepy amazement at the roars of the chastised youngster, Umalusi was almost cheerful.

"He beat the pot, and I beat him," he laconically explained. Then he went to the garden to calculate the full extent of the calamity that had overtaken him. Though the main army of the locusts had long advanced to the southward, there were still enough of the stragglers left to make a disagreeable cloud about his head as he strode along, and he slapped at them viciously.

The sweet potatoes were even riper than he had thought; the amadumbi were fairly ripe; only the corn and a patch of beans were gone. Umalusi was not half so badly off as he had thought himself to be when he first looked out on the brown land that morning. He got down on his hands and knees and clawed forth a big armful of firm, large sweet potatoes. As he remembered how, that spring, he had almost planted both sides of the gully with corn, a feeling of thankfulness came over him for the Providence that had led him to plant the potatoes. Of course it was the God of the mission that had made him do it, and he was exceedingly grateful. Suddenly he stretched himself upon his face, there upon the soft brown earth, and from the fullness of his heart there burst a prayer of thanksgiving to the God who was the God of the Zulus as well as of the missionaries—the Lord Jehovah. And as he prayed the sun arose higher and brighter, while straggling locusts, full of the fat of the land, fluttered slowly into the air and sailed awkwardly after the great army moving southward.

# THE ALCHEMY OF ILLUSION

## BY ALICE BROWN MORRISON

WHEN I heard that, through the death of a parishioner, the Reverend David Aiken had received a bequest of two thousand dollars, with the express wish that he and his daughter should use part of the money in going, like Lord a Bateman of ballad fame, "far countries for to see," I felt that for once the irresponsible goddess Fortune must have had an illuminating moment.

For many years the old clergyman had been the gentle interpreter of his stern creed in a small town of the Middle West, where the harshest criticism could find nothing worse to say of him than that his hope of mercy and forgiveness was not always founded on the strict letter of the text, and that he was old-fashioned; but when it came the turn of these same critics to face the invisible, they were willing enough to find their orthodox scruples melting under the steady fire of his optimism, and he was sent for so often by the dying of all denominations that he became known as the "death-bed parson."

As to his being old-fashioned, no one could deny that; for his sermons were hydra-headed, and though the message of great love he had to give sometimes transfigured him, it could not always make him interesting; while as for the modern methods which the church uses to bring the world to her feet, as well as to alleviate its misery, he would have none of them. Underneath the gentleness of the man was the firm conviction that the suffering of humanity was a necessary factor in its upward growth, even while it beat against his delicate sensibilities and left him aching with the pity of it all. To love, to console, to point the way to that better land which

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is so real to the mind of the mystic, to draw men from the sordidness of life within the range of his heavenly vision—this meant happiness to David Aiken.

We loved him for his very inconsistencies: though he was theoretically opposed to indiscriminate giving, we had yet to see the time when the most unworthy appealed to him in vain; and it was the day after his doctrinal sermon on everlasting punishment that he said to a poor woman who had lost her son, a man of notoriously bad character: "God is very good, dear madam, and perhaps he will give your son another chance."

His absent-mindedness, too, was a staple subject of conversation, and the story of the day when he sat for two hours on horseback in front of a country church, lost in the pages of a favorite book, while the congregation waited, had become a town classic. It was a not infrequent sight to see him carrying a rolled umbrella over his head in a pelting rain, and I once saw him pick up a coal-bucket instead of his time-worn valise, and walk placidly away toward the station.

He never seemed quite in touch with the life around him, and I am sure Colonel Newcome was far more real to him than many a living man, while Wendell Phillips and Garrison were still names to conjure with when it came to questions of public import.

We laughed at him, but it was very tender laughter; and there was universal rejoicing over his good fortune, for we knew that he was growing feeble and needed some physical or mental stimulus. A few of us knew, too, that if he had a desire apart from his life-work it was to see strange lands across the sea—a desire he never thought of gratifying; but on the shelf where he kept his Bible, his Shakspere, and his Lamb, were much-read copies of Curtis's "Nile Notes," Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot," and some of Charles Dudley Warner's travel sketches of the late sixties—"All written, sir," he once remarked, "by gentlemen, who took time to write like gentlemen." I asked him once if there was any particular place he wished most to see, and he answered instantly and simply, "Venice," and then sat looking into the fire with such wide, unseeing eyes that I knew his soul was far away in that floating city of dreams.

When during an absence from our village I learned that Mr. Aiken and his daughter had actually gone to Italy, with Venice as their ultimate point, I hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, for I realized how dangerously unlike the real thing is the vision cherished by the vivid imagination of the recluse. The full appreciation of Italy's sad splendor, too, presupposes a very special habit of mind, and there are as many different ways of enjoying a city like Venice as there are ways of constructing tribal lays.

A very good way is to be young, with the color-blindness of youth, which sees only the rose and is oblivious of the black shadow in its golden heart; to have within one's self that sixth sense of impotent romance which can transform a hovel into Aladdin's palace. Then there is the way of the average traveler, who enjoys the wonderful novelty and spectacular quality of it all, unhampered by any care or knowledge of its past; and the way of the artist, whose trained eye rejoices in the shimmering mirror of the water, which reflects ivory domes carved like fine lace, and noble columns softened by time into colors which are at once his joy and his despair. Perhaps the most exquisite pleasure comes to the man who, gliding through the dark canals, past grass-grown courts and crumbling archways, feeling the melancholy desolation of it, is yet able to reconstruct for himself the once glorious city which for centuries defied the restless tides and treacherous sands.

None of these ways, however, could be David Aiken's, for he was an old man, and his Venice was the crystallization of all that in his long and somewhat barren life had stood for beauty. Poets and artists had helped him give form and shape to his dream city, while each blossoming spring and wine-tinted autumn, as it sank into his soul, added bloom and color to his picture.

Soon after the Aikens' departure an unexpected turn of events took me across the Atlantic, and so it happened that one warm June day found me in Venice. I had just turned into a narrow and somewhat malodorous passage which leads to some of the hotels on the Grand Canal, when I met Mr. Aiken and his bustling spinster daughter coming toward me. After mutual greetings I turned and retraced

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my footsteps with them to the Piazza di San Marco. As we watched the gay panorama before us, I saw that the daughter's face wore the look of keen interest and excitement which comes with any change to the unimaginative person whose horizon has been bounded by the limitations of a country town; but the father, I thought, had aged, the slender, stooping shoulders were more bent, and his whole attitude was that of a man who has been swept into a strange stream the currents of which he does not understand.

His mild blue eyes betokened a weariness of soul as well as body, and I was not surprised when, in answer to some remark of mine, he said, with the wistful note of interrogation in his voice which seems to ask for a well-founded contradiction, "It looks so old, so decayed and hopeless—older than I ever dreamed anything could look. I fear I had a wrong impression, and at my age it is a little difficult to readjust my point of view."

"I don't believe it 's clean enough for father," said Miss Electa, brightly; "he hates to see the people, with apparently nothing to do, lying about like lizards in the sun. Now, I like it. I 've been so used to living where the people as well as the houses are built on straight lines that I fairly revel in the restfulness of this tumble-down place, where they all seem to live just one day at a time, with no thought for the morrow. When I get into a gondola and drift lazily along with closed eyes, it 's better than all the sanatoria and so-called rest-cures I ever heard of."

"Yes, Electa likes it," said her father, kindly; "but I am afraid I was too old to come, and maybe I should have traveled more to comprehend some of it. The unreality, the lack of purpose, jar upon me."

"But the picturesqueness," I ventured banally.

"Ah, yes." He sighed doubtfully.

We strolled into the great cathedral, but its barbaric, compelling beauty made no appeal to him, and I fancied his thoughts were turning with a rather pathetic loyalty to the little frame church in which he had so often preached.

As I watched him, remembering his frequent enthusiasms and his intense capacity for creating and preserving his illusions, I could explain his attitude only as the result of the physical strain of travel, which for the time being had clogged the well-spring of his nature.

After contributing our quota of corn to the daily gorging of the sybaritic pigeons on the piazza, and wandering past my fascinating shops, with their display of gay prints, tempting baubles, and childishly fantastic glassware, we came to my hotel, where my friends also were stopping. Here the old man left us, saying that he was very tired; so Miss Electa and I sat down upon the comfortable wicker chairs, among the green-tubbed orange-trees of the little court which faces the Grand Canal, and listened to the fierce jargon of the gondoliers, and watched the dome of the Salute, across the way, as it etched itself against a Turneresque background of purple and gold. I ventured to express to the daughter my regret at the situation that had been revealed to me, but she replied:

"Now, don't you worry about father; you will find when he gets home he will have forgotten all that was disconcerting to him here. The things he does n't see are always the real things to him. Any contact with the actual seems to give him a sort of shock."

I said good-by to the Aikens the following day, and it was not until September that I saw them once more safely established in their old home.

As I entered the gate I met Miss Electa just going out, but she paused to give me a hearty hand-shake and a significant glance as she saw me look toward her father, who was sitting on the porch, a book in his hand.

As I sat down beside him, the old clergyman said with fervor:

"Ah, my friend, when last we met it was in that wonderful city, set like a shining jewel on the girdle of the earth. As I sit here my heart goes out in thankfulness to the loving Providence which gave me the opportunity to realize one of my boyhood's dreams. When I look out into the sunset I picture to myself all that I have seen—the palaces of jasper and sapphire and emerald, almost as beautiful as that city of 'pure gold, like unto clear glass.'"

His face, as he spoke, was as rapt as that of some medieval saint, and I could but murmur softly to myself: "Dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion."

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Drawn by H. M. Walcott. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"SAT LOOKING INTO THE FIRE WITH SUCH WIDE, UNSEEING EYES"



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# ROUND THE WORLD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

## STRANGE AND CURIOUS SIGHTS AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

BY WALTER WILLIAMS

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



A CHEERFUL DRAGON IN FRONT OF THE SIAMESE TEMPLE

AT St. Louis geography has been rearranged. Upon the Exposition site the map of the world is remade. Separate the nations on an atlas of the globe as in a dissected chart, drop the separate pieces indiscriminately upon twelve hundred acres of hill, plain, and valley, and the result is a jumble of strange and familiar countries, a veritable universal exposition.

China, most venerable of governments, already ancient when the world called old was new, is side by side with Cuba, youngest, save Panama, of sovereign states. India is across the avenue from Brazil; Patagonian giants have for near neighbors the fur-clad Eskimos. The Exposition railway has stations, within brief circuit, at Egypt, Japan, Holland, Siam, Germany, Morocco, Alaska, Ceylon, and the walled city of Manila. The ends of the earth are here. In the central city of the Middle West—French-founded, Spanish-governed, German-settled, American—queer peoples, the hairy Ainus, who are the aborigines of Japan, the Zuñis of Mexico, the Pigmies of Central Africa, and twoscore races as much out-of-the-way, have been assembled with the younger and better-known peoples. The transcontinental transportation lines traverse not so many countries as the Intramural Railway constructed within the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. With the people are many of the curious or more conventional products of their hands and brains.

East India is off the world's main-traveled roads. It lies near the spring from which the waters of progress began their westward course. If the human race had its cradle in the Himalayas, it has come to man's estate and to do man's work many miles toward the sunset. East India shows contrast by its situation, in St. Louis, near Canada—two widely separated and diverse sections of the broad British Empire meeting on an Exposition site over which no British flag ever floated in symbol of sovereignty. For further striking contrast, East India has for exhibit a Hindu temple within a Moslem mosque. In any other land this outward mixing of religions would be an anachronism. Tear the visible religious topcoat from many a man, and there is found for inner covering a faith far different, but secretly held. East India puts in well-executed replica the outer trappings of the two creeds most widely followed within the Indian Empire. Square, with four buttressing minarets,



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dazzlingly white save for the weathered-copper color of the domes and the brown of the teak doors, is the reproduction, faithful in most minute particular, of the mosque of Itimad ud-Daulah at Agra. No Mohammedan architect-artist may place upon the buildings which he plans representations of living creatures without violating the commandments of the Prophet of Allah. The Indian mosque is orthodox in architectural design and decoration. Within and without, the ornamental figures are mere geometric lines fashioned into shape unlike any living thing. A roof as flat as a hand's palm, typically Oriental,



EAST INDIAN MAN OF WAR

with dome like an inverted bowl, the sky in miniature, crowns the Moslem mosque. The Hindu temple is within, rising gracefully from the center of the inner court. The East Indian hand-worker puts to shame the machine-made products of Western and more strenuous lands. Sixty-five



AFRICAN WARRIOR IN THATCH DRESS

artisans labored assiduously for two years upon the temple. The original, built of white marble, and sacred to the worship of the Hindu sect of Jain, stands at Palitana, Central India. The reproduction, thirty-five feet in height and twenty feet in circumference at the base, is one eighth the size of the original. The temple, inner chamber, colonnade, and porch, all exposed surfaces, are adorned with intricate carvings. These carvings, being of all manner of living creatures, contrast sharply with the stern, geometric lines of the Moslem architecture. The medallion flower of Mahadeva, the god to whom the temple is dedicated, is upon the scarlet flag which waves from the pagoda-like spire, and is frequently found in the carvings. At the

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spiral stairways, solemn, white-robed, turbaned Hindus keep constant watch and ward. East Indian men-at-arms, clad in brilliant beads and armor, guard the mosque, while wild and plaintive music is heard from natives of East Indian towns.

From the heart of the Himalayas to the barren basaltic plains of Patagonia, is scarce a stone's throw at St. Louis. Giants from the tip end of South America are encamped, in their houses of hide, at the Exposition. A chief of the Tehuelches, with a number of his more or less loyal subjects, are making their home here. The Tehuelche is, man for man and woman for woman, the tallest tribe known to ethnologists. He averages over six feet in height and has the frame of an athlete. Among the North American Indians the women do the work. It is not so among the more chivalric Tehuelches. The Patagonian woman, despite the fact that she is as tall and muscular as her husband,—or possibly because she is,—works only where she so desires, and hunts and fishes at her pleasure. The Patagonian's chief exhibit, aside from his own personality, is of the hide of the guanaco, from which he secures food, raiment, and house-covering. His dinner, dress, and the roof are furnished by the same animal. He eats its flesh, he makes his not ungraceful garments from its skin, and with other portions of the same creature's hide, sewn together and stretched from poles, he builds a dwelling. The Patagonian giants have no giants' houses. The dwellings, easily transported from place to place, are small and of the rudest description. Hunting the rhea, the so-called ostrich of South America, is their favorite occupation; the bola has supplanted the bow as their chief weapon; and horse-meat is the daintiest dish upon their bill of fare.



A PATAGONIAN HOUSE OF GUANACO-SKIN

The Republic of Brazil lays emphasis in its exhibits upon the products of its forests and its fields. The rubber-tree, with sticky, milk-white sap, and the coffee-tree, with snow-like flowers above the dark-green

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leaves, are conspicuous. The Victoria water-lily, which sleeps by day upon the broad bosom of the Amazon and wakes at night under the tropic moon, has petals that will bear a man's weight and a perfume that intoxicates one like wine. Odder and still stranger is the piassaba, a tree which grows ropes. It is unique among trees and is found in the lowlands along the great Amazon River. The specimens shown are from eight to nine feet in height and eight inches in diameter. The trunk resembles that of a well-ripened banana-stalk. The object of the main stem is to support a tough, fibrous, grassy substance. From this tree, grass ropes are made, with scarcely any skill required for their manufacture, so nearly complete does the factory of Mother Nature herself supply the rope. Large ocean vessels, as well as the small fishing-craft plying upon the Amazon River, are equipped with the product of the piassaba. Brooms and



GATEWAY TO THE CHINESE PAVILION, FROM THE DOOR OF THE NATIONAL PAVILION



A CHINESE IDOL



AN AZTEC IDOL

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SPANISH GIPSIES

brushes are made from the same material, which wears in any weather, unhurt by pelting rain or bleaching sun. The piassaba is only one of the many trees which Brazil shows as representing the forestry of this land larger than continental United States. Hard woods of various kinds are found, including one that dulls a steel edge, and also woods so soft that they can be dented through bark and pith by the touch of a child's finger. Coffee from tree to cup is the exhibit by which Brazil sets largest store. Each coffee-tree produces different grades of bean, the wide, rich, flat-sided bean at the top and the grades of less value growing lower down. The coffee-separator culls the beans in almost human work of separation. If on wheels, the machine would resemble at a short distance a thresher in the grain-fields of more Northern lands.

A prince of royal blood, his Imperial Highness Pu Lun, has appeared at St. Louis as the personal representative of the Emperor of China, his uncle. As fitting with a commissioner so high in rank, the displays sent from this awakening nation are many, gorgeous, and comprehensive. They are in charge of a most intelligent and scholarly graduate of Yale, Mr. Wong-Kai-Kah. At previous expositions China has been represented along purely commercial lines. Now is shown the heart of China—its poetry and art, its science and education, its industry and home life. Tientsin, Newchwang, Ningpo, Canton, Amoy, Han-kau, and twenty other ports of China, have exhibits. The portrait of the Dowager Empress An, painted by an American woman, Miss Kate Carl, the only portrait ever made of her Majesty and held sacred in China, is shown as a special mark of favor to the United States. Peking sends a city gate and part of the wall scaled by the American troops in the relief of the



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foreign legations during the Boxer troubles. From Hangchau come four thousand fans of varying make and meaning, a display of marvelous mechanism, and an encyclopedia of the philosophy of fans. Fu-chau's lacquered ware, ivory images from Hupeh, Ningpo's inlaid work, partly set forth the luxurious side of Chinese furnishing, while the commercial and industrial is shown in exhibits from these and other cities. The Chinese National Pavilion is a reproduction of the summer home of Prince Pu Lun. The framework was constructed by American workmen, but the intricate carving and the final artistic touches are from the skilled hands of Chinese artisans specially imported for the purpose. A curiously joined idol, held in high reverence for nearly a thousand years, confronts the visitor to the Chinese section in—appropriately—the Palace of Liberal Arts. The idol, entirely of bronze and decorated with red lacquer, the making of which is a lost art, was installed in a famous Peking temple, according to authentic record, in A.D. 1404. Some years ago the temple was destroyed, and to secure funds for rebuilding it the idol was pawned. By this means the god, one of the few relics of the ancient days, has come to do duty as an object for sight-seers to gaze upon in this age in a distant land. The idol, with eleven heads and twenty-four arms, is many gods in one.

Older even than China, the oldest existing nation, are the cliff-dwellings of south-



EAST INDIAN MUSICIANS

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IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN

western United States, homes of a race whose very name has perished from the earth. Explorers, puzzling through the Mancos and Casa Verde cañons of Arizona and New Mexico, have found the houses of this strange people in the wildest and most inaccessible of the mountain-sides. Did the Cliff-dwellers antedate the Pyramids of Egypt? Were they of blood relation to the early inhabitants of the land where the Nile is god? Some students are prepared to answer both questions affirmatively and to give what is to them abundant proof. The pottery from their long-wrecked homes suggests Egypt, and the few inscriptions found have similar suggestion. Mummies, bodies wrapped in cloth, feathers from the breast of the turkey, and the all-useful yucca-grass, have been dug from burial-places among the cliffs, and, in bone and hair much unlike the Indian of to-day, have a hint of resemblance to a more Oriental type. If the Cliff-dwellers left any descendants, however remote, they are doubtless the Moki and Zuñi Indians, who, resembling them in habits and appearance, are their closest kinsmen. At St. Louis has been reproduced the dwellings from the cañons, with relics found in the abandoned houses. To lend a touch of life to the weird scene, where houses have apparently been flung against precipitous walls of rock as pictured homes upon stage canvas, have been placed Zuñi and Moki Indians in native costume. They work at pottery-making, blanket-weaving, basket-making, silver-smelting, and other primitive occupations. Thus the mode of life of the Cliff-dwellers is exhibited in an environment such as this ancient people had. The members of these tribes are of stronger build, handsomer, and of brighter color than the ordinary North American Indian, from whom they hold themselves aloof with dignity.

From the Arctic regions come the Eskimos, dressed in skins and furs. From Central Africa are brought for ethnological exhibit representatives of various tribes of which little is known even by the most learned students. The Eskimo children are a merry lot, less stolid than their parents, and entering with zest into the play of their new and temporary home. Their



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massive dogs take kindly, too, to a less strenuous life than they have enjoyed in Labrador and British Columbia, whence they come. The members of one sturdy African tribe, disdaining the usual simple breech-clout of their savage neighbors, deck themselves with peculiar pride in garments made of thatch and looking not unlike attenuated door-mats.

The North American Indian, as he yet survives, has tents pitched upon the Exposition site near to the stone buildings which will be permanent memorials of the fair, extremes of American life and civilization in close juxtaposition. The fierce Geronimo, the gentler Chief Joseph, and a score of other Indian chieftains of high rank, are found, with many members of their tribes. Homes and habits are shown as the red man, in the exhibit of the United States government at St. Louis, makes his last stand. The Wichitas have grass lodges, framed like a huge beehive, covered with soil, and built entirely by the women of the tribe, supervised in true barbaric custom by the men. The Sioux, the swiftest of the plainsmen, live in tepees fashioned from sticks and skins, easily movable and admirably suited for a night's residence of a nomadic people. The Hopi Indians from Arizona, by the side of their wigwams of painted skin, grow corn of the same uncrossed variety that the early settlers in America knew as maize. Picturesque tepees, varying with the tribe, accommodate Washoes, Navajos, Pimas, Cheyennes, Crows, Flatheads, Diggers, Comanches, Apaches, and a dozen others, forming an impressive exhibit in ethnology. On a high plateau overlooking the lowlands of the Indian camps, the United States government has built a model modern Indian school, where is told in graphic fashion by industrial and educational display the result of training the children of the tribes.

The beaten track of the world's travel has in late years touched the active island kingdom of Japan. At the Columbian Exposition in Chicago the Japanese exhibits were small in number and the Japanese mere curios to the crowd. At St. Louis, Japan, risen in eleven years to a world-power, has a foremost place. Its central exhibit is the Japanese Pavilion, a



A GROUP OF IGORROTES



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AN ARCTIC EXHIBIT

group of characteristically Japanese structures within an attractively arranged summer-garden. The main, or national, pavilion reproduces the Shinshinden, or Hall of State, of Tokio. In the original Kinkaku Pavilion, of which at St. Louis is an exact reproduction, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, a famous Japanese warrior, entertained his followers in the old feudal times. There was method in his entertaining worthy of a more commercial age. Tea, he declared, would make those who drank it strong in their convictions, and to those who were devoted to his cause he served many cups of tea. Other buildings in the same inclosure typify other structures in Japan and illustrate artistic furnishing and decoration, while Japan's exhibits have prominent place in every palace on the grounds.

Famous buildings are shown in replica by foreign nations at St. Louis. Great Britain reproduces the Orangery of Kensington Palace, with its noble banqueting-room; France the Grand Trianon of Versailles; Germany the Charlottenburg Castle, for which Emperor William drew the plans; Belgium the Antwerp town hall. Siam, the Pearl of Asia, shows the Ben Chama Temple, one of the historic religious edifices of that land of the lotus. Grim and hideous dragons guard the temple gateway.

The widespread territory of the United States is illustrated by exhibits from such remote corners of the earth as Luzon,



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Porto Rico, Guam, Hawaii, and Alaska. A million dollars has been expended to show the wonderful present in the Philippines and to prophesy the yet more wondrous future. The Filipino exhibits of the blow-guns of the Negritos, the axes of the head-hunting Igorrotes, the kris of the Moros, are shown near to the products of commerce and industry, of field and factory. The Visayans make water-bottles of bamboo and baskets of ratan in their nipa huts. The unclad Igorrotes dine on dog and lament the lack of head-hunting expeditions. The swift-footed Negritos, the kinky-haired aborigines of the islands, with their portable houses; the Moros in silk and satin, the dandies of the reservation, with houses on land and lake; the timid, inoffensive tree-dwellers; scouts from the Tagalog, Visayan, Macabebe, and Ilocano tribes,—in all some eleven hundred representatives of the diverse peoples of the Pacific,—are encamped on the forty-seven acres which the United States government occupies at St. Louis to present the Filipino to the continental American and to the world. Alaska, popularly believed to be a land of almost perpetual snow, is shown to be one of agricultural possibilities. The Alaska building has the family totem-poles of Alaskan Indians as a distinguishing mark. A pyramid of Alaskan grain surprises the visitor.

The new Mexico, responding rapidly to the energy and capacity of Porfirio Diaz, its president, illustrates in graphic fashion its great resources, only beginning to be developed. Mexico was first among foreign nations to complete its building, and its exhibit ranks well, particularly in agriculture, horticulture, and mining. The eyes of the curious, however, will rather seek out an Aztec idol, of volcanic stone, which tells the hideous story of horrible religious rites in the old Mexico. The god of war, Huitzilopochtli, the goddess of death, Teoyaomiqui, and the unnamed god of the underworld, a trinity of deities, are shown upon the idol. Upon the spot in the city of Mexico where this god of the Aztecs was unearthed now stands the altar of a Catholic cathedral.

A world's fair is a fair of the world—of its remote corners as well as of its capitals of civilization; and one may go round the world here and see more than a half-year's journey by train and steamer would disclose.



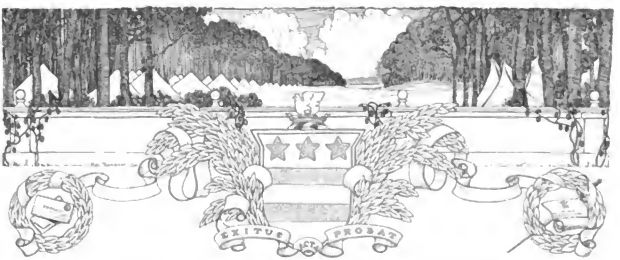
# "BREATHLESS WE STRIVE"

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

BREATHLESS we strive, contending for success,
According to the standards of our day.
What is success? Is it to find a way
Wealth out of all proportion to possess?
Is it to care for simple pleasures less
(While grasping at a more extended sway),
And sacrificing to our gods of clay,
Submerge the soul, at last, in worldliness?

By Grasmere stands a cottage small and poor:
*The Dove* was once its emblem, and the sign
That marked it as a wayside inn obscure;
But, frugal, dwelt high consecration here,
And gratitude still guards it as a shrine,
Hallowed by that success which time but makes more dear!

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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.
Author of "Hugh Wynne"

VI

I HAD thus engaged as a volunteer, much against the wishes of my mother, who, as she said, saw no good in war and entreated me not again to expose myself to peril in the wilderness. If the French had been of her opinion as to war, I might have stayed at home. We had an unpleasant meeting, or rather parting, for she did little else but lament; but what was there I could do? I left her in tears.

I have no intention to record here the full history of this expedition, but rather to revive for my own interest what I, personally, saw, and what is nowhere else fully set down.

My appointment gave satisfaction to many friends, who felt more deeply than I myself that in the matter of commissions and as to the Villiers affair—for that was soon noised about—I had been ill treated by the governor. The favourable sentiments thus expressed could not, under the circumstances, be other than pleasing to a mind which had always walked a straight line and endeavoured, as far as human frankness and strong passions would allow, to discharge the relative duties to his Maker and to his fellow-countrymen without by indirect means seeking popularity.

As I pause here before making the effort to recall some of the incidents of the disastrous events in which I was to have a share, I remember with pleasure the friends who felt that my honourable invitation from a veteran general was a final answer to the censures of the king's governor.

Nor, in looking back over the greater war and my life in office, have I had reason to complain of want of affection from those whose esteem I desired to retain. Many times in my life I have, however, had just cause to complain of things said of me by those who possessed my regard, but I have in all such cases felt it better not to sacrifice a friendship on account of ill temper or the indiscretion of the hour, and am made happy in the belief that I have thus been able to keep what I would not willingly have lost. Where men have been needed in the service or in office, I have been still more desirous of forgiving words or actions which affected me alone, but which did not in the end destroy their usefulness. Nor have I myself been without need to be thus considered, for at times I



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am by nature irritable and short of temper. Lawrence once said to me that he found it more easy to forgive his enemies than his friends; but this I did not clearly see, and, after all, if a man is resolved to keep himself from thinking of what is said against him, the memory of it soon becomes dulled and there is less need of forgiveness.

Among the many evidences of esteem I had before the Braddock affair was a letter from Captain Peyronney, now recovered of his wound, but to die bravely on the Monongahela. He must have heard that I had been ill spoken of by Major Muse and perhaps by others. He wrote very odd English, but I could hardly find fault with his meaning.

SIR: I Shan't make Bold to Describe the proceedings of the House [of Burgesses], which no doute you have had already Some hint of. I only will make use of these three expressions: *furtim venerunt; invane Sederunt;* and *perturbate Redierunt.*

But all that is matere of indifference to the wirginia Regiment Collo. Washington will still Remain att the head of it, and I spect with more esplendor than ever; for (as I hope) notwithstanding we will Be on the British stabichment, we shall be augmented to Six houndred and by those means entitle you to the Name not only of protector of your Contry But to that of the flower of the wirginians, By the powers you 'll have in your hands to prove it So.

Many enquired to me about Muses Braveries; poor Body I h'd pity him ha'nt he had the weakness to Confes his coardies him self, and the impudence to taxe all the reste of the oficiers withoud exeption of the same imperfection. for he said to many of the Consulars and Burgeses that he was Bad But th' the reste was as Bad as he:—

To speak francly had I been in town at that time I cou'nt help'd to make use of my horse's wheap for to vindicate the injury of that villain.

he Contrived his Business so that several ask me if it was true that he had challeng'd you to fight: my answer was no other But that he should rather chuse to go to hell thand doing of it, for had he had such thing declar'd: that was his Sure Road—

I have made my particular Business to tray if any had some Bad intention against you here Below: But thank God I meet allowais with a goad wish for you from evry mouth each one entertining such Caracter of you as I have the honnour to do my Self who am the Most humble

And Obediant of your Servants
*Le Chevalier de Peyronney.*

I had much cause to feel grateful for such friends, and I may here add that, as concerns Van Braam, I had his censure reversed when I myself became a member of the House of Burgesses.

As soon as possible after bringing my affairs into order, I set out, determined to lose no chance to perfect my military education.

At Fredericktown I met the general, and on May 10 was announced in general orders as aide, with brevet rank of captain. I rode thence in advance to Winchester, where I had need to send a servant to borrow fresh horses from my friend Lord Fairfax, who himself came later from Greenway Court to meet me and rode with me about one hundred miles to Wills Creek, near to which was Fort Cumberland, so named for the captain-general.

On the last day of our ride, as we rode on over, I do believe, the most abominable roads in the world, I described to his lordship the array of well-drilled men, sailors, artillery, etc., I had seen at Alexandria, landed from Admiral Keppel's fleet, and said, if I remember, that it was a great advantage to serve under a gentleman of General Braddock's abilities and experience, and that as to any danger from the enemy, I considered it as trifling, for I believed the French would be obliged to exert their utmost strength to repel the attacks about to be made on their forts at Niagara and Crown Point.

As I talked, Lord Fairfax, who had seen greater armies, heard me in silence, and indeed, when I ceased, remained for a time without making any comment. Then he reined up his horse, and, handing me two letters, said: "I have kept these for your private reading, George; I have them through the kindness of one of Admiral Keppel's officers." I read them as we rode on, well in the rear, to avoid the annoyance caused by the marching of the Forty-eighth Foot, which beat up a great dust. He said: "Read them again at your leisure." I did as was desired, and, as they happened to be left in my buckskin-coat pocket and forgot, they were the only papers I chanced to save in the battle. They are now before me, and I read them anew with interest. Not for many years have I seen them.

MY DEAR LORD: I take this occasion to write you. London is very gay, and the clubs



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and their wits amazing merry over the appointment of Charles Braddock to command the force sent out to protect you from the Indians. Ch. S——y was here for dinner yesterday. He said General B. was a stranger both to fear and common sense, and that his best fitness to fight Indians was that he was providentially bald. Lord C. S. says he saw Anne Bellamy, the actress, whom the General visited when on the point of leaving London. She said Mr. Braddock was melancholy, and declared he was sent with a handful of men to conquer nations and to cut his way through an unknown wilderness.

He said: "We are sent like sacrifices to the altar." That ancient ram! say I. He told her she would never see him again.

I wish you luck of your new General. He is touchy, punctilious, of a stiff mind, and has had forty years in the Guards. I do not think he was eager to leave Anne Bellamy and the clubs, for the man is a favourite; but he has little money, and it will be at least agreeable to spend the king's guineas.

If you were a woman I should tell you the new fashions. The beaux now carry their watches in their muffs, and the women are taking more and more, to what Charles S——y calls undress uniform, so that soon Madame Eve will be the fashionable maker of gowns! —but I must not nourish your provincial blushes. Lord R. tells me that your General is a sad brute, for when his sister—a pretty thing she was—spent all her money at cards and hanged herself, the man said: "Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up." Horace Walpole says, when she meant to die, she wrote with a diamond on the window-pane this out of Garth's "Dispensary":

> "To die is landing on some silent shore,
> Where billows never break nor tempests roar."

But why should the woman die when she had a diamond left to gamble with?

However, the Duke of Cumberland is his patron, and that is enough. F——x lost the other night at White's, they say, £1000 and—

I looked up and said: "The rest does not seem to be of interest or to say more of the general."

"No, but always look at the postscript of a lady's letter. There is more about your general."

It was true, for I read:

P.S. I meant not to tell you of Braddock's affair with Colonel Gumley, who was his friend, but I may as well, even if you think it incredible. A letter is a fine way to talk, because you can never see the blush you may cause, and may fib without being vexed by contradiction until so long after that you have forgotten all about it. But what a pother I am making about my harmless gossip!

When Braddock quarrelled over cards with his friend, and swords were drawn, Gumley (you know, Lord Pulteney married his sister) cried out: "Braddock, you are a penniless dog. If you kill me you have no money, and you will have to run away." So with that he tossed him his purse. Braddock was in such a rage that Gumley easily disarmed him, but he would not ask his life.

As we rode on I said it seemed to me to show that our general was foolishly obstinate, and that I liked the other man better, but neither very much.

His lordship said: "Yes, yes, it is a wild and a silly life. The woman is heartless, but what she says may serve to put you on your guard. These people think London the only part of the world worth a thought. The other letter is of more moment. It is from Colonel Conway. I have inked over these names; they do not matter. He is of another clay."

*London.*

MY DEAR LORD: My nephew, Mr. Henry Wilton, carries this letter to you, and any kind attention you may feel disposed to pay him will oblige me.

I think the choice of Braddock unfortunate. He is a brave, or rather a reckless, man, overconfident, arrogant, and sure to despise his enemy, and goes out, as I am assured, with a bad opinion of the Colonials. Horace Walpole, who knows, as we all do, the mad life Braddock has led in London, says: "He is a very Iroquois in disposition, and so, I suppose, fit to fight his kind." Horace is making himself merry over the appointment, and the Colonial helping he is to have. But it is the fashion here to laugh at Colonials, and not for the world would Horace be out of the fashion. I wish the General may have good fortune, but I fear the matching of drill and pipe-clay against the wiles of the woods; as sensible would it be to set a fencing-master with a rapier to fight a tiger in a jungle. When I consider how vast is this increasing number of English in a country where must be great prospects and a fine sense of independency, I wonder how little they are regarded here. But it is our way to despise other nations, and even our own blood if it has had enterprise to cross the seas. Come back and help us to learn better.

Always your Lordship's
Ob'd^t hum^le serv^t.
*Henry Conway.*

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His lordship looked at me as I put away the letters. I said: "That seems to me good sense, but about the general, I cannot credit it."

"You will judge for yourself," he said, "if this be the man to send into the wilderness. Keep the letters, but do not lose them; you may return them later." Which I should have done, only that the rout on the Monongahela put it out of my mind.

It was about noon when, as I have said, being in the rear of the Forty-eighth Foot, we heard a noise behind us. We drew up at the side within the wood to see what was coming.

Amid a great dust came General Braddock, in a fine red chariot bought of Governor Sharpe, with an escort of light horse, all in great haste, and bumping over the worst road possible. Presently they flew by the troops, who saluted, the drums beating the Grenadier's March, a tune I was to hear again.

"If I were the general," I said, "I should have preferred a horse to a coach."

"Not if you were he," said his lordship.

"But the man is not a fool," I ventured to say. "He seemed to me not to want for intelligence."

"An intelligent fool, George, is the worst fool. His intelligence feeds his folly."

This, like much else that his lordship said to me, was not so plain as it would be now, and, accordingly, I made no reply.

After being silent for a time, his lordship went on to say that I would do well to talk little, and quietly to observe things for myself; that he himself knew General Braddock to be a spendthrift, obstinate as a pig, and very self-confident; and, finally, that I knew what a lot of drilled regulars would be worth in the woods. He feared also that the officers were quite unfit for the service.

As it was the way of his lordship to mock at most things, it did not affect me as much as what I saw and heard later, for, unfortunately, he was not alone in his opinion concerning the general.

By and by, the general having preceded us by an hour, we heard the salute of seventeen guns, fired as he entered the camp.

We came in sight of the tents about Wills Creek early in the afternoon, and were walking our horses, very tired, man and beast, when a gentleman came towards us. He was mounted on a rather uneasy animal, and I saw, as he met us and we bowed, that his girth was loose and he in danger of a fall. I dismounted and, with an apology, set it right. He thanked me and got off his horse, saying, as was plain to see, that he was no horseman and would walk, preferring two certain legs to four uncertain ones. On this his lordship also dismounted, and, our servants taking the horses, we walked on together. But first his lordship said: "I am Lord Fairfax, and this is my friend, Colonel George Washington. May we have the honour to know your name?"

He replied, "I am Benjamin Franklin," and asked if this were Colonel Washington who had been in command in the Jumonville affair. I said I had had that good fortune, and after this he turned to his lordship, and, they conversing, I was able to observe the looks and ways of Mr. Franklin, who was now the Postmaster-General and known throughout the colonies as a learned man, and in affairs very competent. I was to be deeply engaged with him in the future.

He was at this time a vigorous man of forty-nine years, with a great head and a kindly look, clad very simply in a gray suit. When he began to talk I envied him the ease and exactness with which he expressed himself, and the prudence he showed in speech, of which quality his lordship had little.

When at last the Postmaster-General learned that I was to serve as a volunteer aide, he smiled and remarked that was to manufacture glory for others and not even to get pay. To this I replied that I considered my ends were clear enough to me, for that I was, as it were, an apprentice, and was bent to acquire experience in war under one who knew the business. He said he hoped I should not be disappointed, and at this I saw his lordship smile; and so no more of moment passed between us, for we met Captain Orme and Sir John St. Clair, and were soon in the camp.

Here was our most western fort. It lay very well, what there was of it finished, just where Wills Creek falls into the Potomac.

I went, with Captain Orme guiding me, to headquarters at the fort to report, passing a few Indians and squads of ill-clad Virginians whom an officer, one Ensign

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Allen, was cursing and trying to drill into regulars.

Everybody was out of temper for one reason or another. Sir John could get neither waggons nor flour, and the Indian squaws were making mischief because of the unchecked license of the younger officers.

Having reported, I was received very agreeably by the general and his aides, and he would have me to dine with him that day. At four in the afternoon—for the general kept very fashionable hours—we sat down in a great room in the fort, and as he told us his cooks could make a good ragout out of old boots, we were served with a great variety of dishes, and in fine state.

The general had Lord Fairfax on his right and Mr. Franklin on his left, and I was fortunate to find myself beside a very courteous gentleman just come to the fort, Mr. Richard Peters, secretary of Governor Morris of Pennsylvania. I engaged this gentleman in talk concerning the proprietary government and the Quakers, and their unwillingness to be taxed for defence, until, the wine being freely used and then punch more than enough, men's tongues were loosed. There were toasts to the king and the governor, and at last I heard the general's voice raised.

He said: "Your health, Mr. Peters, and when do you set out to cut that road for my troops? You are long about it." Mr. Peters said quietly: "When, sir, I get guards against the Indians for the wood-cutters; until then it will not be possible."

The general damned Pennsylvania and the Quakers, and said: "That colony must find guards for their own wood-cutters, and as to the Indians, his Majesty's regulars laugh at the idea of danger from them." Upon which, several officers, not very sober, cried out, "Hear, hear!"

Mr. Peters, who had taken very little wine, replied that they were not to be despised, meaning the savages, but that every step of the march would be at risk of ambuscades.

Then, to my amazement, General Braddock cried out that he despised such counsels and that the colonials were like old women.

On this Mr. Peters rose, and one or two other gentlemen, and I saw Mr. Franklin glance at him. As he hesitated, I said so that he alone could hear: "Pardon me, Mr. Peters, the man is drunk, and you are entirely right." Then I saw that his lordship spoke quickly to the general, who cried out: "My apologies, Mr. Peters, and a glass with you. We have had too many vinous counsellors. You shall have your guards"—as indeed he did, but not until my lord had been very urgent and also Mr. Franklin. Mr. Peters, very grave, bowed and sat down. When shortly his lordship went away, I made my own excuses and followed him.

The next day I happened to be in his lordship's quarters and Mr. Franklin present, when General Braddock called to pay his respects to Lord Fairfax. We rose to go out, but his lordship detained us. The general was in high spirits. He said to Mr. Franklin: "Only let the colonies keep their promises and all will be well."

I confess I was unprepared for the confidence with which he assured Mr. Franklin that he would take Duquesne and go on to Niagara and Frontenac, and that the fort would be an affair of a day or two.

"But, sir," said Mr. Franklin, "you must march through a narrow road in pathless, dense forests, and your line will be some four miles long. You will, I hope, take Duquesne, but you will be, I fear, in constant danger of being cut in two, for the French and Indians are dexterous in ambuscades, and to send back relief quickly, if attacked, will be nigh to impossible with woods all about you. As to the waggons we talked of, I will get you all the waggons you want out of Pennsylvania, and shall set out for Lancaster at once."

The general thanked him, but said he must remind Mr. Franklin that he talked as a civilian, and that, although these savages might be formidable to raw American militia, they would make no impression on disciplined troops, and much more to like effect.

Mr. Franklin replied quietly: "I am conscious, sir, of the impropriety of arguing such matters with a military man, but I should like to ask Colonel Washington his opinion. He has had some experience in the irregular warfare of our woods."

His lordship, desirous, as I learned later, that I should not contradict my superiour, said: "I beg to answer for Mr. Washington that I am sure General Braddock will, as

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time serves, consult such colonial officers as have seen service on the frontier."

After other talk the general rose, and said he should be sure to take his lordship's advice.

When alone with us the Postmaster-General talked with even greater seriousness, saying that in Philadelphia, so secure were they of the success of the campaign, that a gentleman, a Dr. Bond I think it was, proposed to raise money for an illumination to be ready when the news of victory came. Mr. Franklin told us that he had begged him to take warning from a verse in the Old Testament as to before battle and after, and this much pleased his lordship, who laughed and said, "Well put, sir"; but when I asked what the verse was, they both laughed and bade me read my Bible, and, indeed, I am none the wiser up to this day.

It was not alone the general who was discontented. On arriving at Wills Creek I found this letter from George Croghan, one of the most important traders on the frontier, and with a commission from Pennsylvania to make roads and secure waggons and Indian allies.

DEAR COLONEL: If the rest are like Sir John St. Clair, I shall be glad to be shut of the business. He swore at us for delay and said "no soldier should handle an axe, but by fire and sword he would force the inhabitants to do the work; we should be treated as traitors, and that when the General came he would give us ten bad words for one that he had given." You, Sir, know well how hard it is to stir up our border folks and what a task to get from farmers in the spring their waggons and horses. We are doing our best. I have secured Captain Jack—a guide hard to beat.

There was more of it, and enough to afford serious thought.

During our stay I heard nothing but complaints of our want of efficiency, and no one seemed to see that it was silly to expect to find everything at hand in a land as new as ours. Captain Orme and Ensign Allen complained on one occasion to Dr. Mercer and me that our men were languid, spiritless, and unsoldier-like. Dr. Mercer, who was a hot-headed Scotchman, said he had seen undisciplined Highlanders put to rout regulars at Prestonpans and Falkirk, and that in the woods our men would beat the best grenadiers in the king's army. Orme grew angry and said Mercer was a damned rebel; but I succeeded in quieting them, although I insisted that Captain Orme would in time change his opinion, as indeed happened. Mercer was in a constant rage and told me over and over that the officers were insolent and that the general was ill with the disease called damned foolishness. I thought him imprudent and begged him to be careful; but as he had served in '45 with the Pretender, and come over here after his flight, he was, on that account, in bad odour with the regular officers, and, I feared, also with the general, who had been with the Duke of Cumberland upon the final bloody defeat of the rebels at Culloden. Dr. Mercer had just cause to complain, but I thought him unwise to talk so freely. He was, nevertheless, a gallant gentleman, and died a general, falling gloriously at Princeton when rallying his men.

I saw Mr. Franklin again but once before he went away. He was clearly not a man altogether to the liking of Lord Fairfax, but why I never came to know. He seemed to me at that time a conscientious and intelligent person, very able to get along with all manner of people. I must admit that he conducted matters of gravity as if they amused him and were not serious, a method which never altogether pleased me. When I justified the general's groaning over his many difficulties as to roads and transport and food, he said that his difficulties were of British making, and that had the force landed in Philadelphia, horses, waggons, and supplies would have been found in abundance. To this I agreed, for I thought the plan of the march ill chosen. After this the doctor amused himself with the astonishment the Indians would have when they got hold of the wigs of the officers—a jest which did not seem to me agreeable. He spoke also with much freedom of the general, and said to argue with him was useless and was like striking a pillow or reasoning with a wild animal, who had only its own thoughts and could not comprehend yours. I made no reply, and he fell to most ingenious talk about the temperature of springs and the ways of swimming. Notwithstanding his doubts, the great array of war kept me somewhat confident and cheerful until I heard that nine hundred men of the French had passed Sandusky on their way to rein-

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force the French on the Ohio, so that I had to write Mr. Speaker Robinson that I feared we should have more to do than merely to march up and down the hills, as the general had said would be all.

It was May 19 when the general arrived at Fort Cumberland, and June 10 before he set out to cross the mountains, and after, as the general said, more expenditure of oaths in a month than he had needed in his whole Scotch campaign with the duke, of whom the general liked to speak.

I spent much of my time while we lay at this post in learning the methods of drill and discipline, and in aiding to satisfy the Virginia recruits that it was necessary to imitate the methods of the regulars, although if it came to wood fighting I believed the English officers and men would more need to learn the ways of the rangers. Yet some who judged our people by their dislike of strict drill were of opinion that the lowness and ignorance of their officers gave little hope of their future behaviour under fire. My task of helping to train the men was given up when the general ordered me to go to Williamsburg and fetch back four thousand pounds, an errand not much to my liking.

Unfortunately, the detail was made without my having the opportunity of choice, and proved very unfit, giving me much concern and anxiety. I do not know why there was delay in assembling this detail, but eight days passed after I got my order before I was given the men. I believe they would not have been eight seconds in dispersing if we had been attacked.

Captain Horatio Gates, of a New York Independent company, advised not to take regulars, who would obey only their own officers; but I had no choice, and so set out and was gone a fortnight. On my return I slept every night in the waggon, with my precious money about me and pistols loaded. The men were drunken and disobedient until I promised strappado on our reaching camp, and indeed I was glad to be rid of the money and the guard.

I saw during this ride and later that, as Orme had told me, the men of the Forty-fourth and Forty-eighth regiments were drunken, mutinous, and disorderly, so that it was not alone our own failures to provide which made difficult the task of our unfortunate commander.

I found the general much disgusted at the delays in supplying him, and, as I thought most unwise, and only increased his trouble by abuse of the colonies, for the more men deserve abuse the less they like it, and get sullen and less than ever inclined to help.

Just before we set out from Fort Cumberland, the general being now in the saddle, Lord Fairfax presented me with a handsome pair of pistols, and said: "I should have been pleased to have had a son like you; but for that I must have had a wife, which is a calamity I have been spared. If occasion serves I shall be glad to hear from you."

Lord Fairfax had informed me that General Braddock would ask my opinion and advice as to the use to be made of Indians and our rangers. He did consult me, but only, I believed, because his lordship had desired him to do so.

I never succeeded to make much impression upon him, and it was as the wise Mr. Franklin had said. Many Indians joined us on the way with their squaws, but the chiefs were too little considered or consulted. Their women were insulted or worse, and those that came to-day, receiving no gifts, were gone to-morrow.

On June 6 Sir John St. Clair was sent on in advance with some six hundred choppers to widen and better my old road. After him came Sir Peter Halket's force. On June 10, if I remember aright, the general followed with his staff and the rest of the army. As soon as the march began, the lack of discipline became plain, and the officers were worse than the men and altogether too much drunkenness.

Captain Croghan said to me: "I should like to give these fellows a wood drill and upset half the rum-kegs." This was as we led our horses over the second mountain. "Why, sir," he said, "here are hundreds of waggons and enough gimcracks and nonsense to fit out a town, and all the officers of foot on horseback."

I said that I had represented to the general and Colonel Dunbar the risk of this long train, and urged that we use our horses for packhorses and to carry only what we really needed. "That would be," Captain Croghan said, "for the men, blankets, an axe, a rifle, a knife, and ammunition."

He went on to tell us that he had urged this to be done again and again—that was,

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to Captains Orme and Shirley, the military secretary of the commander, for he had been told plainly enough that he was himself too small a person to converse with the general, and a d—d trader he had been called. He was sure the general would listen to no advice except from the king's officers. I had to admit that he listened to me at times, and had always said in a civil way that he would consider of what I advised, but got no further.

Croghan came to me the day after at my hut (I am not sure of this date), and with him was Mr. Gist and a tall man in buckskins, leggins, and moccasins. He carried a long rifle and a scalping-knife.

Captain Croghan said: "This, colonel, is my friend, Captain Jack, of whom I wrote. He has come with fifty Pennsylvania men to offer as scouts."

I had heard often of this man and was pleased that we were to have his services. I made him welcome, bade him be seated, and offered him rum, which he refused to take, saying he drank no spirits. He was very silent and made brief answers to my questions concerning the Indians and their inclinations. When I would have gone further, he rose and said his men were waiting to camp. He must see the general, and asked me to go with him. As we walked through the shelters the rangers had set up, I saw many look at him with curiosity, which was not surprising, for he was not less than six feet three, but a gaunt, thin man, of melancholic aspect. He never spoke a word, but presently we met a certain Major Moore, a rough, hard-drinking officer of the grenadiers. As he stopped us, I saw that he was under liquor, as was too common. He said, "Whom have you got there? Make a fine grenadier." I said, "This is Captain Jack, a famous Pennsylvania scout," and so would have passed on, when the major said rudely to Captain Jack, "Who the deuce made you a captain?" The scout tapped his rifle and said, "That," and walked on, without saying more than his gesture seemed to imply. I could not avoid remarking, "You are well answered, major," for I have always had a liking for men who do not talk much. I contented myself with saying to the scout that, as usual, the major was in liquor.

I sent in my name to General Braddock, and we were desired to enter his tent. Here I introduced Captain Jack as an experienced ranger and said he had fifty good scouts. The general asked me to be seated, but as he did not invite the scout to sit down, I remained standing. As for the captain, he said not so much as a word, but waited, looking steadily at the general, who asked me a question concerning the roads, and then said to me, "Let the man wait; I will see about him in a day or two." Then he asked what pay they wanted, to which Captain Jack said, "No pay, nothing."

I tried to make the general understand the great service we might expect in the woods from such men, but he replied impatiently that these men could not be drilled, and that he had experienced troopers on whom he could rely for any service he might require. He was going on to give orders as to where the men should camp, when Captain Jack turned and went out without further words. The general damned him roundly for an ill-bred cur, and I made after him in haste. When I had overtaken him, he said very quietly: "Good-by, Colonel Washington; when you have a separate command send for me." I made a vain effort to induce him to remain. In half an hour he called his men together, and they went away into the woods Indian fashion, one after the other, and we saw him no more. Captain Croghan told me that this man had had his whole family massacred by the Indians, and had spent years in revenging himself, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a party, for he was both esteemed and trusted on the border-lands of Pennsylvania. Both Croghan and I were much disappointed.

Amid the difficulties caused by European need of useless luxuries and by the absence in officers and men of what Mr. Franklin called "pliability in the hands of new circumstances," I was getting useful lessons and was made to see that when a commander cannot get what he wants he must make the most of what little he has. Indeed, the delay in getting waggons he could have done without was, in the end, a calamity to the general.

The army, over two thousand strong, followed routes over and through the Alleghanies which I had used in 1754, and which could easily have been bettered by free use of trained scouts and our own axemen sent on ahead.

There was much sickness, and the reg-

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ulars suffered in many ways by reason of ignorance and want of knowing how better to take care of themselves. They complained bitterly of the mosquitos, black flies, and midges, and took so kindly to smudges that Orme said the smoke was like that the Israelites had, with less or no trouble. There was, indeed, some reasonable cause for complaint by men unused to the woods. We had twice the worst thunder and lightning I ever saw. Trees were struck, but no man, nor ever is in the woods. Three men died of the bite of rattlesnakes; but few escaped the little forest bugs called ticks, which bore into the skin and leave sores and great itch for weeks. Our rangers undressed every night and picked off these pests. The soldiers were too lazy or did not know enough, and many were lamed or ulcered for want of such care.

Even before we reached Little Meadows certain officers saw the danger of our thin line; more than four miles of it stretched out across streams and marshes in deep woods. Had the French been in force we had certainly been sooner ambushed. Even the men became uneasy as we entered the white-pine woods beyond Great Savage Mountain. Here the deep of the forest was like twilight, and the trees of great bigness. When the rangers told the soldiers that these dark woods were called the "Shades of Death,"—but why I do not know,—they were more alarmed, and were glad about the 18th to be out of the forest and descending the shaggy slopes of the Meadow Mountain to Little Meadows, where was more light and room to camp.

It was a wonder to us frugal woodsmen how all this host, cumbered as it was, did at last get over the hills and reach the Little Meadows, this being about June 18.

On the evening of our arrival the general desired me to remain after the other aides had received orders and gone away. He then opened his mind to me with great freedom, about the tardiness of the march and his desire to know what was my opinion concerning the matter in hand. When he had made an end of speaking, I said that he had more men than were needed, but that to push on in haste was desirable and to take only the light division, leaving the heavy troops and most of the baggage.

I begged leave to add that Duquesne was as yet weakly garrisoned, and the long dry weather would keep the rivers low, and hard to navigate by reinforcements from Venango and the lake, so that if we could dismount officers, take to packhorses, and push on without encumbrance, we could be sure of an easy victory.

A council of all the field-officers was called soon after I left the tent; but my rank not entitling me to be present, I was pleased to hear from Captain Orme that the general had stated my views and that a more rapid march was decided. I was much disappointed to learn that we were still to be overburdened with artillery and waggons. I gave up one of my horses for a packhorse and saw it no more. Out of two hundred and twelve horses allowed to officers, only twelve were thus offered. Why the general did not order them taken I do not know.

The force selected was in all about twelve hundred men and their artillery; but in place of pushing on with vigour, they must needs stop to bridge every brook and level every mole-hill. In four days we marched only twelve miles.

St. Clair and Colonel Gage were sent on ahead to clear the way with four hundred men, and the general followed with eight hundred. We still moved so slowly that we were constantly halted because of overtaking our pioneers. It was up hill and down, where cannon and waggons had to be lowered by ropes. There were deep morasses and constant scares from outlying parties of Indians.

(To be continued)



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# SONGS OF THE SULU SEA

## BY EDWARD BARRON

### LET 'S GO BACK TO BORNEO

LET 'S go down the Sulu Sea—
I am tired of old Canton,
Shanghai 's had enough of me,
Nothing good in French Saigon,
Macao of the Portugee,
All this China side 's too slow—
Let 's go sail the Sulu Sea—
Let 's go back to Borneo!

On the bund at Singapore
Chinks and Sikhs stroll up and down—
Yellow rajas from Lahore,
Half-baked kings to see the town.
By this crowd I set no store,
All this feeble Malay show—
Say, let 's sail from Singapore—
Let 's go back to Borneo!

No place duller than Penang—
Twice I had the fever there.
Gad! the sleepy isle can hang
White and brown, for what I care.
Dyak and orang-outang,
Where they are I want to go—
Sink or swim, leave dull Penang—
Let 's go back to Borneo!

I can see the place in dreams
When the moon shines on the bay—
Liquid fire the water gleams,
Phosphorescent flames at play.
Why, but yesterday it seems
That we watched the turtles glow
Like gold patches—in my dreams—
Let 's go back to Borneo!

Don't you mind the honey-bear
Little Mina used to drill?
The parrot that we taught to swear
In the hut on Landak hill?
Mina, too—I wonder where
Now she keeps her bungalow—
Has she still the honey-bear?
Let 's go back to Borneo!

Let 's go down the Sulu Sea—
Yes, it 's good in old Japan—
Good enough for some—not me—
I 've an older, better plan.
Comes the northeast monsoon free,
Islandward I 'm bound to go—
Let 's go sail the Sulu Sea—
Let 's go back to Borneo!

### THE LOOKOUT

WIND-SWAYED in my tree-top nest,
Hour and hour I dream of you.
Every breaker's whitening crest
Seems the foam of your canoe;
Every fish the reefs along,
Flashing from the sunlit blue,
Seems your body, lithe and strong,
Buffeting the surf-beat through.

Seaward to the coral reef
Dusk-green jungle masses glow;
Bamboo feather and nipa-leaf
'Neath my tower swing to and fro.
Wistful is the heart of me—
Hopes and fears recurrent flow—
When white spray above the sea
Eddies of the monsoon blow.

Here in wind-swept Balabac
I look from my palm-tree dome.
Southward o'er the ocean track
Eyes and heart together roam—
Eyes and heart with longing seek
Your dear boat above the foam.
Happy tears are on my cheek,
Dreaming that my love is home!

### THE TITHE

WHERE frowning looms Bakat stockade
Panglima took the river toll—
From every seventh jar a bowl
Of tuba wine to him was paid;



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For every proa-load of rice,
Of meal and dripping sugar-cane,
One lot in seven was the price—
The pirate chieftain had the gain.

The gangs of slaves that at the ford
Beneath the threatening cannon ran
For every seven gave a man.
"For it is writ in Al Koran
That God is great—Mohammed's head
Comes next to God's—I am his sword,
And count myself a worthy lord,
To the Prophet next," Panglima said.

The river people writhed beneath
Their load, but none dared show his teeth
Till Datto Mand a voyage made,
With thirty paddles on a side,
To the river town to greet his bride.
The seven pearls he brideward bore
Panglima shared. An oath Mand swore:
"By Allah! sheathed shall be this blade!"

The seventh midnight knew no moon—
The sentry paced Bakat stockade,
But marked not the driftwood where it stayed
Against the bank, nor thought too soon
The splashing cayman's wakening din—
When Datto Mand and his men broke in
From the bamboo drift 'gainst the palisade,
And raged through the fort like the wind khamsin.

Before fierce Mand the chief was brought.
"This pirate dog," the Datto said,
"Since swollen by his self-esteem
The Master's sword himself he thought,
Himself shall with himself redeem
And from himself shall pay the toll:
In seven parts his body dole
With care, beginning at the head!"

So now, set on a half-charred stake,
All that is left of burned Bakat,
Ten inches of grim bones stand clear
Above the ford and the river-flat.
Laughing the river traders take
Their unchecked way—the road is free.
"Thou pirate dog," the traders jeer,
"How likest thou thy seventh-part fee!"

## THE MONSOON

WHEN all day long the monsoon blows
From Sulu down to Celebes,
The Chino in his box-junk goes
A-trading through the island seas—
But prays to his joss of painted skin
To keep off pirates and evil jinn.

When all day long the monsoon blows,
The women gather betel-leaf,
For Datto Prang, the Moro, knows—
As the white crests rear on the outer reef—
That the time has come to summon the horde
Which sails 'neath the Flag of the Crooked Sword.

When all day long the monsoon blows,
The slave, José, laments anew
His pleasant home where the mango grows,
The sun-kissed uplands of Cebu;
And longs, though wrinkled and foul and lame,
For the drinking-pool where the maidens came.

When all day long the monsoon blows,
The pearl fleet counts its hundred sail;
A hundred colors the pearl shell glows
In splendid heaps by the proas' rail—
While the Sultan sends his taxmen down
For the threefold share that is due the crown.

When all day long the monsoon blows
From Sulu down to Celebes,
The current of man's passion flows
Tumultuous through the island seas,
And all the strength of island men
Wakes with the glorious breeze again.

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# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## AMERICAN SENTIMENT CONCERNING RUSSIA AND JAPAN

ONE of the most interesting and extraordinary of modern international phenomena is the spontaneous and general sympathy of the American people with the Japanese in their terrific struggle with Russia. This sympathy is not a matter of pity for the "under dog" in the combat; for whatever the disparity in size and resources between the two nations, the superior preparedness, unexpected expertness, and prompt victories of the Japanese, and the distance of Russia from her source of reinforcement and supplies, soon made it appear that the smaller dog was, temporarily at least, in a superior position. The distance from base was, indeed, a tremendous contributor to the diminution of the effective power of the larger nation. In this connection we remember a remark of General Sheridan's, who said, in private conversation and with playful extravagance, that at some time in the future success in war would be determined by the result of manœuvers with regard to bases of supply—and that when one army succeeded in getting into an impregnable position with relation to supplies, the other army would throw up the sponge, without the formality of fighting at all.

If American sentiment has not been based upon sympathy with the weaker, neither has it been led on by the declarations of its own government in friendship toward one or the other contestant. In fact, the American government has taken great pains to maintain a neutral attitude, the President going so far as to issue a special declaration of neutrality.

And yet, notwithstanding the fact, on the one hand, that there has been a sentimental regard for Russia in America for many years, and the fact, on the other hand, that Russia's antagonist is of utterly alien race,—under the ban, in the popular mind, of "heathenism,"—the sympathies of the people have gone to the "yellow man" and not to our "old friend" Russia. There are exceptions to this sentiment. One of our poets has broken into song in sympathy with the peace-loving Czar and his people; and now and then a voice is raised in protest against our "blindness" in not seeing that where the Japanese go they are able to do all the necessary business, to the competitive exclusion of Occidentals.

Our Russian friends are openly surprised and genuinely shocked at the manifestations of what they regard as most unexpected ingratitude. They point to the historical fact of a friendly Russian fleet in Northern waters during our Civil War; to our amicable acquisition from Russia of Alaska; to all that has been said in America of a certain fateful likeness between the American and the Russian emancipator; to the fact that American travelers are cordially received in Russia, and come away with glowing stories of Russian courtesy and hospitality. They point to prominent Russians trained in America, and to American machinery welcomed in Russia. They remember that the Czar's noble part in the initiation of the Peace Tribunal of The Hague was warmly commended in America, and has been fittingly housed by an American. They can not make it out, our supposedly sudden turning away from them in their hour of trial.

Why is this apparent defection? As to the Civil War incident, while it is believed that there are no official records in the State Department bearing upon this subject, there is no denial of the probability that the presence of the Russian fleet in our waters had a friendly intent. But there is some skepticism as to the entirely disinterested nature of what was apparently a "demonstration" in favor of Lincoln's government. There exists a feeling, whether just or not, that, after all, Russia was playing her own game in relation to Great Britain—that any official friendliness with



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the American government was with the immediate intent of making friends with us rather than with the British, whom our own government was then watching with deserved suspicion. International gratitude, it will be recalled, did not prevent George Washington, when the situation was changed, from being inimical to French agencies and influences. He might, at one time, have been called upon, it is singular to remember, to take the field against the countrymen of Lafayette, as represented by the armies of Bonaparte.

As offsetting any considerations of friendly sentiment, Americans have learned to look with loathing upon an administrative system which permits such tyrannical practices as are typified by Siberia. Americans abominate political assassination, but they detest secret and cruel suppression. Americans have also heard much of the oppression of the Jews in Russia. They cannot help remembering Poland, and they cannot deafen their ears to the cries of Finland. They may be misinformed on these subjects, but they have taken some pains to learn the truth, and the result is that they behold, or believe that they behold, a "crushing uniformity,"—to use the phrase of a distinguished student of Russian affairs,—bearing down upon the various peoples that come under the Russian yoke, with a sodden and unfeeling weight; inflicting needless and unending suffering. Now and again an image haunts our minds of that frightful shape of Kipling's imagination—"the bear that walks like a man."

A metropolitan newspaper not long ago, in giving a reason for lack of American popular sympathy with Russia, went so far as to declare that the condition of public opinion was because of the fact that the American government found the Russian government insincere and untruthful in statements and pledges. This is a very serious charge against official Russia; whether true or not, we are bound to say that it is a prevalent opinion, and an opinion which puts Americans in sympathy with Japanese diplomats who have given to the world the record of their own dealings with Russia's representatives. Meantime the opinion prevails here that Japanese diplomacy is comparatively open and trustworthy—more "Christian" than Christian Russia's.

Furthermore, there is a belief among our people that Russia's part in the "hold-up" of Japan, after the triumphant conclusion of Japan's war against China, was particularly discreditable in view of the subsequent proceedings of Russia in Manchuria. Most of our people seem to agree with Mr. Okakura, the ingenious and highly expressive Japanese writer, that there is less to be dreaded from a problematical "yellow peril" than from an actual Russian peril.

Perhaps the American sympathy with Japan has been increased by the recollection of the part played by the American Commodore Perry in the modernization and reformation of the once imprisoned nation; by the successful liberalizing of the institutions of the country; and by the amazing evidences of high intellectual and moral qualities shown during the war with Russia. Americans realize that while they are sending missionaries to Japan, there are many things in the peaceful and military arts, in the philosophy, in the intense national spirit of that country, which we may profitably learn from the Land of the Rising Sun.

But while Americans hold the above described adverse opinions and sentiments regarding Russia, there is nevertheless a great deal of sentiment in its favor. Americans, at least of the North, cannot and do not forget the incident of the fleet, whatever the motives of those who ordered the demonstration. Americans have no feeling but that of kindness for the great mass of the Russian people. They have a high regard for the heart-qualities of the present Czar, and are apt to look upon him as a true lover of peace, and elder brother of his people, who, whenever acting in seeming inconsistency with his own character, is the victim of an impossible system, rather than an inflexible and cruel oligarch; "the unfortunate, entangled young man," is Tolstoi's phrase. They suspect that the scheme of "advance" and aggression, which has ruled of late, is the work of designing and unscrupulous men who have, in an unrepresentative government, succeeded in obtaining command of the machinery of power.

Americans not only have a genuine sympathy with the masses of the Russian people, they have an intense sympathy with much of Russian literature; and they have a very warm regard for individual

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Russians, whose personality is apt to appeal to them in an intimate and special manner. It is reported that judicial trial for political offenses has just been granted. Nothing would give greater satisfaction to thoughtful Americans than a course of events that would eliminate from Russian institutions those features which create international antipathy; so that all that is finest and most amiable in Russian character might expand naturally and wholesomely, to the eternal welfare of countless millions of the human race.

## GEOGRAPHY AGAIN TO THE FRONT

TWO years ago, in this department, under the title of "The Whole World in the Geography Class," we wrote of the extraordinary development of the world's knowledge of the world incident upon such recent events as the Spanish and South African wars, the relief of the Peking legations, the discovery of gold in Alaska, and the disaster in the West Indies. The school-boy (and are we not all still in the school-boy's class?) will again be confronted in September with new regions with which—at least, in their large relations—he will be asked to familiarize himself. This time it is chiefly Asia, that, like an image suddenly thrown upon the screen of a *camera obscura*, emerges out of semi-darkness and takes definite form. Not only has Japan made entrance into the civilized world: the civilized world has made entrance into Japan. The most casual reader of the daily newspaper and its maps must have a new knowledge of the anatomy of that wonderful country. Korea and Manchuria—battle-grounds of what, let us hope, is the last great war of the world—are becoming as familiar as the Cuba of 1898. Others besides school-boys will desire that all the great contests of this war may occur at places with most rememberable names: in spite of the confusion of such localities as Shan-tang-chan, Chow-tang-chan, Chan-tow-chang, and Chow-chang-tang (if our memory serves us!), one clings to Port Arthur and Vladivostok and Harbin and Mukden with the tenacity of the Russians themselves, and wishes the news-givers of the press would orient all military movements by these important points. The war has made us familiar also with the whole trans-Siberian region, and—somewhat less so than is desirable—with the interior of Russia. The British aggression upon Tibet is like a flash-light into the dark. The advance of the Cape-to-Cairo route to Victoria Falls is transferring geography from the text-books to the railway "folders." In brief,—through war, adventure, exploration, the printing-press, the photograph, electricity,—there is but little *terra incognita* left, except in the Arctic and in Central Asia.

This being the case, the meeting of the International Geographical Congress in Washington in September is likely to be one of the most important as well as interesting in the history of this great scientific body; and the savants from other countries who are coming to it are worthy of the warmest welcome America can give. This meeting will be a veritable clearing-house of the latest that is known of many lands, and will remind us that geography is indeed the pioneer of the sciences and cousin-german to all. Its conferences also will add to the stimulus which the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has recently given to the study of the remoter parts of the globe, which through the enterprise of the authorities are so well represented at St. Louis.

These considerations operate to give a certain seasonableness to the present "Round-the-World number" of THE CENTURY, in which we present a variety of fresh and curious subjects. In the mass of information printed in newspapers, magazines, and books, the jaded interest of the reading public demands the spice of novelty. It has no time for twice-told tales. The old-fashioned travel article has ceased to be in demand, partly because of the vast increase of travel itself, and partly because its place is taken by fiction. And yet, is not fiction, in its best estate, only the travels of the mind? It is an interesting speculation to consider the relative appeal of these two forms of writing. For the present, fiction seems to have the greatly larger vogue. But perhaps, with the new commercial interests attendant upon the opening up of far regions and the rapprochement of the whole world, a reaction may come and a new attractiveness may attach to the records of strange and significant actualities. Meanwhile the "intelligent reader," if he would keep up with the times, must have his atlas at his elbow.

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# OPEN LETTERS

### Equestrian Portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos by Velasquez

OF all the beautiful things that Velasquez has left us, this of the young prince on his pony takes precedence for sparkle and vivacity of color, and is esteemed by many as the most perfect example of the artist's second manner —a manner differentiated from his previous style by stronger individualization, greater purity of tone and color, and a richer technique, which he varies according to the sentiment of his impression. But that rounded whole, the complete ensemble, is the triumph of his third and latest phase.

The subject here was doubtless an inspiration to the painter, for the little fellow, the hope and pride of his father, Philip IV, was but seven years old, and already at that tender age was one of the most fearless and graceful of riders, with a steed the most mettlesome and sprightly. The result is, as Carl Justi remarks, "all that is captivating in a creation of the pictorial art—life and motion, all-pervading light and prospect in the distance, air and luster, mass and contrast, the soul of the artist and consummate mastery of his technique." All of which we concede; but the "motion" is that of the hobby-horse rather than of the real live animal. Indeed, I have often heard this work objected to on this score—the hind legs of the creature glued to the ground, as it were, with its rounded belly also strongly suggesting the comparison. But motion in the horse is one of the latest acquisitions of the art of our day, and was undreamed of by Velasquez, who, in his equestrian portraits, followed the conventional statuesque form of bygone times. In this portrait of the prince, the statuesque feeling is further aided by the marshal's baton, which he holds extended in his hand. The same type of fat-bellied pony may still occasionally be seen in Spain, with the rich long mane and tail that the Spaniards are fond of seeing in their horses.

The engraved detail gives the most interesting portion. The child is decked in all his bravery: black hat and plume setting off the subtle flesh-tone of the face, which is a marvel of handling and character; body of coat, black velvet, with outflying cape; collar, white; scarf, wine-colored, with golden fringe; rich golden-colored sleeves and yellow gloves; saddle, rich golden gray; and chamois-skin boots. All this against the fine bay color of the pony and upon the deep greenish blue of the background sky makes verily a gem of tone and harmony. Not the least interesting portion of the picture is the background, with its distant snow-clad mountains and middle landscape bathed in an ocean of blue light, and recognizable as the elevated environs to the north of Madrid.

It is a large canvas, measuring six feet ten inches high by four feet eight inches wide, horse and rider being life-size. It was painted about the year 1635, when the artist was about thirty-six years old, and after his first visit to Italy. *T. Cole.*

### Degas's "Woman in Black"

THE portrait of "The Woman in Black," by Hilaire Germain Degas, which we reproduce on page 744 by permission of Mrs. Gardner, is one of the recent additions to the fine collection at Fenway Court described in THE CENTURY for January. The coming of this portrait to America has been in the nature of a sensation to the American artists who have seen it, many of whom are loud in praise of its fine qualities. A distinguished painter is said to have called it "the greatest masterpiece in portraits of the last century." The color is particularly interesting, subtle, and delicate. The wall is a pale canary-yellow, and there is a blue and a strange indefinable red in the India shawl that falls over the chair. The value to American artistic education of a single painting of this rank is incalculable. When it is remembered that Mrs. Gardner has been obliged to pay $200,000 to the government for the privilege of importing her beautiful collection, it is difficult to speak with patience of the misguided folly of the fanaticism which sacrifices Art upon the altar of Protection.



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# IN LIGHTER VEIN

### On Mr. Isham's Picture, "A Fairy-Tale"

(SEE "THE CENTURY" FOR JULY)

THIS is the place I dreamed of as a child,
This is the little silver fawn, so mild;
It comes whene'er I call, and at my wish
Eats from my hand and drinks from out my dish.
And this still girl, this white, enchanted maid,
With head all beautiful in pearl and braid,
Why, this is I—as once I seemed to be
In the far, ancient land of Poetry!

*Margaret Steele Anderson.*

### A Japanese Fan-tasy

OH, once there lived, on a Japanese fan,
A little fair maid and a little fat man
Who, with untiring fervor, stood
In a highly picturesque attitude.
But a dragon dread dwelt overhead,
With a green-striped body and eyes bright red;
Conceive their anguish, if you can—
Conceive it, if you can;
And think how bitter was their cup,
With a dragon living one flight up.

Now I know not how true it be
That love grows stout on adversity,
But, despite the dragon who dwelt above,
The little fat man fell deep in love.
Cried he, "Fair maid, though the dragon scares
Me into fits when he roars up-stairs,
My heart, when normal, beats for thee—
It only beats for thee!
I 'd kneel, but I don't see how I can;
It 's against the rules on this Japanese fan."

The little fair maid exclaimed: "Oh, please
Don't trouble to bend your Japan-knees,
For I have vowed I 'll never wed
Till some one kills that dragon dead."
He cried, "To do the deed I go!
'Mais je reviens à toi bientôt!'"
(That 's what he said, in Japanese—
In Franco-Japanese.)
Then, sword in hand, he crept up-stairs
To take the dragon unawares.

Now, fighting being that dragon's trade,
He did not feel a bit dismayed
When he spied a little fat man creep in,
Armed with a sword like a good-sized pin.
But the battle speedily ended thus:
With the sword in the dragon's esophagus!
And the victor wedded the little fair maid—
He wedded the little fair maid;
And they 'll live happily, I 've no doubt,
Till that pretty Japanese fan wears out.

*George Alison.*

### The Rejected Scotsman

HOWT! Ye say ye winna hae me, wumman?
A Hielandmon right frae the banks o' Lomon'!
Sayin' I 'm rough, that hair shocks oot my ears,
That hair hings owre my een, my hands jist bear's,
Hairy, hairy a', lak the fiend, an' rough.
Hauld, wumman! Say na mair, haein' said enough.

Lang hae I looked across the starmie sea,
Thinkin' Amariky was ca'in' me,
O' a' her w'alth an' how her lassies dear
Had lairdly acres, herds, an' mickle gear,
An' how sae kind they wair, sae finely weeded,
An' how a Hielandmon was a' they needed.

Wumman, ye knaw na what I am.
Nae sark-tailed shepherd wi' 'is yowe an' ram:
Frae an auld stock I spring that spilt mair blood
Than coursed your daddies' veins since Noy's flood.
You need na turn, an' shake, an' dry your ee.
Howt! Na wumman will I hae winna hae me.

*John Charles McNeill.*

### To Mercator

INVENTOR OF THE "PROJECTION"

WHO knows what Arctic wrecks and haps
Are chargeable to your queer maps?
It makes me shudder just to think
That you might be upon the brink
Of stretching out your polar map
(Quite like a bias edge) mayhap,
While Peary's sledge was on the sea,
And—CRACK!—where would the explorer be?

I think you go too far, Mercator;
You cheat the venturous navigator.
You make things look indefinite,
And show too wide a mark to hit.



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If *I* could take such liberties
With continents and gulfs and seas,
I 'd press the world in *narrower* bound,
And make it *easier* to go round.

*Agnes Carter Mason.*

### The Blarney of Biddy O'Hara

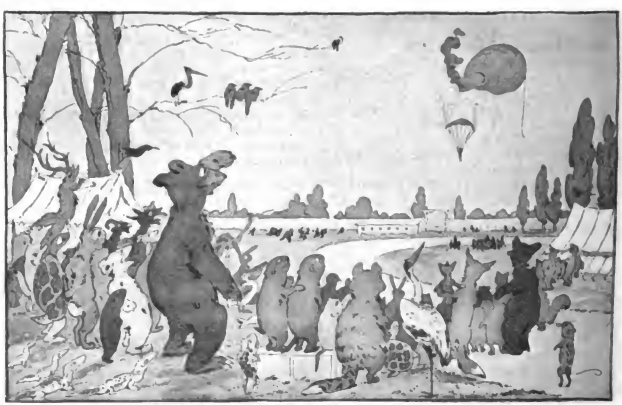
FROM THE CELTIC OF LARRY CARMODY—WITH SEVERAL LAPSES INTO THE VERNACULAR, FOR WHICH NO EXCUSES ARE OFFERED

MULLED ale and metheglin! In Erin we hold
Both peers of Olympian nectar;
Take these and take honey-dew silver, sun gold,
Blent perfectly by the collector;
Take the rose, take the blossoms of black-thorn and may,
The perfume of fields after showers;
My grandmother's sheets with their balmy bouquet
Of musk-leaves and lavender-flowers;
Add the nightingale's song in her boughy retreat,
A strain from the harps of old Tara:
And the sum of these sweetnesses is n't as sweet
As the blarney of Biddy O'Hara.

Phwat 's it good for? yez say. Arrah, man, hould your whisht!
It 's mesilf that do be afther knowin'
It settles more scraps than shillaly or fisht,
And bates all the diplomacy goin'!
It had found her a place as "experienced cook"
Before Ellis Island saw Mary,
And was I not made roundsman as soon as it took
Effect on Commissioner Carey?
Her chops may be grilled to the size of a dime,
Her biscuits be blocks of Carrara,
But it sets all things straight in a tittle of time,
Does the blarney of Biddy O'Hara.

If the wit of Françoise leaves one's brain in a whirl,
'T is, alas! less amusing than cruel;
Rosanna, sloe-eyed, is as fickle a girl
As ever man wore for a jewel;
In the neatness of Norah are positive charms,
Her floors are a marvel of whiteness:
But I 'll marry no wife who 'll be, presto! in arms
If my boots dim the fender's black brightness.
The love of fine ladies puts living on plush,
But bejabers, bedad, and begorra,
Portion me a mud cabin and praties and mush,
With the blarney of Biddy O'Hara!

*Edward W. Barnard.*



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

THE COUNTY FAIR: WATCHING THE BALLOON-JUMPER

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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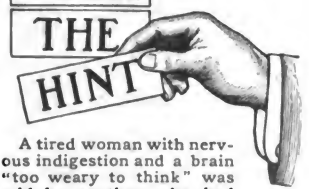
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THE CENTURY CO·UNION SQUARE·NEW YORK

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# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII OCTOBER, 1904 NO. 6

## "IN THE PERIL OF THE SEA"

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

WHEN, in THE CENTURY for July, 1893, I attempted to describe "The Most Picturesque Place in the World" (Le Puy, in the south of France), I knew that to almost everybody it would seem as mythical as Camelot or the Isle of Avalon; but it is another matter with Mont St. Michel, which, of all picturesque places, is, as Mr. Henry James once said of Venice, the easiest to visit without going there. It has been painted and drawn and photographed and written about again and again—the most exploited place in the world, one might almost call it.

And yet, when one sees it for the first time it is as unreal as a little Dürer hill-town. It is unexpected, preposterously, fantastically, magnificently medieval.

On the first glimpse, when it is only a bewildering shadow on the horizon, one's impression is of a stupendous inconsistency, of an impossible meeting of irreconcilable extremes. Viewed from the point where the road leaves the orchards and pastures for a wide causeway across the sands, the vision becomes a solid fact: a lonely rock, walled, battlemented, towered, springing up from the sea, and in its picturesque medievalism more perfect, more complete than anything Dürer ever saw or imagined.

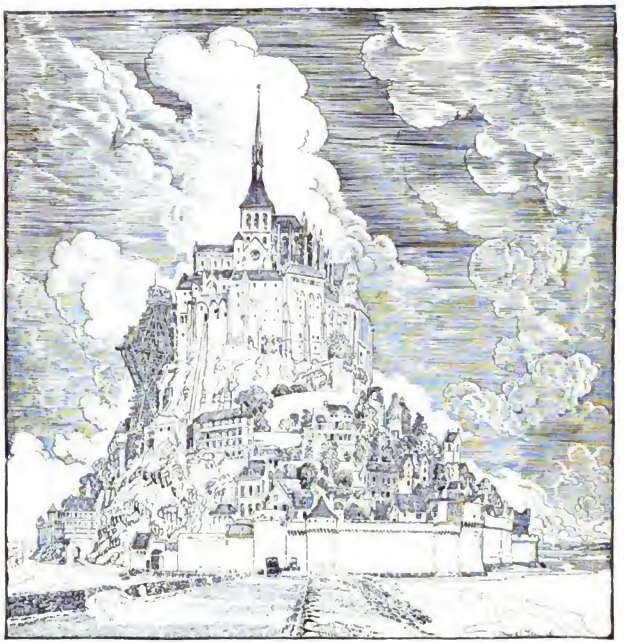
My stay in Mont St. Michel extended long beyond the usual day's outing, but I never got over my first impression. From my balcony, and from the pretty arbor in the garden where I ate my first breakfast, I looked down upon a wonderful collection of old houses, all turrets and tumbled roofs, and then out upon an endless stretch of sands, crossed and recrossed by innumerable streams running in long, flowing lines and beautiful curves, the color changing with the flight of the clouds and the journeying of the sun across the heavens.

I could sit there for hours, watching the light wander over the gray level, or waiting for the tide to come in and widen the Couesnon—the river that separates Normandy from Brittany—into an enormous bay, and never was there a moment of monotony.

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell

MONT ST. MICHEL, FROM THE CAUSEWAY ACROSS THE SANDS

Of the abbey, higher on the hill behind me, nothing was to be seen, except in the late afternoon, when it threw a gigantic shadow across the sands.

Mont St. Michel is isolated, detached; it stands alone; it is complete in itself. And it is comparatively small, with its whole life and architecture centering about the abbey. There is room for nothing else but the handful of houses clinging to the southern slope.

From the first gate up the one village street a ten-minutes' walk brings you to the abbey; you need be no longer on the way if you follow the walls; while in half an hour or so of plodding through wet sand and scrambling over rocks you can make the entire round of the mount.

If I left my high perch to wander up and down the endless steps or along the narrow paths on the hillside between abbey and village, it was to come at every turn upon some new arrangement, some fresh outlook, more picturesque than the last. And on stairs, or foot-paths, or street, or walls, or sands, I could seldom forget the isolated position of Mont St. Michel, which is at once its charm and its distinction.

II

MONT ST. MICHEL has the romantic air. It suggests Dumas and Scott. Its history is a romance, but it was curious to learn that the first monks did not settle there because of a position I thought too ob-

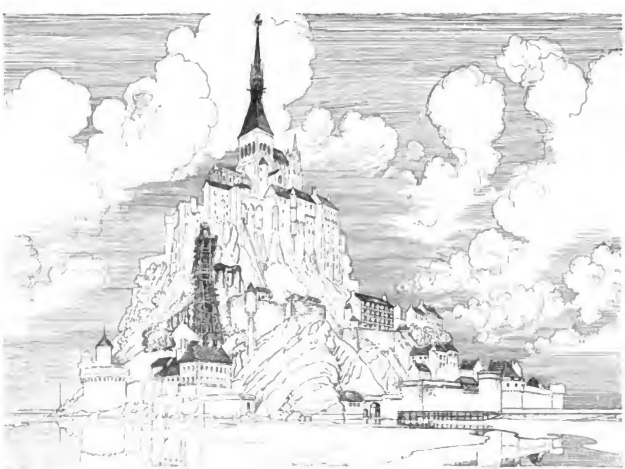


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viously, even ostentatiously made for monks. When they came, Mont St. Michel was not an island "in the peril of the sea," but rose in the midst of a great forest, with a Roman road leading through it to the hill where the Romans had long before worshiped Jupiter, and the Druids had long before that set up their mystic stones. It was after the Christian hermits had been there a couple of hundred years, and Aubert, Bishop of Avranches,—the white city you see with its towers glistening in afternoon sunlight, on the hills across the sands,—was busy building the shrine to St. Michael, that one day (it was early in the eighth century) there was a terrific trembling of the earth, and out at sea the tide rose, as never before in the memory of man. It swept in over woodland and village, and when it swept out again there was no forest; Mont St. Michel and Tombelaine near by were the only dry spots of land in a vast bay; the hills of the Cotentin were far to the east, those of Brittany as far to the west. Northward was the open sea, never before seen by the monks from their hilltop. Southward the sands stretched toward Poutorsou.

Had there been no earthquake and rising of the waters, the story of Mont St. Michel would be very like that of any other mediæval abbey in France: the story of saintly monks and miracles, of shrines and pilgrimages of piety expressed in noble architecture, of love of art and learning, of increasing wealth and power and abuse of it, of reform and revived ardor and fresh relapse, and finally the revolution. Only Mont St. Michel answered too well as a prison to be destroyed. And when jailers and prisoners had got done with it, enough was left to be turned into a national monument in 1870.

But if the monks were like all other monks, their abbey was by no means like all other abbeys, either in its architecture or as a fortress. When the other abbeys increased in importance, and the monks in number, new courts and cloisters were added, more ground covered. But at Mont St. Michel, after burrowing down into the heart of the rock, there was nothing to do



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MONT ST. MICHEL

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE ABBEY FROM WITHIN THE WALLS

but to build upward and ever upward, to pile story upon story, until the abbey, springing higher and higher heavenward, became everywhere visible to the people on the mainland.

If you walk to it now by the climbing village street, or, better still, by the walls, where you mount flight after flight of steep stairs, you come at last to that grimmest of all grim abbey gates, Le Châtelet de la Fontaine, with its high, frowning wall and cannon-shaped turrets; and there you look up a long vista of stairs, and you mount into the Salle des Gardes, and there you look up another long vista of stairs, and you mount and mount, under bridges thrown from building to building, high above your head, and you mount to airy platforms, where—if the wind does not absorb you in your effort to keep on your hat—you see the houses of the village like little specks on the hillside beneath. And then you go down again to floor below floor, down into the Crypte de l'Aquilon, which suggests terrible tragedies.

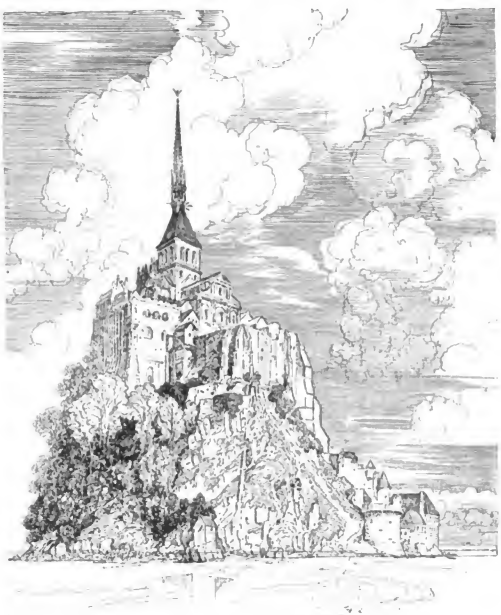
I kept thinking of cloisters in England, with the square of green in the middle, and the old yew-trees, and the friendly rooks cawing overhead, and of those others in Italy, sunlit, fragrant with roses, full of



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orange- and lemon-trees, when I dived down into the underground, dimly lighted *promenoir*, where the monks of Mont St. Michel first took their daily walk, and even when I mounted to the later thirteenth-century cloister that seems to hang in mid-air, and overlooks miles and miles of lonely sands and sea, the wind always—to my knowledge—blowing a hurricane from the cold north, with the sea-gulls flying before it.

You cannot look at the sands from the abbey without remembering the difficulties of the builders, and yet they made it the stateliest and most perfect example of ecclesiastical architecture in France—for all the fires that have defaced it, and the insignificant west front of the last century, and the modern restorer's scaffolding inside, his trolleys and cranes outside, and the brand-new belfry and *flèche*, topped by Frémiet's absurd little St. Michael, so tiny, so out of scale, that from below it is more like a golden insect than a glorious winged archangel as beautiful as the morning. Once inside the châtelet, as you fall in with other tourists behind a guide, it degenerates into a national monument, an



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE WOOD ON THE SIDE OF MONT ST. MICHEL

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Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE WALLS OF MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE SIDE OF THE WOOD

authorized "sight," a specimen duly labeled and catalogued. The restorer has already accomplished much, and is preparing to accomplish still more. The upper hall in La Merveille is spick-and-span, and soon the lovely Salle des Chevaliers, where Louis XI's Knights of St. Michael met, which the Marquise de Créqui describes brilliant with their banners and coats of arms, gleaming with their shields and swords, will be as neat and clean. But below, on the sands, you see nothing of this; you see only how



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the little wood, all that is left of the Forest of Scissy, and the village climb to the abbey.

And there is something else best seen from the sands—the wall that runs round the little village, from the succession of gates I entered on that brilliant September morning, to the northeast side of the hill, where, with an abrupt turning, it ascends to the abbey. I should have to know a great deal more about the doings of Bretons and Normans, Angevins and English, to tell the history of that wall, which played a leading part in preserving the abbey for the modern pilgrim. During the long hundred years when English and French were fighting virtually for the possession of France,—when in Normandy castles were tumbling like houses of cards, Mont St. Michel never once fell before the enemy. Not that the enemy did not want it and try hard enough for it. Year after year there were days when the monks, looking down to the sands,—now empty save for a chance fisherman or tourist, now silent save for the screech of the sea-gulls,—saw the gleam of armor and the rich color of many banners, heard the trumpet call and the harsh war-cry. But many as were the sallies of the English from Tombelaine, they could not conquer the mount.

III

WELL, for thirteen centuries the monks prayed, great buildings rose upon their hill, miracles were performed, prisoners tortured, battles fought, the walls stood firm, solely that Mont St. Michel might provide a pleasant playground for tourists! fifty thousand in a year, according to the generous calculations of the authorities. A few, a very few, are pious pilgrims to the shrine of St. Michael; to the rest the visit is a picnic pure and simple. And it is the French, who travel less perhaps than any other people even in their own land, who have appropriated Mont St. Michel. Americans and English do visit it, but they are the exception. The crowd is essentially a French crowd.

The first arrivals came with my morning coffee, if it were low tide, in a train of carts across the sands from Genets: mostly peasants these, in blouses and extraordinary caps, and priests who disappeared into the smaller inns. After that the diligences from Pontorson followed at stated intervals and in between a ceaseless stream of bicycles, motor-cars, carriages, carts. And the minute one was seen, a black speck in the distance, the hotel touts, men and women, rushed down the road to fight for the unfortunate passengers.

Most of them stayed only the day. There was just time for the famous omelet, the visit to the abbey, the walk back by the walls, and to shoot off their kodaks at anything and everything they saw.

I remember the pathetic disappointment of the Englishwoman whose husband did like a good band after dinner, and of the American who, as he sat in the café staring dismally into the kitchen, declared Atlantic City to be lively enough for him. There was really nothing to do. A tramp over the wet sands, barefoot for comfort, with a guide for adventure, as if you believed in the quicksands that no one ever stumbled into, could fill up the afternoon, and the correct *apéritif*, the last hour before dinner, when Mont St. Michel, like every other French town and village, reeked with absinthe. But, after dinner, coffee and even a *petit verre* could not be prolonged indefinitely, and the one excitement was to fetch a Chinese lantern, "Poulard Aîné" in big blue letters on the white paper shade, and go out to walk with it. There were no street-lamps, and every one who went anywhere carried a lantern. The effect was charming as the lights wound through the narrow hilly street between the shadowy figures at every door, or, as you saw them from the *digue*, like huge fireflies fluttering along the walls and up the hillside, or, from the window of the Maison Vente, flickering here and there on the stairs and higher terraces, while, in the deep blue of the summer sky, the harvest moon hung over the clustered chimneys.

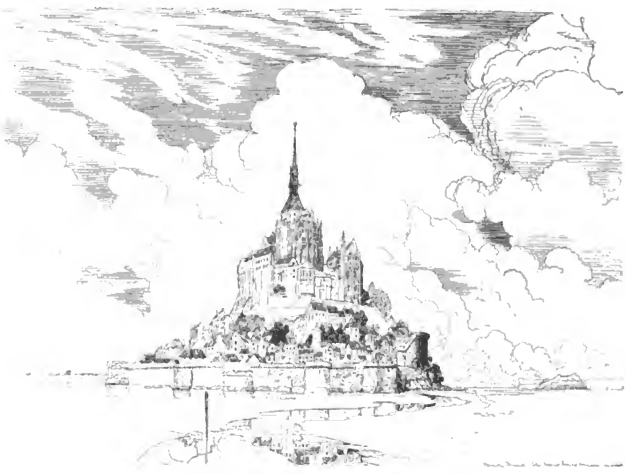
I found endless occupation in looking at the place. It was never the same two days or two hours in succession. There were days when, in the sunshine, sands and sea were hot and blinding as the south; days when the storm broke, and sands and sea were swallowed in gray mists. There were hours when the tide came in, the winding streams meeting in raging whirlpools or overflowing into one great sheet of water; hours when the tide went out, leaving the sands wet and shining; and, at the end, there came the equinoctial tide, when, scarcely had you noted a white quivering

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line far to the north than, with a roaring and rushing, Mont St. Michel was completely surrounded by water (except for that modern causeway), as you see it in old prints where the ships sail up close to the walls. There were flaming sunsets, beautiful starlit nights, and wonderful nights of moonlight, when it was more impossibly fantastic than ever. Its most memorable effect it amiably reserved for the last evening of all, when the moon was high in the heavens, and the abbey rose upon its rock, white and ghostly against the luminous white clouds that piled themselves up in great masses on a sky as blue and splendid as in a romantic landscape. Then Mont St. Michel was as dreamlike as Milton's "great vision of the guarded mount" on the Cornish coast.

In another generation the rock, like the hill at Dol, may spring tamely from fields where sheep are browsing, and a building as new as the newest hotel on the new boulevards of Paris may crown its heights. Before long a railway will bring visitors almost to the door where Madame Poulard makes her famous omelet and smiles her famous smile; and, why not next, as some one has suggested, a funicular road up to the abbey. The church is to be rebuilt, La Merveille to be restored, that is to exchange the tone and color of time for a clean wall neatly ruled by lines of mortar. If I mention this fact, it is not to grumble. I do not see the need of breaking one's heart over the misfortunes of posterity. The picturesqueness is as yet only threatened. Were it to remain as it is now, there would not be much reason to complain. But I want to remind those who have not been there that before they are twenty years older there may be no Mont St. Michel to see.

And it would be a pity not to see it. We are continually regretting the past, and yet here is perhaps the most picturesque bit of it safely brought down into the present for our special benefit.



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MONT FROM THE ROAD ACROSS THE SANDS

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# INOCULATING THE GROUND

## A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR

"DID you vaccinate your land this year?" was the startling question I heard one farmer ask another the other day. "Well, I guess," he replied. "You remember that corner field which I gave up as hopeless last year? Well, when I heard about the yeast cakes the government was giving free with the promise that they 'd make clover or alfalfa grow where we farmers could n't raise anything but weeds, and thin weeds at that, I thought I 'd send for several of the cakes. When the cakes came, I vaccinated the field according to instructions, planting it in alfalfa. I tell you, I 've had three whopping crops, and I 've got off that formerly worthless field five times more than I 've been getting off my best land, and I 've got some pretty good land, too."

We have grown accustomed to the idea of being vaccinated. Some of our most dread diseases have been vanquished or checked by inoculation,—smallpox, diphtheria, rabies, and, we hope, the plague,—but to cure sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance by inoculation is something so strange and revolutionary that we should not believe the statement were it not for convincing and irrefutable facts.

Before explaining the discovery and manner of this extraordinary process of agricultural science, it might be well to review a few well-known facts in the life of plants.

One of the most important elements of the food of a plant is nitrogen, which it absorbs from the soil mainly through its roots; successive crops of grain soon drain the soil of its plant-food, and in process of time make the richest land poor and worthless.

A good farmer partly balances the drain on his soil by using plentiful quantities of manure and fertilizer, and thus puts back much of the nitrogen which his crops remove.

We send to Chile, thousands of miles away, for help, and at much expense import from her thousands of tons of costly nitrate, though we have all about us—in the air we breathe—exhaustless stores of fertilizer. Free nitrogen forms seven tenths of the atmosphere. If we could tap and use this sea of nitrogen, we could fertilize the whole earth and keep it rich; but it has been of no use to us hitherto because we have had no means of capturing it and of putting it into the ground. Its simplicity has baffled us. Like the plenty that tormented Tantalus, it has ever eluded our grasp.

We are taking the nitrogen from the soil so much faster than we can put it back that some persons have predicted a "nitrogen famine" at no distant day, and have luridly described the horrors that will fall upon us when the soil becomes so poverty-stricken that our crops of wheat and grain and rice will fail to feed the nations. While this view is of course partly imaginative, and exaggerates the nearness of the danger, the fact remains that many areas in England and Europe and the eastern United States, formerly fertile, are now unproductive because the nitrogen in the soil has been exhausted.

But now man has captured a tiny germ invisible to the naked eye, which can take from the boundless store of nitrogen he has coveted, and put it into the earth for him.

Ever since the time of Pliny, farmers have noticed that after a crop of peas, alfalfa, or any of the leguminous plants, a heavier



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yield of wheat can be obtained; thus has arisen the old profitable rule of rotation of crops.

But the reason certain plants enrich the ground while others exhaust it remained a mystery until an inquiring German discovered some years ago that peas, beans, etc., obtained their nitrogen food not from the nitrates in the soil, but from the free supply in the air. He also discovered that these plants absorbed much more nitrogen than they could use and left the surplus in the soil. That is, beans, peas, alfalfa, clover, put back into the mother earth what corn and wheat and grains remove. The manner in which they do this is unique and another instance of the marvelous and mysterious laws by which the balance of nature is maintained.



FIG. 1. BRANCHED ROOT-NODULE ORGANISMS FROM CLOVER, MAGNIFIED TWO THOUSAND TIMES

If one digs up a healthy bean or clover plant and examines the roots, he will see a number of rounded bulbs, called nodules or tubercles, on the roots. At first sight he might imagine that the plant had a lot of sores over it, that it was diseased, or had been bitten by worms or insects. All legumes have these nodules or tubercles, varying in size from a pinhead to clusters as large as a good-sized potato. Scientists noticed that plants with good-sized nodules flourished, while plants without nodules or with very small ones looked starved and withered, and they concluded that the nodules must have something to do with the vigor of the plants. On dissecting a bulb and examining it under a microscope, it was found to be packed with bacteria (see Fig. 1 and Fig. 2). Further examination showed that it, and all nodules, consisted of millions of bacteria and that these bacteria were incessantly absorbing free nitrogen from the air and converting it into forms suitable for the plant's digestion.

For want of a better term, we will call the germs nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

Careful examination of the earth showed that all soil where legumes grow contain these nitrogen-fixing bacteria in greater or less quantities; that these organisms settle on the plants and form the colonies or tubercles on the roots. If the soil contains none of these organisms to settle on the roots, the legumes will not grow at all. Each tubercle acts as a feeder to the plant. The more numerous and larger the tubercles, the more prosperous is the plant. One might thus define a tubercle as a little factory where millions of tireless, infinitesimal workers are separating the nitrogen in the air and converting it into plant-food. A celebrated German, Professor Nobbe of Tharandt, realized that if he could put into barren ground some of these organisms, or if he could artificially present the seeds with power to develop tubercles of themselves, he could make legumes grow in the most hopeless soil.

After much labor he isolated the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. He succeeded in breeding and colonizing the germs, and then proceeded to put them on the market. He advertised them widely as able to make legumes grow in the poorest soil. Naturally the announcement made a great sensation, and farmers from all quarters of the globe wrote him for sample bacteria. He sold different preparations for different crops, putting them up in bottles and calling them *Nitragin*. But the bacteria did not work the miracles promised. Seeds inoculated with them failed to develop tubercles. A few persons, to be sure, obtained wonderful results, but the vast majority of cases were complete failures. The bacteria burned themselves out and disappeared without producing a single nodule on the plants. They lacked permanence. The Nitragin was withdrawn from the market.

These two men had done a great service to mankind: one had solved the problem

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of why certain plants enriched instead of drained the soil—he had isolated the microscopic agents, the myriads of organisms which carry back to mother earth what others had stolen; the other had shown that man could breed as many of these little helpers as he desired, but he had not been able to give them permanence, so that men could get service from them.

At this point the inventive genius of an American, Dr. George T. Moore, came to the rescue, and saved the discovery by giving it just the practical value it had lacked. Dr. Moore is in charge of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology of the Department of Agriculture, and a widely known practical botanist. He had been watching Dr. Nobbe's experiments and had come to the conclusion that Dr. Nobbe did not cultivate his nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the right way. The German's method of rearing his germ colonies resembled that of a rich father who gives his son everything he asks for without making the boy work for anything. As a result, when the youth is thrown on his own resources, he proves unable to earn his own living, and collapses. Similarly, Dr. Nobbe, instead of developing the natural inclination and ability of his bacteria to hunt out nitrogen for themselves, dulled and destroyed this ability by giving them large quantities of nitrogen food, in what we might call predigested form; he so satiated them with nitrogen that they lost their ability to hunt for it themselves, and, when turned out of the laboratory, were helpless. They soon consumed the store of nitrogen which they had received, but could not by themselves get any more. Their nitrogen-fixing ability was gone, and they perished.

Dr. Moore decided not to dull the appetite of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria by giving them all the nitrogen they wanted; he thought he would whet their appetite, he would strengthen their nitrogen-fixing power, by exercise, by giving them in their food just enough nitrogen to make them want more and to make them strive to get more by their own efforts. By following this principle of feeding he developed a permanent type of bacteria in his laboratory, possessing five or ten times more power to fix free nitrogen than the original germs had possessed. The bacteria had gained strength, vigor, and self-reliance, and, when turned out of the laboratory, prospered like all healthy bacteria. Legumes inoculated with the bacteria developed great tubercles and grew to great size even in the poorest soil (see Fig. 3).

The nitrogen-fixing power of the bacteria

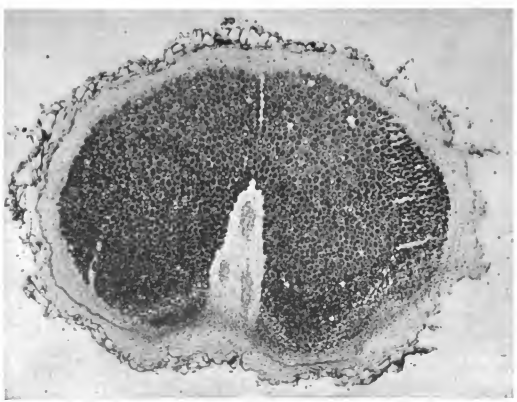


FIG. 2. CROSS-SECTION OF A ROOT-NODULE OF LUPIN, MAGNIFIED FORTY-SIX TIMES

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FIG. 3. NODULE OF THE VELVET BEAN, NATURAL SIZE, PRODUCED BY INOCULATING THE SEED

developed by Dr. Moore is so extraordinary that seeds soaked in the solution will sprout and produce luxurious plants in quartz sand which has been previously ignited to a red heat in order to drive out all nitrates. On page 435 (see Fig. 4) the tubercle-producing ability of the Nobbe and Moore cultures are compared.

Having secured a type of bacteria the nitrogen-fixing power of which was permanent, the next step was to obtain a simple means of distributing them to persons who desired to inoculate their land. Experiments showed that bacteria when grown upon nitrogen-free media will retain their high activity for a long time if carefully dried out and revived in a liquid medium. Dr. Moore also discovered that by using some absorbent, like cotton, a small piece of which will soak up millions of the organisms, and then by allowing these cultures to become dry, the bacteria can be sent to any part of the world and yet arrive in perfect condition.

Naturally Dr. Moore patented his discovery, but then he did a very unusual thing—he deeded the patent to the Department of Agriculture in trust for the American people. To be sure, his discovery had been made in the government laboratories, but the government, neither morally nor legally, could claim any share in the



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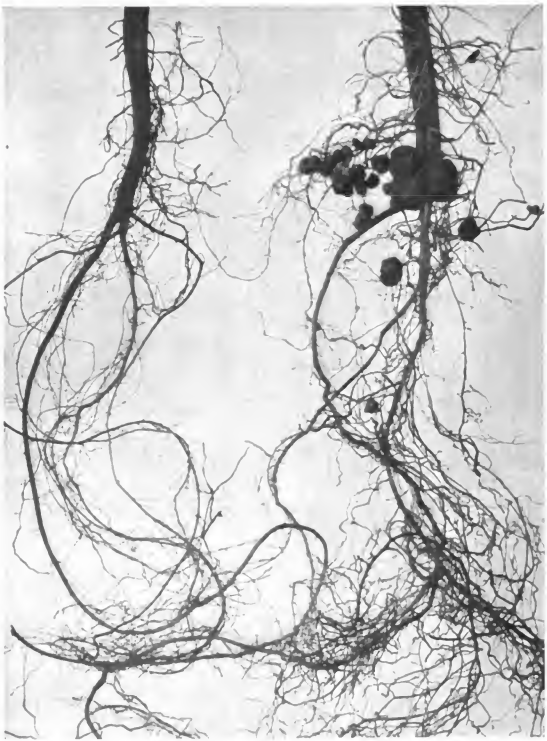


FIG. 4. TWO EXAMPLES OF SOY-BEAN FROM THE FIELD

At the left is shown a plant grown on ground inoculated according to Dr. Nobbe's method; on the right, a plant grown on ground inoculated by Dr. Moore's method

discovery. It was indisputably his. Dr. Moore gave the patent to the people in order that all might have the free use of it. Doubtless he could have made a generous fortune if he had formed a company and exploited the patent, as the German company made a good profit from their unreliable Nitragin, which they sold at a dollar a bottle. A simple method of distributing the germs that bring fertility having thus been found, the announcement was made that the Department of Agriculture was prepared to send applicants free of charge enough inoculating material for several acres.

A portion of inoculating material as it is mailed to the farmer by the government consists of three different packages. Package No. 2 contains the cotton with its millions of dried germs. Packages 1 and 3 are the media or food by means of which the farmer can multiply the germs. The



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FIG. 5. AN EXPERIMENT WITH VETCH ON BARREN GROUND
At the left the soil was not treated; on the right it was inoculated with the nitrogen-fixing bacteria

department incloses explicit instructions how to use the bacteria, as follows:

DIRECTIONS FOR USING INOCULATING MATERIAL

(METHOD patented in order to guarantee the privilege of use by the public. Letters Patent No. 755,519 granted March 22, 1904.)

Put one gallon of clean water (preferably rain-water) in a clean tub or bucket and add No. 1 of the inclosed package of salts (containing granulated sugar, potassium phosphate, and magnesium sulphate). Stir occasionally until all is dissolved.

Carefully open package No. 2 (containing bacteria) and drop the inclosed cotton into the solution. Cover the tub with a paper to protect from dust, and set aside in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Do not heat the solution or you will kill the bacteria—it should never be warmer than blood-heat.

After twenty-four hours add the contents of package No. 3 (containing ammonium phosphate). Within twenty hours more the solution will have a cloudy appearance and is ready for use.

*To Inoculate Seed:*

Take just enough of the solution to thoroughly moisten the seed. Stir thoroughly so that all the seeds are touched by the solution. Spread out the seeds in a shady place until they are perfectly dry, and plant at the usual time just as you would untreated seed. The dry cultures as sent from the laboratory will keep for several months. Do not prepare the liquid culture more than two or three days previous to the time when the seeds are to be treated, as the solution once made up must usually be used at the end of forty-eight hours.

*To Inoculate Soil:*

Take enough dry earth so that the solution will merely moisten it. Mix thoroughly, so that all the particles of soil are moistened. Thoroughly mix this earth with four or five times as much, say half a wagon-load. Spread this inoculated soil thinly and evenly over the field exactly as if spreading fertilizer. This should be done just before plowing, or else the inoculated soil should be harrowed in immediately.

Either of the above methods may be used, as may be most convenient.

Enough germs are sent in each little package to inoculate seeds for from one to four acres. The package can be carried in your pocket, and yet does more work than several cart-loads of fertilizer. It costs the government less than four cents a cake, or less than a cent an acre, and saves the farmer thirty or forty dollars, which he would have to spend for an equal amount



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of fertilizer. Different cultures are sent for different crops.

The results have been surprising. If Malthus were living, he would have to revise his calculation of the time when the world will be so crammed with people that

cisely the same conditions, yielded crops as follows: uninoculated patch, 581 pounds; inoculated patch, 4501 pounds—an increase of more than eight times. Crimson clover under similar conditions yielded: uninoculated, 372 pounds; inoculated 6292



From a photograph by C. M. Gilbert

DR. GEORGE T. MOORE

In charge of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology, United States Department of Agriculture

it cannot feed them. The picture (Fig. 5) shows side by side two plots, one of which has been planted with inoculated and the other with uninoculated seeds. The growth on the first is rich and luxuriant, while the second is thin and scrawny.

Even more startling than this picture is a comparison of the actual figures of yield of two crops grown on exactly the same land, but one of inoculated and the other of uninoculated seeds. Two patches of hairy vetch, grown side by side under pre-

pounds—an increase of nearly twenty times. (See Fig. 6.)

It does not require a trained scientist to apply the cultures. The results obtained by any intelligent farmer are as wonderful as these. For instance, the illustration on page 839 (Fig. 7) is a picture of two clusters sent to the department by a farmer of Maryland who used the inoculating material supplied him by the government. The little bunch on the left was grown on rich soil from untreated seeds, while the hearty-

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looking bunch on the right was grown from inoculated seeds on a sandy upland soil where nothing previously had been successful.

The first are average plants from a four-acre field and the latter average plants from a seven-acre field.

This Maryland farmer had formerly been able to cultivate only one third of his land; he had been obliged to abandon two thirds because of the hopelessness of getting anything from it. Now, at no expense to himself and at trivial amount of labor, he had reclaimed the worthless two thirds and made it more productive than the other third. He had increased the yield of his farm, his income, fivefold; a generous living is now before him.

And what did it cost the government to help him so generously? Eight cents! The farmer had used two cakes to inoculate the seeds for seven acres, each cake costing the government four cents to manufacture.

But there are even other wonders that these little nitrogen-fixing bacteria work. It has already been explained how legumes enrich the soil by bringing back nitrogen to it. The same bacteria that increase the harvest of beans or clover or alfalfa tenfold enable the plants to leave many times more nitrogen in the soil than they would have done if uninoculated; in other words, they



FIG. 6. AVERAGE VETCH PLANTS, INOCULATED AND UNINOCULATED, FROM THE FIELD SHOWN IN FIG. 5

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make the soil many times more fertile, so that the crop of cotton or wheat or corn or potatoes planted next year is many times larger. Thus the rotating crop the year following inoculation derives an equal benefit from the inoculation. For instance, a crop of crimson clover, not inoculated, added to one acre of land 4.3 pounds of nitrogen; a crop of crimson clover, inoculated, added to one acre of precisely similar land 143.7 pounds of nitrogen, an increase of 33½ times; a crop of inoculated hairy vetch added to one acre 15 times more nitrogen than a crop of uninoculated hairy vetch.

Cotton planted after an inoculated crop of red clover gave an increased yield of 40 per cent. Potatoes, after an inoculated crop, yielded an increase of 50 per cent. The wheat crop increased by 46 per cent., the oats 300 per cent., and the rye 400 per cent. The table below shows the effect of inoculated legumes on various crops.

The germs can be used in any climate. It must be clearly understood, however, that only leguminous plants—beans, clover, alfalfa, peas, lupin, vetch, etc.—are directly benefited by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Where the soil is rich in nitrates, the crop is not appreciably increased by the use of the inoculating bacteria; but where the soil is poor, the harvest is increased many times.

There is not a section of the United States which will not profit by Dr. Moore's discovery. Nearly every State has its worn-out farming-land, bringing despair to the economist who laments our careless handling of the fields and who wonders how the country will support the hundreds of millions soon to be ours. The bacteria means intensive cultivation with a vengeance, and should give him hope. It is impossible as yet to calculate by how much they will enhance the yield of our crops and of the world's crops, but the results already achieved prove that in time the gain will be enormous.



FIG. 7. THE EXPERIMENT OF A MARYLAND FARMER

On the left, alfalfa from rich soil with untreated seed; on the right, from sandy upland, with inoculated seed

| | ORIGINAL YIELD PER ACRE | YIELD PER ACRE AFTER INOCULATED CROP | GAIN IN WEIGHT | GAIN IN VALUE | PER CENT. OF GAIN |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cotton . . . . | 932. pounds | After red clover, 1304 pounds | 372. pounds | $44.64 | 40 per cent. |
| Potatoes . . . | 67.8 bushels | After crimson clover, 102.2 bushels | 34.4 bushels | 15. | 50 " |
| Oats . . . . . | 8.4 " | After velvet beans, 33.6 bushels | 25.2 " | 9. | 300 " |
| Rye . . . . . | 4.5 " | After peas, 23.5 bushels | 19. " | 9.85 | 400 " |
| Wheat . . . . | 18.6 " | After melilotus, 26.9 bushels | 8.3 " | 6.50 | 46 " |



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# THE COSSACKS

BY DAVID B. MACGOWAN

WITH PICTURES BY

JAY HAMBIDGE AND GEORGE WRIGHT



"From Archangel to Astrakhan, we 're sixty million strong."

SO, or nearly so, wrote the Russian poet Pushkin, and the words found permanent lodgment in the hearts of the people, and give them unbounded confidence. Not less profound is their faith in the Cossacks. This is the normal condition which prevails before and after the periodic national crises. Under stress the Russians are apt to despond, and at times certain elements of the people appear neither to hope for nor to desire the success of the nation's efforts. When confidence does return, however, Pushkin and the Cossacks come again into honor.

Last winter, when, among those of the Russians who were not hoping for war and the defeat of their own country, I inquired the grounds for their contemptuous underestimate of the Japanese, I scarcely ever got for reply more than the citation of Russia's one hundred and thirty millions of population, her possession of one seventh of the dry land of the earth, and the Cossacks. The discussion usually closed with the assertion: "One Cossack can whip ten of those little yellow monkeys."

This faith is based partly on the impression which the Cossacks made upon western Europe as long ago as the Seven Years' War, and which was heightened by their disorganization of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Napoleon himself pronounced them perfect masters of partizan warfare, furious in attack and impossible to reach, and said that he did not remember having made a prisoner of a single one of them. Finally, he had the Cossacks in mind when he warned Europe that, unless checked by such a powerful unit as he had sought to construct, Russia would enslave the world. That Napoleon's prediction has not been forgotten may be inferred from the recent assertion in various quarters that the real "yellow peril" is the possibility of the organization of the Mongolian races by Russia, and that a Slavic Jenghiz Khan may direct a new Golden Horde against the West.

### SERVICES OF THE COSSACKS IN ASIA

IN any contest in the Orient Russia has special grounds for counting upon her Cossacks. In the great eviction process of Europe against Asia they have had a leading part. They grew up in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries on the steppes that had been wasted by the Tatars, and until the close of the eighteenth century they waged relentless war with Tatar and Turk, when not allied with Tatar or Turk against Poland or Russia. The occupation of the Volga about 1550, and the submission of the khanate of Astrakhan, were followed in 1582–83 by the conquest of West Siberia by Yermak, a government Cossack. It is worth noting, in passing, that the Czar Ivan the Terrible, after having consented to the expedition, changed his mind and tried to recall it. His order did not reach Yermak until he had overrun the Tatar khanate of Sibir. The Czar accepted the gift of a new



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kingdom, graciously receiving Yermak's emissary, a former outlaw named Ivan Koltso, and heaping honors upon Yermak, who had possibly been a robber chieftain himself before he entered the service of the Czar. Cossack explorers, fur-hunters, and colonists pushed on uninterruptedly through Siberia, founding in rapid succession Omsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk, passing north of Lake Baikal, crossing the Stanovoi Mountains to the Amur, and, about 1650, coming into collision with the Manchurians. Finally, it was with the aid of Cossacks that Muraviev Amursky, once more in violation of orders, reannexed the Amur, which had been restored to China in 1689, and carried the frontier to the Ousouri. In our own day, in 1900, it was mainly Cossacks that overran Manchuria.



From a photograph

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF, OF THE COSSACK ARMY

THEIR SO-CALLED "ARMIES"

FOLLOWING the custom in European Russia, the Cossacks in Asia have been endowed with inalienable lands on the defensive frontier. Of the eleven existing Cossack "armies" (under which term are meant both Cossack populations and their territories), five are located in Greater Russia. These are the (West) Siberian, the Semiryetchensk (Seven Rivers), the Trans-Baikal, the Amur, and the Ousouri armies. All of the remainder, except the Don, are in contact with non-Russian peoples and tribes whose conquest is of comparatively recent date and who still require policing. The Cossacks of the Don, by far the most numerous, have been allowed to retain their ancient home, which they wrested from the Turks and Tatars. Their territory is a compact province, and embraces twenty-eight per cent. of the one hundred and fifty million acres allotted to all the Cossacks. Adjoining them to the south are the Cossacks of the Terek and the Kuban, commonly called Cossacks of the Line, because the former military line against the fierce mountaineers of the Caucasus was put in their keeping. They kept it in the true Cossack way, borrowing the customs, dress, weapons, and methods of fighting of their enemies, taking from them, partly by force, partly by consent, the wives which have made theirs the handsomest of Cossack races, raiding and plundering and being raided and plundered, until the final conquest of the Caucasus in the middle of the last century. Neither did the pacification of the mountaineers end their service, for the mountaineers have by no means lost their penchant for robbery. The Terek and Kuban Cossacks, with their fleet and slender Kabardine horses, easily rank among the most warlike of the subjects of the White Czar.

The little army of Astrakhan occupies a number of small enclaves along the Lower Volga. Far more important are the Cossacks of the Ural, whose territory forms a broad band on the west bank of the Ural River up to its junction with the Ilek, where the Orenburg army begins. On account of their superior horses and their own substantial qualities, the Uralese enjoy high favor. They are distinguished from most other Cossacks by their swarthy, bearded faces, square-set figures, fierce war-songs, and a certain earnestness born of their non-conformist faith; for about eighty-five per cent. are schismatic old-believers, who have clung for more than three centuries to differences originating in a dis-

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

COSSACKS FIGHTING IN HOLLOW-SQUARE FORMATION

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sension about the proper way to cross one's self and like matters of form.

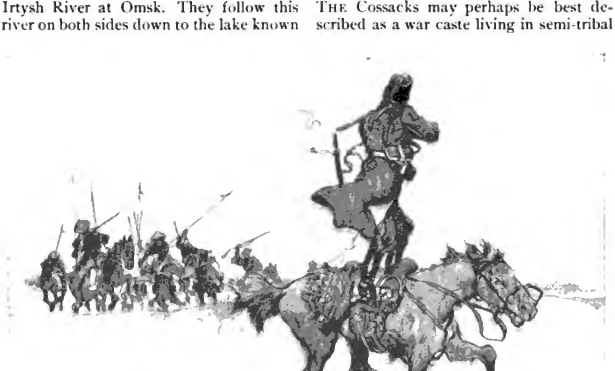
The Orenburg Cossacks live on both banks of the Upper Ural as far as Cheliabinsk, on the Siberian Railway. They almost touch frontiers with the Siberian army, whose lands lie south of and parallel to the railway until they reach it and the Irtysh River at Omsk. They follow this river on both sides down to the lake known as the Nor Zaisan, near the frontier of Sungaria, and a number of settlements have been formed on the Biisk "line" between the Irtysh and the Ob.

The Semiryetchensk army takes up the frontier line at Nor Zaisan, and occupies enclaves between this point, Lake Balkash, and the lake called Issyk-kul, thus controlling the approaches to Chinese Turkestan and the Pamirs. The three East Siberian armies begin at the Koso-gol, southwest of Irkutsk, and follow the Mongolian frontier in a broad belt, joining the Pacific river system at the Chilka and pursuing the north bank of the Amur and the east bank of the Ousouri, besides occupying a series of enclaves along the railway from Lake Baikal to Stretensk.

The eleven armies number between three and three and a half millions, including women and children, but non-Cossack settlers swell the inhabitants of their lands to five and a half or six millions.

### ADMIXTURE OF ORIENTAL BLOOD

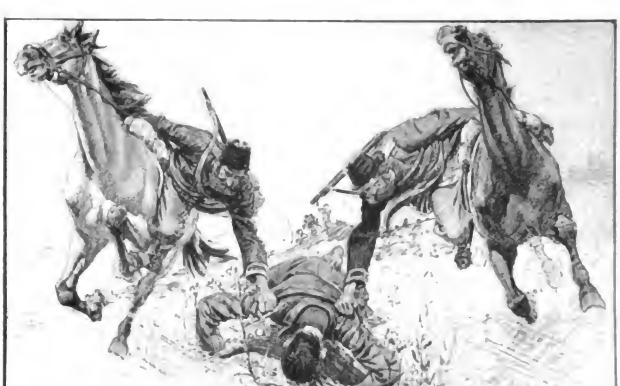
THE Cossacks may perhaps be best described as a war caste living in semi-tribal organization. They are, however, in no sense a tribe or tribes, but are mainly of Russian origin with an intermixture of Mongolian, Tatar, and Circassian blood by marriage or adoption. The once famous Little Russian or Zaporogian Cossacks of the Ukraine are now represented largely in the Kuban army, with which their remnant was incorporated late in the eighteenth century. In all other armies Great Russian blood predominates. Among the non-Russian elements are Buddhistic Kalmucks and Buriats, Tunguses, Tatars, Bashkirs, and Kirghiz. The pagan element is twelve per cent. of the Ural army, fifteen of the Trans-Baikal, eight of the Orenburg, and seven of the Semiryetchensk. The old-believers not only predominate in the Ural



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A COSSACK FIRING ON HIS PURSUERS

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Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

PICKING UP A WOUNDED COMRADE

army, but form twenty per cent. of the Kuban and ten of the Don. These facts dispose of the halo often thrown around the Cossacks as the special defenders of the orthodox confession.

### THE COSSACK HORSES

THE Cossack was a fisherman before he was a Cossack, and he remains a fisherman to this day. Besides fishing, hunting, cattle-raising, and cattle-lifting, robbery, piracy, and war were formerly considered the only occupations worthy of him. Celibate life prevailed extensively among all the Cossacks. The Dons regarded agriculture as the mortal enemy of their freedom, prohibiting the use of the plow on pain of death. Conditions have since changed radically, and the Dons differ little in their mode of life from other Russian peasants. The Cossacks, however, do not enjoy a reputation for industry, and many of them, notably the Dons, have shared in the general impoverishment of the rural population. This has diminished their military efficiency, as they are required to supply themselves with horses, uniforms, and entire equipment and armament excepting firearms. The most serious feature is the neglect of horse-raising. The Uralese form an exception. Their fisheries are the source of substantial prosperity, and they not only raise enough horses for themselves, but supply the regular cavalry and artillery with some of their best animals. The government's ability to mobilize 190,000 Cossacks in war-time, or from 250,000 to 300,000 in case of extreme necessity, is dependent on their possession of an adequate number of serviceable horses. The military authorities of Russia, however, admit that none of the armies except the Uralese meets this requirement. In fact, none has much more than enough horses to mount their quota of the 60,000 Cossacks serving in time of peace.

The steppe horse has also degenerated, though he still retains several invaluable qualities. He is ludicrously small compared with his brawny rider, and has a short, thick neck and head and a sloping back. He is, however, docile, intelligent, a good long-distance goer, is supremely indifferent to weather and climate, having never known the luxury of a warm stable, and forages for himself even under the snow. He relishes and thrives on provender that



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a goat would scorn, and is as ignorant of oats as a Russian peasant is of porter-house. The military critics object to him on account of his small size, which deprives his course of momentum and renders him unsuited for charging in mass formation, and on account of his supposed unmilitary appearance.

Both objections can perhaps be waived as far as the present war is concerned, since the conditions there do not favor the employment of cavalry in this manner. In fact, some of the most competent military authorities believe that cavalry will never again be sent into a mass attack except in parades and manœuvers, where spectacular effects are more popular than they are on the battlefield.

So far, however, Russia has had no reason to complain of her Cossacks. They have executed the tasks intrusted to them both in Korea and in Manchuria with daring and gallantry. They appear, in fact, to have proved superior to the Japanese cavalry wherever they have met. However, this has not had a decisive effect upon the course of events.

### MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND REQUIREMENTS

THE administration of Cossack affairs, both civil and military, is centralized in a special branch of the war department. Since 1827 the office of grand hetman has been held by the heir apparent. It was conferred about two years ago on the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, brother of the Czar. The position is, however, largely nominal. Some of the armies are under specially appointed hetmans, while in other cases the office of hetman is held by the general governor of the military district in which the army is situated. Under these general hetmans are district hetmans, to whom are intrusted the higher police authority and the military education of the young Cossacks. In their local civil and economic affairs the Cossacks enjoy a certain measure of autonomy still. Their *stanitchny sbor* and *khoutorskoe oupravlenie* correspond in a general way to the cantonal and communal assemblies of the peasantry.

The introduction, under Alexander I, of general military service has lessened the



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COSSACKS SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS A RIVER

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COSSACKS ATTACKING A SUPPLY-TRAIN

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differences between the Cossacks, as a war caste, with general service from the beginning, and the remainder of the Czar's subjects. These differences are, however, still sufficiently marked, since two per cent. of young Cossacks of military age serve with the colors, compared with thirty-one per cent. of other young men of the same age, and nearly five per cent. of the entire male Cossack population is in service in time of peace, compared with one and six tenths per cent. in the case of non-Cossacks. These figures and the comparatively small drain that these irregulars make upon the war-chest would adequately explain why the government continues to encourage the adoption of the Cossack calling, even if they were not as well adapted for frontier service as they have proved themselves to be.

The Cossack never passes beyond the control of the military authorities. From infancy he practises horsemanship, and his games are mimicry of war. Folk-songs reciting the exploits of recent or far-distant heroes are the woof of his education. In passing, I may say that the Cossacks enjoy better educational facilities and comprise fewer illiterates than most of the peasants. At the age of nineteen the Cossack youth begins to receive theoretical instruction about the duties of a soldier and to be drilled in gymnastic and infantry exercises in his native village. In the autumn of the second year he is required to appear at an encampment. After six weeks' work there, he receives his assignment, possibly to a post thousands of miles away, and is marched off in late autumn or winter, in order that he may reach his command before the spring exercises and manœuvers begin. Before him now lie four or five years of uninterrupted service with the colors and twelve or thirteen in the reserves, during which he must spend a month or six weeks every year in camp. Finally, he can be called out in case of need as long as he lives.

The most marked peculiarity of the Cossack service is that their cavalry regiments, infantry battalions, and batteries of artillery are divided into three "turns," of which two are always dismissed on furlough, forming the reserve. The three turns are called collectively a chain. The obligation to appear fully equipped continues through the second turn. The third-turn man is no longer required to appear mounted, but must have all other necessaries, including saddle and bridle.

The first-turn organizations, which form the peace footing, comprise 8 battalions of infantry, 51¼ regiments of cavalry, or 306 sotnias (troops), including some independent sotnias, and 20 mounted batteries. The three-turn organizations combined, or the theoretical war footing, embrace 21 battalions, 147 cavalry regiments of 854 sotnias, besides 44 independent sotnias, and 38 batteries of six guns each.

Their weak point is the officers' corps. The Cossacks formerly elected their own officers. The system was perfectly adapted to their democratic republics and to simple conditions of warfare. The Cossack nobility, which grew up in the eighteenth century, now furnishes most of the officers. They are required to attain the same nominal standard of military knowledge as other Russian officers, but their intermediate schools are not highly esteemed. Although they enjoy the same emoluments as all officers of the same grades, their economic position is inferior. This is due to the three-turn arrangement, which compels them to take long furloughs, often immediately upon leaving the military academies.

When on furlough, which may last four or five years, the officer receives only a small portion of his regular pay, fifteen dollars and a half a month in the case of captains, and no allowance for horse feed. As he must appear in camp mounted every year, he is compelled to buy and sell his horse annually. He has his land allotment, but usually knows absolutely nothing about agriculture, having spent his boyhood in school. Remunerative employment of other kinds is difficult to find, the usual makeshift being a position as village schoolteacher or village clerk with a salary of from thirty to eighty dollars a year. Another result to the officer is lessened opportunity for promotion to high commands. In fact, the higher commands in Cossack armies are nearly all held by outsiders. The Asiatic armies are deficient in suitable material for officers, and a considerable number of non-Cossack cadets are assigned to them. They are exempt from compulsory furloughs.

### ARMAMENT, ENDURANCE, AND TACTICS

EVERY Cossack carries a curved dagger. This weapon, his special pride, is often



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richly ornamented and is carried in a sheath of embroidered silk or silver filigree. Cavalrymen and artillerists carry a saber slung over the right shoulder and a carbine dangling across their backs. Lances are borne by the Don, Ural, Orenburg, Siberian, and Trans-Baikal Cossacks. Infantrymen alone have bayonets. Spurs are not worn, being replaced by the ill-famed *nagaika*, which not only serves as a riding-whip, but has proved a serviceable weapon, at least in domestic disturbances. The absence of spurs and bayonets facilitates operations when dismounted. It should be noted, too, that their entire equipment is adapted to noiseless marching. A sotnia of Cossacks is said to make less clatter than a single dragoon.

The traditional fighting qualities of the Cossacks are, besides good riding, resolution combined with caution and cunning, incredible endurance, indifference to weather and climate, and uncomplaining acceptance of any sort of fare. To accept his soldier's lot not only without a murmur but with joy has, in fact, always been the Cossack way. The Zaporogians, the source of most Cossack traditions and inspirations, used to make entire campaigns with no provisions except a little flour, which they ate raw mixed with cold water; but if the campaign yielded the hoped-for booty, they would feast, drink, and gamble, extend boundless hospitality, and indulge their taste for gay and luxurious apparel. At first they journeyed mainly by water, descending the Dnieper from Kief to their island settlements, and, when they grew stronger, gaining the command of the river-mouth and making piratical raids against the Turkish cities of the Black Sea, even threatening Constantinople repeatedly. The Dons imitated this example, and both groups kept their respective suzerains, Poland and Russia, in hot water with the Sultan. Turkey fortified the river-mouths and sought to keep them at a respectful distance from the coast of the Black Sea. They then began to give more attention to their land tactics. At first they fought, mainly afoot, intrenching themselves when in danger behind their provision-wagons, which they formed in a hollow square, a practice which remains in vogue to the present time, their horses being taught to lie down or stand quietly in a circle to form a breastwork for them. They have a peculiar method of tying their horses head to head, with the reins of one passed through the girth of the other, which prevents their stampeding when their riders are fighting dismounted.

### HORSEMANSHIP

As orderly, scout, escort, and frontier guard, the Cossack has an excellent opportunity to develop and make use of daring horsemanship, and the government does everything in its power to encourage



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good riding. A boy who has learned to cling to his horse with one foot while picking up a coin from the ground, to stand on his galloping steed, perhaps on his head or with a companion standing on his shoulder, or to stand or leap hurdles while firing forward or backward from his carbine, or who, with another rider, can pick up and carry off a wounded companion without dismounting, is sure of a post either in the Czar's escort or in a regiment of the guards, in which case he receives his equipment from the state. The Terek and Kuban men are usually most proficient in such exercises, and it is from them that the four sotnias of his Majesty's escort are recruited. Their annual *jigitovka* (or horsemanship exhibition) at Peterhof is an important social event. The effect is enhanced by the brilliancy of their parade uniforms, with scarlet or dark blue caftans tightly belted with Oriental girdles. The guards wear a short caftan varying in color, the Czar's regiment wearing red, the grand hetman's light blue, and the Uralese carmine. Facings and cordings of contrasting colors and peaked astrakhan caps, often with colored velvet crowns, complete a charming picture. It is one of the sights of the world to see the Cossacks of the escort and of the guard in this medley of colors charging full tilt toward the Emperor in one of the annual parades at or near St. Petersburg.

### SPECIAL MANŒUVERS

GREAT attention has been given in the last twenty years to the proper drilling of the Cossacks. Deprived of the independence that had been their inspiration, and left for the most part to themselves, the Cossacks of the steppes were becoming more and more like ordinary peasants. The reserves who were slowly and painfully mobilized for the Crimean, Russo-Turkish, and Polish wars were really a rather sorry-looking set for the most part, and their share in these struggles was subordinate. The government decided to attach a Cossack regiment to every division of cavalry, along with three regiments of dragoons. The instructions required them to be drilled in the same manner as the dragoons; that is, to be prepared for mass evolutions of cavalry. It was found, however, that their horses were ill adapted to such service, and that the riders themselves were slow to acquire the requisite orderliness and precision of movement. The cry began to go up that the new regulations were ruining the Cossacks. The composition of the mixed divisions was not altered, but the commanders preferred to give the Cossacks work better suited to their traditions, and, in addition, separate divisions of Cossack cavalry have been formed. In recent years the efforts of the authorities have been to improve their natural tactics, in which the individual units act more independently and are less trammeled with regulations than the dragoons. Great attention has been given to the so-called *lava*, or swarming attack. In this manœuver an under officer and a small detail remain behind with the colors of the sotnia, or regiment. Two other under officers advance diagonally on each side to mark off the width of the line to be formed. Two alternating lines are usually formed, with the riders about twelve feet apart laterally. After trotting into formation, they advance with fierce shouts at a sharp trot or gallop. The signal for retreat or for a desired change of direction is given by the "light-house," as the detail with the colors is picturesquely called. The lava is regarded as particularly useful in flank and rear. It is also effective as a means of disorganizing the enemy and thus preparing the way for an attack by the regular cavalry or by infantry. A portion of the attacking force is often massed in the rear, and if the lines of the enemy are pierced at any point, these reserves are thrown into the breach. Another purpose the lava sometimes serves is to lead off the enemy's attack in some desired direction or to mislead him in regard to movements planned or in operation against him. The favorite weapon in the lava is the lance, which is, indeed, generally preferred to the saber or carbine.

The natural familiarity of most Cossacks with the water has been utilized latterly in the great manœuvers. Foreign military attachés have been much impressed by the ease and dexterity with which Cossack forces have been thrown across large rivers by means of boats improvised from tarred sail- or tent-cloth fastened to lances as ribs. Lances, with adjustable blades attached, also serve as oars. Such boats are capable of carrying considerably more than two

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tons without danger of capsizing. Field artillery is transferred dismounted, each gun and its appurtenances requiring three boats. The men strip and swim their horses across, thus reaching the farther bank with all their belongings dry. Crossings have been made in less than two hours from the time of the arrival on one bank to the departure from the other.

The marksmanship of the Cossacks is good, often excellent. They excel in the art of taking cover and render efficient service as mounted infantry. It is, however, in outpost service and partizan warfare that they have developed genuine virtuosity. Their readiness to move at a moment's notice, ability to appear without warning, to vanish utterly, and to reappear in an entirely different quarter, enable them to annoy an enemy in a hundred ways, to hang upon his rear and flanks, cut off detachments or stragglers, or render his communications unsafe by unexpected attacks upon his ammunition or provision-trains. Some critics think that their alleged moral untrustworthiness and a disposition often imputed to them to exaggerate dangers detract from the value of their reconnaissances. It is likely that there is a grain of truth in this, and also that, when confronted with a well-organized enemy, their columns do not possess sufficient penetrative power to be able to secure the best information. This perhaps explains why the Japanese, whose advances are so deliberately planned, and who, moreover, occupy outposts with strong detachments of infantry, have been so successful in veiling from the Russians their designs, and in many cases their actual movements.



# AT THE DESERT'S MARGE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I CAN still recall, though the lapse is long
Since that spectral hour of even-song,
How the sun from the desert sky-line made
The pyramids cast a wedge of shade
Toward the tawny river, and how the moon,
Over the minarets peering soon,
Flung the segment of shadow back,
Long and peaked and purple-black,
While the Sphinx, inscrutable, brooded by,
And the gaunt bats gathered momently,
Swooping and circling here and there,
Like evil dreams, in the haunted air;
And a great flamingo, winged in flight,
A giant rose in the gloaming light.

I still can hear from far aloof,
Drifting out from a wattled roof
And a blistered clay wall bare and mean,
The cheerless chant of the fellaheen,—
A medley of shrilly barbarous bars
Jangling and jostling up to the stars.

I still can catch, divinely blent,
The clove and citron and jasmine scent
From the distant gardens and orchards blown
Out to the marge of the desert zone;
And still can feel about me cast
The clutching spell of the veiled and vast
And never-fathomèd wide sand sea,—
Its ancient magic and mystery.

Here might the flower of wonder ope,—
The mystical lotus-bloom of Hope,—
Showing a calyx where, opal-wise,
Glisten the dews of Paradise.
Here might the dreams that the Prophet knew—
Marvel and miracle—come true:
The genii-guarded gates of Doom
Rise from their infinite depths of gloom;
Heaven descend, and its portals swing
Back with ethereal cadencing,
And a voice of more than mortal breath
Whisper the secret of life and death.

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# THE SEA-WOLF

## BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

### XXXII

I AWOKE, oppressed by a mysterious sensation. There seemed something missing in my environment. But the mystery and oppressiveness vanished after the first few seconds of waking, when I identified the missing something as the wind. I had fallen asleep in that state of nerve tension with which one meets the continuous shock of sound or movement, and I had awakened, still tense, bracing myself to meet the pressure of something which no longer bore upon me.

It was the first night I had spent under cover in several months, and I lay luxuriously for some minutes under my blankets (for once not wet with fog or spray), analyzing, first, the effect produced upon me by the cessation of the wind, and next the joy which was mine from resting on the mattress made by Maud's hands. When I had dressed and opened the door, I heard the waves still lapping on the beach, garrulously attesting the fury of the night. It was a clear day, and the sun was shining. I had slept late, and I stepped outside with sudden energy, bent upon making up lost time, as befitted a dweller on Endeavor Island.

And when outside I stopped short. I believed my eyes without question, and yet I was for the moment stunned by what they disclosed to me. There, on the beach, not fifty feet away, bow on, dismasted, was a black-hulled vessel. Masts and booms, tangled with shrouds, sheets, and rent canvas, were rubbing gently alongside. I could have rubbed my eyes as I looked. There was the home-made galley we had built, the familiar break of the poop, the low yacht-cabin scarcely rising above the rail. It was the *Ghost!*

What freak of fortune had brought it here—here of all spots? What chance of chances? I looked at the bleak, inaccessible wall at my back, and knew the profundity of despair. Escape was hopeless, out of the question. I thought of Maud, asleep there in the hut we had reared; I remembered her "Good night, Humphrey." "My woman, my mate," went ringing through my brain; but now, alas! it was a knell that sounded. Then everything went black before my eyes.

Possibly it was the fraction of a second, but I had no knowledge of how long an interval had lapsed before I was myself again. There lay the *Ghost*, bow on to the beach, her splintered bowsprit projecting



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over the sand, her tangled spars rubbing against her side to the lift of the crooning waves. Something must be done—must be done!

It came upon me suddenly as strange that nothing moved aboard. Wearied from the night of struggle and wreck, all hands were yet asleep, I thought. My next thought was that Maud and I might yet escape. If we could take to the boat and make around the point before any one awoke! I would call her and start. My hand was lifted at her door to knock, when I recollected the smallness of the island. We could never hide ourselves upon it. There was nothing for us but the wide, raw ocean. I thought of our snug little huts, our supplies of meat and oil and moss and fire-wood, and I knew that we could never survive the wintry sea and the great storms which were to come.

So I stood, with hesitant knuckle, without her door. It was impossible—impossible. A wild thought of rushing in and killing her as she slept rose in my mind. And then, in a flash, the better solution came to me. All hands were asleep. Why not creep aboard the *Ghost*,—well I knew the way to Wolf Larsen's bunk!—and kill him in his sleep? After that—well, we would see. But with him dead there was time and space in which to prepare to do other things; and, besides, whatever new situation arose, it could not possibly be worse than the present one.

My knife was at my hip. I returned to my hut for the shot-gun, made sure it was loaded, and went down to the *Ghost*. With some difficulty, and at the expense of a wetting to the waist, I climbed aboard. The forecastle scuttle was open. I paused to listen for the breathing of the men, but there was no breathing. I almost gasped as the thought came to me: What if the *Ghost* is deserted? I listened more closely. There was no sound. I cautiously descended the ladder. The place had the empty and musty feel and smell usual to a dwelling no longer inhabited. Everywhere was a thick litter of discarded and ragged garments, old sea-boots, leaky oilskins—all the worthless forecastle dunnage of a long voyage.

Abandoned hastily, was my conclusion as I ascended to the deck. Hope was alive again in my breast, and I looked about me with greater coolness. I noted that the boats were missing. The steerage told the same tale as the forecastle. The hunters had packed their belongings with similar haste. The *Ghost* was deserted! It was Maud's and mine. I thought of the ship's stores and the lazaret beneath the cabin, and the idea came to me of surprising Maud with something nice for breakfast.

The reaction from my fear, and the knowledge that the terrible deed I had come to do was no longer necessary, made me boyish and eager. I went up the steerage companionway two steps at a time, with nothing distinct in my mind except joy and the hope that Maud would sleep on until the surprise breakfast was quite ready for her. As I rounded the galley, a new satisfaction was mine at thought of all the splendid cooking utensils inside. I sprang up the break of the poop, and saw —Wolf Larsen! What of my impetus and the stunning surprise, I clattered three or four steps along the deck before I could stop myself. He was standing in the companionway, only his head and shoulders visible, staring straight at me. His arms were resting on the half-open slide. He made no movement whatever—simply stood there, staring at me.

I began to tremble. The old stomach-sickness clutched me. I put one hand on the edge of the house to steady myself. My lips seemed suddenly dry, and I moistened them against the need of speech. Nor did I for an instant take my eyes off him. Neither of us spoke. There was something ominous in his silence, his immobility. All my old fear of him returned and by new fear was increased an hundredfold. And still we stood, the pair of us, staring at each other.

I was aware of the demand for action, and, my old helplessness strong upon me, I was waiting for him to take the initiative. Then, as the moments went by, it came to me that the situation was analogous to the one in which I had approached the long-maned bull, my intention of clubbing obscured by fear until it became a desire to make him run. So it was at last impressed upon me that I was there, not to have Wolf Larsen take the initiative, but to take it myself.

I cocked both barrels and leveled the shot-gun at him. Had he moved, attempted to drop down the companionway, I know I should have shot him. But he stood mo-

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tionless and staring as before. And as I faced him, with leveled gun shaking in my hands, I had time to note the worn and haggard appearance of his face. It was as if some strong anxiety had wasted it. The cheeks were sunken, and there was a wearied, puckered expression on the brow; and it seemed to me that his eyes were strange, not only the expression, but the physical seeming, as though the optic nerves and supporting muscles had suffered strain and slightly twisted the eyeballs.

All this I saw, and, my brain now working rapidly, I thought a thousand thoughts; and yet I could not pull the triggers. I lowered the gun and stepped to the corner of the cabin, primarily to relieve the tension on my nerves and to make a new start, and incidentally to be closer. Again I raised the gun. He was almost at arm's length. There was no hope for him. I was resolved. There was no possible chance of missing him, no matter how poor my marksmanship. And yet I wrestled with myself and could not pull the triggers.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently.

I strove vainly to force my fingers down on the triggers, and vainly I strove to say something.

"Why don't you shoot?" he asked.

I cleared my throat of a huskiness which prevented speech.

"Hump," he said slowly, "you can't do it. You are not exactly afraid: you are impotent. Your conventional morality is stronger than you. You are the slave to the opinions which have credence among the people you have known and have read about. Their code has been drummed into your head from the time you lisped, and in spite of your philosophy, and of what I have taught you, it won't let you kill an unarmed, unresisting man."

"I know it," I said hoarsely.

"And you know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar," he went on. "You know me for what I am, my worth in the world by your standard. You have called me snake, tiger, shark, monster, and Caliban. And yet, you little rag puppet, you little echoing mechanism, you are unable to kill me as you would a snake or a shark, because I have hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like yours. Bah! I had hoped better things of you, Hump."

He stepped out of the companionway and came up to me.

"Put down that gun. I want to ask you some questions. I have n't had a chance to look around yet. What place is this? How is the *Ghost* lying? How did you get wet? Where 's Maud?—I beg your pardon—Miss Brewster; or should I say 'Mrs. Van Weyden'?"

I had backed away from him, almost weeping at my inability to shoot him, but not fool enough to put down the gun. I hoped desperately that he might commit some hostile act, attempt to strike me or choke me; for in such way only I knew I could be stirred to shoot.

"This is Endeavor Island," I said.

"Never heard of it," he broke in.

"At least, that 's our name for it," I amended.

"'Our'?" he queried. "Who 's 'our'?"

"Miss Brewster and myself. And the *Ghost* is lying, as you can see for yourself, bow on to the beach."

"There are seals here," he said. "They woke me up with their barking, or I 'd be sleeping yet. I heard them when I drove in last night. They were the first warning that I was on a lee shore. It 's a rookery, the kind of a thing I 've hunted for years. Thanks to my brother Death, I 've lighted on a fortune. It 's a mint. What 's its bearings?"

"Have n't the least idea," I said. "But you ought to know quite closely. What were your last observations?"

He smiled, but did not answer.

"Well, where are all hands?" I asked him. "How does it come that you are alone?"

I was prepared for him again to set aside my question, and was surprised at the readiness of his reply.

"My brother got me inside forty-eight hours, and through no fault of mine. Boarded me in the night, with only the watch on deck. Hunters went back on me. He gave them a bigger lay. Heard him offering it. Did it right before me. Of course the crew gave me the go-by. That was to be expected. All hands went over the side, and there I was, marooned on my own vessel. It was Death's turn, and it 's all in the family, anyway."

"But how did you lose the masts?" I asked.

"Walk over and examine those lan-

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yards," he said, pointing to where the mizzen-rigging should have been.

"They have been cut with a knife!" I exclaimed.

"Not quite," he laughed. "It was a neater job. Look again."

I looked. The lanyards had been almost severed, with just enough left to hold the shrouds till some severe strain should be put upon them.

"Cooky did that." He laughed again. "I know, though I did n't spot him at it. Kind of evened up the score a bit."

"Good for Mugridge!" I cried.

"Yes, that 's what I thought when everything went over the side. Only I said it on the other side of my mouth."

"But what were you doing while all this was going on?" I asked.

"My best, you may be sure, which was n't much under the circumstances."

I turned to reëxamine Thomas Mugridge's work.

"I guess I 'll sit down and take the sunshine," I heard Wolf Larsen saying.

There was a hint, just a slight hint, of physical feebleness in his voice, and it was so strange that I looked quickly at him. His hand was sweeping nervously across his face, as though he were brushing away cobwebs. I was puzzled—the whole thing was so unlike the Wolf Larsen I had known.

"How are your headaches?" I asked.

"They still trouble me," was his answer. "I think I have one coming on now."

He slipped down from his sitting posture till he lay on the deck. Then he rolled over on his side, his head resting on the biceps of the under arm, the forearm shielding his eyes from the sun. I stood regarding him wonderingly.

"Now 's your chance, Hump," he said.

"I don't understand," I lied, for I thoroughly understood.

"Oh, nothing," he added softly, as if he were drowsing; "only you 've got me where you want me."

"No, I have n't," I retorted; "for I want you a few thousand miles away from here."

He chuckled, and thereafter spoke no more. He did not stir as I passed by him and went down into the cabin. I lifted the trap in the floor, but for some moments gazed dubiously into the darkness of the lazaret beneath. I hesitated to descend. What if his lying down were a ruse? Pretty indeed to be caught there like a rat! I crept softly up the companionway and peeped at him. He was lying as I had left him. Again I went below; but before I dropped into the lazaret I took the precaution of casting down the door in advance. At least there would be no lid to the trap. But it was all needless. I regained the cabin with a store of jams, sea-biscuits, canned meats, and such things,—all I could carry,—and replaced the trap-door.

A peep at Wolf Larsen showed me that he had not moved. A bright thought struck me. I stole into his state-room and possessed myself of his revolvers. There were no other weapons, though I thoroughly ransacked the three remaining state-rooms. To make sure, I returned and went through the steerage and forecastle, and in the galley gathered up all the sharp meat- and vegetable-knives. Then I bethought me of the great yachtsman's knife he always carried, and I came to him and spoke to him, first softly, then loudly. He did not move. I bent over and took it from his pocket. I breathed more freely. He had no arms with which to attack me from a distance, while I, armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee-pot and frying-pan with part of my plunder, and taking some chinaware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore.

Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen), and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end I heard her moving about within the hut, making her simple toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth.

"It 's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and—"

"But just this once," I pleaded.

"If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

To my delight, she never once looked toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she sipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it

could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she said.

The old unnamable terror mounted into her eyes.

"Is—he—?" she quavered.

I nodded my head.

XXXIII

We waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the *Ghost*. But he did not come. He did not even appear on deck.

"Perhaps it is his headache," I said. "I left him lying on the poop. He may lie there all night. I think I 'll go and see."

Maud looked entreaty at me.

"It is all right," I assured her. "I shall take the revolvers. You know, I collected every weapon on board."

"But there are his arms, his hands, his terrible, terrible hands," she objected. And then she cried, "Oh, Humphrey, I am afraid of him. Don't go! Please don't go!"

She rested her hand appealingly on mine and sent my pulse fluttering. My heart was surely in my eyes for a moment. The dear and lovely woman! And she was so much the woman, clinging and appealing, sunshine and dew to my manhood, rooting it deeper and sending through it the sap of a new strength. I was for putting my arm around her, as when in the midst of the seal-herd, but I considered and refrained.

"I shall not take any risks," I said. "I 'll merely peep over the bow and see."

She pressed my hand earnestly and let me go. But the space on deck where I had left him lying was vacant. He had evidently gone below. That night we stood alternate watches, one of us sleeping at a time; for there was no telling what Wolf Larsen might do.

The next day we waited, and the next, and still he made no sign.

"These headaches of his, these attacks—" Maud said, on the afternoon of the fourth day. "Perhaps he is ill, very ill. He may be dead."

"Or dying," was her afterthought, when she had waited some time for me to speak.

"Better so," I answered.

"But think, Humphrey—a fellow-creature in his last lonely hour!"

"Perhaps," I suggested.

"Yes, even perhaps," she acknowledged. "But we do not know. It would be terrible if he were. I could never forgive myself. We must do something."

"Perhaps," I suggested again.

I waited, smiling inwardly at the woman of her which compelled a solicitude for Wolf Larsen, of all creatures. Where was her solicitude for me? I thought—for me whom she had been afraid to have merely peep aboard?

She was too subtle not to follow the trend of my silence. And she was as direct as she was subtle.

"You must go aboard, Humphrey, and find out," she said. "And if you want to laugh at me you have my consent and forgiveness."

I arose obediently and went down the beach.

"Do be careful," she called after me.

I waved my arm from the forecastle-head and dropped down to the deck. Aft I walked to the cabin companion, where I contented myself with hailing below. Wolf Larsen answered, and as he started to ascend the stairs I cocked my revolver. I displayed it openly during our conversation, but he took no notice of it. He appeared the same, physically, as when last I saw him, but he was gloomy and silent. In fact, the few words we spoke could hardly be called a conversation. I did not inquire why he had not been ashore, nor did he ask why I had not come aboard. His head was all right again, he said; and so, without further parley, I left him.

Maud received my report with obvious relief, and the sight of smoke which later rose in the galley put her in a more cheerful mood. The next day, and the next, we saw the galley smoke rising, and sometimes we caught glimpses of him on the poop. But that was all. He made no attempt to come ashore. This we knew, for we still maintained our night watches. We were waiting for him to do something,—to show his hand, so to say,—and his inaction puzzled and worried us.

A week of this passed by. We had no other interest than Wolf Larsen, and his



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presence weighed us down with an apprehension which prevented us from doing any of the little things we had planned.

But at the end of the week the smoke ceased rising from the galley, and he no longer showed himself on the poop. I could see Maud's solicitude again growing, though she timidly—and even proudly, I think—forbore a repetition of her request. After all, what censure could be put upon her? Besides, I myself was aware of hurt at thought of this man whom I had tried to kill dying alone with his fellow-creatures so near. He was right. The code of my group was stronger than I. The fact that he had hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like mine constituted a claim that I could not ignore.

So I did not wait a second time for Maud to send me. I discovered that we stood in need of condensed milk and marmalade, and announced that I was going aboard. I could see that she wavered. She even went so far as to murmur that they were non-essentials and that my trip after them might be inexpedient. And, as she had followed the trend of my silence, she now followed the trend of my speech; and she knew that I was going aboard, not because of condensed milk and marmalade, but because of her and of her anxiety, which she knew she had failed to hide.

I took off my shoes when I gained the forecastle-head, and went noiselessly aft in my stocking-feet. Nor did I call this time from the top of the companionway. Cautiously descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his state-room was closed. At first I thought of knocking; then I remembered my ostensible errand and resolved to carry it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I lifted the trap-door in the floor and set it to one side. The slop-chest, as well as the provisions, was stored in the lazaret, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of underclothing.

As I emerged from the lazaret I heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's state-room. I crouched and listened. The door-knob rattled. Furtively, instinctively, I slunk back behind the table, and drew and cocked my revolver. The door swung open and he came forth. Never had I seen so profound a despair as that which I saw on his face—the face of Wolf Larsen the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclosed, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

"God! God!" he groaned; and the clenched fists were raised again to the infinite despair with which his throat vibrated.

It was horrible. I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. And it was exertion. His whole frame shook with the struggle. He resembled a man on the verge of a fit. His face strove to compose itself, writhing and twisting in the effort till he broke down again. Once more the clenched fists went upward and he groaned. He caught his breath once or twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and indecision.

I was now concerned with fear for myself. The open trap lay directly in his path, and his discovery of it would lead instantly to his discovery of me. I was angry with myself for being caught in so cowardly a position, crouching on the floor. There was yet time. I rose swiftly to my feet, and, I know, quite unconsciously assumed a defiant attitude. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the uplift. But when the descending foot missed the solid flooring and felt vacancy beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next instant he had drawn up his legs and rolled

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clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trap-door.

The expression on his face was one of complete comprehension. But before I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trap-door into place, closing the lazaret. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind—blind as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his stateroom. I saw his hand miss the door-knob by an inch, quickly fumble for it, and find it. This was my chance. I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea-chest, which he deposited on top of the trap. Not content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway, I retreated, silently rolling over on top of the cabin.

He shoved the slide part away back and rested his arms on it, his body still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away and directly in what should have been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, in my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect; but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify the impression. He knew that he had responded to something from without, that his sensibility had been touched by a changing something in his environment; but what it was he could not discover. I ceased waving my hand, so that the shadow remained stationary. He slowly moved his head back and forth under it and turned from side to side, now in the sunshine, now in the shade, feeling the shadow, as it were, testing it by sensation.

I, too, was busy, trying to reason out how he was aware of the existence of so intangible a thing as a shadow. If it were his eyeballs only that were affected, or if his optic nerve were not wholly destroyed, the explanation was simple. If otherwise, then the only conclusion I could reach was that the sensitive skin recognized the difference of temperature between shade and sunshine. Or perhaps—and who could tell?—it was that fabled sixth sense which conveyed to him the loom and feel of an object close at hand.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped out on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which surprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in his walk. I knew it now for what it was.

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the forecastle-head and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

## XXXIV

"It's too bad the *Ghost* has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet.

"I wonder—I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power. I remembered Michelet's: "To man, woman is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again." For the first time I knew the wonderful truth of his words. Why, I was living them. Maud was all this to me, an unfailing source of strength and courage. I had but to look at her, or think of her, and be strong again.

"It can be done—it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done I can do, and if they have never done this before, still I can do it."

"What, for goodness' sake?" Maud demanded. "Do be merciful. What is it you can do?"

"We can do it," I amended. "Why, nothing else than put the masts back into the *Ghost* and sail away."

"Humphrey!" she exclaimed.

And I felt as proud of my conception as if it were already a fact accomplished.

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"But how is it possibly to be done?" she asked.

"I don't know," was my answer. "I know only that I am capable of doing anything these days."

I smiled proudly at her—too proudly, for she dropped her eyes and was for the moment silent.

"But there is Captain Larsen," she objected.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a straw.

"But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazaret."

"And you know also how I crept about and avoided him," I contended gaily.

"And lost your shoes."

"You 'd hardly expect them to avoid Wolf Larsen without my feet inside of them."

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the *Ghost* and return to the world. I remembered hazily the physics of my school-days, while the last few months had given me practical experience with mechanical purchases. I must say, though, when we walked down to the *Ghost* to inspect more closely the task before us, that the sight of the great masts lying in the water almost disheartened me. Where were we to begin? If there had been one mast standing, something high up to which to fasten blocks and tackles! But there was nothing. It reminded me of the problem of lifting oneself by one's boot-straps. I understood the mechanics of levers; but where was I to get a fulcrum?

There was the mainmast, fifteen inches in diameter at what was now the butt, still sixty-five feet in length, and weighing, I roughly calculated, at least three thousand pounds. And then came the foremast, larger in diameter and weighing surely thirty-five hundred pounds. Where was I to begin? Maud stood silently by my side while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among sailors as "shears." But, though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor Island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars and then elevating them in the air like an inverted V, I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting-tackle. To this tackle I could, if necessary, attach a second tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution, and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Clear that raffle," I answered, pointing to the tangled wreckage overside.

Ah, the decisiveness, the very sound of the words, was good in my ears. "Clear that raffle!" Imagine so salty a phrase on the lips of the Humphrey Van Weyden of a few months gone!

There must have been a touch of the melodramatic in my pose and voice, for Maud smiled. Her appreciation of the ridiculous was keen, and in all things she unerringly saw and felt, where it existed, the touch of sham, the overshading, the overtone. It was this which had given poise and penetration to her own work and made her of worth to the world. The serious critic, with the sense of humor and the power of expression, must inevitably command the world's ear. And so it was that she had commanded. Her sense of humor was really the artist's instinct for proportion.

"I 'm sure I 've heard it before, somewhere, in books," she murmured gleefully.

I had an instinct for proportion myself, and I collapsed forthwith, descending from the dominant pose of a master of matter to a state of humble confusion which was, to say the least, very miserable.

Her hand leaped out at once to mine.

"I 'm so sorry," she said.

"No need to be," I gulped. "It does me good. There 's too much of the schoolboy in me. All of which is neither here nor there. What we 've got to do is actually and literally to clear that raffle. If you 'll come with me in the boat, we 'll get to work and straighten things out."

"'When the topmen clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their teeth,'"

she quoted at me; and for the rest of the afternoon we made merry over our labor.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—halyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through and twined and knotted by the sea. I cut no more than was necessary, and what with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, of unreeving the halyards and sheets, of coiling down in the boat and

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uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely; but I succeeded before nightfall in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant, I went into the hold of the *Ghost* to clear the steps of the mast-butts. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen.

"Hello, below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello, on deck!" I replied. "Good morning to you."

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my ship for me?"

"Quite the opposite; I 'm repairing her," was my answer.

"But what in thunder are you repairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice.

"Why, I 'm getting everything ready for restepping the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you 're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down, "you can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can," I retorted. "I 'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?"

"You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were once, and able to eat me, as you were pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you 're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of underestimating me. For your own good I warn you."

"Since when have you become an altruist?" I queried. "Confess, now, in warning me for my own good, that you are very inconsistent."

He ignored my sarcasm, saying, "Suppose I clap the hatch on now? You won't fool me as you did in the lazaret."

"Wolf Larsen," I said sternly, for the first time addressing him by this his most familiar name, "I am unable to shoot a helpless, unresisting man. You have proved that to my satisfaction as well as yours. But I warn you now, and not so much for your own good as for mine, that I shall shoot you the moment you attempt a hostile act. I can shoot you now, as I stand here; and if you are so minded, just go ahead and try to clap on the hatch."

"Nevertheless I forbid you; I distinctly forbid your tampering with my ship."

"But, man!" I expostulated. "You advance the fact that it is your ship as though it were a moral right. You have never considered moral rights in your dealings with others. You surely do not dream that I 'll consider them in dealing with you?"

I had stepped underneath the open hatchway so that I could see him. The lack of expression on his face, so different from when I had watched him unseen, was enhanced by the unblinking, staring eyes. It was not a pleasant face to look upon.

"And none so poor, not even Hump, to do him reverence," he sneered.

The sneer was wholly in his voice. His face remained expressionless as ever.

"How do you do, Miss Brewster?" he said suddenly, after a pause.

I started. She had made no noise whatever, had not even moved. Could it be that some glimmer of vision remained to him? Or that his vision was coming back?

"How do you do, Captain Larsen?" she answered. "Pray how did you know I was here?"

"Heard you breathing, of course. I say, Hump 's improving; don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she answered, smiling at me. "I have never seen him otherwise."

"You should have seen him before, then."

"Wolf Larsen in large doses," I murmured, "before and after taking."

"I want to tell you again, Hump," he said threateningly, "that you 'd better leave things alone."

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"But don't you care to escape as well as we?" I asked incredulously.

"No," was his answer. "I intend dying here."

"Well, we don't," I concluded defiantly, beginning again my knocking and hammering.

XXXV

NEXT day, the mast-steps clear and everything in readiness, we started to get the two topmasts aboard. The maintopmast was over thirty feet in length, the foretopmast nearly thirty, and it was of these that I intended making the shears. It was puzzling work. Fastening one end of a heavy tackle to the windlass, and with the other end fast to the butt of the foretopmast, I began to heave. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down the slack.

We were astonished at the ease with which the spar was lifted. It was an improved crank windlass, and the purchase it gave was enormous. Of course, what it gave us in power we paid for in distance; as many times as it doubled my strength, that many times was doubled the length of rope I heaved in. The tackle dragged heavily across the rail, increasing its drag as the spar arose more and more out of the water, and the exertion on the windlass grew severe.

But when the butt of the topmast was level with the rail everything came to a standstill.

"I might have known it," I said impatiently. "Now we have to do it all over again."

"Why not fasten the tackle part 'way down the mast?" Maud suggested.

"It 's what I should have done at first," I answered, hugely disgusted with myself.

Slipping off a turn, I lowered the mast back into the water and fastened the tackle a third of the way down from the butt. In an hour, what of this and of rests between the heaving, I had hoisted it to the point where I could hoist no more. Eight feet of the butt was above the rail, and I was as far away as ever from getting the spar on board. I sat down and pondered the problem. It did not take long. I sprang jubilantly to my feet.

"Now I have it!" I cried. "I ought to make the tackle fast at the point of balance. And what we learn of this will serve us with everything else we have to hoist aboard."

Once again I undid all my work by lowering the mast into the water. But I miscalculated the point of balance, so that when I heaved, the top of the mast came up instead of the butt. Maud looked despair, but I laughed and said it would do just as well.

Instructing her how to hold the turn and be ready to slack away at command, I laid hold of the mast with my hands and tried to balance it inboard across the rail. When I thought I had it I cried to her to slack away; but the spar righted, despite my efforts, and dropped back toward the water. Again I heaved it up to its old position, for I had now another idea. I remembered the watch-tackle,—a small double- and single-block affair,—and fetched it.

While I was rigging it between the top of the spar and the opposite rail, Wolf Larsen came on the scene. We exchanged nothing more than good mornings, and though he could not see, he sat on the rail out of the way and followed by the sound all that I did.

Again instructing Maud to slack away at the windlass when I gave the word, I proceeded to heave on the watch-tackle. Slowly the mast swung in until it balanced at right angles across the rail; and then I discovered, to my amazement, that there was no need for Maud to slack away. In fact, the very opposite was necessary. Making the watch-tackle fast, I hove on the windlass and brought in the mast, inch by inch, till its top tilted down to the deck and finally its whole length lay on the deck.

I looked at my watch. It was twelve o'clock. My back was aching sorely, and I felt extremely tired and hungry. And there on the deck was a single stick of timber to show for a whole morning's work. For the first time I thoroughly realized the extent of the task before us. But I was learning, I was learning. The afternoon would show far more accomplished. And it did; for we returned at one o'clock, rested, and strengthened by a hearty dinner.

In less than an hour I had the maintopmast on deck and was constructing the shears. Lashing the two topmasts together, and making allowance for their unequal length, at the point of intersection I attached the double block of the main-

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throat-halyards. This, with the single block and the throat-halyards themselves, gave me a hoisting-tackle. To prevent the butts of the masts from slipping on the deck, I nailed down thick cleats. Everything in readiness, I made a line fast to the apex of the shears and carried it directly to the windlass. I was growing to have faith in that windlass, for it gave me power beyond all expectation. As usual, Maud held the turn while I heaved. The shears rose in the air.

Then I discovered I had forgotten guy-ropes. This necessitated my climbing the shears, which I did twice before I finished guying it fore and aft and to each side. Twilight had set in by the time this was accomplished. Wolf Larsen, who had sat about and listened all afternoon and never opened his mouth, had taken himself off to the galley and started his supper. I felt quite stiff across the small of the back, so much so that I straightened up with an effort and with pain. I looked proudly at my work. It was beginning to show. I was wild with desire, like a child with a new toy, to hoist something with my shears.

"I wish it were n't so late," I said. "I 'd like to see how it works."

"Don't be a glutton, Humphrey," Maud chided me. "Remember, to-morrow is coming, and you 're so tired now that you can hardly stand."

"And you?" I said, with sudden solicitude. "You must be very tired. You have worked hard and nobly. I am proud of you, Maud."

"Not half so proud as I am of you, nor with half the reason," she answered, looking me straight in the eyes for a moment with an expression in her own and a dancing, tremulous light which I had not seen before and which gave me a pang of quick delight, I knew not why, for I did not understand it. Then she dropped her eyes, to lift them again, laughing.

"If our friends could see us now!" she said. "Look at us. Have you ever paused for a moment to consider our appearance?"

"Yes, I have considered yours frequently," I answered, puzzled over what I had seen in her eyes and by her sudden change of subject.

"Mercy!" she cried. "And what do I look like, pray?"

"A scarecrow, I 'm afraid," I replied. "Just glance at your draggled skirts, for instance. Look at those three-cornered tears. And such a waist! It would not require a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that you have been cooking over a camp-fire, to say nothing of trying out seal-blubber. And, to cap it all, that cap! And all that is the woman who wrote 'A Kiss Endured.'"

She made me an elaborate and stately curtsy, and said, "As for you, sir—"

And yet, through the five minutes of banter which followed, there was a serious something underneath the fun which I could not but relate to the strange and fleeting expression I had caught in her eyes. What was it? Could it be that our eyes were speaking beyond the will of our speech? My eyes had spoken, I knew, until I had found the culprits out and silenced them. This had occurred several times. But had she seen the clamor in them and understood? And had her eyes so spoken to me? What else could that expression have meant?—that dancing, tremulous light and a something more which words could not describe. And yet it could not be. It was impossible. Besides, I was not skilled in the speech of eyes. I was only Humphrey Van Weyden, a bookish fellow who loved. And to love, and to wait and win love, that surely was glorious enough for me. And thus I thought, even as we chaffed each other, until we arrived ashore and there were other things to think about.

"It 's a shame, after working hard all day, that we cannot have an uninterrupted night's sleep," I complained, after supper.

"But there can be no danger now, from a blind man?" she queried.

"I shall never be able to trust him," I averred; "and far less now that he is blind. The liability is that his part-helplessness will make him more malignant than ever. I know what I shall do to-morrow, the first thing—run out a light anchor and kedge the schooner off the beach. And each night when we come ashore in the boat, Mr. Wolf Larsen will be left, virtually a prisoner, on board. So this will be the last night we have to stand watch, and because of that it will go the easier."

We were awake early, and just finishing breakfast as daylight came.

"Oh, Humphrey!" I heard Maud cry in dismay, and suddenly stop.

I looked at her. She was gazing at the

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*Ghost.* I followed her gaze, but could see nothing unusual. She looked at me, and I looked inquiry back.

"The shears," she said, and her voice trembled.

I had forgotten their existence. I looked again, but could not see them.

"If he has—" I muttered savagely.

She put her hand sympathetically on mine, and said, "You will have to begin over again."

"Oh, believe me, my anger means nothing; I could not hurt a fly," I smiled back bitterly. "And the worst of it is, he knows it. You are right. If he has destroyed the shears, I shall do nothing except begin over again."

"But I 'll stand my watch on board hereafter," I blurted out a moment later. "And if he interferes—"

"But I dare not stay ashore, all night, alone," Maud was saying when I came back to myself. "It would be so much nicer if he would be friendly with us and help us. We could all live comfortably aboard."

"We will," I asserted, still savagely, for the destruction of my beloved shears had hit me hard. "That is, you and I will live aboard, friendly or not with Wolf Larsen."

"It 's childish," I laughed, later, "for him to do such things, and for me to grow angry over them, for that matter."

But my heart smote me when we climbed aboard and looked at the havoc he had done. The shears were gone altogether. The guys had been slashed right and left. The throat-halyards which I had rigged were cut across through every part—and he knew I could not splice. A thought struck me: I ran to the windlass. It would not work! He had broken it. We looked at each other in consternation. Then I ran to the side. The masts, booms, and gaffs I had cleared were gone. He had found the line which held them and cast it adrift.

Tears were in Maud's eyes, and I do believe they were for me. I could have wept myself. Where now was our project of remasting the *Ghost?* He had done his work well. I sat down on the hatch-combing and rested my chin on my hands in black despair.

"He deserves to die," I cried out; "and —God forgive me—I am not man enough to be his executioner."

But Maud was by my side, passing her hand soothingly through my hair as though I were a child, and saying, "There, there; it will all come right. We are in the right and it must come right."

I remembered Michelet, and leaned my head against her; and truly I became strong again. The blessed woman was an unfailing fount of power to me. What did it matter? Only a setback, a delay. The tide could not have carried the masts far to seaward, and there had been no wind. It meant merely more work to find them and tow them back. And, besides, it was a lesson. I knew what to expect. He might have waited and destroyed our work more effectually when we had more accomplished.

"Here he comes now," she whispered.

I glanced up. He was strolling leisurely along the poop on the port side.

"Take no notice of him," I whispered. "He 's coming to see how we take it. Don't let him know that we know. We can deny him that satisfaction. Take off your shoes—that 's right—and carry them in your hand."

And then we played hide-and-seek with the blind man. As he came up the port side we slipped past on the starboard; and from the poop we watched him turn and start aft on our track.

He must have known, somehow, that we were on board, for he said "Good morning" very confidently, and waited for the greeting to be returned. Then he strolled aft, and we slipped for'ard.

"Oh, I know you 're aboard," he called out, and I could see him listen intently after he had spoken.

It reminded me of the great hoot-owl, listening, after its booming cry, for the stir of its frightened prey. But we did not stir, and we moved only when he moved. And so we dodged about the deck, hand in hand, like a couple of children chased by a wicked ogre, till Wolf Larsen, evidently in disgust, left the deck for the cabin. There was glee in our eyes, and suppressed titters in our mouths, as we put on our shoes and clambered over the side into the boat. And as I looked into Maud's clear brown eyes I forgot the evil he had done, and I knew only that I loved her and that because of her the strength was mine to win our way back to the world.

(To be continued)

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE OPEN PALM SWEPT ACROSS HIS EYES"



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# GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

DRAWINGS BY HENRY McCARTER

I

THOU who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshipers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

II

SEEKING for thee, the heart of man
Lonely and longing ran,
In that first, solitary hour,
When the mysterious power
To know and love the wonder of the morn
Was breathed within him, and his soul was born:

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And thou didst meet thy child,
Not in some hidden shrine,
But in the freedom of the garden wild,
And take his hand in thine,—
There all day long in Paradise he walked,
And in the cool of evening with thee talked.

III

LOST, long ago, that garden bright and pure,
Lost, that calm day too perfect to endure,
And lost, the childlike love that worshiped and was sure!
For men have dulled their eyes with sin,
And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
And built their temple walls to shut thee in,
And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.
But not for thee the closing of the door,
O Spirit unconfined!
Thy ways are free
As is the wandering wind,
And thou hast wooed thy children, to restore
Their fellowship with thee,
In peace of soul and simpleness of mind.

IV

JOYFUL the heart that, when the flood rolled by,
Leaped up to see the rainbow in the sky;
And glad the pilgrim, in the lonely night,
For whom the hills of Haran, tier on tier,

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Built up a stairway to the height
Where stars like angel eyes were shining clear.
From mountain-peaks, in many a land and age,
Disciples of the Persian seer
Have hailed the rising sun and worshiped thee;
And wayworn followers of the Indian sage
Have found the peace of God beneath a spreading tree.
But one, but one,—ah, child most dear,
And perfect image of the Love Unseen,—
Walked every day in pastures green,
And all his life the quiet waters by,
Reading their beauty with a tranquil eye.
To him the desert was a place prepared
For weary hearts to rest;
The hillside was a temple blest;
The grassy vale a banquet-room,
Where he could feed and comfort many a guest.
With him the lily shared
The vital joy that breathes itself in bloom;
And every bird that sang beside the nest
Told of the love that broods o'er every living thing.
He watched the shepherd bring
His flock at sundown to the welcome fold,
The fisherman at daybreak fling
His net across the waters gray and cold,
And all day long the patient reaper swing
His curving sickle through the harvest-gold.
So through the world the foot-path way he trod,
Drawing the air of heaven in every breath;
And in the evening sacrifice of death



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Beneath the open sky he gave his soul to God.
Him will I trust, and for my Master take;
Him will I follow; and for his dear sake,
God of the open air,
To thee I make my prayer.

v

FROM the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air.

By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o'er me,
By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch before me,
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in motion,
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean,
(Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges the eyes!)
Lead me out of the narrow life, to the peace of the hills and the skies.

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,
And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been treading;
While the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing under,
Are singing together of love in a world full of wonder,
(Lo, in the marvel of Springtime, dreams are changed into truth!)
Quicken my heart and restore the beautiful hopes of youth.

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By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body embraces,
For the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places,
For the balm of the breezes that brush my face with their fingers,
For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when the twilight lingers,
For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of a heart without care,—
I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open air!

VI

THESE are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray.

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On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.
So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear:
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land,—
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

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# NEW MATERIAL CONCERNING THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM CLARK, FROM THE FAMILY RECORDS

THE subjoined letters, which have recently come to light in the papers of General William Clark, derive a special interest at this time from the prominence which is given to the great pioneer expedition of a hundred years ago. A special day, September 23d, has been set aside at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in honor of the two explorers, and a more elaborate celebration of their achievement is to be made in the Lewis and Clark Exposition of 1905 at Portland, Oregon. The first of these letters is a succinct résumé of the expedition addressed by Clark to his brother, General George Rogers Clark, of Revolutionary fame. The second derives special interest from the fact that it is addressed to the French interpreter Charbono, the husband of Sacajawea, the young Shoshone whose service to the expedition as guide is to be recognized by a statue to be erected by the women of Oregon. The letter also throws an interesting light upon the attractive personal character of Clark. The second portrait has a special interest as being from the brush of George Catlin, whose great historical work in description of the American Indians is well known. These letters are the property of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis, granddaughter of General William Clark, and of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis, of New York, and are here published, by arrangement with these ladies, from the copies retained by the writer.—EDITOR.

### I. WILLIAM CLARK TO GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

*St. Louis September 24 1806*

DEAR BROTHER, We arrived at this place on the 23 inst. from the pacific Ocean where we remained during the last winter near the entrance of the Columbia river. this station we left on the 27th of March last and should have reached St. Louis early in August had we not been detained by the snow which bared our passage across the Rocky mountains untill the 24th of June. in returning through those mountains we divided ourselves into several parties, digressing from the rout by which we went out in order the more effectually to explore the country and discover the most practicable rout which dose exist across the continent by way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, in this we were completely successful and have therefore no hesitation in declaring that such as nature has permited it we have discovered the best rout which dose exist across the Continent of North America in that direction. such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of that River a distance of 2575 miles thence by land passing the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of the Kooskee 340. and with the Kooskooskee 73 miles Lewis's river 154 miles and the Columbia 413 miles to the Pacific Ocean making the total distance from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi to the discharge of the columbia into the Pacific Ocean 3555 miles. the navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good; it's difficulties aurise from its falling banks, timber embeded in the mud of it's channel, it's sandbars and steady rapidity of it's current all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty by using the necessary precautions. the passage by land of 340 Miles from the Missouri to the Kooskooskee is the most formidable part of the tract proposed across the continent. of this distance 200 miles is along a good road, and 140 over tremendous mountains which for 60 miles are covered with eternal snows. a passage over these mountains is however practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September and the cheep rate at which horses are to be obtained from the indians of the Rocky mountains and



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From the oil-painting (artist unknown) in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis

GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK AS A YOUNG MAN

west of them reduce the expences of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. the navigation of the Kooskooskee Lewis's R and the Columbia is safe and good from the first of April to the middle of August by making 3 portages on the latter river. the first of which in decending is 1200 paces at the falls of the Columbia, 261 miles up that river, the second of 2 miles at the long narrows 6 miles below the falls and a third also of 2 ms. at the great rapids 65 miles still lower down. the tide flows up the Columbia 183 miles and within 7 miles of the great rapids. large sloops may with safety ascend as high as tide-water and vessels of 300 tons burthen may reach the entrance of the Multnomah R. a large Southern branch of the Columbia which taking it's rise on the confines of Mexico with the Callarado and Apostles rivers discharges itself into the Columbia 125 miles from it's mouth.—I consider this tract across the continent of imense advantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in $\frac{9}{10}$ths of the most valuable fur country in America may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia and shiped from thence to the East Indies by the 1st of August in each year. and will of course reach Canton earlyer than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in great Britain.—

In our outward bound voyage we ascended to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of the Missouri, where we arrived on the 14th of June 1805. not having met with any of the natives of the Rocky mountains we were of course ignorant of the passes by land which existed through that country to the Columbia River, and had we even known the rout we were destitute of horses which would have been indispensibly necessary to enable us to transport the requisite quantity of ammunition and other stores to ensure the success of the remaining part of our voyage down



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the Columbia; we therefore determined to navigate the Missouri as far as it was practicable or untill we met with some of the natives from whom we could obtain horses and information of the country. accordingly we undertook a most laborious portage at the falls of the Missouri of 18 miles and Gallitin's rivers. the confluence of these rivers is 2848 miles from the mouth of the Missouri by the meanders of that river. we arrived at the 3 forks of the Missouri 27th of July. not having yet been so fortunate as to meet with the natives although I had previously made several excurtions for



From the oil-painting, by George Catlin, in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis

GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK, GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI TERRITORY, 1813–20

General Clark laid out the town of Paducah, Kentucky, in 1828, and in 1830 effected the important treaty of Prairie du Chien. This portrait shows him at about the age of sixty-two

which we effected with our canoes and baggage by the 3rd of july. from hence ascending the Missouri we entered the Rocky mountains at the distance of 7 miles above the upper part of the portage and penetrated as far as the three forks of that river a distance of 181 miles further; here the Missouri divides itself into three nearly equal branches at the same point. the two largest branches are so nearly of the same dignity that we did not conceive that either of them could with propryety retain the Name of the Missouri and therefore called these three streams Jefferson's Madisons that purpose; we were compelled still to continue our rout by water. the most Northwardly of the three forks, that to which we had given the name of Jefferson's river was deemed the most proper for our purposes and we accordingly ascended it 249 miles to the upper forks and it's extreme navigable point, making the total distance to which we had navigated the waters of the Missouri 3096 miles of which 429 lay within the Rocky Mountains. on the morning of the 17th of August 1805 I arrived at the forks of Jefferson's river where I met Capt. Lewis who had pre-

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viously penitrated with a party of three men to the waters of the columbia discovered a band of the Shoshones and had found means to induce thirty five of them Chiefs and warriors to accompany him to that place. from these people we learned that the river on which they resided was not navigable and that a passage through the Mountains in that direction was impracticable; being unwilling to confide in this unfavourable account of the natives it was conscerted between Capt. Lewis and myself that I should go forward immediately with a small party and explore the river while he in the interim would lay up the canoes at that place and engage the natives with their horses to assist in transporting our stores and baggage to their camp accordingly I set out the next day passed the dividing mountains between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia and decended the river which I have since called the East fork of Lewis's R. about 70 miles. finding that the Indian account of the country in the direction of this river was correct I returned and joined Capt. Lewis on the 29th of August at the Shoshone Camp excessively fatigued having been compelled to subsist on berries during the greater part of my rout. we now purchased 27 horses of these Indians and hired a guide who assured us that he could in 15 days take us to a large river in an open country west of these mountains by a rout some distance to the North of the river on which they lived and that by which the nations west of the Mountains visited the plains of the Missouri for the purpose of hunting buffaloe. every preperation being made we set forward with our guide on the 31st of August through those tremendious mountains, in which we continued untill the 22d of September before we reached the level country beyond them; on our way we met with the Ootolashshoot a band of the Tushipahs from whom we obtained an accession of seven horses and exchanged eight or ten others this proved of infinite service to us as we were compelled to subsist on horse beef about eight days before we reached the Kooskooske. during our passage over these mountains we suffered every thing which hunger cold and fatigue could impose; nor did our difficulties with respect to provisions cease on our arrival at the Kooskooske for although the Pallotepallers a numerous nation inhabiting that country were extremely hospitable and for a few trifling articles furnished us with an abundance of roots and dryed salmon the food to which they were accustomed we found that we could not subsist on those articles and almost all of us grew sick on eating them we were obliged therefore to have recourse to the flesh of horses and dogs as food to supply the deficiency of our guns which produced but little meat as game was scarce in the vicinity of our camp on the Kooskooske where we were compelled to remain in order to construct our perogues to decend the river at this season the salmon are megre and form but indifferent food. while we remained here I was myself sick for several days and my friend Capt. Lewis suffered a severe indisposition. Having completed 4 large perogues and a small canoe we gave our horses in charge to the Pallotepallers untill we returned and on the 7th of Oct. reimbarked for the Pacific ocean. we decended by the rout which I have already mentioned. the water of the rivers being low at this season, we experienced much difficulty in decending, we found them obstructed by a great number of difficult and dangerous rapids in passing of which our perogues several times filled and the men escaped narrowly with their lives. however this difficulty dose not exist in high water which happens withing the period which I have previously mentioned. we found the natives extremely numerous and generally friendly though we have on several occasions owed our lives and the fate of the expedition to our number which consisted of 31 men. On the 17th of November we reached the Ocean where various considerations induced us to spend the winter we therefore surched for an eligible situation for that purpose and selected a spot on the E side of a little river called by the natives the Natul which discharges itself into a small bay on the S. E. side of the Columbia and 14 miles within point Adams. here we constructed some log houses and defended them with a common stoccade work; this place we called Fort Clatsop after a nation of that name who were our nearest neighbours in this country we found an abundance of Elk on which we subsisted principally during the last winter. on our homeward bound voyage being much better acquainted with the country we were enabled to take such pre-



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cautions as have in a great measure secured us from the want of provision at any time, and greatly lessened our fatigues when compared with those to which we were compelled to submit in our outward bound Journey we left Fort Clatsop on the 23th of March. we have not lost a man since we left the Mandans a circumstance which I assure you is a pleasing consideration to me. As I shall shortly be with you I deem it unnecessary to have to attempt minutely to detale the occurrences of the last eighteen months—adieue &c

II. WILLIAM CLARK TO TOUSSAINT CHARBONO

*On Board the Perogue near the Ricara Village August 20th 1806——*

*Charbono*

Sir Your present situation with the Indians givs me some concern—I wish now that I had advised you to come on with me to the Illinois where it most probably would be in my power to put you in some way to do something for your self—I was so engaged after the *Big White* had concluded to go down with Jessomme as his Interpreter, that I had not time to talk with you as much as I intended to have done. You have been a long time with me and have conducted yourself in such a manner as to gain my friendship, your woman who accompanied you that long dangerous and fatiguing rout to the Pacific Ocean and back diserved a greater reward for her attention and services on that rout than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans

As to your little Son (my boy *Pomp*) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child. I once more tell you if you will bring your son Baptiest to me I will educate him and treat him as my own child —I do not forget the promis which I made to you and shall now repeet them that you may be certain—. Charbono, if you wish to live with the white people, and will come to me I will give you a piece of land and furnish you with horses cows & hogs —if you wish to visit your friends in *Montreall* I will let you have a horse, and your family shall be taken care of untill your return—if you wish to return as an Interpreter for the Menetarras when the troops come up from the establishment, you will be with me ready and I will procure you the place—or if you wish to return to trade with the indians and will leave your little *Son Pomp* with me, I will assist you with merchandize for that purpose and become my self concerned with you in trade on a Small scale that is to say not exceeding a perogue load at one time—. If you are desposed to accept either of my offers to you and will bring down your *Son* your famm Janey had best come along with you to take ceare of the boy untill I get him—let me advise you to keep your Bill of Exchange, and what furs and pelterees you have in possession, and get as much more as you can, and get as many robes, and big horn and *Cabbra* Skins as you can collect in the course of this winter, and take them down to St. Louis as early as possible in the Spring—When you get to St. Louis enquire of the Governor of that place for a letter which I shall leave with him for you—in the letter which I shall leave with the governor I shall inform you what you had best do with your firs pelterees and robes &c and derect you where to find me— If you should meet with any misfortune on the river &c. when you get to St. Louis write a letter to me by the post and let me know your Situation— If you do not intend to go down either this fall or in the Spring, write a letter to me by the first opportunity and inform me what you intend to do that I may know if I may expect you or not. If you ever intend to come down this fall or the next Spring will be the best time— This fall would be best if you could get down before the winter— I shall be found either in St. Louis or in Clarksville at the Falls of the Ohio.

Wishing you and your family great-suckcess & with anxious expectations of Seeing my little dancing boy Baptiest, I shall remain your Friend

*William Clark*

Keep this letter and let not more than one or 2 persons see it, and when you write to me Seal your letter

I think you best not deturmen which of my offers to axcept untill you See me—Come prepared to accept of either which you may chuse after you get down

Mr. Teousant Charbono
Menetarras Village

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# THE THORN THAT PRICKED

## BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"If the thorn does not prick when it first comes out, it never pricks."—Old Spanish Proverb.



COMYNS and his wife contemplated each other ruefully. Under the humorous assumption, tragedy was visible in the eyes of each. Between them the child sprawled on the floor, a brilliant effect of life in the midst of the still canvases.

"Oh, well," said Bess, shaking back the fluff of golden-brown hair which fell about her face, "'much water will have run under bridges' in a month."

"It 's the beastliest of professions," groaned Comyns. "I can't very well take my canvases under my arm and peddle them. I must n't even force them upon people as if I were a dry-goods dealer; and when a man deliberately goes back on an order, then I must n't act like a dry-goods dealer, either."

"You could n't—sue him?"

"And frighten people away for the rest of my life? Besides, there was no written contract. Nevertheless, if he had dropped into his tailor's and ordered a suit, with specifications, I think he would pay for it, hard times or no hard times."

Bess's toe tapped impatiently, and Comyns's glance unconsciously followed. Bess, with a guilty movement, immediately withdrew her foot beneath her skirt.

"You need n't hide it," said her husband, bitterly. "I know very well you have n't a whole shoe to your foot, nor the boy, either. As for me—" He swept his shabby suit with a glance of scorn, and, jumping up, went over to the "Salome." Bess followed, slipping her arm within his. At the touch Comyns glanced down with involuntary irritation, and was instantly and exquisitely soothed by the expression of his wife's parted lips, and eyes fixed, not upon him, but on his picture. He pressed her suddenly to him. After all, they were hardly more than children.

"It does n't pay the rent, nor buy shoes," he said, but his tone was different.

"Something else will," said Bess, absently, her gaze still on the picture. A painter may do worse than marry his best pupil.

The withdrawn look of the artist came back to Comyns's face.

"It *is* about the best thing I 've done."

"Therefore we bless thee, O our enemy!" said Bess. She had slipped her hand down till it encountered her husband's, and thus they stood, lost in the vision. The tragic moment was over, but there remained on both faces the fine lines of a struggle already become permanent.

A knock struck the clasped hands apart. Bess hastily darted upon Tony, while Comyns, his face setting to confront an importunate tradesman, flung open the door and faced two ladies. One was in the middle age of youth, the other past the youth of middle age. Both wore the significant trappings common to only two of the nations of the earth, but wore them with the manner which distinguishes only one.

"Americans!" commented Comyns. "Rich!" he made mental addition, rapidly noting the costly details of simplicity. "*Possible patrons?*" beat his tense nerves.

"Mr. Comyns?" questioned the younger lady, with the accent of apologetic assurance. "We saw your pictures in New York, and enjoyed them so much we have ventured to intrude upon you here."

Comyns murmured the conventional thing and ushered them in. Their advancing glances swept the room, and lighted upon Bess, just poised for flight, with Tony dimpling over her shoulder. It was like the prodigal immorality of nature to crown this imprudent marriage with this dazzling cherub.

"What a love of a child!" exclaimed the younger lady.

Bess flung her a backward smile of ap-



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proval as she vanished. Tony and she made a charming picture, she was aware, but the details were better lost.

The living radiance removed, the ladies' eyes fell next upon "Salome," and they moved with a common impulse toward it.

"But it is magnificent, Letitia!" exclaimed the younger.

"Extremely fine," assented the elder, with the accent of habitual restraint.

They continued to stand before it, commenting with that intelligent quietude which bespeaks knowledge and which fell as balm on Comyns's spirit. He followed them willingly, presently, when they moved about the room, turning canvases about, placing them in the best light, himself kindling as they kindled responsive to the pictured suggestion. It was the younger lady—"the gray lady," he already mentally called her, from her gown of strange dove-tints—who chiefly talked, but the other fixed grave and sympathetic glances by way of answer to her companion's frequent appeals. Comyns's mood, miserably sensitive always to interpretation, grew buoyant. He forgot his lost order, his exceeding shabbiness, and his unsold "Salome"; he brought out all his pet sketches, going down in the dust of portfolios to drag them forth; he took the pains which an artist takes only for the few,—which were indeed wasteful and ridiculous excess for the many,—and thus an hour fled. Finally they came back to the "Salome."

"An order, of course?" said the gray lady. Comyns, too, came back to earth and the dust of earth.

"No; it is for sale."

"May I ask the price?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars. I should be glad, however, to sell it for a thousand just now."

"But that is too little."

"It is the dull season, and I am not in my own country," said Comyns. "I could use the money." He smiled as he said it.

"Letitia!" The gray lady turned impulsively. "*Do* you suppose I could possibly hang it? What do you think? How large is it, please, Mr. Comyns?"

"Seven by nine," he answered, thinking the dimensions of his folly corresponded neatly; for why had he not done the ordinary "four by five"?

"Seven by nine," she repeated thoughtfully. "I must think it over—and I must consult my bank-account, also. Why did n't we come here, Letitia, before we wasted our substance in mosaics! Some one of these lovely things I *must* have. "I can't thank you, Mr. Comyns,"— she extended prettily one gloved hand,—"but may I come back to-morrow, or the day after?"

Comyns made the conventional reply, shook limply the two hands, and dumbly followed to the door. There the gray lady paused again before a tiny sketch—a pine blazoned against a Roman sunset.

"What a lovely effect! May I ask the price of this little jewel, Mr. Comyns?"

"Twenty dollars," he answered after a barely perceptible hesitation. He had known even the rich to succumb to a bargain, and twenty dollars would shoe Bess and the boy in perpetuity, more or less.

"Only! Ah, well—to-morrow or the next day I shall come. Oh, by the way—our cards!" She laid them on the little paint-stand and smiled herself away.

Simultaneously with the closing of the door, that at the other end of the studio opened, and Bess danced in.

"Well?"

"Well—nothing!"

"And they stayed hours! Did n't they even say they would come again?"

"Oh, of course; but they won't."

Bess darted upon the cards.

"Who are they? 'Mrs. Felton-Mowbray.' Surely I 've heard of *her*. She writes, does n't she? Or she leads, or she does or is something, I forget which or what. 'Mrs. Pell.' I never heard of her." She laid down the cards and laughed at Comyns. "At any rate, they knew and cared, did n't they?"

"Yes, they did. It was a pleasure to show them things. Only I was fool enough to hope. It would have been so particularly opportune on top of the other. But I had no reason nor right to expect it."

"Perhaps," said Bess, consolingly, "they may yet—"

"They won't; don't delude yourself. They won't come, and they won't buy if they do. 'If the thorn does not prick when it first comes out, it never pricks,'" he quoted, scraping his palette.

It was not the next day, or yet the day after, but just when the memory of the visit was fading, that the gray lady came again—a green lady this time, in subtle sea shades; and she feasted Comyns anew

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with the fine flavor of her appreciation. He had made up his mind to look for nothing more than that, and to be grateful for it, innately loathing the expectant tradesman's attitude.

He had his reward. Bess, waiting with bated breath, had not time to open one door, upon the closing of the other, before her husband burst in upon her. His eyes were shining. "I take it all back! You can buy yourself and Tony some shoes." He laughed with sheer relief.

"What has she taken?" Bess gasped.

"The 'Choric Dance' and 'Penelope'—at least virtually. She is going to Greece for ten days, and if they are not sold before she comes back, she takes them."

Bess's face fell.

"Then she has n't actually—"

"It comes to the same thing; she has definitely said she will. And it 's only ten days. That is n't all: she wants the 'Salome,' and hopes to be able to buy it before she leaves Italy."

Bess caught up the baby and executed a graceful war-dance about the studio, using him as a banner.

"That would be *too*—" She stopped short, with an anxious pucker of the forehead. "You really think it perfectly safe to buy the shoes?"

"Good heavens, yes!" laughed her husband. "She will be back in ten days. I wish you would get yourself a respectable gown too, you poor child!" He held her off and gazed at her with compunction.

"You need a suit much more." She returned the critical survey.

"But my crying want is *paint*," remarked Comyns, "and I 'll get some, too."

For a week life ran in vigorous tides of hope and courage in the little studio. They needed so little, these two. Comyns began his "Medea," and they discussed the possibility of taking on the little extra room which had been Bess's private ambition during a year of crowding. Above all, they decided to send "Salome" to the International. They made lovely paper combinations of figures, founded on possible group-purchases of pictures, the happy efflorescence of Greece in the mind of Mrs. Felton-Mowbray. Meanwhile they rashly paid their bills to the last possible limit, leaving themselves virtually without cash; for were there not only three more days to wait—but two—but one?

Then followed another week, and another, and yet a third. Comyns fell into silence; the pucker reappeared permanently on Bess's forehead; and the shoemaker rendered his first bill. Thereafter he rendered it punctually every Saturday.

"You married a fool," said Comyns, one day, with sudden bitterness.

An hour later the *postino* brought in a queer gray envelop ornamented with a tall handwriting. "To say, of course, that she is not coming back," said Comyns, as he broke the seal.

To say, on the contrary, she was coming the next day—and what could he think of her long silence? Her first visit would be to his delightful studio and charming wife; and she was anxious, above all, to see the "Salome" again. Comyns put down the note and looked at Bess.

"She does n't mention the others."

"But of course they are understood—why else should she come at all? And that reference to the 'Salome.' Oh, Wilfrid, it *must* be all right!"

"It 's true," he admitted, "she need n't have written at all if it were n't."

A week later Mrs. Felton-Mowbray drove up to the studio, a subtle study in blues this time. Bess passed a breathless hour ignominiously perched in the high window of the tiny back room, devoutly speeding the parting guest. Her husband found her there. "Well?" she demanded.

"Well—it *is* all right." Comyns's voice had an uncertain sound. "She had no idea of staying so long, but met friends. She came to-day intending to settle about the pictures."

"I hope she fulfilled her intention?" Bess leaped down from the window.

"Well, she did n't. She fell madly in love with the 'Medea'—it reminded her of something she saw in Greece; and now she wants *that* instead of the others. It 's a good deal more expensive, you know," he added weakly.

"Well?"

"She had n't money enough for that, of course, with her; and, anyway, she wants to figure and see if she can't keep one of the others, too. Oh, and she has written home to her agent about the 'Salome'—to see if she can afford that amount, I mean."

Bess looked dubiously at him.

"You are sure it 's all right?"

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"I 'm not sure of anything," he answered wearily; "but, unless she 's a lunatic—unfit to be at large—"

"She is n't; she chooses all the best things."

"Then—there you are. Rich people *never* realize that time is an element of any importance. One month is as good as another to them. But what could I do?"

"Nothing. Besides, she drives a perfect turnout; of course it *must* be all right. Still, I wish I had not bought that gown."

In the courage of it, however, she went forth and made some long-shirked calls, returning radiant.

"Dearest, it *is* all right. The wife of the secretary of the embassy mentioned her. She is very rich and she does buy pictures, and she has been talking of yours. That 's how Mrs. Leighton came to speak of her."

"If I were sure of that," said Comyns, with a rueful laugh, holding up the frayed sleeve he was diligently brushing, "I should indulge in a new coat."

"You 'll have to, anyway," Bess said with decision. "The tailor will not expect to be paid within a month, and she will have a dozen American mails before that. She must make up her mind *some*time."

The next day Mrs. Felton-Mowbray brought a friend, and the friend bought a twenty-five-dollar sketch.

"I envy you," said Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, with her usual frankness. "I am waiting to choose among Mr. Comyns's lovely things until I learn how far ruined I am. I was frightfully extravagant in Greece, but I 've written a moving letter to my agent. Please show Mrs. Bellingham all *my* pictures, Mr. Comyns. I want her judgment."

"Surely she would n t commit herself like that unless she was serious," decided Bess, holding the usual inquisition afterward. "It would be *too* disgraceful."

"She thought to-day, by the way, that she preferred the large landscape to the 'Medea.' The friend asked me if I painted portraits."

"Why don't you paint *hers?*" exclaimed Bess, with sudden inspiration.

"She has n't asked me."

"No, no; Mrs. Mowbray-Felton's! She is a splendid subject—and it will keep her in touch with the studio," she added maliciously.

"I 've often wished I could—in all those queer greens; but perhaps she could n't give me the time."

"It would n't take a bit more than she spends now, and she could change her mind oftener and more conveniently." For the first time Bess spoke cruelly, and Comyns's anxious look appeared at once.

"You think I ought to bring her to the point?"

"You *can't*. If she 's *that* kind, it would be no use; and if she is n't, it would merely annoy her and nip any good intentions she is cherishing. Give her time—all the time she wants," said Bess, magnanimously.

The lady consented in the kindest manner to sit for her portrait, and was, indeed, such an intolerably good subject, between her amber hair, chrysoprase eyes, and the weird greens she affected, that Comyns discarded his first intention, a head, for a half-length, and that for a full-length. She sat admirably, and over the portrait she drew from Comyns the whole of his artistic history and as much of his personal life as one may draw from a gentleman. It was all like a fascinating romance, she declared—the ambitious struggle, the early marriage with one's pupil, the splendid venture upon foreign fields. She even beguiled him of the story of "Salome" and other disappointments, and she was sympathetic with the problem of the artist.

Meanwhile Bess, to whom fell the bulk of explanation to milkman, bootmaker, and tailor while Comyns painted, knew no such even momentary oblivions as her husband owed to his art. The situation was becoming more strained, the bootman more importunate. Finally she cornered Comyns, in whose manner she perceived a growing evasiveness with every reference to the Felton-Mowbray financial possibilities.

"Something will have to be said, I 'm afraid, dear, even it we have to explain outright."

The look she dreaded came instantly into Comyns's face, crushing out all its brightness.

"Why, in heaven's name," he groaned, "did you ever suggest that portrait!"

"I hoped it would settle matters," said Mrs. Machiavelli.

"Well, it has—the other way! She is so interested in it that she told me the other day—and I 've been getting up courage to tell you ever since—that she thinks she would rather have it than the 'Salome,'

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and she wants to see it finished before she decides *anything*."

"Good Lord!" Bess stared aghast.

"The only ray of hope is, if she *does* take it in the end, it will mean twelve hundred instead of eight or nine."

Bess opened her lips to comment on the value of birds in relation to their location, but glancing in time at her husband's miserable face, and reflecting that ten minutes' mood can undo a masterpiece of months she shut them again and mustered a smile.

"Oh, well, we shall manage, dear; don't worry! Besides, she is sure to like the portrait; it is one of the very best things you have done, and she is exactly the kind of woman to find her own portrait irresistible."

She happened in, none the less, just at the close of the sitting that day. Standing before the canvas, she admitted to her candid soul that her husband had outdone himself, and that the subject was worthy the artist. When, presently, that subject came and stood beside her, in subtle appreciation, Bess buried every hatchet.

"You have no idea what a state of tension I am in," said Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, laughingly, as she drew on her long gloves, "I want *all* your husband's things, and now I am, so to speak, hung by the eyelids between this and 'Salome.'"

"It must be a very trying position," replied Bess, with gravity.

Comyns bent suddenly over his palette.

"It is quite as fine as the 'Salome,'" continued the lady, gazing.

"Quite," said Bess, honestly.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray glanced from the "Salome" to the portrait, and then at the two young people.

"What rich, rich people you are!" she sighed; and, in spite of herself, Bess grinned.

"I give it up," exclaimed Comyns, frankly throwing up the game, when she had left the studio. "Sometimes I think I have sold the whole studio, and then again I am not sure I have sold anything. No, I don't mean that, of course; I 've sold *something*, but for the life of me I can't make out what."

"Meantime," said Bess, with the composure of desperation, "the new room is wonderfully comfortable and only twenty-five francs a month; my shoes fit very well —for Roman shoes; and you never had a more becoming suit. Therefore, again we bless thee, O our enemy! And as for the future," she added with energy, "if I 'd said one half what Mrs. Felton-Mowbray has, I 'd pawn my jewels, if need be, to keep my word."

An artist cannot hurry his sittings, and Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's were interrupted by all the varied absences common to a tourist winter on her part, and by a siege of grippe which left Comyns coughing consumptively on his. It was with a great throb of relief that Bess at last stood before the finished painting and knew that it was good. Comyns drew a pathetic breath also.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "I 've kept the nightmare out of it. It 's as good as anything I 've done."

His wife understood. The market had not gained upon the artist. It was a triumph for both, and they mutely acknowledged it in the clasp of hands.

"She can't fail to like it," said Bess.

"I think so myself," assented Comyns. He was very nervous, however, and pulled his watch out several times while he waited.

Through the open window the first spring roses were breathing. It had been November when the "gray lady" first crossed the threshold; it was May now. She might have stood for it as she came, with a big bunch of violets, in a new and wonderful gown of tender mauves.

She looked a long, long time at the portrait. Bess calculated some centuries, and then shut her eyes to lose the sense of time. She opened them in haste at a low sigh, to catch on Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's face the undenied tribute to the artist's brush.

"It is wonderful!—wonderful!" said the living woman, gazing into her own eyes.

Bess and Comyns lookcd instinctively at each other and then away. It had come —the moment which paid for all.

"And to think," faltered Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, "that I cannot have this wonderful thing, after all!"

Their eyes came back to her simultaneously; they remained dumbly fixed upon the doomswoman.

"I have had a great disappointment," she said, turning to them with a frank gesture which appealed for sympathy, "and it is all the harder because I fear you may share it. My agent writes me a perfect tale of disasters. It seems I have overdrawn my income and must economize in the strictest manner. I must give up both the portrait and 'Salome'"

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"She does n't say the 'Penelope,'" thought Bess, rapidly.

"She takes the 'Medea,'" Comyns calculated with lightning divination.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's eyes swept the room almost tearfully. Where would they pause? The "Medea"? "Penelope"? The "Choric Dance"? Nine hundred, four hundred, two hundred, Bess found herself calculating mechanically.

"If only I had not bought those wretched Grecian things! I really have no right to spend a dollar more, but I *cannot* leave Rome without *one* of your lovely things." Her glance went searching still. Bess could have screamed.

"There *was* a perfect gem—the first day I came—I don't see it—oh, yes, there it is!" She crossed to the wall where the sunset pine hung. "*This* at least I *must* have." She took a jeweled purse from the muff of lace and violets. It was the first time they had seen that receptacle, and Bess and Comyns eyed it now incuriously. "I think you said the price was fifteen dollars, Mr. Comyns?"

Before Comyns could reply, Bess tripped forward. She lifted the sketch from the wall with one gesture, wrapped it in a piece of paper with another, and presented the whole to Mrs. Felton-Mowbray with a third.

"The picture is not for sale, but my husband begs you to accept it as a souvenir of your visits to his studio," she said with a genial smile.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray flushed a little—a very little.

"No—really—my dear Mrs. Comyns, I could not; this is too much," she said. But Bess's inexorable face did not move a muscle, and Mrs. Felton-Mowbray bowed gracefully to the exigencies. "Well—if you insist; but it adds a last regret—as well as a last sweetness—to the winter. It will be a constant *ricordo* of you both. And I have n't given up the 'Salome' yet," she added, turning to Comyns. "You are really not sending it to the International?"

"I am not sending it."

Comyns bowed her out with courtesy as he replied. The wife and the artist are two human beings professionally under obligation of nobility to look pleased whatever the circumstance.

The door closed; Comyns turned to his wife. "You would better have taken the fifteen dollars," he said grimly.

Bess laughed hysterically; but Comyns walked over to the easel, palette-knife in hand. Mrs. Felton-Mowbray smiled subtly at him but once more, then with one sweep he effaced the labor of weeks. He was still young.

Bess sprang to catch his arm.

"Don't!" she cried. "It 's too fine."

"I beg your pardon," said a lady's voice, and Comyns wheeled abruptly, his knife still in his hand, and Bess still clinging to his arm.

"The door was ajar," said Mrs. Pell, "and I knocked. May I look at the 'Salome'?" She walked quietly to it, ignoring the portrait.

"I have just left Mrs. Felton-Mowbray in my carriage," she said in the same even tone, "and I learn that she has not bought this picture. I had understood from the beginning it was hers."

"It seems you were mistaken, madam," Comyns frigidly replied.

"I am sorry. I should have bought it months ago if I had known."

Comyns merely bowed.

She took a small leather-bound book from her silk bag, produced a pen, and wrote with a deliberate movement, pausing only once, without lifting her eyes.

"I think you said fifteen hundred dollars was the price, Mr. Comyns?"

"It is fifteen hundred *now*, madam."

Mrs. Pell laid the paper on the table, and a card beside it.

"Will you please see if that is right?" She turned again to the "Salome."

Comyns walked unsteadily to the table; the weakness of grippe was still in his bounding veins. A check for fifteen hundred dollars lay before him and an address. He turned to Mrs. Pell, curious.

She was standing quietly before the "Salome," in her eye the calm and unsentimental satisfaction of the connoisseur. Comyns's temperature went suddenly down to normal.

"It is extremely fine," said Mrs. Pell. She turned to Comyns. "I shall be traveling all summer; would it be agreeable to you if this were sent to the International meanwhile?"

Comyns bowed simply. "It would be doing me the greatest possible favor," he said.

For the first time Mrs. Pell looked gravely pleased. "That is settled, then; I will write." With a bow which included

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# THE WULLERWUPS

## BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Sally of Missouri," "Henderson," etc.

IT was an August evening. Beyond the open windows of the Twin Oaks dining-room a slow, warm rain was falling. It was hardly rain. It was what Miss Nigger called a "drizzle-drazzle." Honeysuckle breath drifted in to us, and now and again we caught the odor of the wet leaves and the moist ground. The light from the hanging lamp above the table fell in yellow patches on the pictures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and on the tall figure of Miss Nigger, who was polishing the silver on the sideboard. The little company at the supper-table consisted of my young uncle, Mr. Norval Henway, his friend Mr. Shelby Carr, and me. In the Twin Oaks country-side Mr. Norval Henway was usually called the wild one, to distinguish him from his brother Joseph, the good one. The wild one was the one I liked. My father and mother were in St. Louis, and my uncle had ridden over from Camelot Meadows, where he was in charge of my father's racing-stud, to look after me for a week. When my uncle rode over from Camelot, Mr. Shelby Carr also rode over from Sugar Tree Farm. According to Miss Nigger, then was the time that the "ballumps uv th' worl' 'bleege tuh look erw'ichways tuh wunst tuh kip up with the projeckin'."

At this moment the young gentlemen were lying back in their chairs in amiable idleness. At the head of the table my uncle played a pleasing rat-tat-too on his chair-arms. Across from me young Mr. Carr waved a palm-leaf fan languidly. I was finishing my third dish of sherbet. (There were always slight compensations when one's father and mother were in St. Louis.)

"Who is leading the revival, Miss Nigger?" My uncle stopped drumming on his chair and turned toward Miss Nigger with a grave face. But he got no answer until she had darted a look of cautious inquiry at me. I held my last spoonful of sherbet in mid-air while I read his eyes. Finally I signaled to Miss Nigger that we were not being laughed at, and that she could afford to give the information desired.

"Br'er Caper Larkins he leadin'. They's two yedder mourner preachers tha' sidesen Br'er Larkins an' Br'er Johnsing. They 'low tuh rozzle with th' debil day an' night, an' they mek they 'reddymints tuh have plinty preachers, fuh res' each ur—Gord knows tek a peck uv preachers tuh cl'ar thish yer neighb'hood uv th' debil. 'Ca'se ev'thing in pants cert'n'y 'bleege tuh be extrumravergated, whut with hyeh an' tha' an' yondeh." Miss Nigger rubbed the fat paunch of a cream-pitcher with zeal while her voice trailed away in aimless cadences. It was always a pleasure to her to direct delicate innuendos at the pair in front of her. The young men crossed and uncrossed their legs and observed each other sadly.

"Uh—Miss Nigger," began Mr. Carr, with deft divergence, lowering his voice to a nervous whisper, "is there any truth in all this talk about the wullerwups? My Cass tells me that some of the niggers see



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the things almost every night." The tone was that of a seeker for higher light.

Miss Nigger caught her breath, gave her head a mystifying twist, puckered her lips, and half shut her eyes. Her actions affected me strongly. I knew from her that wullerwups were not to be lightly named. I also knew, as everybody else did, that for a week the negroes had been going about on tiptoe. Night after night the camp-meeting in Henway Wood had been interrupted by some belated member who reported a wullerwup in the sugar-corn clearing, or down in Melrose Bottoms, or up on Camelot Meadows. Added to the usual hysteria of a camp-meeting, the fear of the wullerwups had made the negroes wild. Everybody was mortally afraid of being tricked by the wullerwups. Everybody wore charms. I myself had one on at that moment. Miss Nigger had put it on me, and had told me that it was "kimpoged uv brack-snake skin an' frog's innerds."

Miss Nigger was slow in answering Mr. Carr, and to me, at least, her very reluctance was convincing.

"I don' tek no nigger's sesso 'bout wullerwups. But this whut happum tuh me m' own se'f."

She dropped her chin on her chest and rolled up her eyes reminiscently.

"I stop las' night up tuh P'simmon Spring tuh squinch my thirs', an' whin I r'ar my haid f'm the wateh, whut yeh reckin I sees? I sees a wullerwup, leastways its light—sees it in th' pawpaw-bushes. I swage m'se'f 't ain't no wullerwup, an' I striddled oveh th' fencet 'twixt th' tim'thy forty an' th' wood parsture. An', bress Gord! whut yeh reckin I sees up tha' by Camelot Paddocks? I sees eem ag'in, leastways th' light. But, Gord he'pin' me, I mek the cross in th' dus' an' spit. Thass whut save me."

This was stale news to me, but the young gentlemen lent a most painstaking and gratifying attention to it. "I wish," said my uncle, "that I could see one of the things myself, just to find out what it looks like."

"Er wullerwup ur er jackylantrom—they all same," explained Miss Nigger, warming to their interest—"is a ghostie whut b'long tuh th' debil's ol' woman. Debil's ol' woman she tek th' soul uv er sinneh an' put eem in a pig-bladdeh. Then she set fiah tuh eem an' sen' eem fo'th. An' th' light flop erroun' an' flop erroun' an' trick yeh tuh folleh eem twel bime-by he lead yeh intuh wateh an' drown yeh lak a pup in a rain-bar'l. Thass way yeh li'bul tuh git 'quent' with er wullerwup." She stopped for a moment and considered the features of her recital. She had a shrewdness all her own, and its challenge to her superstition was sometimes a visible thing. "One thing I knows fuh sho," she muttered in a *sotto voce* compromise: "th' safes' way tuh down er wullerwup air tuh mek th' cross in th' dus' an' spit. Thet kip yeh safe ef they is wullerwups, an' don' hu't yeh none ef th' ain't wullerwups."

My uncle gave thoughtful consideration to her remarks, looked at Mr. Carr in an unreadable way, and turned again to her. "Miss Nigger, do you interpret these phenomena—"

"You Miss Nigger!" I cried warningly. The tone of his voice had become the tone we have to look out for, baffling and unreliable.

Miss Nigger gave one of her snorts and stalked out of the dining-room. She had a way of stalking. There was a legend at Twin Oaks that she was the granddaughter of an African king, and when she stalked the legend seemed almost certainly true. I slipped from my chair and started after her, and when my uncle called to me, I made a stiff answer:

"I 'm not your child. Miss Nigger 'tends to me."

When I reached the kitchen I found her sitting in the back door, "wroppin'" her hair. She combed her hair on Saturdays and Wednesdays, and "wropped" little wisps of it around and around with bits of white cord. In this way the kink was to be taken out some fine day. She finished her hair in a few minutes, twisted a turban handkerchief about her head, put a hooded rain-cape over me, and took her lantern from its hook on the kitchen wall. Then we fared forth into the night.

From the back yard we went through the apple-orchard, climbed the rail fence at the south end of the orchard, and found ourselves on the mast-laden ground of Henway Wood. It was dark in the wood. Now and again the mist touched our faces like clinging wet fingers.

"Are you afraid, Miss Nigger?"

"Afred? Me?" But then she began

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to laugh in irrepressible candor. "Sugah-lump, troof is, my laigs trimblin' so I can thess barely repo't m'se'f. Yass 'm, I li'l' drur be out on th' open perarer, fuh some reasings. But one good thing: we ain' gwine see no wullerwups 'longst thish yer parf. Ain' nobuddy e'er seen nair one 'longst hyeh. Yeh hyeh them ol' warnit hulls squshin' yunneh yeh footsies, pudden? Smell them shagbark hick'ries? Ki-yi! Puts 'ligion intuh yeh gwine th'oo the woods!"

She jumped straight up and clicked her heels together gaily—one of her rarest accomplishments. She was in fine feather again. For my part, I ran beside her with short leaps and skipping steps, quickened, as she was, by the pungent, rain-washed air. There were low chirpings through the trees, and owls hooted, and grasshoppers sharpened their right legs on their left legs. Three times a whippoorwill called from Twin Oaks. Three times it was answered from down the big road toward Melrose. Three times again. And again the answer, three times.

Miss Nigger and I stopped and regarded each other questioningly. It was an accepted fact among the camp-meeting followers that the wullerwups had been in some sort of perplexing affiliation with the whippoorwills of late. If you heard a whippoorwill, sooner or later you saw a wullerwup's baneful light.

Miss Nigger took a tighter grip of my hand, and we dashed through the trees at high tension. When we got to Rillral Creek the foot-board slipped and the water sloshed about our feet. "Tha'!" cried Miss Nigger, with chattering teeth, "thass sho sign uv somepin-uh-rur!" We were almost breathless when we reached the summit of the hill above the Rillral. Ahead of us we could see the dancing lights that were the camp-meeting lanterns, and the billowy mass that was the tent, and the shadowy forms that were the negroes.

Entering the clearing, we mingled with our fellows. The people stood about under the trees, careless of the drizzle, and talked for a while. All the talk was of wullerwups and whippoorwills. A number had heard the calls that we had heard. Pokeberry Tate, a little lazy, laughing black man whom both Miss Nigger and I liked, said that whippoorwills were the friends of the negroes and tried to warn them of the coming of the wullerwups.

By Pokeberry's side stood Hunter Ben Dale, a strong, shapely mulatto, one of the most intelligent and one of the least liked negroes in the country-side. He looked out over the people and gave a skulking, contemptuous laugh as Pokeberry finished.

"Spikkin' er wullerwups," began Hunter Ben, immediately, "I kin teh yeh de color uv um, ef yeh ax me." Nobody asked him, but he went on anyway. "Dey white," he said. There was an undertow in his words that pulled the excited, good-natured people a little way toward some channel of unrest and trouble; but it was a very little way, and they quickly broke from his influence to give themselves up to the accustomed pleasures of the time and place. The mourner preachers had come and had passed into the tent in a body. The nightly wave of religious fervor began to rise. The crowd shuffled into the tent. The best seats available when Miss Nigger and I got in were near the tent-opening. Far up in the end of the tent was a little raised platform on which sat the preachers.

The tent filled rapidly. One of the latecomers was Diverne Bashford. We knew that something had happened as soon as she came in. She was an old and wrinkled woman, and as she walked up the aisle she held one withered hand high above her head.

"De lights dey glow on Camelot! De lights dey glow!"

I caught the words, uttered in a frozen guttural, as she went by. She sat down two or three benches from Miss Nigger and me, and prayed audibly. Her manner of entrance made a tremor of uneasiness go over the people, like the wind in the wheat. One of the mourner preachers arose, came to the little table pulpit, and attempted to soothe us.

"Le' 's stan' upun ou' feet an' sing a hymn," he said gently. So we stood, and the blacks sang in a tortured ecstasy of spirit.

Their music hurt, it was so wild and sweet. There were three stanzas, and when the last stanza was ended the people were "working up," so Miss Nigger whispered to me. She could always tell "by the sturvin's inside m' own se'f." One of the other mourner preachers led us in prayer, and the prayer was followed by an exhortation sermon, to which I listened eagerly. "Nigger sermons" are the only kind I



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ever can listen to straight through. The mourner preacher's voice was rich and sad and low. He had come up to Missouri from the lower cotton belt, and he used the slurring, musical speech of the darky of the far South, gentlest and most slothful of negro accents.

"My chillen," the mourner preacher said, "it come tuh meh tuh ermin' yeh tuh-night er de evehlastin' neveh-git-doneness er de hyehafteh. I lay off tuh gin yeh a plain recommembunce dat ef yeh live a li'l' while in sin in dishyer worl' yeh gwine sma't fuh it th'oo all hell-time. Whut hell-time mean, meh frien's? Is yeh got kreck idee er hell-time? De len'th an' stren'th er it? I gwine teh yeh li'l'-small sto'y tuh show whut hell-time mean—show des how long yeh sma't fuh sin in yedder worl'. My frien's, ef a li'l' buhd huntuck tuh ca'y all de san' f'm de Lannuck Ocean tuh de Specific, an' tek an' pick up er grain er san' f'm de sho' er de Lannuck an' staht an' fly tuh de sho' er de Specific, it gwine tek eem long time tuh git tha', but he boun' git tha' one dese fine days, ef he kip on flyin'. Ef he tek an' fly back, tek eem long time tuh retch de Lannuck ag'in; but he git tha', ef he kip on flyin'. Ef he pick up nur grain er san' an' fly back tuh de Specific, he git tha' all ratty, ef he kip on flyin'. Fimely it come tuh pass, afteh milyums an' milyums er y'ahs,—ef de li'l' buhd stick it out,—he gwine ca'y ev' speck er san' f'm de Lannuck tuh de Specific. Tek eem a lo-o-ng time, but he do it. But, bre'ren, I wan' teh yeh, long ez it tek, by time li'l' buhd all th'oo twudden be sun-up in hell. Nosseh, not sun-up! Dat 's way time pass in hell, my bre'ren." The mourner preacher now changed to a tone of agonized entreaty, hypnotically persuasive. "Now, whut I ax yeh tuh-night, ladies an' gemplum, air des dis, Does yeh wan' any hell-time in yo'n? Does yeh? T'ink 'bout it. Does yeh? Bre'ren, ef hell-time gwine go so slow wunst yeh git tha', ain' be'r ne'er tuh git tha'? Ain't it be'r tuh drap yo' wickedness lak a brack-snake drap he skin, an' come intuh de shaddeh er de Rock? Dat 's all yeh got do, ladies an' gemplum, one an' all—dra-hap it an' come!"

There were sobs and groans all over the tent. "Drap it an' come! Drap it!" sobbed the people.

Another of the mourner preachers bounded to the front of the platform. "Is tha' any one hyeh," he shouted in a high singsong—"is tha' any one hyeh who wants tuh folleh Jesus?" The people took up his words as a song:

"*Is* tha' any one hyeh who wants tuh folleh Jesus?"

The music brought tears to my eyes. One of the preachers prayed. Men and women sobbed out responses. "Amen!" "Oh, Lawdy!" "Yass, Jesus!" "Please, Lawd!" An invitation was extended to all who were in sin to come to the mourners' bench. A score started forward together. Then those who were already out of sin went up to the bench and "rozzled" with the mourners. "Come intuh de fol'!" they cried. "Howdy, Br'er Pokeberry; praise Gord you 's hyeh at las'!" "Fight eem, Br'er Poke!" "Drap yo' wickedness, Sis Hankins." One of the mourners began to shout: "I got eem downed! Debil 's downed! Debil 's downed! Glory! Oh, my! I got um!" Another threw up his hands and cried: "Hoodah! Got umm'se'f. Glory!"

The confusion and noise grew wilder and wilder. People leaped and gesticulated and screamed. It was too much for Miss Nigger. "You stay rat hyeh, mint-julep," she whispered to me. "I thess got tuh go up tha' an' rozzle with thet Pokeberry Tate." She left me with that. I did not care very much. I was standing on my bench. Now and again I, too, clapped my hands. But there were too many people. They made me self-conscious. I could n't "git um." However, I was the more free to look and listen. Soon I heard a familiar voice: "Come in 'longst uv me, Poke! Whay-o! Holly-holly-*lu*-yah! I got um, Poke, I got um!" It was Miss Nigger. The speed and intensity with which she could "git um" were marvelous. Suddenly, however, without warning, the long-continued strain of hysteria in which she had been indulging proved too much for her. She toppled over like a falling totem-pole, and lay upon the ground and beat the earth rhythmically with her extended arms.

It was at that moment that the whip-poorwills began again. Their calls and answers seemed very close. The negroes near me cast terrified looks at the tent-opening. I slipped from my bench, ran to the opening, and peered out. The sugar-

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corn clearing in Henway Wood adjoined the camp-meeting clearing, and over in the corn lights were flitting. There were four or five of them. Now and again they soared up above the corn-stalks, pale, murky balls of light, nodding and beckoning and batting one against another in a weird orgy, now and again darted down into the corn and hung there, palpitating with deviltry. It came over me with great fervor that I wanted to get back to my father's house. I looked about for Miss Nigger. She was still prone upon the floor. Pokeberry Tate sat beside her, fanning her with his hat.

In my end of the tent the people were grouping about in open-mouthed terror, peering through the tent-opening at the apparition in the corn. Among those at the opening was Hunter Ben Dale. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his head thrust forward, his eyes keenly searching the shadows of the corn. Finally he clapped his hands together and gave a smothered yell. "Yah! Yah!" It was suspicion triumphing into certainty.

He wheeled about and faced the people around him. "Whyfo'," he cried with uplifted hands, and a look of purpose upon his face—"whyfo' we stan' an' tork! We kim up hyeh tuh ten' tuh ou' own business an' wushup Gord ou' own way, an' beholes! ou' meetin' bruk up by ruckshins lak circus doin's! Wullerwups? People, 't ain't no mo' wullerwups oveh tha' in de cawn den you-all 's wullerwups. Wullerwups? Yo' wullerwups is *fo' white men—wid pig-bladdehs—an' can'les—on sticks!*" He was shrieking his words now, and words and tone stirred the people mightily. The attention of the whole tent concentrated upon him. The preachers came toward him from the platform. There were ugly mutterings and questions. To an inflammable people the gust of the moment is the wind of destiny. In the twinkling of an eye, under Hunter Ben's vigorous fanning, the wullerwup superstition was superseded by race resentment, and the flame of the black men's feeling leaped out toward the sugar-corn clearing. "Frien's," shouted Hunter Ben, following hard upon opportunity, "cayn't de colluhd man evum wushup medout white in'ruption? Whyfo' we stan' an' tork? I 'm trav'lin' intuh de sugah-cawn tuh teach lessings. Who'mongs' yeh comin' 'longst er me?"

There was an angry roar, and the tent shook and leaped in a gigantic black billow on which I was borne straight forward through the opening. When I rediscovered myself, I was panting against a tree, and the yelling, disordered throng had swept past me into the corn. There were some women with the men. Those who stayed behind in the tent were the old and the very young, the timid and the exhausted. A great fear of them all was upon me. I knew these black people in their accustomed places,—Pokeberry Tate as Miss Nigger's friend, Cass Levassy as the hired man at Sugar Tree Farm, Finis Martin as the driver at Melrose, Lafayette Chouteau as the neighborhood broom-maker,—I knew them all as this or that in their accustomed places; but I knew none of them for what they were now out there in the sugar-corn, unbalanced, resentful, and revengeful. I dared not go back into the tent for Miss Nigger. Upon a sheltered shelf outside the tent sat two lighted lanterns. To make myself less afraid of my journey home alone, I seized one of them, and dodged in and out among the Henway trees until I reached the big road. Then I ran toward Twin Oaks, crouching low and keeping close to the worm-fence. The blacks were headed in the opposite direction, and the sounds of their shouting grew fainter and fainter. Afar on the hills toward Camelot I could see flaring lights whenever I mustered up courage to look back that way. It was very still, except that the whippoorwills kept calling—a strange, mocking roundelay. The rank odor of jimsonweeds and milkweeds came up to me from the fence-corners where I ran. Wild berries pelted my face from their overhanging bushes.

I had reached the crest of Sugar Tree Hill and turned into the long lane when a crashing noise reached my ears, and I stopped for a terrified moment to look down the slope I had just climbed. The negroes had doubled on their tracks, and a dwindled number of them, baffled by the elusive wullerwups, had broken through the underbrush to the big road, and thence had come into the long lane. There they stood in the middle of the lane at the bottom of the hill. As I watched, one gave a loud cry and pointed straight toward me. Another did. All their long black arms were leveled forward. It was my light, not

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I, that they saw, but I did not know that. A whippoorwill's ill-timed cry floated mournfully across the black night air. With menacing screams the negroes bounded up the hill. Grasping my lantern convulsively and unconsciously, I charged ahead. Soon I was running wildly, crossing and recrossing the lane. I got through the gap in the osage hedge without knowing it. I got back into the lane blindly. On I went, a flying, fantastic little figure with a big, dancing light. My breath sawed at my throat. My feet did not come down in the right places. My father's house was very near, but I knew that I should never reach it. "God, why don't *you* take care of me?" I cried, with vehement reminder; and then there was a whirring noise, a panther-like leaping and snarling, and I dropped my lantern and fell upon my knees.

"Tha', tha', lamb-baby, I got yeh!" Two lean arms caught me up and bore me down the road. Then words in another key reached my ears. "Hunter Ben, yeh yalleh pup, yeh so wil' tuh excitate these niggers, mabbe yeh ca'y um on now longes' ways yeh know f'm Twin Oaks. An', Poke, yeh so keen tuh folleh, mabbe yeh folleh Hunter Ben fas' yeh kin. Whole kit an' pile uv yeh gwine be petterfacktid ef Marse Norve git win' yeh chasin' thish yer chil'. Chasin' eem do fuh good joke. Chasin' this chil' nur madder. Yeh hyeh me! I 'm torkin'." I caught a glimpse of Pokeberry's face and of Hunter Ben's face as she finished. Pokeberry looked so bewildered and sheepish that I almost laughed at him; but it was many nights before I forgot the look on Hunter Ben's face. However, he evidently thought well of the advice given him, for he immediately started the blacks forward again; and though the pace he set was a rapid one, little Poke Tate shuffled along well to the front of the line.

With me huddled to her, Miss Nigger darted aside into the Twin Oaks driveway, murmuring love-titles into my ear.

"Sugah, I kin un'stan' Gord mekkin nigger lak Hunter Ben thess tuh see whut the wors' kin' uv nigger look lak, but I cayn' un'stan' why he not kill eem quick ez he fin' out," she whimpered. And though she tried to laugh, her voice was tremulous as she added: "Hoopee, turkle-dove, whin I kim out my transom an' fin' yeh gone an' them niggers sailin' erroun' loose th'oo th' woods, sim lak I git my breens back rat thin an' tha', an' git mo' 'n I ev' had befo' in all my bornd days. Hoopee, sweetness, how I did run! Wa'n't no stoppin' ol' nigger twel she cotch you. I cotch you, di' n' I, sugah? I brung you back to yo' par's house, di' n' I?" In this wise, poor soul, she was strengthening herself against her own accusations.

My bed in my father's house seemed a good place, when at last I was in it. The aspen-tree by the window rustled softly and the rain on the porch roof sang dreamily. Miss Nigger sat beside me and laughed and whimpered with hysterical joy.

"Ki-yi, sugah-dumplum, yeh safe! Ki-yi! An' Poke he safe, too—li'l' ornery splay-footed—I thess soon teh *you*, dumplum, I was rat discommotioned 'bout yo' Unc' Norve ketchin' Poke in thet gang uv niggers. But Unc' Norve di' n' ketch eem. Poke 's safe. Hoopee, yo' par gwine be moughty glad uv thet whin he re-errive f'm S' Loois—Poke sech a good hand tuh look afteh th'—Poke sech a good hand with th' —crooked li'l' fool-tuh-folleh. Yo' mar gwine be moughty glad uv thet, too—Poke sech a good hand tuh—"

It always took so long to remember something that Poke was good for that I must have been asleep when success finally rewarded her efforts.



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# TOGO, THE MAN AND THE ADMIRAL

## BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

ADMIRAL TOGO was third son of Togo Kichizaemon, a samurai of the clan of Satsuma, and the father gave him the name of Heihachiro. He was born at Kogoshima, on the fourteenth day of the tenth moon of the year of grace 1857. The gracious period of Meiji (which by interpretation means the era of enlightened reign) began in 1868 A.D. That was also the birthdate of the new Nippon. After the sacred tradition of a samurai family, his mother took him to the shrine of a guardian deity and placed him upon the altar as the offering to his country and to the sword, that he might defend the land of the gods. Like many another boy of a samurai family, his military training dates back far beyond his memory.

The new order of things in Nippon grew much faster than the tender years of the Satsuma boy. When he was a mere child his country had already laid the foundation of the present naval academy. In those vigorous days, rough-hewn, too, in so many ways, the father of all the military and naval academies of Nippon of to-day was called the Heigakuryo, and it was here that Togo received his professional education. Laughably elementary in all its branches, it was not the only bad school which has produced great men.

Admiral Baron Yamamoto, the Minister of State for his Majesty's navy, was a class ahead of Admiral Togo. Admiral Ito of Yalu fame was also connected with this school. Togo Heihachiro was one of those boys who were ordered by the government to go abroad and study the science of war. He went to England, and received his foreign education on the Thames, aboard the training-ship *Worcester*. Neither very brilliant nor very bad, Togo Heihachiro is said to have gone through his academic days in company with hundreds of nice commonplace fellows.

In the autumn of 1894 the war between China and Nippon was a certainty in the minds of a certain military circle of Nippon. Togo Heihachiro was then commander of the *Naniwa*, which with her sister ship was sailing leisurely on the Yellow Sea off the littoral of Korea. Suddenly they came upon some Chinese cruisers escorting transports, headed for Korea. Togo could see many thousand Chinese soldiers aboard the transports. One of them, the famous *Kowshing*, was flying the British flag. To the eyes of Commander Togo those vessels steering for a Korean port were as plain a declaration of war as he wished to read. At the same time, he had not a shadow of instruction from his government.

The Chinese cruisers, perceiving Togo's ships, suddenly cut and ran. The *Naniwa* and her sister ship signaled the transports to follow in their wake, and led the way to a port of Nippon. Foolishly, they tried, however, to run away. Repeatedly the *Naniwa* signaled the *Kowshing* to stop, but the transport did not pay any attention to the signals. What was to be done? Fire upon a vessel flying the British flag? A serious international complication might arise from such an act. But fate had spoken, and the man to whom it spoke happened to be Commander Togo. Upon the bridge of the *Naniwa* there were a few moments of silence, intense and heavy. Then the *Naniwa* fired upon the transport, and thus Togo, without instructions from his government, wrote an abrupt preface to the Chino-Nippon War.

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In the later days of peace which followed the war an intimate friend of his asked him how he felt upon the bridge on that historic day.

"I knew that upon my action depended the future of my country—perhaps its very life. And Heihachiro was quite ready to answer with his own life."

As the commander of the *Naniwa*, he led the flying squadron of Nippon on that famous 17th of September on the Yellow Sea, when Admiral Ito's squadron met the Peiyang fleet under the gallant Admiral Ting. At Port Arthur and at Wei-hai-wei Commander Togo wrote his wordless history. At the conclusion of the Chino-Nippon War, he was promoted from the command of the *Naniwa* to the rank of vice-admiral; and on the 6th of June, 1904, in recognition of his services in the present war, he was created admiral.

At the close of January, 1904, Admiral Togo was ill in bed. When the summons came from the Minister of the Marine to report at Tokio, he arose from the sick-bed, remarking simply: "My illness will be healed as soon as I mount the bridge."

Arriving in Tokio, he was summoned to an interview with Vice-Admiral Baron Yamamoto, Minister of State for the Navy, in his private office. The minister reviewed the entire course of the diplomatic negotiations between Russia and Nippon. Before the eyes of Admiral Togo he spread out every phase of the probable struggle. After he had been speaking for more than two hours, he finally concluded with these words:

"I have the honor, sir, to announce to you that it is the august pleasure of his Majesty the Emperor to confer upon you the distinction of commanding the united fleet of Nippon. As you see, the fate of our country is largely in your keeping, and the honor of the flag as well. His Majesty's ships are waiting for you at Saseho."

Vice-Admiral Togo arose, adjusted his uniform, bowed, and said in reply:

"I shall execute your orders."

Then there was silence—solemn, long, and heavy with eloquence. The minister waited. He had just broken to his friend the news of his appointment to the supreme command of the Nippon navy. Naturally he expected something more than five words in response to all he had said. He waited patiently, but silence, somewhat embarrassing and always profound, was his only reward. A little later Admiral Togo rose, and without a word bowed himself out.

The minister had been a schoolmate of the admiral; in their younger days they had served together on many a fighting-vessel of Nippon: most certainly the minister was no stranger to the thousand and one tales that were told of Togo's almost humorous poverty of words.

"Ah, well," thought the minister, "perhaps I shall hear from my friend a little later. He has never been guilty of a thoughtless or hasty act, as far as I know. After going over the ground thoroughly, he will come and discuss the matter with me." A few days later, sure enough, Togo presented himself at the Navy Department. To the beaming and expectant Minister of the Marine, his schoolmate and old-time comrade, Vice-Admiral Togo simply intimated, in his quiet way, that he was about to make his way to Saseho; that he came to say good-by. That was all. Then it was that the Minister of the Marine made the following reflections:

"Can it be that there is something that is unsatisfactory to Admiral Togo in this appointment? Are there any circumstances that would make this sudden change from Maizuru to Saseho troublesome? Is it the attitude of the men whom he is about to command that makes him hesitate?"

More and more puzzled as the days went by, the minister took care to keep himself in touch with the movements of the newly appointed commander of the united squadrons of Nippon. One day there came to him strange news from Saseho. It said that Admiral Togo made no secret of his attitude toward the Tokio government. More than one officer declared that they heard the admiral say that he was thoroughly dissatisfied with the policy of the men at Tokio; he had been there, had seen them, and found them so many nice old ladies; they would not dare do anything manly toward Russia; most certainly there would be no war. The rumors went on to say that the newly appointed admiral had sent word to all the commanding officers of the fleet to prepare for a large entertainment, having invited officers and men to gather at the public park at Saseho on the 5th of February for a regular field-day. None

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could tell who was the author of the report; certain it was, however, that a report went about that it was to be an original sort of indignation meeting, made pleasant with all sorts of manly sports. As a matter of fact, an out-door function did occur, and the ladies and children of the officers of the Nippon navy were invited to add flower and cheer.

Early in the morning of the next day, on the after deck of the *Mikasa* were gathered the officers of the Nippon navy, standing at attention in the presence of the admiral. In front of them, upon a stand, was placed a *sambo*,—a white wood tray which is used for sacred purposes,—for supporting the offerings to the gods, and for bearing a short dagger with which the samurai of the elder days performed the rites of *kappuku*. And upon the sambo, in front of the officers under Admiral Togo, was the same old sacred symbol of samurai honor —a dagger. It meant honor or death. Togo looked in silence at his officers, and then upon the sacred symbol of samurai honor. At last he said:

"Gentlemen, the pleasant day which we spent on the hillside of Saseho was our farewell feast to our wives and children, and —to life. The squadrons will sail to-day. I have the honor to announce to you, gentlemen, that the enemy of our country flies the Russian flag."

THE world knows Admiral Togo as a man of the sword pure and simple. The world, as often, is mistaken. He is something greater than a fighter: as a judge of men he ranks much higher than as a soldier. His men never cease to marvel at the ease with which he accomplishes the most difficult tasks of a commander, and at the rarity of mistakes that he makes in the choice of his subordinates. There is a saying among the men of the Nippon navy that runs something like this:

"There is only one commander who uses his subordinates like his own fingers, and the name of that man is Admiral Togo."

The old-time ideal of the samurai was the wedding of the soldier and the scholar in one; and Admiral Togo is not false to the ideal: he is a student as well as a fighter.

"I am no scholar," he is reported to have said. "From my early youth, however, my masters have compelled me to examine and follow carefully the teachings of the school of Yomei. It seems to me that a soldier can derive a great deal of benefit from the study of Yomei."

The admiral is certainly not the first or the only soldier of Nippon who has acknowledged his debt to the teachings of the Chinese philosopher whom our people know under the name of Yomei. The school of Yomei emphasizes a perfect poise of the soul. The students of Yomei value, more than anything else, the quiet balance of nerve, the equilibrium which cannot be disturbed by a little thing like a bursting shell within a few feet of a man, or a sword-gleam a few inches before his eyes. The first lesson that a master of sword or a master of *jujitsu* tries to instil into the mind of a samurai youth is the importance of attaining coolness of nerve and perfect poise of the soul. In the eyes of the Nippon fighting-men, these qualities are much more important than the clever handling of sword or gun.

Admiral Togo abhors defeat with quite the thorough-going traditional hatred of nature for a vacuum. And of this human touch in the admiral's character, his friends make themselves merry with many a good story at his expense. Here is one:

In the fifteenth year of Meiji, Togo Heihachiro was ordered to serve aboard the *Asama*. Before this, to be sure, he had commanded an expedition down to Australia and to the southern waters; but never had he served upon a man-of-war. One day a petty officer under Togo ventured to question the correctness of one of his orders. The division commander knew that the officer was in the right. Notwithstanding, he turned upon him and said:

"That, sir, is the order of your superior officer. All that is required of you, sir, is to obey it."

Some time after he had served upon the *Asama* he was ordered to the *Kongo*. The present Admiral Ito, who is at the head of the naval board of strategy, was the commander aboard the *Kongo*. The present Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Marine, was also a division commander aboard the same vessel, and if there was one thing of which he was prouder than of anything else, it was the mastery, ease, and grace with which he managed to climb the rigging to the top of a mast. Now Admiral Yamamoto in those younger days was fond

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of fun, and one day he challenged Togo to a race up the rigging. Without the slightest hesitation, Togo accepted. At the signal, the contestants started up bravely. With that superb air which comes alone from a sense of confidence and of victory, Yamamoto obtained the top of the mast, and with equal ease came down from it, reached the foot of the mast, sat down on a chest, took out his cigarette-case, lighted a cigarette, and without a word began smoking. Meanwhile Togo was struggling bravely at the unaccustomed task he had undertaken. His trousers were in tatters, and there was not a leisurely nerve or muscle about him. Finally he reached the top and came down. As he reached the deck amid the grinning spectators, Yamamoto, recognizing the superb stubbornness of his friend, rose to his feet, took off his cap, acknowledged his defeat, and called Togo the master.

"What can a man do with his clothes in a hundred pieces about him?" was all that Togo said.

Oftener than the exhibition of this strong thread in the woof of his character, however, you hear from him the modest confession of his shortcomings.

At the time of the Boxer rising, in the city of Tientsin, he was a guest of General Fukushima, who commanded the Nippon forces on the historic march to Peking, and who lent Togo a spirited horse that ran away with him.

The admiral, referring to this incident, said:

"When you think of it, it is an absurd idea for me to be trying to manage so many men under me when I could not control even one horse."

Nothing, too, can be more modest than the following incident:

The news of the achievements of Admiral Togo off Port Arthur reached the august ears of his Majesty the Emperor, and from the palace a gracious message of congratulation was sent to the commander of the united fleet. Here is the answer from Admiral Togo:

"As for the success and achievements of the united fleet in attacking Port Arthur, they are solely due to the august power and sovereign virtue of your Majesty. They are beyond the human abilities such as ours. In spite of it all, your Majesty has again bestowed upon us the gracious message, and we, your Majesty's subjects, promise ourselves to strain our efforts to the utmost to destroy our enemy."

The other day an engineer who had served many years at the naval station of Kure met a friend who was on the general naval staff at Tokio.

"Who is this Admiral Togo?" said the engineer to his friend. "Is he the same officer who was in command of the naval station at Kure?"

"But why do you ask?" his friend made answer. "Why, of course there are not two Admiral Togos in the navy. He is certainly the same man under whom you served."

"I thought so, but I was in doubt, because the newspapers and the public seem to refer to the present Admiral Togo, commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's ships, as Oni Heihachiro." (An *oni* means a fierce mythical being endowed with the terrible power and cunning of a demon.) "The commander I used to know at Kure was the very picture of what Confucius would have called the superior man—gentle of voice and gentler of his expressions, and rare of words, the very model of saintly dignity."




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# A READY LETTER-WRITER

## (STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: V)

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

SPRINT threw herself with a bump against Miss Madigan's door. It remained unansweringly closed.

"Where's Aunt Anne?" she asked Sissy, whom she had nearly walked over as she sat playing jackstones in the hall.

Sissy looked up. Assuming a rigidly erect position and scholastically correct finger-movement, she mimicked her aunt at her desk so faithfully that Sprint could almost see the close-lined pages of Miss Madigan's ornate handwriting on the carpet where her disrespectful niece pretended to trace it.

"Scribbling, huh?" Sprint asked.

Sissy nodded.

Sprint shrugged her shoulders impatiently. She had intended to ask a favor of Aunt Anne, but she knew how useless it would be now. So she pushed past Sissy, entered the room softly, and returned with a long-trained grenadine skirt.

Sissy's round eyes opened enviously. "Did she say you could have it?" she asked.

A muffled sound which could be variously interpreted came from Sprint, who was throwing the skirt over her head.

"Did she?" persisted Sissy, putting her jackstones in her pocket and rising emulatively.

But Irene was doubling fold after fold of the skirt in front to shorten it; behind her the train billowed with an elegance that sent ecstatic thrills through her and a passion of envy through her sister.

"Is she writing yet?" Sissy asked at length.

Irene nodded. She was cinching her sash tight about the waist, so that her trained skirt might not come off in the ardor of "playing lady." When Sissy disappeared, and reappeared with her aunt's claret-colored poplin, Sprint was catching up her train with a grace that was simply ravishing as she rustled away.

"What 'll you say to her—afterward?" called Sissy after her, prudently facing the future, even in the height of delight induced by feeling ruffles about her feet.

"Pouf!" A train meant domesticity and dignity to Sissy. In Sprint it bred and fostered a spirit of coquetry; she believed herself to be very French in long skirts. "I 'll just say she said 'Yes' when I asked her. She never knows what she says when she 's writing."

Sissy nodded understandingly, and rustled in a most ladylike manner after her senior. The twins saw the two beautiful creatures swishing down the front steps, bound for the street to show their glory and feel the peacock's delight in dragging his tail in the dust.

"Did she say you could have 'em?" they shrieked.

And Sissy responded with that quick imitative gesture that signified scribbling.

With a light on their faces such as the Goths might have worn when pillaging Rome, the twins made for the treasure-house. A few moments later they rustled gorgeously down the steps, followed by Frances, wearing her aunt's embroidered red flannel petticoat. Unfortunately, Frank's heels caught in this, as she too strutted worldward, and down she fell, bumping



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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A TRAIN MEANT DOMESTICITY AND DIGNITY TO SISSY. IN SPRINT IT BRED AND FOSTERED A SPIRIT OF COQUETRY"

from step to step, gaining momentum as she bumped, and threatening to roll clear down to Taylor street, and so on down, down into the cañon, if she had not bumped safely at last into the twins. They, hearing her coming, had turned their backs and joined hands, and catching hold of the shaky banister on each side, presented a natural bulwark beyond which Frances with her bumps and shrieks might not pass.

And through it all Miss Madigan wrote.

Miss Madigan was writing letters. Indeed, Miss Madigan was always writing letters. In any emergency she might be trusted to concoct a long and literary epistle, which she rephrased, edited, and copied till she felt all an author's satisfaction.

For the Madigans' Aunt Anne was afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*, and was never so happy as when there was a letter to be written—except when she was actually writing it. But the heartlessness of the merely literary was very far indeed from Miss Madigan's ideal. She had the happiness to believe that, besides being very beautiful, her letters were most useful—in fact, indispensable. When everything else failed she wrote a letter. When that failed she wrote another.

A Malthusian consequence of her epistolary fertility, it might be feared, would be the necessary exhaustion of correspondents. But Miss Madigan's was a soul above the inevitable, as well as a pen divorced from the practical. On those occasions when the future of her nieces pressed itself questioningly upon that lady's mind she met the threat by declaring firmly to herself that she would "do her duty to those motherless children." It happened that her duty was her pleasure. It was her dissipation to suffer—on paper. In letters she enjoyed being miserable. No relative, therefore, however distant, no acquaintance, however slight, was exempt from this



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epistolary plague. To take the darkest view, most genteelly expressed; to make the most forthright and pitiful appeal in a ladylike, polished phrase; to picture the inevitable and speedy alternative if her plea were disregarded; and then to sign herself, "With a thousand apologies, and the assurance that only the extreme need of some one's doing something for poor Francis's children would bring me to trouble you again,"—this was Miss Madigan's vice. And she was as intemperate in yielding to it as only the viciously good can be.

A rebuff, absolute silence, even the return of her letter unopened, produced in her not the slightest diminution of faith in the power of her pen. Invariably when she mailed a letter she was so struck by her own summing up of the situation that she felt there could not be the smallest doubt of a favorable response. He who read it must be convinced. If he was not, there was but one thing to do—write to him again. If not to him, to another. And the Madigans were a prolific family, its members widely scattered and differentiated—an ideal clientele for a ready letter-writer.

So Miss Madigan wrote. Her wardrobe was pillaged, her privacy violated; yet she knew it not, or knew it only as one is aware of the buzzing of gnats when he rides his hobby through a cloud of them.

But there came an interruption which she was compelled to heed.

"Anne, I say!"

Miss Madigan's busy pen paused. It seemed to her that there was unusual irritation in her brother's irascible voice. Was it possible that he had knocked before, or was there—

The door opened in answer to her call, and Madigan stalked in. At sight of the open letter he held, Miss Madigan hastily covered the one she was writing.

"Perhaps," said her brother, suppressed rage vibrating in his voice, "it may be a change for you to *read* letters. Read that!"

He threw the page on the desk before her, banging his knuckles upon it in an access of fury. She took up the letter, a pretty rosy pink dyeing her cheeks (she was one of those old maids whose exquisitely delicate complexions retain a babylike freshness) as her eyes met the expression:

Anne was always a sot where her pen was concerned. The habit 's growing on her; she can evidently no more resist it than Miles could the bottle.

"It must be from Nora Madigan," she exclaimed, recognizing the touch.

"Yes, it is from Nora, and it incloses one of your own. There it is."

He threw down before the ready letter-writer a composition which had cost her much labor and the thought of many days, upon which she had based unnumbered hopes and built air-castles galore, none of which, to do the poor lady justice, was intended directly for her own habitation.

She took the letter and spread it out carefully before her; these epistolary children of hers were tenderly dear to Miss Madigan. Her eye caught a phrase here and there that appeared to be singularly felicitous. This one, for instance:

> Poor Francis, of course, knows nothing about this letter. I am writing to you, my dear cousin, relying as much upon your discretion as upon your generosity.

Or this one:

> And Cecilia—she is really talented, though a commonplace creature like myself can hardly give you an idea in just what direction.

Or this one:

> As to Irene, apart from her voice, which is really exceptional, she is Francis over again—Francis as he was, a high-spirited, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, winning and tyrannical, as we all remember him in the old days when the world was young.

Or even this:

> I am afraid Kate will have to teach school, young as she is. I can't tell you how I dread the long years of drudgery I see before this slender, spirited child—she is little more than that. Think, Miles, of these motherless children growing up in this wretched hole without the smallest advantage, and, if you can, help them; or get some one else to. Could n't you take Kate into your own family? I 'm sure she 'd marry well, and Nora would n't be troubled with her long. She 's really very pretty. Or could n't you send me a little something to spend on clothes for her? Or could n't Nora be persuaded to send her—

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"Well," thundered Madigan, standing over her, "it must be pretty familiar to you. Suppose you read what Nora says."

Miss Madigan put her own letter away with a sigh. It was really unaccountable that Miles could have resisted it.

"Miles passed away six weeks ago,"

she read aloud in an awed voice.

"He had been ailing all spring. This letter, which came a fortnight since, I opened, of course, and return it to you that you may be made aware (if you are not already) of the demands Anne makes upon comparative strangers.

"For myself, I regret very much that your affairs are in such a bad state. Anne says that there are six of your children, all girls; but that can't be true—she always loved to exaggerate miseries; it must be that her writing is so illegible that—"

Miss Madigan's voice rebelled. She could read aloud adverse opinions upon her common sense, her judgment, or her pride, but to impugn her penmanship was to commit the unforgivable.

"I think Nora is distinctly insulting," she declared.

"No!" Madigan laughed wrathfully. "Do you, now? Why, what has she said? Only that you 're a beggar, and I 'm a coward as well as a beggar, because I don't dare to beg in my own name."

"Does she say that?" exclaimed the literal Miss Madigan, shocked. "Where?" Her eyes sought the letter again.

"'Where'! Thousand devils—'where'!" Madigan tore it from her and threw it to the floor, stamping upon it in a frenzy.

Sighing, Miss Madigan leaned her head on her hand. It was hard enough to find one's most hopeful appeal wasted, without Francis's flying into such a rage.

A silence followed.

"Look here, Anne,"—Madigan's voice was manifestly struggling to be calm,—"you must quit this infernal letter-writing. How could you write to Miles Madigan for charity, knowing that he cheated me out of my share of the Tomboy? Half the mine was mine. You know that, and yet you hurt my—"

"I fail to see," responded Miss Madigan, with dignity, "why I should not write to my own relatives; why I should not try,



for my nieces' sake, to knit close again the raveled ties which your eccentricities have—"

"In order to get a box of old duds sent clear from Ireland!"

"Has Nora sent a box?" asked Miss Madigan, eager as a child. "You see, my letter did touch her, in spite of herself. And they won't be old duds. They 'll be handsome material, Francis, just the thing for the girls' winter wardrobe. Now that Nora 's in mourning—"

With a crash that sent Miss Madigan's sensitive-plant rolling from its stand to the floor, Madigan banged the door behind him as he fled.

Miss Madigan flew to the rescue, and she had begun to scoop up the scattered earth when her eye lighted upon a line at the end of Nora's letter:

As you know, Miles had only a life-interest in the estate. At his death everything went to Miles Morgan. Perhaps Anne would do well to apply to him. The little matter of her never having seen him would not, of course, stand in her way.

"Of course not. Why should it?" Miss Madigan asked herself.

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Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"MADIGAN BANGED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AS HE FLED"

She knelt down upon the floor in the midst of the debris and took from her pocket the letter that Miles Madigan had never read. With the slightest change, the recopying of the first page or so, why could not—

Miss Madigan sat down at her desk. In a moment the steady, slow, studied pace of her pen was all that was heard in the disordered room, where the sensitive-plant lay half uprooted on the floor.

THE Madigans were up and out. All A street was alive with tales of them. In a cloud of dust due to their sweeping trains, they had swooped down, like the gay Hieland folk they were, and captured the admiration and imitation of the slower, prosaic Lowlander.

They had not intended to go so far, accoutred as they were; but the attention they attracted first challenged, then seduced the vain things farther and farther, till they threw caution to the winds (and a boisterous Washoe zephyr was abroad) and sallied shamelessly forth. In their immediate train they carried Jack Cody, clothed and in his right sex, and Bombey Forrest, beating her drum. Crosby Batterman slunk unrecognized in the rear.

In the van was Sissy victrix. She had cut her adorer dead, dead, dead, and she now felt that resultant reckless uplift of spirits which is the feminine corollary to demonstration of power (preferably unjust and tyrannical) over the other sex.

"Let 's try to see the walking-match," she suggested to Sprint.

"How can we, with all that tagging after us?"

With a sweeping gesture to the rear, Sprint indicated the trained twins and Frances holding up her torn petticoat. Frank was bruised but beaming; in fact, she had never felt so much a Madigan, for she had never before been out on a raid.

"Let 'em tag," cried Sissy, gaily; her blood was up, and she knew no obstacles.

Down a clay-bank, into a vacant lot strewn with tin cans, slid the Madigans. Their trains hampered them, and, once started, only speed could save them. But they were not Comstockers and Madigans for nothing. Jack Cody, who had arrived first on the field, caught each whirling, dwarf-like figure as it came flying down, holding it a moment to steady it before he put it aside in order to receive the next female projectile.

Sissy was the last, and Cody, by way of flourish to mark the conclusion of his labors, lifted Sprint's little sister, train and all, as he caught her, with a whoop of satisfaction.



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SISSY AT THE KNOT-HOLE

His whoop was cut short abruptly, and he set her down, his ears tingling. For Sissy, outraged in her sense of dignity as well as in the offish prudery that characterized her, declined to accept patronage as anybody's little sister, and boxed his ears as well as she could in the short time given to her.

Cody looked at her. It was really the first time he had regarded her as an unrelated individual. "Ye know what a boy does when a girl strikes him," he threatened, a laughing glitter in his bold black eye that made Sissy's heart jump.

But she held herself very primly, and the masking puritan in her voice quelled him. "If he 's a coward—yes," she responded haughtily, hurrying on.

The boy looked after her as he joined Sprint. "She 's funny—your sister," he said lamely.

"Who—Sissy? Oh, she 's always cranky," said Irene, with Madigan candor when a relative was criticized.

They hurried on. The barn-like opera-house is built uphill, like all buildings on Virginia City's cross-streets, and it seems to burrow into as well as climb the hill. In the rear, on the side where its boards were unpainted and unplaned, certain knots had been converted into knot-holes by the initiated.

Sissy was already on her knees, her eye glued to one of these apertures. All she could see was a short curve of empty seats, a man's shoulder and another's hat, a long space, and then the passing of a neat, long pair of women's gaiters unhidden by skirts, and soon after the nervous following of a smaller pair of women's ties.

"Why," she said, with a deep blush, fixing one eye upon the company, while

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the other blinked from the strain put upon it, "they 're women! It 's a women's walking-match."

"Sure," said Cody, without withdrawing his attention for a moment from the view

"It is n't respectable, Sissy," he called to her. "No ladies go. Your aunt would n't like it."

This was fatal. At his voice Sissy hardened, and with a gulp of disgust she reso-



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'HERE WOULD I REST,' CHANTED SISSY"

inside. "The big, long feet belong to the one they call La Tourtillotte. She 's French. The German one 's Von Hagen."

"I think it 's a shame," gasped Sissy. "Let 's go home, Sprint."

Sprint, at her own particular knot-hole, affected not to hear. But Crosby Batterman, perched in the elbow of some long scantlings bracing the building, took heart at Sissy's words.

lutely turned her attention to her knot-hole. In fact, as Crosby reiterated his advice, she felt called upon more spectacularly to ignore it, and seeing a more commanding and spacious knot-hole farther up, she mounted upon a big dry-goods box, and from there seated herself in a lone poplar, the apple of the proprietor's eye.

This was better, and in a sense it was also worse; for Sissy could plainly see La

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Tourtillotte, a gaunt, businesslike creature in short rainy-day skirt and sweater, her long, thin arms going like pump-handles, her dark, tense face set upon a goal which seemed ever to flee before her as her weary feet carried her slowly and still more slowly around the circular track.

In spite of her shocked sense of propriety,—and the lawless young Madigans had very strict ideas as to the conventions for adults,—the ardor of the struggle, the uncertainty of the issue, seized upon Sissy. She heard a swift call from Irene, some distance below, and was vaguely aware that the group, skirted and otherwise, was beating a retreat. But the smaller of the two contestants, on the other side of the knot-hole, had just come within the field of Sissy's rude lens. It was pitiable to see the haggard look on the German woman's plump face, the childish breakdown imminent behind the woman's staring eyes that met the bored glance of the male spectators doggedly, though her stout little body was still being carried resolutely, sluggishly, painfully along.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by K. Varley

"SHE WALKED A STEP OR TWO WITH HIM"

Sissy's hands flew to her breast. Something hurt her there, cried out to her, threatened her. She was furious with rage and choked with sympathetic sobs. She wanted to hurt somebody, and Jack Cody's insistent whistle, which kept sounding the retreat, so irritated and confused her that she fancied it was he that she would have liked to beat, as a representative of his cruel sex. But when she looked down, at last awake to the world on this side of the knot-hole, she saw Crosby Batterman on the box at her feet, and knew who it was that she longed to punish for his own sins and every other man's.

"Quick—quick, Sissy! He's coming!" he cried, tugging at her skirt.

"Who—go 'way!" Sissy stamped viciously, as she stood clinging to a limb; yet in that very instant she had seen that all the Madigans and their train had fled, save this poor servitor at her feet.

"Jan Lally—oh, hurry!" gasped Crosby.

Around the corner of the opera-house came a short-legged, bald little German, so stout and so loosely put together that, as he ran, his jelly-like flesh shook as though it was about to break the loose bag of skin that held it. It was Lally's opera-house, and Lally was come to catch trespassers in the act of seeing without paying.

Sissy's heart jumped to her throat. In the course of their maraudings, the Madigans were not unaccustomed to a stern chase and a lively one, yet now it seemed to her that strategy was the watchword. Perched high up in the tree, hidden by its foliage, who would notice her—if only Crosby would go away!

But Crosby would not budge. He begged, he implored, he became confused in trying to explain to her her danger, and at last burst into bitter tears as he felt Lally's fat, moist hand upon his collar, and saw a hereafter peopled with wrathful

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motherly faces in various stages of disgust and despair.

"You come vid me. I gif you to Riddle. He lock you oop, you bat boy!"

A suppressed giggle of pleasure, at the thought of neat little Crosby in the hands of the constable, shook Sissy, perched snugly like a malicious little bird in the tree. It served him right, she said to herself gleefully, ascribing the basest motives to Crosby, as one loves to do when one's friends are not in good standing with one's self. He had had no business to hang around and point the way to her hiding-place!

"Oh, I say, Jan, let me off!" begged Crosby, white with terror of the jail—and his lady mother. "I 'll never peek again, sure I won't!"

"Nu! You come vid me. And *you*, too!"

Sissy looked down. Was it possible there was another laggard whom she had not seen?

"I say—you, too!" bellowed Lally. "Vill you come now?"

In the very certainty of security a sudden panic fell upon Sissy. If she only dared to move, to reassure herself! Of course it could n't mean herself—oh!

She felt a sudden tug that almost dislodged her. "You t'ink I don't see—huh?" shouted the perspiring Teuton below. "What for you leave dis trail hang down den—hey?" And he tugged again.

With a sickly remnant of dignity Sissy stepped down and out. She had forgotten her train—the train that had been at once her pride and her undoing.

"We—I was playing lady," she explained, trembling.

"Oop a tree—huh? Peeking troo knot-holes—yes? A fine lady! I fix you."

A glow of defiance came to Sissy's cheeks. "I don't care," she cried, stamping her foot as she stood enthroned on the dry-goods box, her train about her. "It 's a nasty, cruel show, anyway, and you could n't hire me to come and see it. You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Lally! How 'd you like it if your wife was staggering along in there without sleeping or eating for six days?"

Mr. Jan Lally's purple face looked as though it had been slapped. What had Mrs. Lally, with all her babies and busy housekeeping, to do with business? He was so astonished and perplexed by the sudden onslaught that the wriggling Crosby managed to slip out of his grasp, and got to a safe distance before Lally realized it.

"Nu!" he grunted. "I cou' n't hire you—no? Vell, you come mitout hire. I show *you*."

Sissy felt herself lifted down without ceremony and dragged off. Her round face was white, her heart was beating like the stamps at the Chollar pan-mill. Yet her train trailed after her still in mock dignity. So did Crosby, at a respectful distance, fearing to follow, yet, though helpless, incapable of desertion. But at the entrance to the opera-house the door was shut in his face.

Sissy and her captor entered. The stage had been built out over the pit, and in the very first row of the dress-circle, the rim of which was the boundary of the contestants' suffering feet, Jan Lally sat down, with Sissy at his side.

Ah, to sit in the front row of the dress-circle! To feel the opulence of one's enviable position, as well as the artistic delight of being properly placed where one could miss nothing, while the brass band outside the opera-house played its third and last quick, jubilant invitation to pleasure—so tantalizing to the outsider, so gratifying to the fortunate one within!

Many and many a time had Sissy Madigan waited, during first and second bands, for some miracle to place her where she now sat! Many a time had the third selection been played, the players with their instruments filed into Paradise, and the poor Madigan peri remained shut outside.

But now Cecilia hung her head, shamed by being caught; shamed by punishment; shamed trebly by the fact that, apart from those poor sexless, half-maddened machines tottering feverishly around and forever around, she, Sissy Madigan, the proud, the pure, the proper, was the one thing womanly in the house!

It was not a full house by any means, and only the men immediately next to her seemed aware of her presence. Yet, with a consciousness that seared her soul and humbled the pride of the childish prude as with a stain upon her purity, Sissy felt the compounded, composite gaze of man upon woman out of place. It withered, it scorched, it stung her.

But finally Von Hagen, the little German



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woman, going the round of her maddening treadmill, reached the spot where Sissy sat. The sight of a child there, of a bare, bowed, neat little head in the midst of that inclosure of men's cold eyes, seemed to be the last touch needed to overthrow her tottering reason. She stopped, swaying from the unaccustomed cessation of motion, and held out her arms, smiling vacantly and babbling baby-talk in German as though to a dearly loved little *Mädchen* of her own.

Swift horror piled on Sissy. She had never looked into eyes from which sense had fled, and the sight stamped itself upon her brain with terrible vividness as food for future nightmares. So frightened was she that she was not aware of Jan Lally's relaxed hold upon her arm, which ached from the tight grip he had had upon it. But when the overtaxed body of the German woman fell in a heap almost at her feet, fright became action in Sissy. She flew past old Jan (his one concern now being for his walking-match), past the knees of the staring men, up the interminable center aisle, her poor train switching behind her as she stumbled, yet ran on, so absorbed by her suffering that she was unaware of the attention her queer little figure attracted, till she was out at last in the free air.

"WELL, punish me!" she said, when she found Aunt Anne waiting for her at the head of the long steps fifteen minutes later.

It was a good deal for a Madigan—the nearest they ever got to *mea culpa:* they were not Christians.

Sissy's arrival was hailed by a populous nightgowned world, sent, like herself, supperless for its sins to the purgatory of early bedtime. Sprint came stealing in from the other room, bringing Frank along that she might not cry and betray her elder sister's movements—a successful sort of blackmail the youngest Madigan often practised. And later, Kate, looking most conventional and full-dressed in this nightgowned society, brought succor for the starving. They munched chocolate and camped, three on each bed, while Sissy told her adventures. When she came to the description of Von Hagen's fall, though still shuddering at the memory, she acted the incident so dramatically that Frances set up a howl, which was, however, most fortunately drowned by the ringing of the front-door bell.

Sprint started to answer it, but her nightgowned state gave her pause. "Perhaps father 'll go," she suggested.

Kate shook her head. "He did n't come to dinner; he 's been shut up in his room all day."

"What 's the matter?" asked Sissy. An old look, that washed all the self-satisfaction from her round face, came over it now.

Kate shrugged her shoulders. "Something he and Aunt Anne talked about to-day," she answered, as she went out into the hall with the air of a martyr.

Sissy looked owlishly after her. Though Francis Madigan rarely ate anything that was prepared for the family dinner, she could remember the rare times when he had absented himself from it, and feel again the usually ignored undercurrent of the realities upon which their young lives flowed full and free.

But things happened too quickly at the Madigans', and to be preoccupied to the exclusion of one's sisters was one of the forms of affectation not to be tolerated. Sprint threw a pillow at her head, and the fight was in progress when Kate called for volunteers to bring in a big box from Ireland, left by a drayman who was fiercely resentful of the extraordinary approach to the Madigan house.

Like a lot of white-robed Lilliputians, they tugged and hauled till they got it into the parlor. But when they had lighted the tall, old-fashioned lamp that they called "the lighthouse" they were disgusted to find that the box was addressed to "Miss Madigan, Virginia City, Nevada, California, U. S. A."

"Some people don't know anything about geography," sniffed Sissy.

"Well,"—Kate had been thinking,—"I 'm Miss Madigan."

"Whoop—hooray!" The shout came from the twins. They were off into the kitchen for Wong's hatchet, and when they pressed it obligingly into Kate's hand, that young lady saw no way but to make use of it.

"Girls—it 's clothes!" she exclaimed, her starved femininity reveling in the quantity of made-up material before her.

"Boys' clothes," said Sprint, holding up a full-kneed pair of knickerbockers and a

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belted jacket. "Well!" With a philosophical grin, she began to put them on.

"And ladies' clothes!" cried Sissy, dragging forth a long black cape. "'Here would I rest,'" she chanted, draping it about her and lugubriously mimicking Professor Trask as the Recluse in the cantata of "The Flowers."

"Let 's do it! Let 's sing 'The Flowers,'" cried Irene, shaking herself into some Irish boy's jacket.

"Not much!" Sissy planted herself against the door, as though physical compulsion had been threatened.

"Oh, yes, Sissy," begged Fom. "Bep and I can sing the Heliotrope and Mignonette. Frank can be a Poppy, and we can double up and—"

"I 'll be the Rose," put in Kate, quickly. She had a much-feathered hat on her head and a crocheted lace shawl about her shoulders.

"*I 'll* be the Rose." Sprint, corrupted by her body's boyish environment, stretched her legs apart defiantly. "You can't sing it; you know you can't, Kate. You never could get up to G. If I 'm not the Rose—"

"Oh, well," said Kate, drawing on a pair of soiled, long, light gloves she had pulled out of the box, "I 'll be the Lily, then. Come on, Sis."

"I won't," said Sissy, almost weeping. She knew she would. "I won't be the Recluse! I won't be the Recluse every time, just because you two are so greedy and—"

"You know," said Kate, smothering a giggle, but not very successfully, "no one can do it as well as you."

"And it 's really a very important part, and the very first solo," chuckled Irene. "Else why did Professor Trask take it himself?"

"If it 's so important," put in Sissy, grasping at a straw, "you 'd better take it yourself. Why must I always take a man's part? And I can't sing, anyway."

"Why, Sissy!" Sprint's tone was flattery incarnate, but the irony in her eye made her junior dance.

"You know I can't," she sniffled.

"But my voice and Sprint's go so well together in the Rose and Lily duet," said Kate, putting the book of the cantata upon the piano-rack and opening it persuasively.

"You promise me every time," wailed the downtrodden Recluse, reluctantly moving forward, "that I won't have to be it the next time."

"Well, you won't next time," said Kate, generously. "Will she, Sprint?"

"Well, I won't sing it this time," declared Sissy, seating herself at the piano, yet making a last stand at the very guns.

But Kate and Irene burst forth in the opening chorus with all the verve in the world. The Madigans never scorned expression when it was understood that they were acting. And the twins, still pulling stage properties out of the box, and even Frances, fantastically decorated with a torn Irish lace fichu over the bifurcated, footed white garment she still wore o' nights, joined joyfully in:

> "'We are the flowers,
> The fair young flowers,
> That come at the voice of spring—'
> DING-DONG!"

It was a familiar old Madigan joke, always greeted with a shriek of laughter, to shout out the two notes of the accompaniment that punctuated the musical phrases. Its observance now put even Sissy in good humor, so that when the time came for the Recluse to make his appearance, she left the piano, and stalking miserably about with the preliminary cough with which the unfortunate Professor Trask was afflicted, she sang her doleful recitative.

The Madigans were never literalists. They were of the impressionistic school, which requires of the audience, as well as of the artist, high imaginative powers. And here the audience of one moment was the actor of the next, whose duty it was not to mind too closely the letter that killeth, but to mimic irreverently, to exaggerate, to make of themselves caricatures of the mannerisms of others, to nickname, to seize upon every peculiarity with their quick, observant, cruel young eyes and paint it in flesh-and-blood cartoons.

Thus, when the Rose, that "gentle flower in which a thorn is oft concealed," sang her duet with the Nightingale (Sissy trilling weakly on the piano, while Frank fluted her fingers rememberingly as she had seen it done that memorable night) it was done in the hollow, throaty tones of the elder Miss Blind-Staggers, who had created the

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rôle; while the Lily sang through her nose, which she wiped every now and then in a manner unmistakably that of Henrietta Blind-Staggers.

The cantata of "The Flowers" was never brought to a glorious completion by the Madigans, even though they skipped uninteresting and difficult parts, and, like the early Elizabethans, permitted no intermission between acts. It was very often laughed to death. At times it became a saturnalia of extravagant action, and it frequently ended in a free fight, when the Rose and the Lily hinted too openly at the Recluse's incurable tendency to sing off key. But that night it might have dragged its saccharine length of melody to the coronation of the Rose and a quick curtain if Miss Madigan had not walked right into the thick of it.

"Golly!" gasped Sissy, while Irene dodged behind Kate, who quickly turned down the lamp, and a hush fell upon the rest.

But Miss Madigan had been writing, or rather rewriting, letters. She had completely forgotten the heinous offense of the afternoon.

"Will you mail a letter for me, Sissy, the first thing in the morning?" she asked, still preoccupied. "Why are you in the dark?"

"We 're just going to bed," remarked Sissy, with soothing demureness, taking the envelop from her aunt's hand and falling in with her mood, as one does with the mentally afflicted.

When Miss Madigan, fatigued with the labor of composition, had gone back to her room, Kate turned up the light again. "Same thing, I s'pose?" she asked. "Circumstances-letter—huh?"

"I s'pose so. 'T ain't sealed," said Sissy, with resignation. "But she always forgets to seal 'em." Then, suddenly inspired, she caught up Professor Trask's pencil lying on the piano, and on the vacant half-page at the end of Miss Madigan's letter she wrote in her best school-girl hand:

You—whoever you are—need n't bother to answer this. None of us Madigans wants your help or annybody else's. It 's only that Aunt Anne 's got the scribbles, and we 'll thank you to mind your own buisness.

*Sissy Madigan.*

She read her composition to the startled but, on the whole, approving Madigans, sealed the letter, and was ready for bed.

They were all scampering through the long hall playing leap-frog—a specialty of Sprint's which her present costume facilitated—when Francis Madigan, candle in hand, came out of his room on his usual tour of nightly inspection. His short-sighted eyes fell upon Irene, a pretty, lithe, wavy-haired boy, before she and the twins bolted.

"What boy have you got there?" he demanded. "Send him home."

Kate took Frances up in her arms and covered the retreat; she knew how much the better part of valor was discretion.

Sissy remained standing, looking up at him. When she was alone with her father she was conscious of her poor little barren favoriteship, though she dared not impose upon it. In the candle-light his harsh, rugged features stood out marked with lines of suffering.

"It 's all right, father," she said, with a quick choice of the lesser irritation for him. "He 'll go—right away. Good night."

"Good night, child."

But she walked a step or two with him, slipping her hand at last into his, and pressing it tenderly.

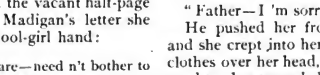
"Is—anything the matter, father?" she whispered.

He threw back his head as though some one had struck him. It was not difficult to guess from whom the Madigans had inherited their fanatical desire to conceal emotion.

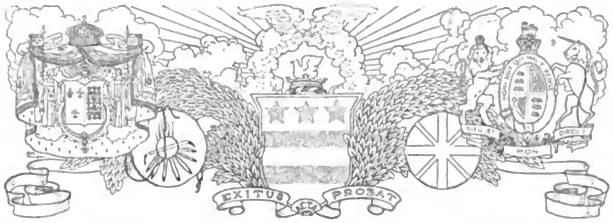
Sissy was terrified at what she had done, yet the vague trouble lay quivering before her, though still unnamed, in his working face.

"Father—I 'm sorry," she sobbed.

He pushed her from him, but gently, and she crept into her bed and pulled the clothes over her head, that the twins might not hear her strangled sobbing.



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# THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

## Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.
Author of "Hugh Wynne"

VII



ON the 21st we entered the colony of Penn, and on the 30th June dropped down from the hills to Stewart's Crossing on the Youghiogheny. Here St. Clair, sent on in advance, had cleared the ground for a camp.

We had been all of ten days in marching twenty-four miles. Day after day, as Croghan and I uneasily hung about the flanks and the rear, we saw the long line of red-coated, cumbered men, sweating in heavy uniforms, with waggons and cannon, slowly moving through the silent woods, so full, to our minds, of peril.

I had been ill for some days, but at the Youghiogheny River I fell of a sudden worse with a fever and pain in the head. The general was most kind and at last ordered me to remain, leaving me a guard and my dear Dr. Craik. Colonel Dunbar's division had been left behind, to his great indignation, and was to follow slowly with the baggage-train. I was in the utmost gloom at my detention, being in a way reponsible for the new movement. The chance to be, by ill luck, laid up while a battle might take place much disturbed me. I wrote my brother Jack I would not miss it for five hundred pounds.

While I lay in bed most impatient, the detachment went on, and soon after I had this letter from Christopher Gist, who was acting as guide:

RESPECTED SIR: We are moving along as solemn as a box-turtle, one day two miles, which any smart turtle might compass. The pickets are doubled, and men sleep with their arms, for, good Lord! if a branch cracks they give an alarm, and if a poor devil strays there is a scalp gone, for every step of our march is watched. Still I am sure there are no big parties out, for I have been off in advance and been within half a mile of the fort, and came nigh to losing my hair, but with decent good fortune we have the place. I should be easier with a few hundred of our own people in the advance and on our skirts, but they are kept in the rear, the Lord knows why.

Captain Orme also wrote to me of frequent night alarms, and of the general's confidence at being now but thirty miles from the fort. Here two days' halt was made to await fresh supplies from Dunbar.

On July 4, being stronger, I started in the rear of a party of one hundred men just come up from Colonel Dunbar with provisions. I was set upon going with them, but was too weak to ride a horse and must needs use a waggon. As the road was



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much cut up, my bones were almost jolted through the small cover left on them. On the 8th I reached the camp, now but thirteen miles from Duquesne.

My journey took me through the Great Meadows, near where was my little fight, and past the ruined palisadoes of Fort Necessity. I saw them with great interest, and felt some sense of gratification that now I might pay up my score against those who had both humbled and insulted my king and myself.

Once as my waggon approached the rear-guard we came upon a dozen or more stragglers. Some had fallen out tired, and some were loitering to gather berries. I cried out to warn them of the danger they were in, and, in fact, about a quarter of an hour later they ran after us, crying, "Indians!" They may have had cause, but all the strange noises of the woods alarmed them, and this time the rangers said it was a wildcat.

The sound of distant martial music from the camps which we were come near to seemed to revive my mind, and I was able to cast off the feeling of gloom and converse with Captain Shirley, the military secretary, who had rode back with an order. He said to me that we had been a month in marching less than a hundred miles. Captain Morris, who was with him, said it was true, but all was well that ended well, and we had the fort at our mercy and would attack next day. I advised my friends, as I had before done, that it would be well if the officers could be dressed in wood colours, like our scouts; but Captain Shirley replied that the general would never allow of it, and, indeed, when next day I got rid of my fire-red coat and put on a fringed buckskin shirt, I was no little jeered at, and Colonel Gage made some comments, which, I trust, he came later to regret. I am of opinion that the absence of a gaudy red coat saved me from many balls and enabled me to be of use when the other aides were wounded. I was much of Mr. Franklin's opinion that if fine feathers make fine birds, they also make them an easier prey for the fowler.

Indeed, the learned Postmaster-General made himself very merry over the queues and the stiff stocks and the bright scarlet uniforms. He thought the officers only needed corsets, which I was told they did often use at home.

When, in the afternoon, very tired and weak, I reached the tent made ready for me by the kindness of my brother aides, I lay down to rest, and, as Captain Morris was now on duty, I asked him to tell me what was to be our mode of approach to the fort. I was able easily to recall the general features of the country, for the camp was now set about twelve miles from Frazier's former trading-station, where I stopped on my return from my mission to the French. We lay some ten miles to the east of the Monongahela River, and, as was said, thirteen from Duquesne as the crow flies.

As I rested and we talked, came also Captain Shirley and Captain Gates of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, with Stephens, Hamilton, and Stewart of the Virginians. Of all of them I was the only man not killed or wounded in the next day's battle. I may well entertain my brother August's belief that the conspicuous hand of Providence was over me, and he must be worse than an infidel who lacks faith in it.

No thought of to-morrow troubled our council of war, and we discussed with spirit what our superiours meant to do. I drew on a piece of birch bark a rude sketch of the country. The fort lay on a high bluff in the angle made by the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. We were, as I said, some ten miles to the east of the latter stream and on the same side as the fort. Between us and it lay the deep, rugged ravines of Turtle Creek and the brooks which run into it. The country beyond it was densely wooded and without any road. To cross the creek and cut a road to the fort would be the most direct way; otherwise we must march to and cross the Monongahela, a fordable river, and afterward along bluffs three or four hundred feet high, and follow the stream for five miles. We should then descend to the water and arrive at a second ford; having crossed it, we should be again on the same side as the fort. Then there would lie before us a slope, and, some two miles distant, hid in the woods, the bastions of Duquesne. Having made clear to my fellow-aides the localities, we considered the two routes, with some differences of opinion in regard to which was the better, until they were called away, and I was left alone.

Soon after came Sir John St. Clair, sent

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by the general with a kind message. I then learned that some effort had been made to cross Turtle Creek, but that it had been found impossible to get the artillery over and that the engineers pronounced it impracticable. Upon this the general had given orders to change the route, so that we should follow the traders' horse-trail, on which we had made our road, and should march to the river. There we were to ford the stream as I have said, move on the further bank some miles, and recross by the second ford to the east side again, where the lay of the land allowed, as was supposed, of an easy approach to the fort.

I was still weak, but although I could have desired more rest, I walked at dusk through the great clearing made for the camp, to report myself at once to the general's headquarters. I had been sorry for his obstinacy and the rudeness he showed in laughing at our way of fighting, but I had been told by Sir Peter Halket that he had said that Mr. Franklin and Colonel Washington were the only trustworthy people he had met in the colonies. I thought this foolish and as showing poor judgment; but he had been most kind to me, and now, in spite of all his blunders and our own failures to supply him promptly, which were with some justice to be complained of, we were, as it seemed, on the point of success.

When I presented myself, the general asked most pleasantly concerning my health, and if I was well enough to serve as aide. I assured him I was, but I was really at the time feeble enough. When I ventured to make him my compliments on the near prospect of success before him, he laughed and asked where had been the need for our rangers and the tribes of Indians, and then made me a very fine speech, which I must admit to having been pleased at. I ventured to ask leave to go on in the advance with the Virginia wood-rangers, so as to secure the pioneers and road-makers from an ambuscade. He replied shortly: "Oh, damn your half-drilled rangers! I shall keep them as a rear-guard." I rose and apologized, feeling that I had been too forward and had better have held my tongue. Indeed, I excused myself as well as I could, and upon this his face cleared, and he said: "Colonel Gage is to have the advance, and what would he say to the best regiment of the king being protected by a mob of squatters and border farmers. No, sir; I desire you as my aide." I said no more, and returned to my tent.

I have never found that the coming of decisive events kept me awake when I was myself the person who had the duty of decision; but this night, whether from great fatigue or not, for that does keep a man from sleep, or that I was still fevered, I lay awake long, unable to free my mind from anxious thoughts.

I regretted that I had not asked Mr. Franklin why at night we heard so many sounds in the woods which are not heard by day. No doubt he would have found an explanation. Long after the camp was at rest I remained sleepless, hearing the quick waters of the creek and the noises of the wood, with the hoot-owl's cry and the chipmunks gamboling over the canvas of my tent, and such stir of the camp as never quite ceased. The way we were to march troubled me and others, especially Sir Peter Halket, who had forebodings, concerning which Dr. Mercer had some superstitious ideas, such as my mother often had, but which I never entertained, or if as to any, it is in the way of dreams.

I had reason for my fears, for the two fords we were to cross could be easily disputed by a small party. I concluded that to leave all baggage and artillery to come later by the fords, and to make a quick and direct march over the creek and along a ridge leading to the fort, would be the better way.

Having settled my mind as to what I would have done had I been in command, I disposed myself for sleep, but with no good result until so late that I heard no reveille sound, and was waked by my orderly.

I do not pretend, even now, to be acquainted with all the reasons which influenced the general; but having made up his mind, we broke camp on the 8th and marched southwest along a little stream the scouts called Long Run, and so about eight miles towards the river Monongahela, being thus at least two miles from the ford he meant to cross the next day.

When, in the afternoon about six o'clock, I was released from duty, I walked through the camps with Sir Peter Halket. The men were cleaning their guns and brushing their clothes and soaping queues and pipe-

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claying, all as if for parade and very needless.

Sir Peter, a man of excellent parts and a good soldier, had expressed himself in the council as averse to the plan of march. When he asked after my health and if I had again regained my strength, I replied that I was fit for duty but had been better if I had been able to sleep. He said with gravity that many would sleep soundly to-morrow and that he was sure he himself would be killed. This seemed strange to me, and I could only reply that I did not think I should be killed, but that we might both be wrong; and yet both of us were right, for these matters are in the hands of the great Disposer of Events, and have never troubled me on going into battle. One of my aides in the Revolutionary War, Colonel Scammel, to whom I was much attached, did always believe he would be killed, as indeed happened, at last, to my sorrow, at Yorktown.

Dr. Craik was with me that evening and found me chilled and full of aches; but notwithstanding a potion he gave me, I slept ill again, and was aroused in the morning by my good doctor. He advised a glass of rum, for which I felt the better, and when I had eaten and was in the saddle I repaired to where was General Braddock, a short distance from the shore. He was in a gay humour and very kind, asking if I felt well and would drink with him to the king that evening in the French fort. I could do no more than reply that to do so would give me great pleasure. I was presently sent down to the shore with a message, and there saw Colonel Gage crossing the shallow ford to some open meadow-lands on the further side. He was to secure the two fords by which the whole force following him was to cross and then recross, so as to be again on the same side of the river as Fort Duquesne. After him, about four o'clock, came Sir John St. Clair, with carpenters—or, as we should say, axemen—and engineers, some three hundred in all.

I lingered a few moments and saw the last of the advance, as they marched up from the further bank of the river and their red coats disappeared into the forest beyond the ford, which was, I thought, well chosen and shallow.

Before I went back, Gist, the trader, and Captain Croghan came to speak to me. I remarked that we had done well to come so far without more trouble from the Indians. Gist laughed and said: "They have never left us since we dropped you at the Youghiogheny." Then Croghan cried out, "There they are," and there was a sound of musketry beyond the river. It proved to be a small body of savages, easily dispersed by Gage. It being then about six o'clock A.M., the signal to fall in, which we call the "general," was beat, and the main body fell in with fresh cartridges.

The officers were in full uniform, and so, with fixed bayonets and colours flying and the drums beating the Grenadier's March, they waded the stream.

I sat in the saddle with the two aides, Captains Orme and Morris, and with the interest of a young soldier watched this fine body of men fall in with perfect discipline on the further side and disappear in their turn. This being the main body, the staff followed with the general, and I was sent back to hasten up the rangers, who had the rear. I found them about two hundred and thirty strong, moving slowly, most in hunting-shirts and fur caps and moccasins. A part were thrown out far to right and left in the woods. Ensign Allen and an officer whose name I forget appeared to be in command, and were vainly endeavouring to keep up some of the military order they had been teaching. I thought them wanting in sense and wished I had the rangers at the front. I gave my message and left them. Then I made haste to ride back to the ford, which was still held by a small guard. Here I waited, as I was ordered to do, to see the rear well over and into the woods. After crossing the ford I found that a rough road had been cleared by the French along the bluffs, and hurried through the woods beside the moving column to report.

It was noon before we got to the second ford, where, after much delay with the artillery, we got over, I think a little after one o'clock, as fine a sight as ever I saw. Here, before us, were some open meadows about a quarter-mile wide, and, twenty feet above, the ford, with a fair road leading upward over a little stream called Frazier's Run, and into the woods. Very quickly, the aides carrying messages at need, the men were got into marching orders. For a full quarter of a mile there were bottom-lands in two easy rises, and beyond these

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the ground rose more abrupt amid long grass, very dry, and thick bushes, great rocks, and trunks of fallen trees, which the garrison must have felled for fuel.

Long afterwards I rode over this field and saw better the trap into which we fell. On both sides of the road, which was broad and much used, the ground rose, and here, where the wood was more dense, amid thick underwood, were ravines, some very deep and others only five or six feet. These gullies lay among great trees, pines and gum, and a tangle of grape-vines, brambles, and Indian plums. One long and deeper ravine was the bed of a little creek, and on the right of the road the ground rose quite steep. Further on, as I saw at the time, for the advance was slow, I observed that the woods seemed to show a series of low hills, and beyond them a greater rise of land to the fort, which was hid some two miles away on the bluff, nor did we ever have sight of it.

Meanwhile we of the main body, halting now and then, marched slowly up from the ford towards the deeper woods, watching the advance as it entered the forest, and quite ignorant of the ravines, or of an enemy, so hid were they in the underbrush.

The main body halted in the mid-space, where the battle was later engaged, so that we lay for the time just on the second bottom. By this time Colonel Gage was far in front with guides and engineers, engaging in the woods, and Sir John St. Clair, with his working-party of pioneers, axemen, and grenadiers, followed. All was very orderly, with flanking-parties thrown out on both sides, but not, to my mind, far enough. Orme wrote me afterwards, when he had learned better, "It was all as if for a fine review in St. James's Park."

At this time, as I said, I was with General Braddock on the upper bottom. I considered that between the narrow road, where the three hundred men of the advance were entering the woods, and the ford, might have been about six hundred perches. I took out my watch and saw that it was ten minutes to two. As I turned to look forward, heavy firing broke out in the woods and among the rocks and bushes. I knew too well the Indian yells. I could see men falling and others dropping back. Orme rode forward to get some account for the general. In a few minutes he returned, badly wounded in the left arm. Sir John still advancing, the general ordered Colonel Burton, of the main van, forward with eight hundred men. There was now thick smoke about the advance on the edge of the deeper wood, and amid yells and cries the whole of what was left of the pioneers and their guard fell back out of the woods, at first a few, and then many, and down the upper slope, somewhat disordering Sir John's supporting party.

Sir Peter Halket was told to remain with four hundred men as a baggage-guard, and the general rode forward himself with Colonel Burton's eight hundred men, ordering a bayonet charge of a party up the hill on our right, whence came so hot a fire from unseen enemies that the officers were at once killed, and the men fell back at a run.

For some time Sir John's force behaved with great courage and let the broken pioneers pass through their lines, but could never be got to go further, and stood stupidly firing into the wood. At last, as the officers fell, the advance became more broken and began to retreat slowly, but at last running, until they were mixed up with Colonel Burton's reinforcement.

I never saw in my later warfare worse confusion nor a hotter fire, nor men better hid, for the savages and French lay in the ravines among the brush and picked off the mounted officers, or fired into the masses of men with no need to take accurate aim.

It is my opinion that even then if the general had remained on the cleared ground below and there rallied the men, where was open space and on the sides little cover, the day might have been saved, as the small French and Indian force would never have left the woods. He, however, pushed on in person, urging an advance, and sent Captain Morris to order up Sir Peter Halket and the rear-guard. We were now caught on both sides among ravines, great rocks, and trees, where on our front and on both flanks the enemy spread out in the woods. The more of our force came up from the rear, the easier was the slaughter. For a time I was with the general and implored him to order the men into the woods. Whether he heard me or not, I cannot say. What with our regulars shooting at random, the replies from the ravines and woods, the orders of officers, the

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yells of the Indians, and the cries of the wounded, there was a confusedness fit to turn any man's head. When the men tried to take wood shelter, as was proper and reasonable, the general and their officers cursed them for cowards and struck them with the flat of their swords. The poor dogs tried to obey their leaders, and again and again formed into platoons, facing to left or right, making them only the easier to kill. I saw Captain Orme of the artillery fall dead as they rode up with the cannon, and the engineer, Captain Henry Gordon, dropped wounded, but got up and did, I believe, succeed to reach the ford.

The men with the swivels stood to it well in giving some shots, and then gave way, most of them tumbling almost in heaps. Seeing this, I dismounted with two other officers, and made a man hold my horse, and aided to fire into the ravine on the right; but the few men left who should have helped to serve the piece soon dropped, hurt or dead, and seeing I could no further assist, I mounted again and turned out of the broken ranks to meet the Virginia rangers, who were running up the slope and spreading out to right and left, taking shelter wherever was a tree or rock, all most gallant and well done. Although the turmoil was such as I cannot describe, there were many brave efforts to rally and to carry the high ground above our right. All this lasted fully an hour or more, for at times, discipline prevailing, orders were given to storm the flanking slopes, and constantly failed to be effectual, for, as the officers were picked off, the men ran back to the main body.

The smoke was by this time so thick as somewhat to obscure all things at a distance, but a sudden wind, arising, cleared it away, and I saw that we were giving way more and more, the whole body of the force moving slowly down the slope. As I looked about me in despair, my horse fell and rolled over dead. By good fortune I had learned in fox-hunting how to fall clear. In a moment I was up, and saw that the troops were scattered in detachments and firing at random, or vainly trying in groups to follow their officers, who were shot down mercilessly. I saw Captain Shirley, the general's secretary, fall dead. He was quite close to me, and amidst all this tumult his horse stood still, and, to my amazement, began to eat the grass. I caught the beast and mounted. I hardly knew what to do. The Virginians were being shot by the regulars, who knew no more than to fire wherever they saw smoke from behind a tree or bush. As to orders, there were at this time none, and, indeed, until just above the river, no sufficient space to move in without taking to the woods.

I tried to help the general and the few left of the officers in their efforts to effect an orderly retreat. I have heard that five horses were shot under him. This I was told by Captain Morris, and it is no doubt true, for the horse was a large object and easy to hit. Few officers were left alive, and those who were unhurt could not get the regulars to obey a command. What was left of twelve hundred men were huddled together in groups in and out of the woods, like as I have seen sheep in a storm.

The general showed great courage, and made many efforts in person to rally the men or get them to retreat in an orderly way. He was carried down the slope with the rout, but remained as obstinate as ever as to the way of fighting, insisting on the men re-forming. Sir Peter Halket, Morris, and I vainly entreated him to order the soldiers to take shelter as the rangers did. As Sir Peter spoke, he fell dead. His son, the captain, dismounted to help him, and fell dead on his father's body.

I have never seen a man who could describe what took place in the midst of a battle, nor can I pretend to greater accuracy. I remember that after an hour or more I became suddenly sure that all was lost. The whole disordered mass now broke and ran as sheep before hounds, leaving artillery, provisions, baggage, and the wounded and dying—in short, everything. When finally a dozen gallant officers threw themselves in front, they were knocked down and trampled on. We had as little success as if we had attempted to stop the wild bears of the mountains, or torrents, with our feet. It was quite useless.

At this time General Braddock was under a great oak near to where we left the waggons. I was beside him and heard him cry out, "They have got me." Captain Stewart, of the Virginia light guard, caught him as he reeled in the saddle, shot through the right arm and lung. The men ran past us, refusing to help; but another officer aiding us, he was somehow got on to a tumbrel and was carried along in what

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was now a mad flight to get to the ford. I heard him cry out, "Let me alone. Let me die here."

The waggoners in our rear near the ford cut loose the traces and mounted their horses and fled. In spite of the immense courage shown by the officers, who in camp were drunken or seemed to be effeminate or lazy, all who were of mind to resist were swept away by a mere mob of panic-struck men. Men caught on to my stirrups, and even the horse's mane, but somehow I got free and out again to one side. Instantly my second horse staggered and went down. I saw Dr. Craik, near by, with the utmost devotion, although himself wounded, helping a disabled officer to walk away. I was now afoot, and, as I saw how complete was the rout, I began to fear that our brave Virginians would none of them escape. They held the fringe of the woods with wonderful courage, using their rifles, and keeping back the French and Indians. Nothing else saved the troops of his Majesty from complete massacre.

As I stood still a moment I heard Croghan call loudly to me to take to cover. I took his advice, and God alone knows how I escaped death. I had four balls through my clothes.

The leaders of the rangers now saw how great was their peril. The regulars were by this time near the ford, in the river, or across it. A few brave men in groups were retreating slowly, firing useless shots. The enemy, yelling in triumph, were crawling or leaping nearer from time to time. Now and then a painted savage ran out from cover and fled back, shaking a bloody scalp.

The rangers had lost heavily, but those who were left slipped from one shelter to another, and at last, when there was little cover left, ran down to the river, and I with them. Few would have got away except for the desire of the Indians to plunder the dead and the baggage and to collect scalps, and that the French were too few in number to venture on pursuit.

I got over the ford in haste, and standing still on the rise of ground beyond the river, looked at my watch. I could hardly believe it to be as I saw, five o'clock. Most of those who were unhurt were now safe, and with Captain Croghan I began to gather the wreck of our poor rangers. One company was almost all gone; another lost every officer and many men. As to the regulars, seven hundred, nearly half of the force, were dead or wounded. A part of what was left of this fine army was soon scattered beyond the two fords, and later was starved in the woods or got at last into the camps.

About a hundred men were gathered by the officers a quarter of a mile beyond our first ford. There Lieutenant-Colonel Burton rallied some hundreds of men, and later about eighty, under Colonel Gage, joined them. To my relief, and greatly to my surprise, there was no pursuit.

That night the parties and sentinels thrown out deserted in an hour. Although very weak, I sat up beside the general all night. Dr. Craik, who had cared for his wound in the lung, assured me that he would certainly die before dawn; but he lived longer than was expected. I never remember having been more disturbed in mind than during that night.

We all sat up, armed, in or about the rude shelter which held General Braddock, and talked in whispers sadly of the battle. Captain Montresor and also Captain Gordon of the engineers, who gave the first alarm, and who was severely wounded, declared to me that so complete were the shelters that they never saw so much as a half-dozen of the enemy. We could only lament the fate of the wounded left on the field, for the French made later no return of prisoners. Every moment I expected to hear the yells of the Indians.

At break of day we rigged a kind of litter and got away, being soon joined, to my relief, by Colonel Gage and his eighty men. I caught here a stray waggon-horse and rode him, with a rope bridle and no saddle but a blanket.

As we pushed on through the woods, Colonel Gage talked with me at length of the disaster. He made many excuses for the soldiers, as that they had been worn out by labour on the way, had no rum, and were disheartened by the tales our rangers had told them of the Indians.

Indeed, I fear it was true that the Virginians amused themselves with talk about legions of rattlesnakes, bears, and scalping. Croghan said the regulars were babes in the woods and quite as helpless. I made answer to the colonel that but for our rangers few of his Majesty's men would have seen their homes, and that the soldiers

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had behaved like poltroons. He said that was true, and after this we walked our horses on through the woods in silence, the rangers ahead.

I met this officer again in 1773, when, being a general, he was entertained at dinner by the citizens of New York. At this time the freedom of the city of New York was presented to him in a gold box having on it the arms of that city, and below, those of the king.[1] Our final intercourse was by letter, when he was besieged in Boston and I felt it needful to remonstrate upon his treatment of prisoners.

So many officers were wounded that, the day after the battle, although very weak, it fell to me, having at last been better horsed, to carry orders to the force we had left forty miles in our rear.

With a half-dozen horse I rode on all night in a drizzle of rain, and so all the next day, very melancholy and ready to drop with fatigue. Indeed, I fell down as I dismounted when I rode into Colonel Dunbar's camp, and was only revived by a little spirits and a good meal. The whole force we had left here had been scared by our runaway waggoners and were with difficulty kept from flying.

The provisions and waggon needed for the general were made ready during the night, and at break of day, with two companies of grenadiers, I rode back again, hardly knowing if I should drop on the road. I met the general at Gist's cabin, some thirteen miles away. On our return we halted half a day at Dunbar's camp, and then hurried on with his force to Great Meadows, where we camped on the 13th of July. There were, as some of us believed, still men enough, if fitly handled, to return and surprise the French; but, as Gist said, these men were already defeated, and no one of those in command meant to try it again. Indeed, Dunbar intended for Philadelphia and to wait there for reinforcements. Even Governor Dinwiddie would have had him make a new campaign; but they had all of them had, as Dr. Craik said, a big dose of Indian medicine, and a council decided with the colonel. The governor was much troubled when he heard of this decision, and, as he told me later, wrote to Lord Halifax that he would have now not only to guard the border, but to protect the counties from combinations of negro slaves, who had become, Governor Dinwiddie declared, audacious since General Braddock's defeat, because the poor creatures believed the French would give them their freedom. My wounded general's proud spirit gave way when he heard of Colonel Dunbar's intention. He lived four days after the battle, having been brought in much pain, and still more distress of mind, to the camp at Great Meadows.

For the most part he was silent and only now and then let a groan. Dr. Craik told me that he cried out over and over: "Who would have believed it possible?" Once he said to Captain Stewart: "We shall know better next time; but what will the duke say? [That was his Grace of Cumberland.] What will he say?" On the morning of the 13th Dr. Craik said the general had made his will and desired to see me. When he was aware of my coming into his hut, he put out his left hand, saying, "That is the only hand which is left," for the ball had gone through his right arm. He was said to be a great wit, but that a man about to die should have spirit to use his dying breath in a jest much astonished me.

He said: "I want you to take my horse and my man, Bishop. I have told St. Clair." Then he said: "I should have taken your advice. Too late; too late." After this he closed his eyes, and again, after a little, opened them and said feebly: "If I lived I should never wish to see a red coat again. My compliments to the governor." He spoke no more, only, "How they will curse me!" and I went out. In fact, I was too weak to endure the deadly sorrow with which this brave man's miserable end afflicted me, to whom he had been so kind a friend.

I endeavoured to distract my mind by examining the remains of the fort I had here made. To my amazement, I saw, as I moved about, that there was little discipline, and I observed that where there is too much drill and mechanical order a defeat does away with it entirely. The colonials it was hard to instruct; but as every man was used to rely on himself at any minute, and not to look all the time for orders, they suffered less during disaster, and on a retreat knew how to care for themselves. Now the few that were left looked on with wonder at the stupid de-

[1] Now in the possession of Lord Rosebery.—EDITOR.

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struction of waggons, provisions, and even artillery. Many of the officers were disgusted, and protested against these disgraceful proceedings.

But Colonel Dunbar meant to move on to Philadelphia, as he said, for winter quarters, and yet now it was only July, and he had men enough left to guard the frontier or to return and take the fort.

I felt sick and worn out, and soon went to my shelter among the Virginians. I threw myself down and fell into a deep sleep, and indeed never stirred until Captain Walter Stewart had to shake me to wake me up. I must have dreamed, for he told me I had called out "Indians" twice.

When I was well awakened, he said: "We are to move at once. Every frog that croaks and every screech-owl is an Indian for these whipped curs. The general died at twelve o'clock. He is to be buried in the roadway, so that the red devils may not dig up his scalp. Colonel Dunbar asks that you will read the service."

I thought the request strange until he reminded me, as indeed I knew, that the chaplain, Mr. Hamilton, who had behaved with good sense and courage in the action, was badly wounded, and that the colonel, who was the proper person for this sad business, was occupied in arranging for the march and in destroying what had been gathered at such great cost.

It was just before break of day I went out after Stewart, feeling a kind of satisfaction that the coward in command was not to commit to the grave my poor general, whom, being dead, every one would abuse.

If I had the pen of a good writer I should incline to describe what I saw. There were great fires burning, and all manner of baggage and stores thrown on them. The regulars were chopping up the artillery-waggons and casting ammunition into a creek.

About a hundred yards away from my hut, in the middle of the road, a deep grave was dug. A few officers and men were gathered about it, and on the ground lay the general's body, wrapt in a cloak, but no coffin. I looked about me, not knowing how to conduct the matter. Then an orderly handed me the chaplain's prayer-book, with a marker at the funeral service.

As I was about to begin, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton came forward with a flag and laid it decently over the dead man. Then he placed on it his sword, and fell back, and all uncovered. After this I read slowly, for the light was yet dim, the service of the church. This being over, the men lowered the body into the grave and filled it up with earth, and cast stones and bushes over it. No guard was ordered, and no volley fired, lest, as was said, it might be heard by the enemy, which appeared to me foolish, for there was noise enough, and at any minute one hundred men in the woods would have routed the whole camp.

Dunbar made haste to get away, and I was not less pleased to be out of an ill-contrived business.

This affair was a serious blow to the belief in the colonies as to the high value of the king's soldiers. It became like a proverb in Virginia to say a man "ran like a regular."

Mr. Franklin said to me long afterwards that this disaster gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the powers of British regular troops had not been well founded, and indeed I am assured that when Lord Percy's and Colonel Pitcairn's force was put to flight at Lexington the older farmers on our own frontiers, when they knew what had been done, were less amazed than the minute-men of Massachusetts.

We reached Wills Creek on the 18th, as Morris said, the worst-beaten army that had not been in battle. Colonel Dunbar did not require my aid, and my general being dead, my service as a volunteer was at an end.

The march to the settlements was most disgraceful—all in cowardly haste to get out of the wilderness. I am satisfied that no troops are so given to pillage as a retreating army, and certainly none was ever worse conducted by the officers or more disorderly than Colonel Dunbar's force. The settlers and outlying farms near Fort Cumberland suffered much; men and women were misused, and chickens and cattle stolen. I heard afterwards that in their march through Pennsylvania Dunbar's men plundered and insulted the farmers still worse, and were quite enough, Mr. Franklin said, to put us out of all patience with such defenders.

I bade good-by to the aides of the general, and would have had Orme and Morris go home with me to be cared for by Mr.

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Craik, but they preferred to go on to Philadelphia. They were much dispirited, but had only warm praise for my Virginia rangers. I was in no better humour, and felt, as I rode away, that we were on the edge of an awful crisis for the border counties. The favourable sentiments Sir John St. Clair and Colonel Burton were pleased to express respecting me could not but be pleasing; but the situation of our affairs was, to my mind, so serious as to put me into one of my melancholic moods and to make me feel, as I often did in the greater war, that, what with want of patriotism and lack of spirit, only that Providence in which I have always trusted could carry us through a great peril. As usual, a brisk ride jolted me into a more hopeful state of mind.

I lay for a day at Winchester in a poor tavern, cared for by the general's man, Bishop. There, to my comfort, came Lord Fairfax, who had the kindness to bring with him a good horse, which I was the better pleased to have because what became of the horse the general would have had me have I never was able to hear. His lordship insisted that I rest at Greenway Court until I was more fit to travel. I had here many letters; one that I was given up for killed, and there was come a long story about my dying speech. My mother was in a sad worry about me, and when she received my letter contradicting my death, and that I had never composed any dying speech, she declared I was always making her anxious and had no right to distress her by doing things that gave her occasion to think I was dead. His lordship overcame my objections, and I remained with him at the court several days, well pleased to be at rest.

When alone with Lord Fairfax, he showed me the affection and concern which, like myself, he was averse to displaying in company. After I had been made to give him a full account of the march and the battle, he said: "You will be wise to write and to say little of what took place, and to let others say what they will. The men who, having done something worthy of praise, do not incline to speak of it, are sure to be enough spoken of by others."

This was much as in any case I inclined to do, so that until now I have nowhere related this matter at length, and, as to the diary kept on our march, the French had it, and I saved only two or three letters.

What his lordship wrote of this disastrous business and of me to his friends in London, I do not know, but I was soon aware that both in England and in the colonies I was more praised than I deserved to be.

In 1758 a second British force, under Colonel Grant, was defeated in like manner as Braddock had been, but this was at the outworks of Fort Duquesne. In November of that same year I served under General Forbes and saw once more this disastrous neighbourhood. The hillside where we suffered such disgraceful and needless defeat was a miserable sight, for there were here scattered bits of red uniform and the bones of men and horses bleached in the sun.

At this time the garrison had fled, after succeeding in part to burn the fort, but no great damage done. I myself raised the flag of his Majesty over the ruins which had cost the lives of so many brave men.

I lingered longer at Greenway Court than was needful to repair my broken health, for what his lordship had to say of men and of passing events I found instructive, and the counsels he gave to agree with my own disposition.

I received here a letter from my mother, entreating me not to engage further in the military line, but giving no good reasons, so that I had to reply that she should more consider my honour and what duty I owed to my country than to grieve over what might not result in misfortune, or if it did, was to be accepted as better for me than to have failed to be worthy of the esteem of just men. When I spoke of this letter to Lord Fairfax, he said I had answered with propriety, but that all of our family and many of our friends were aware of my mother's peculiarities.

I reached Mount Vernon, as my diary shows, on July 26, at 4 P.M., a poorer man for my campaigning, and, I feared, with a good constitution much impaired.

Soon after I returned I received several letters congratulating me on my escape unhurt, and expressing a general satisfaction that amidst so much cowardice and ill management the rangers behaved with spirit and courage.

Among these communications one which afforded me more than ordinary pleasure was from Mr. Benjamin Franklin. Besides

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what he found fit to say of me, were certain reflections which, at this distant day, seem to nourish my inclination to look forward now, as he did then, desirous, as all must be, to discern from the present what the future alone can surely disclose.

Indeed, as I have descended the vale of life I have had increasing need to consider what the years would bring about, for to endeavour to forecast the future is one of the duties of a statesman.

Mr. Franklin, when in his last illness, said to General Knox, who spoke of it to Mrs. Washington, that I possessed the capacity to look forward in a way which, he said, was one of the forms of imagination, but that I had not the gift of fancy. I am not assured even now that I fully understand what he desired to convey by this statement.

The letter which gave rise in my mind to these reflections contains one of those light statements which I have never found myself able to employ, and which do not assist me to understand the affair in hand, or to comprehend any better what is desired to be conveyed.

*Philadelphia.*

To Colonel George Washington.

RESPECTED SIR: I am the richer for having had the opportunity of making your acquaintance, and I ought not to conceal from you the pleasure I have had in learning of late that your conduct in the humiliating defeat of General Braddock was such as to be a matter of just pride to the colonies.

Affairs with us, and indeed with all the colonies, are in a condition greatly to be deplored. We are, as it appears to me, much in the same state as a man I knew who, having married four times, had as a consequence four mothers-in-law, all of whom were of opinion that they had the right to meddle in his family affairs. These are, for us, the King, the Parliament, the Lords of Trade, and the Governors. For all of them we are a family of bad little boys. We, on the other hand, entertain the belief that we are grown-up Englishmen, who believe that we inherit certain rights. Soon or late mischief will come of it. The eggs of trouble are slow to hatch, but they do surely hatch soon or late and are never addled.

It would be worse than folly to conceal from you my fears as to the future. There are limitations to what men like our colonists, accustomed to a large measure of individual freedom, will endure. We seem to me to have gone back a century and to be at the commencement of just such a struggle with the crown as then occurred.

I was interested in what you said of the great coldness of a spring at Mount Vernon. I will, when opportunity serves, send you a good thermometer, when I think you will find that your wells have near about what is the average heat of the air for the entire year.

I hope to hear from you at your convenience, and, believe me, I shall feel myself honoured by any such mark of your attention, and that I am, with respect,

Your ob'd't humble servant,

*Benjamin Franklin.*

P.S. I venture to enclose one of my almanacs. *B. F.*

I gave this almanac and the letter to be read to my Lord Fairfax. He returned them, saying that what was said of the way of governing the colonies was true, but that Mr. Franklin overstated what was to be feared in the future; and as to the almanac, damn the man's little maxims! They smelt of New England.

THIS account of my youth I have for the present put aside to be considered later, whether to destroy it or not.

I discover in writing these remembrances that I have found pleasure in recalling many small circumstances which I had forgot. I also observe that, as I have written very little but letters in my life, the habit of writing as if for another's eyes than my own has prevailed, without intention on my part; but this can do no harm, seeing that all this has been set down only in order that I may for my own satisfaction consider as an old man what judgment I should pass on my acts as a young one.

As I shall retain for a season what I have written, I desire that, in case of accident to me, these pages should not for a long time be allowed to come to the general eye. The letters left among these leaves I intend to restore to their proper files.

### DIARY—DECEMBER 7, 1799

RAINY morning; mercury at 37. Afternoon clear and pleasant. Dined with Lord Fairfax at Belvoir.

In the evening felt somewhat a lowness of mind, and am reminded, as I write, that I have never had the inclination to set down in my diary other than practical matters. To distract my thoughts, I began to run over what was wrote last year and to consider of what has passed since I wrote,

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and of what must be done with what was written. My late brother Charles dying in September, I am the only male left of the second marriage. We are no long-lived people, and when I shall be called to follow them is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes, I shall endeavour to obey it with a good grace.

I have had much anxiety during the past two years concerning my country, and especially as to the indignities inflicted on us by the French, and a certain relief not to be again called, at my age, into the field. I may have been too anxious, but a bystander sees more of the game than they who are playing, and I believe I have had cause to feel uneasy. But the Ship of State is afloat, or very nearly so, and, considering myself as a passenger only, I shall trust to Heaven and the mariners, whose duty it is to steer us into a safe port of peace and prosperity.

[The general died on December fourteenth of this year, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine.]

THE END

# GLAMOUR

BY LULU WHEDON MITCHELL

I HAVE read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I hear the tramp of their feet
In the quiet village street.
I catch the sound of an echoing cheer,
Blown down the night wind, faintly clear,
And the drums' unfaltering beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
Their flags go streaming by,
Sharp comes the sentry's cry;
The shaded light of my study lamp
Seems a low glimmer from some still camp
Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
I march where the heroes are;
On my breast I feel a scar.
I turn to gaze on the rayless night;
The gloom is cleft by a beacon-light,
And behold—the bivouac star!

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# LOVE AT LONG DISTANCE

## BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN CASSEL

JACK EMMONS loved Miss Daisy Lampson to the verge of distraction, and longed to make her acquainted with the fact. Seven times, by actual count, had he made up his mind to propose to her, and seven times had he failed. Perhaps, after all, he was not to blame, when one considers what manner of maid Miss Daisy was. A moderately courageous man—one who, for example, would unhesitatingly spring in front of a runaway horse, or club a mad dog, or grapple with a burglar in the dark—might feel his courage oozing and his determination getting limp in the presence of a girl so particularly pretty and so gaily light of heart as Miss Daisy. To march up to such a maid and say: "I love you. Will you be my wife?" requires courage of a high order. Miss Daisy's dimples alone might serve to daunt such presumptuous courage. For any man with a decently modest appreciation of himself, viewing those dimples, would feel that he was asking for a great deal in comparison with the very most that he could give in exchange therefor. But add to the dimples the roses in her cheeks, and to the roses the snow of her brow and the cream of her neck, and add to these the curve of her lips and the wave of her hair, and you have such a formidable array of defensive charms as might cause any modest man to tremble. And when to the sum of all these powerful defenses you add the incomparable battery of Miss Daisy's eyes, even a much braver and much less modest man than Mr. Emmons might be pardoned for feeling what folly it was to try to take the citadel within the walls—Miss Daisy's heart.

It was her eyes, indeed, more than anything—her eyes and the laugh on her lips—that were responsible for Mr. Emmons's repeated repulses. One might march up to those eyes and that laugh with ever so brave a heart and with ninety-five per cent. iron in one's determination, and after five minutes' exposure to the pitiless battery retreat in disorder. At least, such was the experience of Jack Emmons.

But such experiences begin to wear on a man after a time. Seven iron determinations, succeeded by seven ignominious failures, are sure to have their effect; and this effect is pretty certain to be depressing. Mr. Jack Emmons began to grow moody—that is, as moody as a man of Jack's naturally sunny temperament can grow. He did not lose flesh, and he did not stop smiling altogether, though his smiles were not quite as constant and joyous as of old.

"If only I did n't have to face those eyes and that laugh I believe I could propose to her," reflected Jack, with a look on his round face as nearly gloomy as any he had ever worn. "But that 's what bowls me over every time—especially her eyes.

"The nearest I ever got to an actual proposal," reflected Jack, "was that night when we 'd been up to West Point and got back about midnight. It was n't even moonlight that night,—just dim starlight,—and Daisy and I were sitting on the upper deck all by ourselves. I could n't see her eyes much, and I could n't see her wavy hair and dimples very well, and I came mighty near proposing. That shows that I could propose to her—at least, I think I could—if I could n't see her while I was doing it. It was her laugh that knocked me out that night. Something funny struck her, and she got to laughing. Of course you can't propose to a girl when she 's



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laughing. I wonder if she knew I was going to propose, and laughed just to head me off? Perhaps just being near her makes me afraid of her. If that 's the case, it would n't make any difference whether I saw her face or not; I 'd be afraid to propose, just the same. Maybe if she could n't see me I 'd have more courage. But how 's a fellow to propose, and keep himself hidden while he 's doing it? Some fellows write their proposals; but I 'm no hand at writing. I should n't know what to say, and should be sure to write something that would make her reject me. If I could write a decent proposal, and say just what I meant and nothing more, I 'd do it. But I can't, and I don't dare risk it. Now, if I could only talk to her, and not have those eyes of hers looking at me, I believe I could propose; but a fellow can't get behind a screen at such a time, and he can't wear a mask."



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A HALF-SUPPRESSED GURGLE OF LAUGHTER WAS BORNE TO HIS EAR, AND JACK HALTED"

As he ruminated thus gloomily, Jack's glance rested on the telephone standing on his desk, suggestively near his elbow. It seemed to say: "Well, what am I here for? Have n't I served you many a time in the past, and served you faithfully? This is a delicate piece of business, I know; but can't you trust me? I 'm far better than a screen. I 'm the very medium you 've been wishing for, and I 'm most cheerfully at your service, sir."

"By Jove! I wonder I had n't thought of it before!" exclaimed Jack. Without giving the impulse time to cool, he took the receiver from its hook. "Hullo, Central! Give me 'Pink, double one, four, two,'" he called. "Eleven forty-two, Pink," came the answer, and Jack settled back in his chair, the receiver

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to his ear. That his heart was beating a pulse or two faster than usual must be admitted; but otherwise Mr. Emmons was calm This eighth attempt at a proposal seemed to possess such elements of possible success that he even smiled as he waited.

"Hullo! Eleven forty-two, Pink. Is Miss Lampson there —Miss Daisy Lampson? Oh, hullo, Daisy, is that you? Who? Bessie? Oh, I thought 't was Daisy; your voices sound so much alike. Is n't Daisy there?"

"Wait a minute while I call her; she 's up-stairs," said the voice. "It 's Mr. Jack Emmons, is n't it?"

"Yes," Jack answered.

"All right; wait just a minute," called the sweet girl tones in his ear, at once remote and near; and with a fluttering heart the wooer waited.

In another moment a voice equally sweet and equally intimate and remote was saying to his left ear: "Hullo, Jack! Did you want to speak to me?"

The supreme moment of determination number eight had arrived; but though, naturally, he was somewhat flustered, Mr. Jack Emmons had no thought of retreating. The flash and dazzle of the masked battery at the other end of the wire did not daunt him.

"Yes, Daisy," he answered, "I want to speak to you a minute. There 's something I 've been wanting to say to you for a long time, but I never could seem to get just the right opportunity, so I thought I 'd call you up and say it over the wire. You know, Daisy, we 've known each other for a long—" A half-suppressed gurgle of laughter was borne to his ear,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING?'"

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"FROM A REMOTE PART OF THE HOUSE A RIPPLE OF SILVERY LAUGHTER REACHED THEIR EARS"

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and Jack halted. If the battery of her eyes was now powerless, the long-range power of that merry laugh was still effective; and Jack hurriedly considered if he might not retreat, after all, and hope for better luck at the ninth attack. If left to himself he might have ordered a retreat and tried to think up some way of proposing in which he could neither see nor hear Daisy during the trying period; but he was not left to himself.

"Yes, Jack, we 've known each other a long time," the silver tones cooed. "What was it you wanted to say?"

"I—er—" began Jack, more discomfited than ever by the seeming weakness of the resistance. He paused, the speech which he had so often practised now quite forgotten in this moment of direst need.

"Yes, Jack. Hullo, Jack, are you there?" came the far-away voice.

"Yes, Daisy; I—"

"Oh, yes; now I hear you, Jack. I thought they 'd cut us off. What was it you were saying?"

Entrancingly sweet, invitingly soft, sounded the voice, and retreat was out of the question. He must storm the heights at any cost, and take the citadel if possible.

"I wanted to say—I wanted to tell you—" desperately he began, "that I—that I 've known you a long time, Daisy, and that I love you, and—and always have, and always will; and that I 'm telling you now, this way, because—because your beauty always frightens me when I try to say it to your face. And, Daisy, don't despise me for being such a coward; for if any one 's to blame, it 's you, with your beauty and your wit. I love you, Daisy; I could n't say how much if—if I had all the telephones in town to tell it with. Don't laugh, dear. I 'm terribly in earnest, and mean every word I say. I love you more than I ever loved any one in all my life—a thousand times more; and I—Daisy, I want you to marry me. I know I 'm asking for a million times more than I can give, but I want you—not because I deserve you, dear; not because I ever can deserve you—but because—because I love you, and always have, and always shall. Will you be my wife?"

Jack was not quite sure whether a ripple of silvery laughter came floating over the wire or not. Perhaps, after all, he had only imagined it: it would be quite natural for him to do that, since Daisy's laugh was the only weapon of hers he had to fear at this distance. He waited, listening intently for some other sounds; but the mysterious murmurings of the long-distance wire was all that he heard.

"Hullo, Daisy!" he called, but received no reply; or was there a suspicion of a choking gurgle at the other end of the wire?

"Hullo, Daisy! Hullo! Hullo!" he repeated, his face reddening with mixed emotions.

"Hullo, Jack! Hullo! Are you gone?" came the voice.

"No, I 'm here. Did you catch what I said?"

"What?"

"Did you hear what I said?" he repeated.

"Yes; the wire does n't seem to be working very well, but I can hear you now. What was it you wanted?"

"I said," began Jack, and then he stopped, groaning inwardly. This telephoning a proposal was n't, after all, quite what his fancy had pictured.

"Yes?" The silver voice in his ear was soft and inviting. He must go on, whether or no.

"I said would you be my wife, Daisy?" he answered, in perspiring desperation.

"Yes? Hullo, Jack! Hullo! Are you there? I don't hear you," called the voice in his ear.

Jack groaned. He took the receiver from his ear and gazed at it reproachfully, frowningly; then he put it back.

"Hullo, Daisy!" he called. His voice was calmer now.

"Hullo, Jack! I thought you 'd gone," came the answer.

"No; I 'm still here. Will you be at home this evening, Daisy?"

"Yes," came the answer, prompt and clear.

"All right; I 'm coming out to see you. I have something to tell you that I can't say very well by telephone. I 'll be out on the eight-thirty train."

"All right; I 'll be here, Jack. Good-by," the voice answered.

Mr. Emmons put the receiver back on its hook and for several minutes industriously mopped his brow. Then he began to pace the room.



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At eight-thirty-five that evening he mounted the steps to the Lampson home, and found Daisy sitting on the piazza alone. She greeted him cordially, and suddenly he felt that, in spite of the disconcerting dimples and the battery of bright eyes, this was going to be better than the telephone. But there could be no shirking now. He had told her he had something to say, and he must say it. He started in abruptly, fearing perhaps the effect that the dimples and bright eyes might have if he dallied.

"I came out, Daisy," he began manfully, "to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. I should have said it long ago if I had dared; but you frightened me with your beauty, and—and I could n't. That 's why I tried telephoning. I thought 't would be easier; but it was n't. You must have heard part of what I said, though, and had some idea of what I was coming out for, and you would n't have let me come if your answer was to be no. It is yes, is n't it, Daisy? Don't say it is n't."

"Yes, Jack dear, of course it is 'yes.' But what in the world do you mean by saying you tried telephoning, and that I must have heard part of what you said? I did n't hear anything. It was n't I at the telephone, Jack."

"It was n't you! Who was it?"

"Why, Bessie. She said you tried to tell her something, but she could n't hear very well, and so you would be out this evening to see me. What did you say? Did you really propose over the wire, Jack?"

"Yes, Daisy; that is, I tried to."

"Then I 'll wager that the little imp heard every word you said. She 's been giggling about something all the afternoon."

"Well, dear, never mind if she did. I don't care as long as you love me, Daisy, and are going to marry me. Bessie 's all right, anyway; she told me to come out to-night, so I 'll forgive her."

And just then, from a remote part of the house, a ripple of silvery laughter reached their ears.

# DAYS COME AND GO

BY MADISON CAWEIN

LEAVES fall and flowers fade,
Days come and go:
Now is sweet Summer laid
Low in her leafy glade,
Low like a fragrant maid,
Low, low, ah, low.

Tears fall and eyelids ache,
Hearts overflow:
Here for our dead love's sake
Let us our farewells make—
Will he again awake?
Ah, no, no, no.

Winds sigh and skies are gray,
Days come and go:
Wild birds are flown away.
Where are the blooms of May?
Dead, dead, this many a day,
Under the snow.

Lips sigh and cheeks are pale,
Hearts overflow:
Will not some song or tale,
Kiss, or a flower frail,
With our dead love avail?
Ah, no, no, no.

# CONCERNING MY AUNT ELLEN

## BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

ELLEN HOLINSHED was my aunt. My name is Edward Holinshed, but as a rule she called me Mr. Man. She was a young lady, and I was a little boy. Her father was dead, and mine was stone broke. Ellen had fifteen hundred dollars a year, and a voice. I had several vacancies for teeth, and freckles on my nose. Ellen wished to study singing abroad. She took me with her to be her comrade and her knight. She kept a spasmodic journal, and I shall begin this narrative by quoting from it.

ELLEN'S JOURNAL

*Paris, Friday.* Behold, we have been with the great teacher of singing. We called five times before he would see us, because he is said to hate American voices. Finally I suppose our persistence wore him out, for he had to let us in. His workroom is a large, square place with tall windows, three pianos, bare floors, and hideous things on the mantelpiece. The creature was sitting at a table, with his back to us. After we had looked at his back for some time, he said, "Well?" and turned round in a la-de-da manner. I suppose he must have liked our looks, because the moment he saw us his whole manner changed, and he hopped to his little chisel-shaped feet and bowed and scraped.

"Bon Dieu, mademoiselle!" he cried, "is it you that I have kept in waiting? I wish I may do a million years of penance in purgatory!"

"Never mind," I said. "I 'll forgive you, if you 'll teach me to sing and not make it too horribly much."

"You wish to sing?" he said. "I shall be proud to give you lessons."

We exchanged pleasant remarks for some time, and then he sat down at the piano and tried my voice. I was horribly frightened, but I did my very best, because it meant so much to me. After he had tested my voice thoroughly, he swung slowly round on his stool, and looked up at me with disappointment written in large letters all over his face. I nearly cried, and presently he *did*.

"I cannot give you lessons," he said.

I tried to be cheerful.

"Is it as bad as that?" I said.

"Yes," said he; "it is as bad as that."

"You think I can never learn to sing?"

Then he stood up on his little feet and began to shout and stamp.

"Sing!" he cried, "sing! *Ciel!* you can sing! But I cannot teach you, since you have nothing to learn. It is for that I weep!"

I could have kissed him, but I did n't. When he had calmed down, he asked who my teachers had been, and after I had told him, he wrote their names down in a book. Then he made me the prettiest little speech.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "once or twice in a century a human throat is made like the throat of a nightingale. Such a throat had Lisette the Gipsy, who died in giving birth to a child, before even she had sung to the world; and such a throat have you. My ear, which has been tuned by the greatest voices of the age, can pick no flaw in your singing. I would rather listen to your notes than be given pearls. You have only to go where Frenchmen are gathered together, and sing the littlest song, to find their gold, their watches, their rings, and their hearts thrown at your feet. Will you not sit at the piano now and sing a little



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song to this old professor, who is at once happy and unhappy in that he can teach you nothing?"

I sat down, of course, as I always do when anybody asks me, and sang him a song. I sang him the "Suwanee River" just as well as I could, and he began to cry again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there is so little that I can say." He wiped his eyes with a handkerchief that had so much cologne on it that it must have made them sting; then he talked very seriously to me, and wisely, I thought. He told me to wait a year or two before going on the stage. He said that, if I insisted, he would get me a position at once, but that he would advise me to wait. He told me that, to begin with, I had not come to my full strength, and that, to end with, my French was execrable.

"Were I you," he said, "I would spend a year in Tours, where the best French is spoken, and a year in Italy. I would practise with all my heart, but not too much; I would learn many rôles, and finally appear to the world at the very best that was possible to me. You are too young," he said, "too young."

Then he said:

"Mademoiselle, I pray that you will always consider me your friend. The goodness which is so evident in your beautiful face has given me nearly as much pleasure as your voice. If"—and the little fellow blushed very nicely—"you have not money enough to do what I recommend, I will gladly be your banker."

Mr. Man and I had to stop on the stairs to give each other a hug, because we were so happy. Mr. Man seemed to understand everything we said (though he does n't know any French except the word for cream-puff), and laughed for joy.

*Hôtel de L'Univers, Tours, Monday.* Mr. Man is the dearest little man, and when I don't want to cry over him I want to laugh. Whenever the waiter helps him to anything, he bows his sweetest and says, "Mercy! Mercy!" which he conceives to be the French for "Thanks." This hotel is kept by two sisters, as pretty as possible, and ever so kind. They are doing everything they can to help me find a nice little house cheap,—because I am going to keep house, now that I have the chance,—and it is perfectly charming to hear them wheedle and scold the various landlords. The hotel has a gravel courtyard, a fountain in the middle, and quantities of tame white doves. They may be pigeons, but I think they are doves. I have already engaged a tutor. He is a wee little man with a large bulbous head and the tiniest feet, which he keeps pressed close to each other, in order, I think, to give the impression that he has at least one foot of normal size. Everybody says that his French is very beautiful and that he is a great scholar. Here French is talked slowly and largely, like English, and there is no clipping of quantities.

*Tuesday.* We have a house. It is No. 10 Rue des Guetteries, or Rue des Guetteries dix, as they say here, a quiet little street running for a block at right angles from the big boulevard, and losing itself in front of a cobbler's shop. It is a wee bit of a place, but ample for us two and a servant. It has a little oblong back yard surrounded by an ivy-covered wall, floored with broken flints, and containing two trees large enough, so Mr. Man proceeded to demonstrate, to climb.

*Sunday.* Other people may be happy, and I hope they are, but Mr. Man and I are the happiest people in the world. The only cloud was Mr. Man's career at the Lycée, which, thank God, has terminated. It seems that the brute of a master tried to punish him for sticking a pen in the calf of the boy in front of him, who promptly shrieked and told, and that Mr. Man, resisting punishment, burned his bridges and threw the ink-well into the master's face. The master, it seems, ran shrieking from the room, to get the help of some one higher in authority. The other scholars drew back from Mr. Man as if he had the smallpox, and probably prayed to their saints, while he, nothing daunted, gathered his books together, drew a picture of a donkey on the blackboard, labeled it with the master's name, and came home. The Lycée is a dreadful place: (*a*) the rooms are not ventilated, (*b*) the masters are unjust, (*c*) the boys are sneaks, (*d*) the food is vile, (*e*) the tone is immoral.

### EDWARD'S NARRATIVE

EVERYBODY was happy in those days—at least, I was. There was always fun to be had or an adventure. We got to know all

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the English and American colony well, and many charming French families. Especially we loved a truly beautiful and great French lady to whom it must have been an everlasting solace to know that her name was Madame la Vicomtesse de La Montaigne Solaire. She and the archbishop were the richest people in Tours, and the most charitable. De La Montaigne himself was dead, and madame had dedicated her eternal youth and beauty to black, in which she was bewitching. Her brother was Claude St. Anne, the chocolate king, of whom everybody with even the most paltry interest in magnates has heard. We heard a great deal about him from the vicomtesse, and there was nothing for it but that he should come to Tours and see Ellen. The vicomtesse insisted upon it. She wanted to make a match, and to Ellen's laughing protests she turned a deaf ear and an insistent spirit. "Let him merely set eyes on you," madame would say, "and the marriage is made."

Then she would say how good and beautiful he was, and how young and rich; how he had three great houses that had belonged to kings, and an estate in Canada that was about as big as France, and, she would add pitifully, nobody but himself to do the marketing. Then she would tell, strictly for my benefit, how much chocolate her brother's factories turned out in a year, a month, a day. I forget the exact statistics, but I am inclined to the impression that the year's output would have made a rod six inches in diameter of triple extract of vanilla, yellow label, from Paris to the moon.

One day the vicomtesse took a letter from her blotter and waved it triumphantly at Ellen.

"It is enough," she said; "he is coming. Hear now what he says, and if I have done wrong, scold me." Then she read:

"Whenever I hear from you, dear sister, I feel as if an angel had written to me. But how shall I thank you for this last letter, written as it is by one angel and containing the picture of another—"

She paused.

"I sent him your photograph, Ellen," she said defiantly. "I know that I had not the right. Now scold me!"

For some reason Ellen did not scold. Madame read on:

"I return the picture, because I have not the right to keep it; but I shall not let it be long out of my sight, for in three days I shall be in your house and at the feet of it. Commend me to the original, for whom I have already the most profound admiration.

"That is enough for you to hear," said madame. "You see he is coming, and the marriage is as good as made."

Ellen lay back in her chair and laughed; but I think, in her heart, and in spite of herself, she was somewhat excited at the prospect of St. Anne's visit.

But the third day arrived, and no St. Anne. The vicomtesse did not seem in the least disturbed, and said, "Affairs—affairs"; but Ellen, who should not have been, was, bless her heart! I think the sly rogue had been building a little romance about the chocolate king—a very little one; but she laughed about it, and called him names to his sister. She spoke of him as her faithless lover and a wrecker of hearts.

M. Carrière, Ellen's tutor, came every morning, at nine, and occasionally of an afternoon paid her an unprofessional visit. He was a dear little bushy man, as gentle as a pigeon and very learned. One day Ellen said to me: "Mr. Man, what do you think can be the matter with monsieur? He came to teach me this morning, and when he left said that he had something to say, and when he tried to say it, burst out crying. He said something about being obliged to stop teaching me, and jumped up and ran out of the house."

"Perhaps he 's in love with you, too, Ellen," I said, for I was getting worldly wise. You could n't help it, living with Ellen and seeing the heads turn. Usually when I said things like that Ellen called me a prim little goose and laughed at me; but this time she seemed prepared to discuss the matter seriously, and in the very middle of the discussion who should ring and be admitted but M. Carrière himself? He brought a large bouquet of roses with a stiff collar of paper lace about it.

"Dear young lady," he said, bowing and breathing hard, but otherwise very possessed, "I have come to say what I was unable to say this morning. I have come to say good-by. I shall not be able to teach you any more. I have been called to the chair of French in the University of Montreal. That is why I was so troubled this morning, for it came over me all of a sudden that we

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had had our last lesson together, and I am a lonely old man with no wife or little ones, and I had come to regard you and p'tit monsieur as something very sweet and good that belonged to me. I have for you two young people the feelings of a father, and in saying adieu to you, I beg your acceptance of this insignificant bouquet of roses, and may I add, in the delicate phrase of your so great Shakspere, 'Nymve, een thy oresons be all my seens remember.'"

Ellen mothered the little man, and patted him on the back, and buried her face in the roses, and said all the sweet things she could think of. Presently Eugénie brought in tea, and to this day I think I can see little M. Carrière, a cup and saucer in one hand, a slice of bread with one bite gone in the other, his little feet pressed closely together, his funny tall hat on the floor beside him, and a glistening tear in the corner of each eye.

"As for further lessons in French, dear young lady," he said, "I have spoken to my very great friend, Monsieur Langeais, and he will call upon you in the morning at"—he gulped—"the usual hour. He is one of the truest scholars in France, and I feel confident that you will like him. He is not old like me," he added wistfully.

When he had finished his tea, the little man asked Ellen to sing him one song for the long good-by. And when she had done, he gave her one look of anguish and adoration, and left the house.

Ellen was prepared to hate the new tutor.

As I came home from school the next afternoon, I found the vicomtesse's carriage drawn up in front of Rue des Guetteries dix, and the vicomtesse in the act of dismounting therefrom. She was in great good humor and boxed my ears for me. We went in together and found Ellen at the piano. She was not playing, however, but dreaming, and her eyes were on the bouquet of roses which poor little M. Carrière had given her. Ellen jumped up with a little glad cry as we came in, and kissed the vicomtesse.

"My dear," said the latter, "I have heard that Monsieur Carrière has been obliged to leave you, and I have come over at once to give you the name of another French professor who has most excellent credentials."

"That is very sweet of you," said Ellen, "but I have already engaged a tutor."

Madame seemed disappointed.

"You *are* a devout student!" she exclaimed. "And who is the lucky man?"

"A Monsieur Langeais," said Ellen.

"Langeais," said madame, "Langeais," as if the name conveyed nothing—"a little anemic man with side-whiskers?"

Ellen laughed.

"He 's very big and strong," she said.

"Now I place him," said madame. "But, my dear, he is so young!"

"Awfully," said Ellen.

"But is it—quite proper?"

"Of course it is," said Ellen; "and, besides, I have Eugénie."

"Still," said madame, "a young tutor. I am not sure that I should permit myself one. Would n't you better dismiss him and try my man?"

"But I 've engaged him," said Ellen.

Madame insisted.

Ellen became stubborn.

"My dear," said madame, "you display too much interest in this creature. You stand up for him as if he were an old and tried friend."

"Why," said Ellen, "he 's got the manliest and most honest face I ever saw. I 'd trust him anywhere. He 's the soul of courtesy, and a gentleman every inch of him."

"My dear," said madame, "people will talk; be advised."

"I am here to study French," said Ellen, "under the best master I can find, and if people talk, they may. I 'm sure I don't care."

Madame rose.

"Of course," she said, "if it is a question of the best master, I have nothing to say. By the way," she added, and there was a twinkle in her right eye and a slight closing of her left, "do you happen to know the name of the *best* master to study under?"

We were unable to answer this enigmatical question, and madame, assuming the manner and voice of a woman of the people (a thing she could do with inimitable humor), sang blatantly the refrain of Nicholas:

"Le voilà, Nicholas. Ah—ah—ah!"

and, laughing, left us.

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ELLEN'S JOURNAL

*Wednesday.* My new tutor is an excellent young man, and speaks the most beautiful French, and sings and plays charmingly. He is very big and has brown hair and brown eyes, and is clean-shaven, which is very rare in a Frenchman. I feel very sorry for him; he is an orphan, and has no money except what he can make by tutoring. The vicomtesse tries to tease me about him. I am beginning to think she is a very flippant woman. Yesterday they both came to tea, and she treated him *de haut en bas*, which I have never known her to do to any one before, and which I thought in very bad form. Why is it that just as soon as you think a certain person is perfect he or she proceeds to disclose a cloven hoof? Mr. Man is devoted to M. Langeais, and they have been for several excursions together of an afternoon. M. Langeais knows everything, and is a splendid comrade for Mr. Man. He has learned more French on their few walks than in all the time he has been here. And as for me, my progress really astonishes me, or else M. Langeais flatters. But I don't think so, because he is absolutely indifferent to me. I know this because I have gathered from his conversation that he is in love with some girl and they cannot get married because they are poor. The *question d'argent* is a beastly thing. I have always wished to be very rich, and now I am beginning not to care. I think money is a very sordid consideration, and I think there could be just as much happiness in a little tiny *ménage* as in a marble palace.

EDWARD'S NARRATIVE

EVERYBODY that I have ever spoken to has been corralled. I am the most-talked-of person in Tours, and the population thereof wishes that I had choked before ever I left my native heath and crossed the boisterous Atlantic. I am expected to be responsible for as many deaths as the Colt revolver, or the poison of the Borgias, and I do not care a hurrah. It is a fine time to find out who one's real friends are. Madame la Vicomtesse de La Montaigne Solaire has sent to Paris for an expert. We are waiting his arrival. Now he enters with the local doctor and beholds me in all my loathsomeness. He is a big jolly man, and he smiles at me, and I do my best to smile back, but the doctor has been so much heralded that I am sore afraid.

"Vous voyez, monsieur," says the local doctor.

"Si, je vois," says the expert, and suddenly clapping his hand upon his colleague's shoulder, he bursts into a house-shaking peal of laughter. He calms himself, and addressing Ellen, Langeais, Eugénie, the local doctor, and me, speaks as follows:

"In the current of my practice, it happened, ladies and gentlemen, that this morning I was to deliver a duchess of an infant, to dress the festering finger of the President of the French Republic, and to give a lecture on the esthetics of medicine. I was also on the point of administering an ice bath to a general who is suffering from pneumonia, and I was engaged for luncheon with my best friend. In the face of these interesting events I received a telegram from my dear friend the vicomtesse. It read:

> If you don't come to Tours by the next train to attend a case of smallpox in which I am interested, I will never speak to you again.

It was enough; I came. This little gentleman"—and he pointed at me—"what is his name?"

"Pat-à-Pouf," said Langeais, firmly.

The great doctor winked at me.

"This little Monsieur Pat-à-Pouf," he said, "is not suffering from smallpox, but measles."

Langeais gave a shout of laughter.

The great doctor winked at him,—indeed, there seemed to be an understanding between them,—and turned to Ellen.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you have been drinking too much coffee."

"It was to help me keep awake," said Ellen.

"There is no longer any need," said the great doctor, "and I advise you to go back to—chocolate."

ELLEN'S JOURNAL

*Thursday.* I have burned my bridges, given up all idea of going on the stage and becoming famous and rich. I am going to marry a Frenchman who has n't a cent in the world and be happy all my life. The wretch did n't even have to ask me twice. When he proposed, I wanted

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to throw my arms around his neck and say yes; but habit got the better of me, and I started in to beat about the bush and be tentative, and put him off. But when he said that he would never trouble me again (and he meant it), I simply gave in, and I have been laughing and crying ever since.

*Friday.* I had to tell somebody and get advice (not that I had the slightest intention of taking it, if it went against my wishes), and so I ran at once to the vicomtesse, and before I could tell her she knew.

"You have suddenly grown up, my dear," she said. "I hope you will be very happy."

Then she made me come and sit on the arm of her chair, and she put her arm around me, and we had a long talk, and she was the dearest, sweetest thing.

"Are you very sure of yourself, Poosy" (I think she means Pussy), "and have you considered the difficulties, the dangers, and the renunciations? Frankly, I like your young man, but from the worldly point of view, Poosy, what are we to say of him? He is nearing thirty—what has he accomplished? Is he a breadwinner—a man likely to get on in the world?"

I told her that I thought we could live on what we had even if my dear did n't get on and was n't successful, and she smiled at me a long time.

"Pretty Poosy," she said, "I had hoped for you for my brother. Ah, if he had only come!"

"That fickle man," I said, "who admired my photograph so much that he would never come near me."

"It would have been so beautiful," she went on, without hearing. "So much money, such looks on both sides, so many establishments, so many things to do, so large and charitable a life it would have been—the world made easy!"

"I think the world is easy enough as it is, and very beautiful," said I.

"But your religion," she said suddenly. "Have you thought of that? Can you give that up? For this Langeais is a Catholic, is he not?"

"I suppose something can be done about it," I said.

"My dear," said she, "you need a strong arm to lean on."

"I have," said I.

"I mean of an older and wiser man," she said.

"Other men may be older—" I began rather sharply.

"Will you go to the archbishop," she said, "if I give you a letter to him? He is very great and wise. And he will tell you what you must do in this matter."

*Saturday.* I sent my letter in to the archbishop, and he said that he would see me. I marched up to the palace as bold as brass, but very much frightened and awed, I don't quite know why. The archbishop was walking in his garden. It was quite warm out of doors, and, late as it is, there were a few roses blooming and some violets. There is a little mossy tank in the garden, full of carp, and the archbishop was feeding them with bits of bread. There were a number of pigeons about his feet, and he was feeding them too. The priest who was accompanying me whispered something to the archbishop, and left us. The archbishop brushed the crumbs from his hands, and turned to me with the quaintest and most courteous little bow. I don't know how old he is, but his hair is white, his face thin and wrinkled and rather austere; but when he smiles, there is something very charming and young about him.

"You should see my garden in spring," he said, "for then it is nearly as beautiful as you. Shall we walk, or do you prefer to go indoors?"

"I love it out here," I said.

"I am glad," said the archbishop; "so do I. Shall I show you my famous carp?"

We stood side by side at the edge of the tank, and the archbishop pointed out the various fish and told me their ages and characters. All the while I stood there I kept thinking that I was his daughter.

"Louis passes," said he, and he pointed to a great, slow-moving, mossy fish with dull eyes. "He has the letters L. R. carved on him," he said, "and they are supposed to stand for Louis Rex, and to have been carved by the Grand Monarch himself. These fishes, as you are doubtless aware, live to an incredible age. This Louis of mine, like the great king for whom he is named, is vain, proud, and selfish."

And he ran on, talking, laughing, and explaining, and saying pretty things to me until I could have kissed him. Then quite suddenly he began to talk gravely about the things that count, and then about me and my affairs.

"You have come to me on a grave

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Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE . . . GATHERED HIS BOOKS TOGETHER, DREW A PICTURE OF A DONKEY ON THE BLACKBOARD, LABELED IT WITH THE MASTER'S NAME, AND CAME HOME"



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matter, daughter," he said, "and I have been thinking what to say to you. Just what your religion means to you I have no way of knowing, and you must tell me; for even a religion lightly held by is not to be given up lightly. Are you strong in faith and in the articles which you have been taught? Or is your mind open to persuasion and earnest to understand?"

"I 'm afraid," I said, "that I have never thought very much about it. My people were not church-going people. I do truly believe in God," I said, "but what the difference may be between your religion and mine, I 'm sure I don't know."

"You do truly believe in God?" said the archbishop.

"I do," said I.

"Then there is no difference between your religion and mine," he said. "If different sects the world over believed more in God and less in themselves, there would not be so much quarreling."

"But," said I, "I 've got to join the church that my husband belongs to, and I don't know how to do it."

"You do truly believe in God?"

"I do."

"Then already it is as good as done."

"But are n't there certain forms to go through, and things to learn, and books that I must read? I 've heard so."

"I will appoint a good and wise man to give you instruction."

I thanked him. Then he took my hand and patted it.

"Is it good to be young?" he said.

I called him "mon père" and told him that I was so happy that I could n't be sure whether my feet touched the ground or not.

"Many years ago," said the archbishop, "I was as young as you. I lived in a land where there was always sunshine and flowers. At about a league from my father's farm there was another farm, about which all my thought and youth centered. When my day's work was ended, and I had come back from the fields, I would put on my Sunday blouse,—it was of blue stuff and very handsome, I thought,—patiently comb my stub-born hair before the little cracked mirror in the room of my mother and father, and stride off through the meadows, knee-deep in poppies, to that other farm. She was not so beautiful as you, but there was something lovely about her face that, for me, is beyond description. I began going when I was a little boy; I kept on going till the day of her death.



Drawn by Leon Guiljon. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"M. CARRIÈRE, A CUP AND SAUCER IN ONE HAND, A SLICE OF BREAD . . . IN THE OTHER"

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"It was a lovely evening. They told me that she had come in with her arms full of flowers, and that for a long time she had sat silently with the flowers in her lap. Then she had said to her mother, 'Mother, my head hurts me' (*'Ma tête me fait douleur'*), and then suddenly and hurriedly, as if she feared that there would not be time, she said in a clear voice, 'Almighty God, be good to Jean!' and one by one the flowers slipped from her lap, and she died.

"A little later I came striding through the meadows, and it seemed to me that my heart was in flower. Her old father met me, and led me to the house, saying over and over, for he was very old, 'My boy, have God in your heart—have God in your heart.' Then we pulled off our caps and went in.

"They left us alone together. They had brought in her bed and laid her upon it, with the flowers about her that she had gathered. They were poppies, red poppies, and already they had begun to fade.

"I sat by her side, and held her cold hand, all that night, and no one came to interrupt us. Just before the first flush of the morning I seemed to see a great green meadow full of poppies, and standing in the midst, God, and she was kneeling at his feet and praying to him for my immortal soul. Then God, stooping over her, said: 'Will it make you happy, dear, if I save Jean's soul?' And she said that it would. And God said: 'But I cannot save Jean's soul all by myself; he must help me.' And then, with lovely tears in her eyes, she promised for me that I would be good.

"That, my daughter," said the archbishop, "is why I am an archbishop, and why your face, so beautiful and full of love, is such a solace to my old heart. The old priest has never spoken of this before—but something in your face . . . You should see this bush," he said, "when it is covered with camellias."

He walked all the way to the gate with me, and made the sign of the cross on my forehead.

"Have God in your heart," he said, "for there is some one waiting for you."

Then he looked quite a long time into my eyes, and tears came in his.

"Also for me," he said, "there is some one waiting."

EDWARD'S NARRATIVE

MADAME LA VICOMTESSE, in her great and well-known graciousness, asked Ellen to bring Langeais and me to tea. We went. Madame was very nice to Langeais, and showed him all the pretty things in her house. She also told him how she had sent Ellen's photograph to her brother, and how she had hoped to kindle a match by so doing. She talked more of her brother than she did of Langeais and Ellen, which, under the circumstances, seemed a little forced. Finally she told Viridique to get down *les albums de monsieur*. Viridique brought the fat volumes, and madame selected one of them. "Ellen," she said, "if you and Pat-à-Pouf will sit beside me, and if monsieur will look over my shoulder, I will show you some pretty pictures."

She opened the album, and we saw a vast and shining house that stood upon a bluff which had its granite feet in a river. A sea-going steam-yacht tugged at her moorings, and made two long streaks of white in the current.

"That is my brother's place in Canada," said madame—"an infinitesimal portion of it. It is on an island which even a good woodman cannot make the length of under three days. The house has upward of a hundred rooms, and there is a stable containing forty horses."

She turned the page.

"The deer-park. There are," she said, "five square leagues inclosed in wire, in which dwell deer of all kinds, elk and moose and bison. But they are pets; my brother does his shooting in the wild, and enters here only with his camera."

There followed a series of wonderful pictures of wild animals, over which I nearly went crazy. Madame turned page after page, until your mouth fairly watered to have such a place of your own. It beat any king's place I ever saw: there were wild woodlands, huge trees, barrens, splendid stretches of shore and river, and over all an atmosphere as clear as crystal and intoxicating like champagne. The last picture in that album was of a sunny place in the woods. At the back was a perpendicular rock out of which sprang a curved rod of foaming water that filled the prettiest little round basin at the foot of the rock. Off to the left, half hidden among the trees, was a low rustic structure with

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Drawn by Leon Gulpon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'BUT JUST ONE PICTURE MORE,' SAID MADAME"

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a gabled roof. A board walk led from it to the edge of the pool and terminated in a workmanlike-looking spring-board.

"Over the fireplace in the bath-house," said madame, "there is engraved a verse which is familiar to you all. You may each have one guess. Ellen?"

Ellen had been trying very hard not to be interested in the pictures.

"Well," she said, "if that water is as cold as it looks, I think the verse ought to be:

> 'Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,
> Ne sais quand reviendra.'"

Madame laughed. "And you, Pat-à-Pouf, what do you guess?"

But I, being put upon, could only giggle and stammer. Indeed, even if I had been perfectly calm and alone with Walter or Maurice, I doubt if I should have remembered any apt poetry about bathing.

"There is," said Langeais, "only one verse in Canadian literature—and I take it that your brother will have drawn from Canadian literature to inscribe his Canadian place—which is suitable." And he hummed:

> "À la claire fontaine
> M'en allant promener,
> J'ai trouvée l'eau si belle
> Que je m'y suis baigner."

"You have guessed correctly," said madame.

"It was not guessing," said Langeais, "but certainty."

"How certainty?" said madame.

"Why, look at the picture," said he.

Madame smiled and closed the album, while Ellen sent an adoring glance at the sagacious lover.

"It must be pleasant," said Langeais, "for a man to give such presents to the woman he loves."

"Far pleasanter," said Ellen, "for him to think that he can make her happy without giving her anything of the kind."

"The chocolate-works," said madame, opening a second volume.

"I won't look at any more pictures," said Ellen, laughing; "you are trying to make us envious, and you are a naughty lady."

"But just one picture more," said madame. She took up another volume and turned over the leaves rapidly until she found the picture she wanted. It represented upward of a hundred little children with caps and dresses just alike. They looked like so many happy little lambs, and six sisters with gentle faces stood among them. I happened to look at Langeais and saw that he was blushing violently to the roots of his hair.

"Being unmarried and having no children of his own," said madame, "it pleases my brother to have good care taken of these little orphans."

Ellen bent over the picture (she was so easily moved by little children); then she said:

"He must be a very good man."

Madame closed the book.

"One more picture," she said.

She arose, and crossing to her writing-desk, returned with a photograph, which she placed in Ellen's hand.

"My brother," she said.

Ellen gave a little cry.

I do not know quite how, but I was in the next room with madame, and she was laughing softly.

"But why, then," said Ellen, "have we leased Rue des Guetteries dix for five years?"

"We have not leased it," said the chocolate king; "we have bought it. And hereafter no one shall live in that house."

The next day the man who, as Langeais, must have felt all the time as suppressed as a butterfly in a cocoon, began to spend money.



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# THE REAL DANGERS OF THE TRUSTS

## WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO REMEDIES

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University

IN the midst of a Presidential campaign, while the trust question is being debated with the heat of political partizanship, it will be no less interesting than instructive to read the conclusions as to the real dangers of the system, by one who has given the subject profound and disinterested examination.—EDITOR.

WHAT is a trust, and what have we to fear from it? Is it really the "octopus," that it can reach in every direction and crush whatever it reaches? Is it the embodiment of power, omnipresence, and ferocity? Superficially it looks as though it were so, and there was a time when people seriously believed that the monster was as dangerous as it looked; but that time has passed. We are more than ready to perceive the good qualities of the trust, in so far as it has them, and to make a reasonable estimate of the dangers that its presence portends.

To some extent the trust has the traits that were at the outset imputed to it, for it is in fact a predatory animal, endowed with subtilty as well as strength. It comes before the public with reassuring words. It is, if you will believe it, no ravenous beast, but, like the considerate lion of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," only Snug the joiner, pursuing his trade in a new and modern way. What it seeks is economy and not monopolistic profit, and when, by combining all the mills of a kind under one management, it has saved wastes and expenses, it will charge the public nothing for the service. It has no intention of raising prices. It is the consummate product of industrial evolution, the greatest of workers, and not a destroyer. And the public would be right in believing a certain percentage of this; but few people believe it all.

### THE DANGER-LINE AS TO PRICES

THE trust fools only a small part of the public all the time. It can make good some of its claims, but fully deserves some of the accusations which are current. It does not utterly destroy competition, because this is impossible; but what it would do if it had a clear field and could proceed without let or hindrance, is a subject for speculative guesses, and the probability is that it would crush rivals and oppress laborers and consumers in a way that would force them to take radical measures. It has not a clear field, however, and has been itself the first to find this out. The trust early discovered that it cannot safely charge monopoly prices for its goods and cannot safely shut up as many of its mills as immediate interest would prompt it to close. If it were to do this, new competition would be evoked. The experience which the greater trusts went through in the eighties abundantly showed them that they must be conservative if they are to possess their power in permanence. They may charge high prices, but not the highest, and they



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have learned, in practice, to locate the danger-line in this direction, and to carry the policy of product-reducing and price-raising to that line, and there to stop.

### THE SAVING GRACE OF "POTENTIAL COMPETITION"

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the power of the trusts was beginning to show itself, and the natural limits on the exercise of that power had not appeared, the public had a period of positive alarm. It knew then that the trusts were greedy, but did not know that it was fatal to themselves to be too greedy. The monopolies quickly found this out to their cost; the public soon came to share the knowledge, and everybody now knows that "potential competition," as the phrase is,—the competition of the mill that is not yet built but will be built if the trust becomes too extortionate,—holds these commercial monsters in check. A trust moderates its demands in order to forestall and prevent the building of this mill. What we need to find out is whether the check which is thus put upon the trust's action is a sufficient protection for the public. Where is this danger-line which the trust cannot overstep? Can it double the price of its goods without passing the line? If so, though it may not get as much as it may like, it can get enough to put a terrible tax on the country where it operates.

If it cannot make so radical an advance as that,—and as a rule it cannot,—can it add a considerable and burdensome percentage to what the public would otherwise have to pay for goods or for services? To this latter question, if we judge by probabilities, we can safely answer, Yes. An unchecked monopoly the trust never has been, but, acting with all the checks that nature has put upon it, it can have no small measure of monopolistic power; and this involves a great injury to competitors, consumers, and laborers, and grave danger for a democratic state.

### POLITICAL CORRUPTION THE GREAT DANGER

WHEN we speak of dangers of this kind, we do not think first of any steady tax which, day after day and year after year, the people are compelled to pay for goods; for, though such a tax would be an evil, it would not necessarily be a danger. If people were willing to go on paying it, political institutions would be safe enough. The peril comes when people become conscious of the cause of their sufferings and propose to end them in a summary way.

They are already trying to do something of this kind, according to their lights—feeble and flickering ones, it must be owned. Many States have taken drastic measures for the repression of the monopolies. Politically as well as economically the people and the trusts have come to a clash, and the thing that endangers the republic is the way in which this conflict is carried on. The main object of the trust's existence is not political. Its teleology is severely simple, for it is working for "its own pocket all the time"; but it is impelled to corrupt our political life by the manner in which it pursues this supreme end. The political peril that it entails on the state is, as it were, a by-product, the unavoidable result of its effort to baffle the people, who on their part are trying to baffle the monopoly. The people must use the government in order to curb the trusts, and the trusts, in turn, must try to manipulate the government if they expect to keep their full power of extortion.

It is foreordained that the trust should be a chief corrupter of national and State politics, as local corporations which resemble it are chief corrupters of municipal politics, and this is the basis of the dread that one class of intelligent men have of them. Persons of this class would prefer to let corporations grow and multiply *ad libitum* if their owners would leave politics honest and democracy secure. But we have come to a pass in which the policy of consolidated capitals prevents them from doing this. They cannot leave politics alone. They must thwart the will of the people if they mean to accomplish their purpose in business, and they must do this through political organizations. They must "own" the bosses, and though they cannot greatly fool the people, they have thus far baffled them most of the time.

### ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE TRUST AND THE BOSS

THE first bad and dangerous combination which the trust makes is that with the so-called political machine. Both the machine and its manager, the boss, existed before.

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The trust did not create them. The men who made politics a trade had already acquired the power to cajole members of regular political parties and lead them whither they would. For carrying on this policy they came to need much more money than they at first commanded, and the corporations had it in readiness. A party that has money and needs power is in a position to make a speedy bargain with one that has power and needs money. The original machine backed by the modern trust, or the trust with the power of the old machine put bodily into its hand —here is a combination to be dreaded. Shade of Lincoln! Alas for the faint echoes of the Gettysburg speech! It takes historical enthusiasm now to make an orator repeat in sincerity the phrase concerning government of, for, and by the people. Democracy itself is becoming an antiquated word no longer accurately describing what it designates. The government which is described by this term is in danger of becoming more and more a rule for and by the sinister combination of wealth and conscienceless political leadership. Goethe has said that "the word freedom sounds so sweet that we could not be without it even though it indicated an error"; and neither could we be without the phrase, "government for and by the people"; but alas for the reality of the thing so described!

### NO MYSTERY AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE

THERE is no mystery as to what the people ought to do. It involves some machine-smashing, of course, but it also involves changes legal and, in the end, constitutional, which will take from the corporation and the boss their power for evil, and leave to both of them their normal power for good. Big and powerful as they are, the people, when they are united, are more powerful, and they will make the dreaded things their servants whenever they themselves become earnest enough to make a great effort and intelligent enough to carry through some difficult feats of lawmaking.

It is claiming much to say that if the people will only act wisely the danger from trusts will become almost *nil*, and yet something like this is the fact; and, moreover, there is far less doubt than there recently was as to what action is wise. A few specific things stand in the foreground as unquestionably needing to be done, and the general line of policy that must be pursued is clearly in sight. There will be differences of view as to details, but as to the main features of the policy which will tame the trusts and make them good servants of the public, there is every year a closer agreement among people who have mastered the facts of the problem.

The grand and redeeming fact in the entire situation is the limit which is now placed on the exactions of the trusts. It is put there by nature and not by legislation, and has acted very efficiently from the time of the formation of the first great trust to the present. It is the result of that potential competition—that mere possibility and fear of competition—which has been referred to. If the trusts raise prices too much, new mills are actually built and prices go down; therefore it does not put the prices high enough to call the new mills into being. It is deterred from much extortion which, in its own interest, it would otherwise practise by the competitors who do not now exist. *If only they will surely appear whenever prices are unduly raised*, the public is as safe as it would be if they were already in the full, and competing vigorously with the great corporation.

The question that gravely interests the people is, How closely are the trusts actually limited by this influence? Can they safely put up prices, say, fifty per cent., or only ten? The power of potential competition may act vigorously after prices have become quite high, but may act scarcely at all before that. If this is so, the aim of the people should be to make it act earlier. The limit on the exactions of the trusts should be a narrower one. The people want these corporations to make a profit, but not an extortionate one. They will gladly let them make all that they can by sheer economy, for that is a gain that no one loses; but taking a further profit out of the people's pocket is another matter.

### THE DANGER OF "TRUST-SMASHING"

TRUST-SMASHING is out of the question, for it is as impracticable as it is undesirable.

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Nature is against it as clearly as it is in favor of trust-regulating. What is as necessary as it is natural and, with intelligent action, practicable is action that will cause the power which already holds monopolies somewhat in check to limit them more closely and protect more completely the interests of consumers, laborers, and independent business men. This will make people safe, not by killing the predatory beasts, but by training them for useful service. With enough of this insured, the public may thrive on the régime of consolidation, and come to rejoice in the possession of enormous aggregations of capital. This possibility, however, depends on making potential competition really effective, and this can be done only by means of law. Such legislation will, of necessity, be objectionable to the monopolies whose power it will curtail, and will be fought in its original discussion, in its enactment, and in its execution. All subtlety will be used to keep a proposed law in the shape in which it will seem drastic and be really impotent. The prohibitory statute which never can prohibit will be relatively harmless, and may be once and again accepted and used as a "sop for Cerberus." Let the people continue in that line, and though the trust will be not quite comfortable, it will be comparatively safe. If ever such statutes were rigorously executed, the result would be a disaster that would bring the people themselves to terms and cause the laws to be repealed, and there is therefore no permanent danger to the trusts from this prohibitory policy. On the other hand, there is every danger from a policy that shall skilfully appeal to the natural force of potential competition. Do this wisely enough and you will accomplish the full purpose that you ought to have in view, for you will convert the monsters that threaten you into agents for serving you. Behemoth will then do your work in as docile a way as does any draft-animal and will give you the benefit of his far greater strength.

### FOUR THINGS TO BE DONE IN REGULATION OF TRUSTS

We know of at least four things to which we must put an end if we are to convert the trusts into friendly agencies. First, we must stop discriminations by railroads. Favoring the big shipper has to commend it the plausible argument that he makes the railroad less trouble than does the smaller shipper, for a given amount of freight; but this argument becomes shallow enough when it is made to justify a policy of helping the big shipper to crush the small one. Equal rates for car-load lots of goods of a common kind will have to be established.

Another thing that will have to be stopped is flooding a particular locality with goods offered at cutthroat prices for the sake of crushing a competitor who is there operating. Economists point out difficulties in the way of this policy, and lawyers point out others. The policy is indeed a difficult one, but if it were an impossible policy, we should have to make a way to success in adopting and enforcing it; and there is very little doubt that, with wisdom and determination, we can do it. There is also the plan of selling one kind of goods at a cheap rate for the sake of crushing competitors who make only that kind of goods, and forcing them to sell their plants to the trust on its own terms. Putting an end to this by law may be even harder than stopping the cutthroat competition which acts locally, but it will have to be done if we are ever to be completely free from the evils and the perils that monopolies bring.

Finally there is the "factor's agreement"—the refusal by the trust to sell goods to a dealer at a living price unless he will promise not to buy any similar articles from a competitor. The trust may say to a merchant, "Buy exclusively from us, and we will give you a discount by which you may make a moderate return. Buy anything from another source, and we will give you a discount so small that you will have to sell at a loss everything that comes from our shops." If these shops are turning out things that he must have, he will come to terms and buy only from the trust, and the independent mill will find it hard to reach the public with its tender of goods. Less difficult, on the whole, than the preceding measures will be the suppression of the factor's agreement, and yet even this will be difficult enough. It is a hard and uphill road that democracy must travel in its efforts to regulate trusts; but there is no possible doubt that it must travel by that route or go farther and fare worse. There is socialism as an ever-present alternative.

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Does the *must* in this case mean *can*? Is it enough to know that the people are forced to do a thing in order to conclude that they will be able to do it? It certainly is so if all that they need in order to be able to do it is united action. It would take a longer article than this one can be to show exactly what kind of statutes will be effective in suppressing the monopolistic policy of trusts, and some persons will continue to doubt whether any laws will do it. The kinds of law-making which will probably succeed have, however, been often pointed out. The three or four props of monopolistic power are well known, and there is little real doubt that the people can take them away if they will only act unitedly. It is a question of will and not of ultimate power.

### TWO IMPOSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

THE real danger in the case consists in the possibility that the people may not unite. There are now two parties advocating opposite policies, neither of which would lead to a tolerable result. There are the rigorous individualists, who hope, against all reasonable hope, to keep the old-time sort of competition alive. They are in the field with their prohibitory statutes, or stern laws against consolidation —bulls against the comet, one and all. There are the men who perceive the futility of such efforts at prohibition, but have no faith in the policy of regulation, and these men are drifting into the camp of the growing socialistic army. One of the greatest of the dangers that trusts portend is this abandonment of a hard but sound policy for an apparently easy one. It is choosing the broad road to destruction, rather than the strait one that leads to safety, and the danger is that many will take it. Whatever may be said in support of the belief that the distant millennium will be a time of universal socialism, there is little doubt as to what that plan of living would mean with men as selfish and short-sighted, and with governments as imperfect, as they now are. If it could be made to work at all, it would mean the slow reduction of all the people to a dead level of extreme poverty.

Grant that the policy of regulation is hard and discouraging, shall we give it up and take the consequences? Yes, if that course corresponds with and expresses the kind of fiber that the American people are made of. The regulation of monopolies is not possible without a definite victory of the people over political machines backed by consolidated wealth. This is an appalling fact, but whether it renders men supine or determined depends on their quality. There is a kind of man — it is to be hoped that he represents the typical American — to whom the injunction, "Do the impossible," comes as an inspiring command.

Simple enough are the essential facts concerning the trusts. These corporations are here to stay and will further multiply. They are monopolies whose power is somewhat limited, in a natural way, by potential competition. They will oppress the public if they can, since they exist for gain, and there is danger that their power of extortion will increase. They will try to terrorize their would-be competitors and to keep them out of their business fields.

The people can prevent this if they act intelligently, but this will require difficult legislation, which the trusts will try to block, as well as efficient administration, which they will try to baffle. In defending their present advantageous positions the monopolies will pervert our politics, for they will make terms with bosses and take much of the life out of our democracy. Their exactions will fall heavily on working people in fields where trusts have not been formed, and farmers will be among their principal victims.

### HONEST WEALTH AND HONEST LABOR AGAINST MONOPOLIES

THEIR own employees may not suffer, since the trusts may placate them by letting them have some share of the plunder that they get from the public. That public is an enormous body of laborers, farmers, professional men, and independent capitalists, so that, big, able, and rich as the trusts are, there is a majority of numbers, intelligence, and even wealth against them. Will this majority unite and act as its interests dictate? If it does so it will win, and in winning it will redeem the trusts themselves. They can thrive without grabs, though they will never do this of their own accord. They need to be forced into a state

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of honesty and beneficence, and with union the public can bring them to this state. The ultimate danger from them comes solely by reason of division of thought and effort, which it may take time and hard experience to end. In the interim the country may suffer both industrially and politically. There is coming a long, hard fight in which honest wealth and honest labor will be on one side, and monopolies on the other: and the powers of honesty are the greater. The peril will be great if this majority tries only to prohibit consolidation, or if, after a failure to prohibit and in despair as to the practicability of regulating, it shall revert to schemes of general nationalization of industries. The peril will also be great so long as the public does nothing that is effective. It will become small when people generally perceive and follow the course that is marked out by nature. That is the policy of keeping alive the essential power of competition. It is letting prices, wages, and profits be governed by the play of the forces which formerly acted freely in the industrial arena, but which have become somewhat inefficient because the government has not enforced the rules of the ring.

We need a fair field and no favor for all would-be competitors. It will be hard to get it, but if we once get it, economic life will be free and democracy will be secure.



# "THEY GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH"

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

FRANCESCO LUCCA, by the city's gate
Crying his lentils, said that God was good.

"The proof?" scoffed one who near to Lucca stood.
"Broken with toil, not years, early and late
You bend above your little patch of earth,
Scorched by siroccos, shriveled by the frost,
Its hopeful sowing at the harvest lost,
With Plenty dying in the lap of Dearth.
The year has many days; not one is yours
To be at ease in, one wherein you trust
Your God to keep your body from the dust,
And your soul soul. Only your toil secures
The dragging chain of days the sad years bring.
Your children cry for bread—have you not heard?
Seen in the fowler's snare the fluttering bird?
God marks the fall of each, but will it sing,
Or sweep again the untracked, ambient ways?
Futile the goodness that but marks and goes,
That leaves the thorn still to begird the rose.
If this is living, why give God the praise?"

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"The proof? This, that I live," said Lucca. "I
Grant all your claim, yet hold it all untrue,
A book read backward. Why should one man sue
God but for gain, or ask the reason why
His wheel still turns one high, another low?
It turns so. God is good; I ask no more.
The lark builds on the earth, but it can soar,
And just this morning, as I saw the glow
Of day burn white above our low brown hills,
I heard one, unseen, singing overhead,
A joy turned sound. 'That 's like the soul,' I said.
'Hedged in by mortal clay, harrowed by ills,
Something—God, love—moves it, and lo! it soars
Above the earth on strong, triumphant wings,
And beats the darkness from it while it springs
To regions where the sunlight round it pours.'
I toil for little, suffer—all that 's true;
But I have heard the lark, and I have seen
My little field, some dawn, a sudden green
With God's own promised harvest springing through;
And I have wondered at the high, white stars,—
Star upon star set in the quiet deep,—
And I have felt my baby's fingers creep
Over my face at night. No darkness bars
That little hand from me. There 's my lark's song—
These little things that carry up to God.
He set me here a delver in the sod,
Through spring and harvest, winter, whole year long,
Walking the treadmill for the daily bread
We pray for daily, and but hardly gain;
And I have dreamed vain dreams, and felt the pain
Of shattering defeat, seen Hope lie dead,
And Envy slink beside me through the night,
When, lo! some little thing (the lark's song now)
Stirred me, and up to heaven quick turned my brow.
So while I have but my faint candle-light,
My crust of bread, my cruet, and my song,
I question not God's purposes with me.
As far as my lamp throws, thus far I see:
The things that lie beyond to him belong."

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"'I WAS COUNTIN' MY MONEY ON THE BRIDGE'"

# JATHROP LATHROP'S COW

## BY ANNE WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

JATHROP LATHROP was that build and style of young man whom one might naturally expect to see take a kicking cow in full settlement of a good debt. Having taken the cow and brought her home, it naturally devolved upon his mother to do the milking. At the first trial the kicking cow kicked Jathrop Lathrop's mother so effectually that she went to bed forthwith, and the hastily summoned doctor put her broken leg into a plaster cast at once. Jathrop had brought the cow home at dusk the night before, the cow had kicked Mrs. Lathrop about 7:30 A.M., the plaster had been cast about ten o'clock, and when the next-door neighbor appeared in her friend's bedroom door it was noon.

Miss Clegg was out of breath as a consequence of rapid walking and a terminating flight of stairs. She therefore stared and gasped for nearly two seconds before ejaculating:

"Well, I never 'd 'a' believed it o' Jathrop!"

"'T wa'n't Jathrop," said Mrs. Lathrop, with a feeble heave in bed; "it was the cow."

"I know it was the cow 's kicked you, but strikes me 't Jathrop 's much to blame 's the cow. More too, for the cow kicked anyhow, an' did n't come of her own accord. This mornin' when I was 'way over the other side o' the crick collectin' rents, I hear you 'd done it. Mr. Sperrit 'n' his wife was drivin' by, 'n' I was countin' my money on the bridge, 'n' they stopped 'n'



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told me. You c'u'd 'a' knocked me over with nothin'. I see you walkin' out with the milk-pail jus' 's I was tyin' my bonnet, 'n' to think that was your last walkin'! How did Jathrop ever come to be such a fool, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Lathrop made a vain attempt to adjust the plaster cast to a change of position. Miss Clegg twisted a chair around beside the bed and sat down.

"The minister thinks it 's a judgment on you for gettin' a cow of your own," she continued, without further following out the subject of Jathrop's folly. "I see him 's I was comin' back towards town. He feels real bitter about it, for he 's got the sense to see that with a cow next door I ain't goin' 'cross the whole c'mmunity for milk. I told him it was n't you bought the cow, 'n' then I did n't say nothin' more on that subject, for, Lord knows, the minister must have mercy shown him—he ain't never been the same man since them twins come. He was wheelin' 'em to-day, 'n' drawin' little Jane after him in a' express-wagon. He says his wife 's doin' nicely, only she can't decide what to name the baby. He says he don't thank no one for talkin' 'race suicide' when he 's aroun'."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a slight groan.

"I don't see 's you 've got no call to say nothin', not even now," said Miss Clegg. "You ain't got but one child; 'n', even considerin' the cow, one ain't no dozen, however you work it. I s'pose mebbe it 's naturel for you to think right now 't twelve childern 'n' two legs 's better 'n one son 'n' one leg; but a broken leg is a deal sight easier to support 'n twelve childern, 'n' I 'll wager the minister 'd come hoppin' on one foot if you 'd give him a chance to change with you."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a piteous twist.

"Are you tryin' to turn over?" asked her friend. "Because, if you are, you can't. That was one o' the things 't I hurried over to tell you, 'cause you ought to know




"'HE WAS WHEELIN' 'EM TO-DAY, 'N' DRAWIN' LITTLE JANE AFTER HIM IN A' EXPRESS-WAGON'"

right in the beginnin' 't you won't turn over for six weeks. You see, I remembered mother's tellin' me how she visited a cousin once in a plaster cast. It was when she was a girl, 'n' there was some fam'ly idea o' his marryin' her. In the end she married father, who had the full use o' his arms 'n' legs *then*. But after father was paralyzed mother told me about that cousin, 'n' I remember pertickaler about the plaster cast. She said he went 'most wild wantin' to lay on his side for three weeks, 'n' then his bones set a-knittin', 'n' he saw it 'd all been child's play up till then. Mother said it was awful. So, you see, you must n't begin to fuss now. The time 'll come soon enough 't you 'll look back 'n' wish it was to-day again. You 're all right; it 'll jus' be a nice rest these first days. I c'n run in 'n' out 'n' keep you cheered up, 'n' when I ain't here you c'n always think how much

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worse things might be. Suppose both your legs was broke; or suppose when Jathrop goes to milk her to-night she breaks both his legs. There 'll be trouble to pay *then*, you 'll be thinkin'."

Mrs. Lathrop looked distressed.

"I don't want Jathrop to go near that cow," she protested.

"But he must," said Miss Clegg. "She 's got to be milked, 'n' so it 's him or me or the butcher; 'n' I must say, where Jathrop brought the cow into the fam'ly, I don't see no good 'n' sufficient reason why he should n't milk her. I must say, if it was n't for you 'n' me bein' such good friends, I should n't mind seein' Jathrop get some sense kicked into him. Whenever I see him, I can't help feelin' that if you was cut out for a mother, it was a' awful pity that you got through at Jathrop. If it was n't for hurtin' your feelin's, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'd tell you, as I always does every one else, that, frankly speakin', I don't regard him as no credit to you a-tall. If you 'd taught him not to go roun' with his mouth open it might 'a' helped some, but if you come right square down to it, who but a born fool would buy a kickin' cow 'n' then set his mother down close to her hind legs? Still, Mrs. Lathrop, when you think o' that, seems to me you was nigh to mad yourself, for you was old enough to know that only the head half o' kickin' creatures is safe, 'n' with a strange cow you can't be sure, for mebbe they gore. Does she gore?"

"Oh, I dunno," sighed Mrs. Lathrop.

"Well, anyhow, I 've got to go home 'n' get suthin' to eat 'n' take off my bonnet 'n' lock up this money till afternoon. I 'm goin' down to put it in the bank this afternoon. I did n't have time to do nothin' but talk after your kickin'." She rose as she spoke. "Now, do you want me to turn you a little before I go?"

"I guess I 'm all right," said Mrs. Lathrop.

"I guess you are," said Miss Clegg. "I do wonder 'f you 'll have to have your head shaved. Mother's cousin's hair all wore off, 'cause, his head bein' the only thing 't he c'u'd move, he never quit movin' that till he looked so comical that they shaved it to give him a fair start all around."

Mrs. Lathrop shut her eyes.

"I 'm goin'," said Susan, moving toward the door. "You lay still 'n' think of pleasant things until you drop off into a nice nap. Nothin' else can happen to you jus' now unless the house catches fire. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

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It was about seven that evening when Miss Clegg came to the fore as a comforter of the sick again.

"Well, did you like your supper?" she demanded as she walked into the bedroom.

"Supper! I ain't had no supper," said Mrs. Lathrop, turning her eyes toward Susan. "Did you send me any?"

"Did I send you any! I sent it over an hour ago—give it to Jathrop with my own hands. A nice hot supper on a tray, all tucked up in a napkin. I was jus' goin' to bring it over myself, 'n' I see Jathrop peekin' in 't the cow, 'n' so I called him 'n' trusted him with it. What under the sun do you suppose he did with it?"

"Mebbe he ate it," suggested Mrs. Lathrop.

Miss Clegg gave forth a little screech.

"Ate it! Do you mean to say 't Jathrop Lathrop 's bein' fed by me? I never would 'a' believed it. No more would I 'a' fed him if I 'd known it. There was two eggs in that scramble, 'n' I biled the tea good 'n' hard to try 'n' keep your strength up. But laws' sakes, Mrs. Lathrop, how that cow does moo! Can't you hear her? Why don't Jathrop feed her or suthin'?"

"He 's gone for the butcher."

"Gone for the butcher, has he? 'N' left his mother for me to feed after eatin' up her supper. Do you feel hungry?"

"No, I don't."

"I don't see no sense in goin' an' cookin' you another supper, then. If you live high, fever may set in, 'n' I want to talk, anyhow. 'N' then, too, I 've washed my dishes. You know, I never was like you—I can't no more see dirt aroun' than I c'n fly. 'N', besides, I 've got suthin' real serious to say to you, 'n' I want to say it right off 'n' while you 'n' me 's alone. Have you made a will?"

"A will!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes, a will. You see, when I was downtown Lawyer Weskin stopped me 'n' said it was a' important thing for you to consider right now. I told him that you had n't done nothin' but break your leg over a

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"'DOES IT FEEL 'S IF THE CAST HAD BEGUN TO EAT IT UP ANY YET?'"

cow's foot; but he said he knew a man once that stepped on a rusty nail 'n' caught blood-p'ison from it 'n' died 'n' left his property all wrong, from not knowin' better. I told him I did n't see no likeness between a kickin' cow 'n' a rusty nail, but he said I did n't get his meanin' a-tall, an' mebbe I did n't, for I think, when it comes to a lawyer, you generally don't. I guess, anyhow, a man 'd be only a poor lawyer 'f he c'u'd n't argue a cow into a rusty nail, 'f he felt so inclined, 'n' I 've always thought that Mr. Weskin was a pretty smart man ever since he proved 't the mill was the other side o' the crick from where it is jus' by provin' that the mill-race run round behind it.

"An', anyhow, he wants to know about your will. He says, even if you ain't got nothin' but this house 'n' Jathrop, you want to leave 'em legally to each other. I told him I 'd tell you, an' now I 've told you, 'n' you c'n do what you please. Mrs. Macy come up while we was talkin', 'n' she 's terrible exercised over your havin' your leg set by young Dr. Brown. She says she 'd 'a' died afore she 'd 'a' risked that. She says no one thinks he knows enough to set a leg, 'n' she said for me to ask you 'f he had you hang on to anythin' while he gave your leg a hard jerk, 'cause she says that 's the only real way to set a leg. She says everythin' comes right into place so. 'N' she wants to know about the plaster cast, too. She says 's near as she c'n figure, you ain't in no proper kind of bindin'. She says young Dr. Brown says right out he did n't have no windin' apparatus, 'n' so he put your leg into the solid plaster until he could send to Meadville. She says you 'd ought to be done round 'n' round in stripes instead of bein' in one solid lump.

"She says plaster put on like he 's got it put on you is a good deal of a risk, to her way of thinkin'. She says, a'-cordin' to her ideas, plaster put on like they 've got you plastered 's very likely to take the skin right off, 'n' there you 'll have to lie with no skin between you 'n' the plaster, 'n' you 'll be bound to suffer a lot. I asked her where the skin went to, 'n' she said the lime 'd eat it up. 'N' when you come right square down to it, I don't see no good 'n' sufficient reason why that plaster cast can't eat your leg up 'n' you never know it. It 's a pretty serious matter, 'n' one that you want to get to thinkin' over pretty quick. A real leg c'n have a false foot 'n' no harm done, but I never heard of a real foot on a false leg, 'n' I don't believe it can be done. How does your leg feel right now? Does it feel 's if the cast had begun to eat it up any yet?"

Mrs. Lathrop looked alarmed.

"I c'n feel the plaster all up 'n' down when I try to move," she said.

"Then you 're all right so far. But I 'd



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keep a sharp watch, 'n' if you ever feel your leg numb, I 'd have that whole thing right off, no matter what young Dr. Brown says. What do you care 'f you do hurt his feelin's? You 're a fool to lose a leg on a'count o' any doctor, Mrs. Lathrop. An', to be real frank with you, I ain't none too much time to tend you, 'n' 'f I can't trust Jathrop even to carry dishes back 'n' forth, I 'll have to be on the jump more time 'n' I c'n well spare. I 'm sorry for him, though, when it comes to that cow to-night. Sounds like she 'd tear the barn down. Can't you hear her mooin'? I was jus' ready to come over to-night, 'n' she was makin' such a' awful racket that the minister could n't make me hear the front door 'n' had to come round to the kitchen. He was takin' Liza Em'ly 'n' John Bunyan 'n' Henry Ward Beecher 'n' Felicia Hemans 'n' the twins up to take tea to Mrs. Brown's, 'n' seems he 'd heard about Jathrop's bein' out huntin' the butcher, so he knew you 'd want milk again, 'n' he stopped to ask how many pints while you was sick, 'n' to say that he felt 't it was no more 'n Christian to say that, though he *had* been hurt at your buyin' a cow of your own, still he would n't say nothin' about chastisement at the hands o' the Lord now that she 'd kicked you. He said he 'd 'a' come to call on you, only he saw Jathrop down-town, 'n' knew 't there 'd be no one to open the door. I told him you was too busy with a plaster cast to have time for anybody yet awhile, 'n' the cow was n't no doin' o' yours, for you did n't want her, even afore you was kicked. The cow was mooin' like mad, 'n' the childern wanted to see her, so I took 'em over 'n' we lifted 'em all up to peek. Felicia Hemans was awful scared, 'n' the twins, too, so I took 'em all into the kitchen 'n' gave 'em a cooky all aroun'. The minister took his six childern 'n' went, 'n' Lord knows his enemies ain't got no call to wish him anythin' more 'n what 's bein' dealt out to him right along."

Mrs. Lathrop made an uneasy movement.

"Does it hurt much?" her friend inquired.

"No—it don't hurt; but I 'm gettin' so awful tired o' layin' on my back. I 've laid like this ever since ten o'clock this mornin'."

"'N' to think that you 've got to lay there for six weeks! I declare, I believe if it was me I jus' could n't stand it! But then, if you get out with your leg, you won't care about nothin' else when it 's all over. I 'd be so worried over that eatin' up, though, 'f I was you. It 'll be awful, the day that he unwraps your leg, 'f he don't find no leg a-tall when he gets to the middle.

"A one-legged woman is so sort of outside of everythin'. She can't say she was a brakeman or lost it in the war. You won't be able to do much o' anythin' with a wooden leg, 'n' when the wind catches you you 'll look jus' like a scarecrow. Mrs. Macy says she can't see what ever did possess you to have young Dr. Brown. She says if you wanted to help him along, why did n't you wait until some time when there was n't nothin' the matter with you? She says young doctors is so dreadful anxious to show off that they want to do everythin' to nothin'. She says if she was you she 'd wait two or three days 'n' then send over to Meadville 'n' get Dr. Carter to come over 'n' see what 's really the trouble. She says mebbe that cow compound-fractured you, 'n' if she did, all them little splinters is fannin' out every way inside o' your leg. 'Course young Dr. Brown ain't prepared for no such doin's, 'n' if he 's countin' on jus' one break 'n' there 's a hundred, why, his dyingnoses is all wrong 'n' you 'll lose your leg, teachin' him a lesson. I 'm sure we all wish young Dr. Brown well, 'n' I mean to call him in myself sometime when I know jus' what 's my trouble 'n' jus' what I 'd ought to take for it; but I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, no young doctor gets a chance to walk off with one o' my legs. 'F one was to try, I 'd serve him worse 'n the cow served you. 'N', by the way, when *is* Jathrop comin' home to do suthin' for that—Lord preserve us!"

Something swished madly by outside. Susan jumped for the window, looked out, and jumped for the stairs. Mrs. Lathrop screamed, but the banging of the front door was all the answer which she received.

After long waiting she fell asleep and knew no more until morning.

Miss Clegg was very prompt with her friend's breakfast, and both she and the breakfast were very welcome.

"Jathrop did n't come home, did he?"

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asked the female Samaritan, as she set down the tray.

"I don't believe he did. I ain't heard nothin'. Whatever did happen? I worried for ever so long, 'n' then I fell asleep."

"I know. I come in here when I come home, about eleven, 'n' you was sound asleep, so I blew the lamp out 'n' left you."

"But where *is* Jathrop?"



"'BOBBY 'N' JOHN BUNYAN HAS GOT SUTHIN' THAT KEEPS 'EM YELLIN' ALL THE TIME'"

"I dunno. He 's gone off somewhere for a while. I guess it 's just as well; they was ready to lynch him last night."

"Lynch him!" cried Mrs. Lathrop, sitting suddenly upright. "What for?"

"On a'count o' the cow," explained Susan, busily setting out the breakfast. "You start right in now while it 's hot, 'n' I 'll tell you everythin' while you eat. You see, she broke her halter 'n' squeezed out that little door into the chicken-yard, 'n' then she tore out all the nettin' 'n' run away. That was her that I jumped to see. I heard the noise, 'n' I thought 't it was Jathrop 'n' the butcher; but the instant I got a square look I see it was n't Jathrop nor yet the butcher, 'n' I run, too. It 'pears she jus' raced to town 'n' right through town 'n' out on the mill road afore any one could stop her; 'n' even then no one could n't stop her, 'n' she went like mad right towards the bridge, 'n' the minister was jus' gettin' home with them six children, 'n' the five children at home was all come runnin' out to meet 'em, an' the cow charged right in among 'em, an' the minister 'n' every one o' them eleven children is laid out, 'n' there won't be a thing young Dr. Brown won't be able to do once he gets 'em all pieced together again. All that 's saved is the minister's wife 'n' the new baby.

"The minister's wife was sittin' up in the window for the first time, 'n' she see it all. She thought he was killed sure, 'n' then, when she knew 't he was n't, the shock sent her right straight back to bed. The minister 's got a broken nose. Liza Em'ly 's got her arm sprained. Henry Ward Beecher's ear was 'most took off. Bobby 'n' John Bunyan has got suthin' that keeps 'em yellin' all the time; but when young Dr. Brown tries to find out what it is, they yell so much louder that every one says let 'em alone. Felicia Hemans had the twin that was n't cross-eyed in her arms, carryin' him, 'n' the cow hit her behind so hard 't their heads cracked together,'n' his eyes crossed right away, 'n' young Dr. Brown says he would n't like to make no rash assertions, but he *thinks* Felicia He-

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mans 'll have to be trepanned. But you ain't eatin' anythin'," said the narrator, suddenly interrupting herself; "go on an' eat. You must keep up your strength, Mrs. Lathrop, for I ain't half through yet. You see, the cow run over the minister's fam'ly, 'n' even then she had n't had enough, 'n' she jus' lit out for the bridge. Mrs. Macy was on the bridge, an' *her* story is that she heard a horse gallopin' behind her, an' turned quick to see, 'n' was so frightened when she see it was a cow that she scared the cow itself. Anyhow, the cow went off one side, 'n' it was pretty dark, 'n' she was probably not thinkin'; for, anyhow, she fell right into the mill-race 'n' was carried right down 'n' into the mill-wheel, 'n' her halter caught in the wheel, 'n' it went up, 'n' she had to go up, too; 'n' up towards the top she kicked 'n' wedged 'n' mooed some, 'n' kicked some more 'n' wedged some more, 'n' bust the mill-wheel, 'n' died."

"An' Jathrop?" cried the mother.

"Jathrop 's gone off somewhere on a train. Mr. Weskin gave him five dollars 'n' told him to, 'n' I guess it was pretty good advice or he 'd never 'a' give him five dollars to help him take it. My, the town was half mad last night! Young Dr. Brown was so busy that there was some talk o' electin' him mayor next time. He was jus' tearin' aroun'. I said seemed like the cow 'd left him her sperrit. But if you ain't goin' to eat no more, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'm goin' to take the tray home 'n' go down-town, 'n' then I 'll have a lot to tell you 't noon. How do you feel? I forgot to ask before. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

Miss Clegg brought her own dinner over with her friend's at noon, that they might enjoy a social hour together after the "mornin' down-town."

"Has any one heard anythin' o' Jathrop?" was the invalid's first question.

"No; but I found out what he was sent away for."

"What for?"

"The miller 's goin' to bring suit for damage to the mill-wheel, 'n' as Jathrop did n't own nothin' but the cow, 'n' 's she 's hung up there dead, in her own damage, there wa'n't no advantage in Jathrop's stayin' round. He only complicated everythin', 'n' with him gone they can sue you—"

"Sue *me!*" cried Mrs. Lathrop, affrightedly. "I did n't have nothin' to do with the cow except her breakin' my leg for me."

"I know," said Susan; "but I 'm jus' tellin' you the town talk. If I was you, though, Mrs. Lathrop, seems like I 'd be glad to pay any money to know 't that cow was safely dead. It 's awful to think o' how she might 'a' got loose jus' 's I was goin' home an' murdered *me*, perhaps. 'N' you laid up 'n' not able to tend me!"

Mrs. Lathrop's face had been too unhappy before to express any great advance in active misery over this latest idea presented to her mental vision.

"What does a mill-wheel cost, do you s'pose?" she asked sadly.

"I dunno. But you surely ain't lookin' to pay no damages, are you? I 'm a rich woman, 'n' I know 't I would n't pay none. There is n't a foolisher thing to do than to own up 't you 've damaged any one. A person 't begins to be sorry for anythin' wrong 's they 've done 'll end up only jus' able to wiggle aroun' beggin' every one's pardon right 'n' left. If I was you, I 'd stand square on my own two feet 'n' swear up 'n' down 't that was a new halter bought on purpose for this cow."

"But I can't stand on my own two feet with one leg laid out in a plaster cast," wailed Mrs. Lathrop.

"No, o' course not. I was only usin' what lawyers call a figure o' speech, 'n' the p'int I was makin' was this: Stick to it that you 're innocent, no matter what your cow 's done, 'n' let 'em contradic' all they please. You can't make nothin' in law nor nowhere else ownin' yourself guilty, so it 's always safe to stick to bein' innocent. I don't see how no one can blame you for the cow's gettin' out through the chicken-coop while you was up-stairs in a plaster cast. No one but a lawyer 'd ever dream o' blamin' a woman in bed for a loose cow gettin' into the mill-wheel, anyhow. 'N' there 's another thing to consider: 'f you pay the miller anythin', the minister 'n' his eleven children is all goin' to want damages, too—'s if they was n't damaged enough already; 'n' then young Dr. Brown 'll perk up 'n' want you to pay *his* bill, in place o' bein' just everlastin'ly grateful to you for all you 've give him a chance to learn. Why, I hear 't if Felicia Hemans has to be trepanned, he 'll

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"'SOME GOES TO SEE THE MINISTER FIRST 'N' THE COW AFTERWARDS'"

have two, an' mebbe three, other doctors in consultation; 'n' if it had n't been for your cow he could n't in reason have consulted any one for years to come. But I must say you don't eat much, Mrs. Lathrop; you won't have a mite o' strength to knit your leg 'f you don't eat more. It don't pay me for carryin' the tray back 'n' forth. 'N' I hurried home so to fix up a good dinner, too. I did n't want to come home a bit—it 's just like a fair down-town; an' the crick road, what with the cow in the mill-wheel 'n' the minister's broken nose, 's jus' *gay*.

"Some goes to see the minister first 'n' the cow afterwards, 'n' some takes the cow first. The minister is laid out on the parlor sofa jus' like a President, with Mrs. Allen's Polly to show people in 'n' out. He 's glad of company, because he can't read—seems young Dr. Brown never had a broken nose before, and he bandaged it so big that the minister can only see out sideways. He don't know what hit it, but he 's terrible worried over what he 'll look like the rest of his life. His wife says she don't believe she 'll ever be able to say 'The Lord's will be done' *this* time. She says 'f jus' *one* child had been left to run errands. She says the minister kept her awake half the night sayin', 'All thy waves 'n' billows have gone over me.' I told her, to my thinkin', it 'd 'a' been more truthful if he 'd said, 'Jathrop Lathrop's cow has gone over me'; but then, a minister can't come down to plain English ever, I suppose. She says she don't know *what* to do; seems like she ought to get up, 'n' then when she thinks of all them childern to tend, seems like she jus' *can't*. Little Jane is turnin' black 'n' blue all over, 'n' she feels awful over the other twin's eyes gettin' crossed. She says they 'll both have to be side-face in pictures till they die. I told her she c'u'd console herself by thinkin' that the minister 'd probably have to sit full-face in pictures till *he* died. Billy's collar-bone is broken, 'n' young Dr. Brown thinks 't he 's cracked a rib; but he says there ain't nothin' to do. He says there 's no way to get in behind collar-bones 'n' ribs 'n' pry 'em out to place again. But *I* think it 's just he 's tired settin' bones. He—"

Mrs. Lathrop's fork fell from her fingers; her face blanched suddenly.

"What 's the matter?" her friend exclaimed, hastening to her side.

"I can't feel my leg!"

"You can't feel your leg?"

"No, I can't feel it at all."

Susan looked frightened, but her presence of mind did not desert her.

"We 'll have to get the plaster right off," she said.

Mrs. Lathrop looked mightily white and perturbed.

"I can't in conscience say send for young Dr. Brown," said Susan; "he 's too



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busy to come, anyhow; an' if he did, stands to reason he ain't goin' to advise takin' off to-day what he lathered on yesterday. Perhaps you 'd better wait a little. Your leg would n't be gone afore to-morrow, anyhow. You lay here quiet this afternoon, an' mebbe towards night you 'll feel it again. Can you move your foot any?"

"I c'n move my foot, only it feels funny."

"Well, stands to reason if you can move your foot, you must have your leg yet, although they *do* say 't after a man 's had his leg cut off he c'n feel his toes, so I don't know jus' *what* to tell you." Susan frowned and shook her head. "But, anyhow, I can't stay here all the afternoon. The butcher 'n' the man 't mended the church steeple is goin' up in the mill-wheel together to see if they c'n get the cow loose, 'n' the whole town is goin' to watch, 'n' I want to go, too. I ain't seen so many cows cut out o' mill-wheels in my life 't I can't take no interest in lookin' on. I 'm only sorry 't you can't go, too. It 's a' awful pity."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a great twist in bed, and then a scream.

"What is it now?" asked her neighbor.

"I do believe I 've broke my plaster cast! I forgot about it an' turned sideways."

A very slight examination into the circumstances of the case proved Mrs. Lathrop's prognostication to be true. The cast was wrecked from end to end.

"Well, I don't think much o' young Dr. Brown's plaster-casting," said Miss Clegg, with unfeigned disgust. "Only held one day. Howsumsoever, now 't it is cracked, let 's take it off 'n' look at your leg."

"I c'n move it all aroun'," exclaimed Mrs. Lathrop, delightedly. "I c'n pull it up 'n' down. I think he 's a pretty good doctor, myself, to mend a broke leg 's quick 's that."

"Try standin' up," commanded Susan.

Mrs. Lathrop was out of bed in a jiffy.

"I 'm a little mite stiff," she said; "except for that, I c'n walk 's good 's I ever could."

Miss Clegg's features struggled in the throes of many and mixed emotions.

"It was n't never broke a-*tall*," she exclaimed at last.

Mrs. Lathrop paused in her pedestrian exhibition.

"Think not?" she inquired.

"O' course not. No broken bone could grow together overnight; it takes 's long 's that for glue, which is jus' nothin' but mendin' itself, to set. 'F I was you, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'd put right on my bonnet 'n' go down with the rest of us to see the cow; 'n' 'f young Dr. Brown makes any fuss over your not stayin' where he put you, I 'd jus' up 'n' tell him to his face 't one fool 's sufficient for one town. I guess he 'll think twice afore he trepans Felicia Hemans after seein' one o' his own broken legs runnin' all over town the next day after it was set."

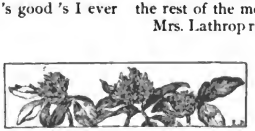
"Do you s'pose he 'll send a bill?" asked Mrs. Lathrop, seeking her shoes and stockings.

"Well, 'f he has the face to, I 'd never pay it in kingdom come. 'N' to think o' me goin' back 'n' forth to feed a woman with legs 's good 's my own! But when you come right square down to it, Mrs. Lathrop, I expect 't young Dr. Brown saved your life, after all."

"Saved my life! How?"

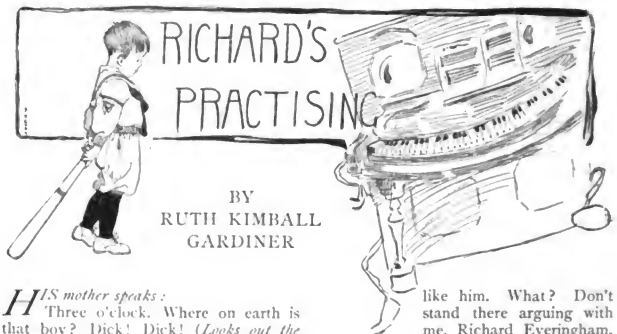
"Why, 'f he had n't put you in that cast I ain't a mite o' doubt but 't that cow would 'a' killed you. I ain't no lawyer, but I 've been thinkin', with Jathrop gone off, 'n' got no property, anyhow, 't you c'n lay the whole blame on him, 'n' never bother about nothin' yourself. People that ain't got no money, 'n' live somewhere else, 's always to blame for everythin' in this world, anyhow, 'n' it 's Jathrop's duty to do whatever he c'n for you, 'n' he c'n easy do this, for it don't make him have to do nothin', 'n' that 's the only kind o' doin' 't he was ever able to do well. Come on now, 'n' hurry up, 'n' we 'll go down 'n' take a look 't the minister, 'n' then spend the rest of the mornin' with the cow."

Mrs. Lathrop reached for her hair-brush.





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# RICHARD'S PRACTISING

BY
RUTH KIMBALL
GARDINER

*HIS mother speaks:*

Three o'clock. Where on earth is that boy? Dick! Dick! (*Looks out the window.*) Dick! Richard! Oh, you heard me perfectly the first time I called. A minute more, and you 'd have been out the gate. You know what I want as well as I do. I want you to practise. No, you can't run over to Will's for a minute. I don't care if you did promise to take the bat back. Well, let him wait. It won't hurt him. What? Well, if the nine can't play without it, let them do something else. You come right into the house this minute and begin practising! It does n't make a bit of difference if you did say you 'd bring it. No, I say! No! Richard Everingham, if you don't stop muttering and march right into this house, I 'll speak to your father. No, you can't whistle to Will. You come in this minute or I 'll know the reason why.

What did you say? You did n't practise all afternoon yesterday—anything of the kind. You practised just fifteen minutes, and you promised to practise an hour this afternoon if I 'd let you go. You know you 've got to play that "Cradle Song" at the recital. I don't care a bit whether you want to or not; you 're going to play it. Well, let the boys laugh if they want to. You 're not the only boy that 's going to play. Harold is n't a sissy. He 's a lovely boy, and I wish you 'd try to be like him. What? Don't stand there arguing with me, Richard Everingham. Go right in and begin to practise. (*A pause.*)

Dick! Dick! Oh, well, be quick about it, and mind you use plenty of soap and don't just dab at them with the towel. The soap is right there in the dish. Never mind if there is n't any hot water. What did you say? Well, they 'll be clean enough. I suppose it 's on the rack where it belongs. If it is n't, take a clean one from the drawer. The top drawer, of course, where they always are. Take any one you find. No, you don't need my orange-wood stick. I don't care if they are grubby; your fingers are clean, and I want you to practise. What is it?





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Well, it was n't too sore for you to play ball with this morning. It is n't a particle swollen. No, I won't put a thumb-stall on it. You don't need it. There is n't a thing the matter with it. You go into the parlor this instant and begin to practise.

For goodness' sake, stop twisting that piano-stool! What? Get the dictionary, then, or a sofa-pillow. I suppose it 's in the cabinet, where you put it; it has n't walked off. Look for it. Take all the time you want. Your hour won't begin till you are ready to practise. I said an hour. Why, Harold practises two. No! No, I say. Well, if you 'll work really hard, I 'll let you off in half an hour. It 's a quarter past three now. No, the kitchen clock is exactly with my watch. No, you can't take the watch. Stop winding it! You 'll break the mainspring. Don't lean out of the window that way; I don't care what the city hall clock says — my watch is right. Did n't she tell you what piece to work on? Well, you ought to remember. Take the five-finger exercises first. No, you can't open a window. It is n't at all too hot. You can see perfectly well with the shades as they are. Let them alone, I say. Let the pedal squeak if it wants to. You can't oil it. The keys did n't stick this morning. No, I dusted it myself. Don't bang so, Dick, and play evenly. Well, where 's the clean one I gave you this morning? Don't stop to look for it. They 're in the right-hand corner of the second drawer. The second from the top, of course. Why, I put six there this morning. Well, the left-hand corner, then. Stop blowing your nose, Richard Everingham! You have n't a cold, and you need n't snuffle that way. (*A pause.*)

Stop hitting your feet against it! There 's plenty of room for them. Yes, you can, too. You don't have to beat time with your feet. No, you don't need the metronome. I don't know what 's the matter with it. Let it alone, I say. Is that the "Cradle Song"? Well, suppose you don't like it? I don't care if you do know it backward. Stop drumming that march and practise the "Wiegenlied." That 's what it means in German. What mark? No, I don't want to see it. Repeat. Well, repeat from the beginning to the place where you were when you began to repeat. Repeat the whole thing, then. She did n't tell you *andante* means loud.

Well, get a drink, then; but be quick about it. No, you can't get some ice. Take some from the tap. What is it? Well, let it run. Dick! Well, it 's as cold as it 's going to be. It does just as well as ice-water. You don't need another book. I don't care if the dictionary is too high.



Well, take it off, then. There are two pillows on the sofa. I don't care which. No, it is n't half-past three yet. Well, put it on top the piano, but don't knock it off. Of course it 's going. That vase does n't rattle enough to hurt, if you 'd stop banging so. What is it? You could n't possibly sprain your thumb turning it under. I don't want to see it; I know. Well, count up and find out. If it 's an *e* it 's on the third added line above. Well, play *c*, then. No, you can't play "Bedelia." Play that "Cradle Song" over till I tell you

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to stop. Well, if she said to play it that way, play it.

You 've just this minute had a drink. I don't care if it is hot. There is n't a fly in the house. If you say fan again, I 'll attend to you, young man. No, the half-hour is n't up yet. You can't go to the window if it *is* Will. You can take the bat home when you finish. Well, you can leave it, can't you? Somebody 's sure to be at home. Now don't let me hear another word out of you. Practise, and I 'll hear about that afterward.

No, it is n't the fire-engine; it 's a scissors-grinder. You sit right there on that stool and don't you budge! You can get it sharpened another time. Well, if this one does n't come, there 'll be others. Richard Everingham, if you say another word, I 'll certainly speak to your father! No, he did n't practise, and you ought to be glad you don't have to live on a farm, as he did. Yes, he would have been glad to, but he could n't. Well, it will be a great deal of use to you. You can be forty detectives if you want to, but you 've got to go on taking music lessons. Stop talking!

Well, let him bark. I don't want him in the house. No, the cat is n't chasing him. The Hampson dog has n't been in our yard this week. There 's nothing in the world the matter with him. What are you playing? Well, it does n't matter if it does limber up your fingers; it is n't your lesson. If you 'd play it right you would n't be sick of it.

Nobody 's going to touch the bat. The screen door 's fastened. Yes, it is. The bat 's perfectly safe. Well, what is it? Yes, if you 'll play it all over without making a mistake, I 'll let you go, but you 'll have to practise a whole hour to-morrow.

There! That 's it. I can't for the life of me understand why you fuss so about practising when you can play like that. I mean to ask your teacher to give you a new piece immediately. It 's getting to be a real pleasure to hear you practise.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## CANDIDATES AND THE PLAIN VOTER

THE plain voting citizen—the citizen whose interest in an election is not complicated by official duties in connection with a political organization—is apt to find a political campaign, in certain of its bearings, extremely trying to his spirit. Even if, in his exercise of the franchise, he is not called upon to make a "choice of evils" as to candidates themselves, he is apt to be troubled by a choice as to the associates

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or prominent supporters of candidates. For the months of an important campaign constitute a season of special importance for the professional politicians, many of whom are persons whose reputations debar them from ordinary decent society, while their political influence makes them supposedly of peculiar value as vote-getters, and therefore persons it is hardly safe for candidates to snub. The independent voter has to hold his nose while reading in the papers that this or that malodorous politician is hobnobbing, apparently on the pleasantest of terms, with his favorite candidate or his managers. He may—reading between the lines—credit the candidate, or the manager, with the identical action of nose-holding during these widely proclaimed interviews—proclaimed widely by the malodorous ones; but this does not console the voter for the sordidness and the menace of the association.

A decent man in politics, as a candidate or otherwise, is always compelled to put up with associations not agreeable from either the esthetic or the ethical point of view. Politics is rough work. Even reform politics has pretty rough edges. And as for the good man in "regular" politics, in connection with the established parties, he is to be pitied for much of the company he is obliged to keep. Such a man will find his consolation, however, in the discovery of diamonds under a good deal of the roughness. A sense of humor, also, will help him to bear up; he will enjoy the effort of bringing a certain degree of limberness into tough consciences; and he will be sustained by a hope for, and even by the actual attainment of, better conditions through his efforts.

Such a "good man" in regular politics will philosophize on the situation; he will perhaps accept as inevitable the fact that much of the legitimate and necessary work of politics is done by men lacking in moral fiber. He may even say to himself that a certain degree of optimism, of social compromise,—though not moral compromise,—is desirable. He may think it right to strain a point in order to remain "regular," so that he may continue to be useful to the city, State, or country through the advantages of associated effort, as represented by the leading political organizations. He will endeavor to avoid becoming finicky and morbid; he will set himself to do a man's work, in a man's way, in a man's world.

The over-anxiety of candidates to avoid giving offense to the big or little leaders of organizations is based largely upon respect for the power of the machinery of politics. This power is evident; it is enormous. But candidates are in danger of immensely overrating this power, or at least of underrating other political powers—for instance, the vague, subtle, undeterminable force of public opinion. As a matter of fact, elections are more often than otherwise determined by waves of sentiment, of impulse. Against the strength of an idea, working freely in the minds of men, the ordinary manipulation of the unscrupulous politician is as chaff in the wind. False ideas can do wonders in affecting public opinion; but let a truth get going, it will perform miracles which make the mere machine man helpless and silly.

The plain voter will be apt to think that his admired candidate of one or the other party is taking risks in one direction while avoiding them in another. While avoiding the risk of alienating "the machine," he may be running the risk of alienating the plain voter. For, after all, there is a point where compromise in politics must cease. A candidate for mayor, or governor, or President, has the right to say to his expert political advisers: "I have put up with this, that, and the other; over and over again I have held my nose; but I must stop somewhere. My reputation is worth something to you, my managers; don't put it to too great a strain. I don't purpose to be mixed up with petty, personal, party factions; but this case is not a question of faction, but of crime. Don't ask me to compound a felony with political burglars. It is bad morals; and you may find out that it is, in the end, mighty bad politics as well."

## WANTED: A HIGHER STANDARD OF PUBLIC MANNERS

IT has been said that New York has a club for every idea and a society for every emotion. If there were need for another, it would be for an association to promote a high standard of politeness on the part of the public and of those whose function it is to serve the public. This is painfully evident to the returning traveler, who finds the "Step lively!" and the "Shine,

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boss?" in humiliating contrast to the respectful treatment received abroad. Nor does one note merely the absence of the substitutes for *monsieur* and *madame*, for *signore* and *signora*, to which one has become agreeably accustomed; more noticeable is the ungentle and aggressive accent which robs the politest forms of their meaning. Even a well-intentioned car-conductor demands a fare in the tone of a footpad. The untrained telegraph- or messenger-boy whistles loudly in the vestibule while waiting for admittance and keeps his cap on after entering. On the other hand, the restaurant waiter receives his tip with wordless indifference, as part of a ceremony that has lost its significance by having lost, in both parties, its graciousness and good will. In street travel noise and confusion, and indifference to others, are characteristic of city life, and the principle of deference—to age, to women, and to position—is no longer what it was. Is it that our self-consciousness makes us ashamed of the conspicuousness of good manners? To be sure, we have learned to rise at the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and to take off our bonnets at the theater, and not to chatter in our box at the opera, and in a street-car the woman with a baby is still always sure of a seat; but the old-time gentility that had the flavor of individuality is prominent in public places only by its rarity. Looking back twenty-five years, it must be confessed that our public manners are deteriorating.

Society is known not merely by its code of courtesy for its own members, but by what it endures from others without protest, and in this regard the long-suffering society of New York has much to answer for. It has no time to complain of the petty annoyances of impoliteness, and the perpetrators are thus left without the grace of discipline. The corporations and large establishments that serve the city might easily improve the manners and character of their employees by a few simple rules. Think, for instance, of the influence upon a raw messenger-boy of an exaction that he should not enter a private house without doffing his hat, and that he should address the inmates with the customary titles of respect. This is not a small matter, but a fundamental one. These young fellows—the errand-boy in the office, the caddy on the golf-links—get their education in what is important in manners from their intercourse with their employers, and an easy-going treatment of such questions is perilous. In such matters those that serve will not be slow in conforming to right standards firmly insisted on. Our large cities are growing in the lower order of foreigners by the hundred thousand, and in this era of decay of respect for many things we owe it to ourselves and to them to see that their manners do not suffer at our hands. Often their manners are very far from being bad; indeed, in the quality and control of the voice, in suavity and simplicity, and in downright good will, they do not suffer by comparison with our native population. Many of their customs, derived as they are from a time when their countries gave manners to the world, are worthy of general imitation.

There is one beautiful foreign custom in particular which we might well adopt—the salute to the dead. The doffing of the hat is the beginning of respect. Stand in front of the Roman Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue and note the number of foreign-born coachmen who take off their hats in passing—a reverence to the Host. And yet when hearse after hearse conveying bodies of victims of the great *Slocum* disaster filed down the same thoroughfare through ranks of Americans, hardly a hat was raised. Not so the passage of the charred wreck of that vessel to its new moorings, along the tenement house side of the city. The event was thus reported in a morning newspaper:

> Crowds with heads bowed and uncovered, holding their hats in their hands, lined both sides of the East River as the wreck was towed, aided in her passage by the swift ebb-tide. . . . The *General Slocum* eleven days ago sailed from the Third street recreation-pier with flags flying and the band playing popular airs. The same pier yesterday was thronged with at least two thousand persons. As the blackened hulk was towed slowly past the pier Patrolman Essig of the Union Market station, on duty at the pier, cried out, "All hats off in respect to the death-ship!" Off came every hat, and while the hulk was passing every man, woman, and child in that vast throng stood with bared head.

In these days of murderous losses in war and of other great calamities, respect for human life necessarily suffers by sheer familiarity with such things. The solem-

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nity and dignity of death can be enforced in no more effective way than by this simple tribute, which in France and other foreign countries is an essential part of good breeding.

Better than an association, which might easily be made ridiculous by zeal without judgment, would be a small group of ladies and gentlemen who, acting informally, should respectfully and gently remind citizens of all classes, and especially municipal authorities, those in control of street-railways, messenger companies, etc., of the desirability and importance of furthering polite intercourse. Such an agency would do more eventually for public morals and public safety than many an institution that is dealing with these problems by direct attack. At least it is worth while to ponder one's responsibility as an exemplar of outdoor as well as indoor courtesy.

ERRATUM

AS we particularly desired to give proper credit to the architects of the World's Fair buildings pictured by Mr. Castaigne in the August number, we have special regret in discovering that the design of the Palace of Education was there attributed to Mr. Link, and not to the actual designers, Messrs. Eames & Young of St. Louis.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**Professor Lose-It's School of Forgettory**

REMEMBERERS, attention! Why suffer longer when there is a cure for you? Thousands of victims of the Memory Habit find Relief!

Try Professor Lose-It's Wonderful System.

Assist 'em with The System

is our motto.

Many a sufferer from a severe case of chronic memory has been permanently cured. The System is heartily indorsed by numbers of our New Rich, pretty summer girls, and dressmakers.

Treatment: Forget three times a day, before meals.

Easy lessons for beginners. To forget injuries you have done others may be learned in one lesson. To forget injuries others have done you may also be learned by persevering study. To forget undesirable appointments guaranteed in two lessons.

Forgetfulness of unfortunate love-affairs a specialty.

Come one, come all.

Forget and you will be happy.

How many lead miserable lives because they cannot forget!

Forget if you would be forgotten.

Send for booklet entitled "Get and Forget."

Address Dr. Lose-It,
Cor. Lethe Avenue and Poppy street,
Philadelphia.

Read the testimonies of grateful hearts who have proved the worth of our marvelous system.

*Dr. Lose-It.*

DEAR SIR: I have given your Forgettory System a faithful trial, and wish to report that in my case it has proved a complete success. After only a month's practice of your invaluable rules, I am now able to forget the tailor bills I owe with comparative ease, and repeated duns have no effect on my memory.

Yours gratefully,
*John Smith.*

*Dr. Lose-It.*

DEAR SIR: I must write to thank you for your great discovery. I have long been a sufferer from acute memoritis, but a short course of your inestimable system has enabled me to forget with the ease and grace of a dull schoolboy. After a few lessons I was able to borrow a book and forget to return it, and I have learned to forget to take a contribution to church. Especially helpful is your new version of a well-known poem, "Lest we remember, lest we remember." I have already forgotten

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MISS GHEST: Do you think that mineral water is good for the health, Jonas?
JONAS: Oh, yas, 'm. When some gemmen fust comes heah, nuffin' don't satisfy 'em, an' at de end ob a week dey 's foreber tellin' me to *kerp de change*.

the original. Let me thank you once more before I forget it.

Gratefully yours,
*Sarah Jane Dobbs.*

*Professor Lose-It.*

DEAR SIR: For years I have suffered from frequent attacks of memory. I have been kept awake at night because I was utterly unable to forget some unpleasant occurrences of the day. I tried Lethe Water without success. At last I heard of your marvelous system, and it has worked like a charm. Already I have forgotten everything I ever knew. I can't even remember "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and only by the greatest effort can I remember the *Maine*. I have strings tied round all of my fingers to remind me of some errands for my wife, but I have forgotten what they are.

Yours in deep gratitude,
*A. Freeman.*

*Carolyn Wells.*

### Ballade of Perplexed Authors

WE have studied the sinks and the slums;
We have pictured society's reign;
We have plucked from the plains all the plums;
We have dipped, we have dabbled in grain;
We have set forth the passions and pain
Of the suffering son of the plow;
We have writ of the man of the main:
Pray what shall we write about now?

We have gathered the choicest of crumbs
From the trusts and their tyrannous train;
We have dwelt on the roll of the drums,
And the fields of the patriot slain;
The past,—we have marshaled again
Every age since the Ark, I avow.
We have raised—shall I mention it?—Cain:
Pray what shall we write about now?

We have fed upon Turkey—and Thrums;
We have taken excursions in Spain;
We have rifled the land of Begums
Of all of its gems we could gain;
In fact, there is not a domain
That is touched by the rail or the prow
From whose legend and lore we 've not ta'en:
Pray what shall we write about now?

L'ENVOI

Oh, some one of eloquent brain,
Some one of benevolent brow,
This awful enigma explain;
Pray what shall we write about now?

*Clinton Scollard.*

### Told On

(SEQUEL TO "THE REJECTED SCOTSMAN" IN THE SEPTEMBER "CENTURY")

THE hizzy might hae kept it tae her-sel'.
Sae prood she was, she couldna hellup but tell;
An' now frae her big braggin' comes tae pass
'T is knawn tae effery ither village lass,
Wha, when they see me comin', squeak an' say,
"I want nae mon wham ithers wadna hae!"

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Weel, gang your ways, ye little gigglin' sillies,
An' wed, God rest ye, wi' your ain town billies
(Pale little lads, wham I could mak' tae mind me
An' whip them a' wi' wan han' tied behind me),
An' brag tae them abou' the Hielandmon
Wham, for their ain slim sakes, ye frowned upon!

Tauld it, yiss! an' may a' ill befa' me
If "H'isted Scawtsmon" isna what they ca' me!
I 'll hae it on them: in my ain countrie
Ilk lass wad die tae gang tae kirk wi' me;
An' theere I 'll wed some chieftain's sprightly daughter—
If this deil's-gossip comes na o'er the water!

*John Charles McNeill.*

### Society Note

A MOST charming occasion was the reception held last night at the home of General and Mrs. Hoot-Owl in the old family oak on the main road. The affair was in the nature of a surprise, but the General and his charming wife were equal to the occasion and extended a hearty welcome to those fortunate enough to have perches on the ancestral roof-tree. The General was first serenaded by a carefully chosen quartette consisting of Miss Lark, soprano; Miss Browne-Thrush, contralto; "Fat" Partridge, tenor; and Jim Crow, basso. Their rendering of "Owl Folks at Home" was exceedingly effective, and the General soon appeared in the doorway with his wife on his wing. Older inhabitants of Birdsboro will remember Mrs. Owl when she was Miss Minerva Screecher, one of the most attractive young birds in the country. She has lost none of her charm, and welcomed one and all, saying, with her characteristic hesitancy, "To who—to who—to who—am I indebted for this delightful surprise?" The entire company pointed claws at Mr. Bob White of Meadowbrook, who had arranged the program. The main feature of the evening was a vaudeville entertainment given in the darkest part of the oak, so that General and Mrs. Owl could see clearly. Herr Heron of Holland sang "The Fisher Maiden," but was not heard to his best advantage owing to a frog in his throat, which he caught while crossing the marshes yesterday evening. The Pigeon brothers, tumblers, won flutter after flutter of applause with their daring somersaults, and the Partridge drum-corps beat out a lively accompaniment to the reels of four Scotch sandpipers. Then Robin Redbreast sang a delightful comic song beginning "'T was off the blue Canary Isles." The idea of a "blue canary" set the General hooting with mirth, and he nearly brought down the tree by observing, "He must have been a Jay." Ostrich, the African wonder, next gave an exhibition of glass-eating, and the more formal part of the evening was brought to a close by Miss Nightingale's interpretation of "Had I the wings of a dove," and some clever imitations of human beings by our most talented comedienne, Polly Parrot.

The flock then adjourned to the dining-limb, where a bounteous supper of delicious fried worms, cream of caterpillars, Boston baked bees, bugs-en-brochette, and grasshoppers-au-gratin was served by an able corps of Carrier-pigeons. Then followed general larking while the younger members played at ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The climax of the evening was a grand cake-walk, the music for which was furnished by the famous Batrachian Band, led by M. Grenouille, the orchestra being artistically concealed behind a bank of potted bulrushes. The greensward, lighted



OUT OF HIS LINE

THE MAJOR: What is the child crying for, nurse?
THE NURSE: I don't know, sir; I 've tried everything to stop him. P-please, sir, would you mind saying "Boo!" to him a few times?



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by a two-hundred glow-worm power chandelier and twenty firefly side-lights, presented a scene of fairy-like beauty.

The first prize, a large seed-cake, was won by Mrs. Peacock and her partner, Mr. Pouter Pigeon, whose strut was truly wonderful.

Among those present not already mentioned were: General Stork, president of the Internat'l Delivery Company; Mrs. Plymouth Rock, regent of Colonial Hens; Signor Cockatoo, consul to Birdsboro from Patagonia, who wore full uniform; Admiral Gull and his nieces, the Misses Penguin, and many others. Greatly regretted was the absence of the Mallard-Ducks, who, as usual, have gone South for the winter.

*George S. Chappell.*

### The Proposal

He planned he would start with the weather;
Compare it to life;
And laud storm and shine shared together
By husband and wife;
And having in masterly fashion
Approached by degrees,
Would breathe like a poet his passion,
Perchance on his knees.

He started, therefore, with the weather,
But wabbled to books;
They chatted of burning on leather,
And troublesome cooks.
Again to the weather he shifted—
"Such terrible dust!"
To world's expositions they drifted,
And autos discussed.

The weather a third time. "So dusty!"
She fully concurred;
They wandered to "brassie shots" lusty,
And "holes" quite absurd;
To riding, equestrian habits;
To dramas well staged;
To picnics, hats, roses, Welsh rabbits—
And *couples engaged!*

So *now* for the weather. Chance beckoned.
He thought it might rain—
And changed to Czar Nicholas Second.
(His plans were in vain.)
He rose for good night (the tongue-twister!
He 'd made such a mess!),
When, suddenly, lo! he had kissed her
And she had said "Yes!"

*Edwin L. Sabin.*

### Texts

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James i. 8.

NOW quit you' readin' fer a spell;
You runs you' words togedder
Des like a passel o' wild sheep
A-tram'lin' thoo a medder.
Find 'bout dat double-minded man
(His mind so strong 't was double),
Honest an' able in his ways,
A he'p in time o' trouble.

"Hit ain' dat way"? "Hit don't mean dat"?
I got de facts an' figgers.
I had dat teck from Marse Perdue,
What owned a hundred niggers.

Dey meanin' in dat teck, my chil',
What you hain't never finded;
You pray de Lawd from dis day on
To make you double-minded.

*Grace MacGowan Cooke.*

### Mixed Beasts

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MAN WHO FIRST INVENTED THEM)

BY KENYON COX

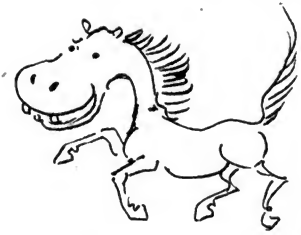
With sketches by the author



THE WELSH RABBITTERN

THIS is a very fearsome bird
Who sits upon men's chests at night;
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare.
He flies away at morning's light.

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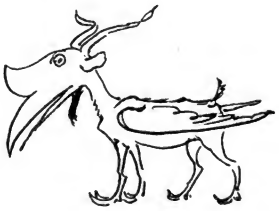
THE KANGAROOSTER

His tail is remarkably long
And his legs are remarkably strong;
But the strength and the length of his legs
and his tail
Are as naught to the strength of his song.
He picks up his food with his bill;
He bounds over valley and hill;
But the height of his bounds can't compare
with the sounds
He lets out when he crows with a will.



THE HORNBILLYGOAT

Though he 's handsome and bold
And protected from cold
This creature is far from jolly.
It 's the curl of his toes
And the hump on his nose
That cause his melancholy.



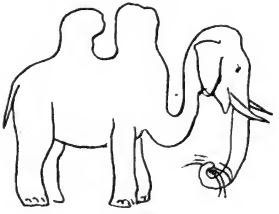
THE HIPPOPOTAMUSTANG

O children, note his cheerful smile—
You never hear this beast complain.
He gallops gaily for a mile,
With swishing tail and flying mane;
Then stows away a ton of hay,
And so begins to smile again.




THE TOMATOCANTELOPE

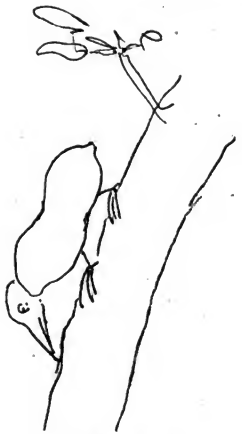
This tinny and timorous beast
Roams the forest of kitchen shelf
And is so afraid of the scullery-maid
That he keeps inside of himself.



THE CAMELEPHANT

This is the ship of the jungle
Whose form is much of a bungle.
He never is happy except when in bed,
For it takes all his strength to hold up his head.

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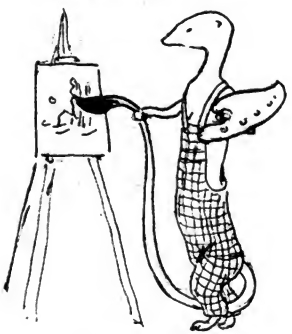
THE PEANUTHATCH

THIS funny bird lives upside down
And makes his nest in a paper bag.
He never, never wags his tail,
Because he has n't one to wag.



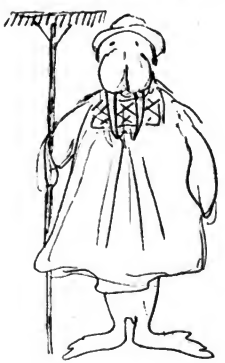
THE WILD BOARDER

HIS figure 's not noted for grace;
You may not much care for his face;
But a twenty-yard dash
When he hears the word "hash"
He can take at a wonderful pace.



THE PAINTERMINE

ITS innocence deserves no gibe—
Pity the creature, do not mock it;
'T is type of all the artist tribe—
Its trousers have n't any pocket!



THE WALRUSTIC

HE is not made witty by life in the city;
He 's solid and stolid and slow:
Yet put him on ice, and you 'll find in a trice
That the fellow has plenty of go.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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